

little exploits is kept in view at all times. But the frequent patrols and pickets we passed this afternoon were probably a special safeguard provided by the active Levy Jamadar of Chakdara who rode with my party.

The smart soldierly bearing of the men was evidence of the progress made during the last eight years in the organization of this useful local corps. Raised originally partly with a view to give occupation to selected 'Bad-mashes' of these tracts and to keep the more fiery young spirits out of mischief, the Levies had taken their share in the fighting of 1897 round Malakand and Chakdara—needless to say, on the wrong side. The composition of the corps can scarcely have changed very much; yet the Martinis they now carried showed the increased reliance placed on them. The Native Assistant for Dir, who was to see me through to the Chitral border, proudly assured me that since the new armament some two years before no rifle had yet been abstracted. In appearance I was glad to see the men still looked the tribesmen they are. With the exception of fluttering white shirts, evidently washed for once in my honour, and brand-new Pugrees of red and khaki, there was no trace of a uniform.

Considering our late start from Chakdara, the march to Sarai, the usual first halting-place, would have been enough for the day. But good reasons had decided me to push on to the Lowarai by double marches. It was getting on towards 5 P.M. when we passed the Levy fort of Sarai; yet I could not forgo my intention of using what remained of the day for my first piece of archaeological survey work. At the hamlet of Gumbat, some two miles to the south-west of Sarai, I had found in 1897 the comparatively well-preserved ruin of an old Hindu temple, closely resembling in plan and style shrines I had, in times gone by, surveyed in the Salt Range of the Punjab. There had been no time then to effect a proper survey, and now, too, Fate willed that the work had to be done in a hurry. Luckily, Naik Ram Singh was now riding along to assist me.

As our ponies scrambled up the terraced slopes of the hillside, along the lively little stream which spreads fertility here near the grove of Jalal Baba Bukhari's Ziarat, it amused