

midnight, I felt the wearisome slowness of the nag I was riding and kept looking out eagerly for Drosh Fort. When at last it came in sight from a projecting small spur, the wonderful clearness of the air wholly deceived me as to the distance, still fully six miles.

Galkatak, the first village we passed, delighted my eyes with its large grove of Chinars and its Ziarat full of quaint mud-built tombs and fluttering flags, a true Turkestan sight. But gladder still was I when I rode up to the trim west wall of Fort Drosh and learned from an amiable note of Captain Wordell, the Station Staff Officer, of the hospitable reception awaiting me among the officers of the Chitral garrison. Soon I was met by its writer, who, with the same friendly care I had so often experienced in outposts of the North-West Frontier, lost no time in looking after my comfort and that of my men. Rai Sahib Ram Singh found a cousin to welcome him among the men of the 39th Garhwal Rifles, who formed the majority of the garrison. Naik Ram Singh was entrusted to the care of the Jamadar of the Sappers' and Miners' detachment as a comrade in arms, and I myself finally conducted to the Mess for tea and to the room reserved for me in the officers' quarters. They occupy the topmost part of the steep slope enclosed within the fort, and to reach them meant a great pull for the straggling baggage animals. So it grew late before I could indulge in the much-delayed tub of the day.

From Colonel R. H. Twigg, commanding the 39th Garhwal Rifles, and his officers I met with the kindest attention. Their Mess looked quite a centre of civilized comfort. Apart from the few detached officers in Chitral, I was the regiment's first guest since its arrival some eight months earlier. But this undeserved distinction would scarcely account for the friendly interest which my hosts showed in my journey and plans. It was easy to recognize the fascination which the Pamirs and other Central-Asian regions just beyond the mountain walls must exercise upon every British officer whom duty brings to this outlying bastion of the North-West Frontier. The regret which more than one of my hosts at the Mess table