

those terrible stone-shoots, the task of destruction was easy for the Chitralis high up on the crags and their Pathan allies holding Sangars across the river.

Charrun, my night's camp, seemed near enough on the map to the scattered homesteads of Kuragh; but the impossibility of getting back to the left bank without previously crossing the big tributary river of Drasan forced me to a long and weary *détour*. It was dark before we passed the rickety cantilever bridge of native construction near Kosht, which few but Chitrali ponies would care to face. Then a canter of a couple of miles over a boulder-strewn flat at the confluence of the Drasan and Yarkhun brought us to the ford through the latter. Grateful I felt for the torches which some villagers sent from Charrun had lit to show us the passage; for with the melting snows the Yarkhun river was a serious obstacle so low down. The cheerful shelter of my little tent was not reached till 10 P.M.

From Reshun upwards the left side of the Yarkhun Valley forms part of Mastuj, a mountain tract still as in the old days politically separated from Chitral proper. So at Charrun I was received by worthy Khan Sahib Pir Bakhsh, who with the official status of Hospital Assistant of Mastuj combines the functions of adviser and guide to the Governor of the territory (Fig. 18). Twelve years of continuous residence in these mountains have made this pleasant Punjabi familiar with almost every one of the thousand odd households which make up the population of the Mastuj or Khushwakte chiefship, as it is generally known from the race of its hereditary rulers.

So my ride to Mastuj on May 11th gave ample chance for collecting useful local information. The morning hours were spent in taking copies and photographs of a Sanskrit inscription and a rock-carved Stupa representation closely resembling those of Pakhturinidini. The large boulder on which both are engraved was brought to light in a field near Charrun only some eight years ago. Yet the lingering recollection of an earlier worship was still strong enough to induce the villagers, good Muhammadans as they have been for centuries, to treat the infidel rock-