

mighty river swollen by the melting ice of its distant glacier sources, very different from the insignificant stream I had crossed in November 1900.

After the intense heat and glare of the Sai, it was a relief to ride up the narrow fringe of cultivation formed by the fields of Nussia and Faizabad, which extend for some miles along the right bank. Then followed again barren plateaus of stone and rubble overhanging the river, until near the east edge of the fields of Langhru I came upon the remains of a ruined fort vaguely connected by popular belief with a demon 'Konsasmoma.' The walls, badly decayed, form an irregular quadrilateral, about a hundred yards long on the north-east, and built of sun-dried bricks of large size. There was no trace of structural remains inside, nor did the rough construction of the enclosure supply evidence as to relative age. So much, however, was clear, that the little stronghold was intended to close whatever routes led down from the mountains. Night had fallen by the time I reached camp at a comfortable old farm at Langhru. The vicinity of the river and a fine grove of trees gave but little protection against the torrid heat thrown out by the barren sandstone cliffs enclosing the valley. So through the stuffy night I felt doubly glad for the near escape to the mountains.