

narrow banks of grass began to line the foot of the cliffs on either side of the flood-bed, and there we were obliged to halt, the baggage not coming in till much later.

In the evening I despatched Muhammadju on the strongest of the ponies down the valley to carry news of our arrival to the Kirghiz at Abdul-Ghafur-tam, which I knew could not be far off, and thence to Tila Bai whom I hoped he would find safely arrived with our convoy of antiques at Suget Karaul, some eighty miles farther down. It was a delightful surprise when three hours later a commotion in camp announced the arrival of Satip-aldi Beg in person. The faithful old Kirghiz, with his yaks and men, had been waiting for us a fortnight, and the arrangements, too, I had ordered months before for our onward journey across the Kara-koram had all been effected in good time. I received also welcome assurance of the safe arrival of Tila Bai's convoy at Suget Karaul, and felt quite in touch again with the world when Satip-aldi Beg handed me a letter from Captain Oliver dated early in August which held out full promise of help from the Ladak side. The old Beg rode off the same night with a letter to be sent on ahead to Captain Oliver, specifying the approximate date when we should need yaks for the route beyond the Kara-koram. Then for the first time after what seemed like long months, I could take my rest without anxious cares.