

hours' march. At and beyond the Pass which led down to Burzil one could do no riding. It was an immense pleasure when at last the nala opened out the same moment as the clouds cleared away, and we saw a sturdy little Rest House standing at the foot of this Pass, and the clean, well ordered Gilgit road winding away on either side. That evening we again joined Lieut. Carlyon, who had started on the same day from Skardu, though by the perversity of our respective shikari we had always camped at different



CAMPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

stages, passing and re-passing constantly. We sacrificed the last of our champagne, and had a great dinner; feeling that at last we were getting back to something like comfort. And no wonder; there were chairs and tables in the bungalow, and fireplaces which we kept roaring merrily all the evening!

The form and colouring of the valley was wonderful, the greens and violets in particular, harmonising with the crimson of the sunset, made the sight not easy to forget.

On August 31st we went on to Pashwari. The valley was charming, and the glorious colouring continued to delight.

Gurais was our next stopping place. On the road I was passed by an Englishman, who indignantly brushed me out of the way, under the impression that I was a native of



HILL PONIES.

some sort. Six months of beard and hair, and constant exposure to weather, together with my pagri, had indeed made an object of me which deceived the Kashmiri themselves. In the whole ride to Bandipur the natives never saluted me till the khabar reached them and told them what to expect. The surprise of the Englishman a few hours

later, when he was introduced to me, I will leave to the imagination of my readers. At Gurais I found the Forest Officer of the District, Radcliffe, by name, whom we had known at Srinagar. He himself hardly recognised me at first; but my shikari, Abdulla Bai, told him that I had arrived. He had come up in great style; for, living constantly in the jungle, he had learnt to take care of himself; with fine hospitality he placed all the resources of his establishment at our disposal, so that I enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath and decently-cooked food. Since the dismissal of Abdullah Khan our only cooks had been Kashmiri, two of our naukar having volunteered for this job; but in the division of our party I had got the worse of the two. The Doctor did his best by showing him various methods of cooking potatoes; but the native is so constituted that if you order, for example, fried potatoes one night, he never dares to cook them in any other way until the order is definitely reversed. So the Doctor was pretty constantly in our kitchen, and made our cuisine fairly tolerable; but as the materials at the cook's disposal consisted only of mutton, chicken, eggs, salt, and flour, with very occasional butter, apart from the drinkables (which were confined to tea) the menu was not varied; and we were heartily glad to eat the excellent lunch and dinner which Radcliffe so hospitably provided. The memory of it is still with me.

September 3rd, Gurais reached, we went on to Tragabal over the Pass. The last hour of the journey I began to feel ill. It was another attack of malaria, though not a very bad one. A few hours after we had got in Knowles and Eckenstein, who had by this time received the money and paid the men, had caught us up.

On September 4th we proceeded on our way to Bara-mulla. In the morning three of us walked down to Bandipur. Radcliffe had also arrived the previous evening with the postmaster in charge of the Gilgit mail, and I. The Doctor had gone on, as he wanted to jodel; while Knowles and Eckenstein were in a state of great alarm as to mosquitoes, which they could hardly avoid if they went off to Srinagar that day, so they camped at a little village on the Tragabal. My donga was waiting for me at Bandipur. I had ordered it from Srinagar by telegraph, and I lent this to Carlyon, who was pressed for time, while Radcliffe brought the Doctor and myself in his own donga to Bara-mulla, as there was no better way of avoiding the mosquitoes.

On September 5th, had a very bad go of malaria, my temperature going up to 40 deg. Cent.; but I was well again the next day.

On September 6th the Doctor and I drove off to Srinagar by special donga. After 132 days I again slept in a bed, and the expedition was over.

[THE END.]

AUTUMN HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.

THE Great Eastern Railway, which enjoys the advantage of having the shortest and fastest route to Cromer, Sheringham, Overstrand and Mundesley, has been devoting the interval which has elapsed since the close of the last holiday season to the important consideration of how best to add to the comfort of their passengers, with the result that great improvements, both in the service and the rolling stock, will be introduced. The service of vestibuled corridor luncheon car trains which was inaugurated last summer will be repeated this season, leaving Liverpool Street for Cromer and other coast towns at 1.30 p.m. every week-day.

The time on the journey between London and Cromer will be 2 hours 55 minutes. Sheringham will be reached in 3 hours 13 minutes, and Mundesley in 3 hours 4 minutes.

Corridor carriages and restaurant cars are also attached to the important expresses to the principal east coast resorts, and the Norfolk Broads, including the principal East Anglian towns *en route*. Passengers journeying from London in the evening to the large towns on the main line and the coast are thus enabled to dine *en route*, and in the morning breakfast is served on the journey to town. Non-stop trains will be run between London and Yarmouth and Felixstowe, the former journey being performed in 2½ hours, and the latter in 1 hour 51 minutes.

Attention is also drawn to the very attractive country districts near London which embrace much forest scenery, and which are made specially convenient for residential purposes by an excellent service of trains with season tickets at reasonable rates.