The sensory and motor tracts and centres were not involved nor was there any interference with muscle sense and co-ordination. The diagnostic symptoms and signs of pontine haemorrhage were absent, i.e., alternated paralyses, ocular palsies, pyrexia and contracted pupils.

The existence of such advanced renal lesions without any interference in the patient's routine Army life is very remarkable. Careful inquiry elicits no history of any acute nephritis or oedema.

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Travel.

BEYOND LEH.
A SHOOTING TRIP IN LADAKH, 1926.
Being a Diary kept by
K. W. DICKSON, F.R.G.S.

(Continued from p. 134.)

XXIX.—Below the Pass at Khemhar.

Thursday, 15th July: We woke to find the sun shining on the snows, a perfect morning, the air so clear and balmy after the rain. We dressed hurriedly, with more zest than usual, and got away immediately after breakfast, the two coolies following with the gun and the small rifle, as the shikari said there were lots of marmots on the way to our next camp.

The path was the steepest ascent we had done so far, although not the most difficult, and three days' rain on fallen leaves made it very slippery. We were both shod with grass sandals but even they had no grip of the ground.

No Sahib had crossed by this route this year; the other route joined our path further on.

Our baggage followed several hours later as the tents had to be pitched in open ground in the sun to dry before they could be carried up.

The shade of the trees was pleasant as we were very warm with the exertion of climbing. Emerging from the forest the view was perfect, great sloping pasture land above us sheltered by a semicircle of snow hills; and almost directly below—so steep had been our ascent—lay the Sind valley with its white foaming river, little hamlets and walnut trees.

Our track wound downhill for about two miles towards our next resting place, over snow-filled gullies which alone would have made the road impossible for ponies. The snow was so soft that even we had difficulty in crossing, and R. unintentionally tobogganed down one gully.

We left the last of the birches behind and I found all sorts of new flowers; wild marsh mallows and saxifrage ligulata, and anemones as thick
as daisies on a lawn, where the snow had melted, but nothing green was to be seen.

There were just enough tiny pieces of wood lying about, from last year's fires probably, for us to make a fire and make our coffee. After lunch the coolies were glad to rest, and we started off on a round of the lower hills looking for marmots, but not one did we see.

There was a frozen lake, a clear emerald colour, at the top of the far valley. We crossed over the top of the ridge dividing twin valleys to get back to our camp. From the higher ground we got a glimpse of another partly frozen lake only five or six hundred yards from the camping ground, but hidden by a rise. Here was a natural rock garden, covered with saxifrage in bloom, and abounding with many varieties of rock plants.

Suddenly there was a shrill whistle and we took cover; then R. went forward with the gun and got that marmot. There were many about quite near the lake but they darted into their holes if we made any movement at all. I left R. to continue the hunt and went on to show the shikari where we wanted the tents pitched, and to give the khansamah flour for drop scones for tea. He made them as soon as the fire was kindled, and served them hot, and there were none left over.

The tents were pitched on turf near a stream, but higher up the snow had just melted, and the ground was a dark colour like peat. Grass was just beginning to appear but pale yellow anemones and blue gentian were everywhere; the gentian was a wonderful colour.

The colouring of the landscape was like one of those coloured prints I have seen of the Alps, so clear cut, and the sky so blue.

I loved Ladakh, but there was something very satisfying about this scented air.

XXX.—ZEKWAS: IN THE WEST LIDAR VALLEY.

R. spent the following morning from seven until eleven o'clock hunting marmots, but although he saw quite a lot, he got none. The baggage got away about nine, as soon as the tents were dry enough to carry; there had been a heavy dew overnight. To get into the sunshine, I climbed to the top of a ridge and sat on a rock. There was a fine view to the north, and I looked down on the lake. The ice and water were a hard chalky colour against the fresh green of the pasture. I got glimpses of R. across the valley occasionally.

The coolies and servants wandered up a zig-zag path and disappeared over the hill, and then to my astonishment I saw a line of men slowly mounting up what looked like the face of the cliff just above me.

R. came shortly afterwards and we started off for the pass. It was indeed what it looked like, the face of a cliff, but there was a track slanting across some ground between rocks; this was covered with soft snow and was very slippery, the sun being well up. We climbed and climbed, pausing often for breath. The feet of the man ahead of me were on a level with
my face, and yet I could have touched his feet with my hand. Two coolies
had been sent to cut steps in the snow further up, and going was easier
then. The last part was in a chimney with soft snow filling the middle;
we got foothold in mud and rock on one side. It was a fearsome view that
we got all the way up, straight down into the frozen lake. At some of the
halts for breath we did not dare look down.

It was pleasant to find a small plateau at the top, even although it was
covered with several feet of snow. R. took a photograph of us all; the line
of coolies, servants and dogs.

The descent was an easy slope, snow for half a mile, and afterwards
dark wet ground, where gentian and primula rosa grew abundantly. Here
I gathered some wild rhubarb quite near where the snow lay.

There was a good deal of climbing over boulders before we reached the
valley. The pass we had climbed was 13,500 feet, and we had come down
about 2,000 feet, we guessed, when we passed several small pools of stagnant
water. In India one is always looking for mosquito larvae, and here they
were sure enough even at this altitude.

We had tiffin beside some rocks where the coolies could get a sheltered
spot to make a fire. All around the ground was covered with the rose-
coloured primulas, and I picked a bunch for our camp table. They have a
delicate scent which reminds me of narcissus, but more especially just of
spring at home. That is what we miss in India—spring. We jump from
our pleasant Punjab cold weather into summer by the middle of March,
and we never smell spring coming as we do at home. In Kashmir there is a real spring.

We camped about four miles down the stream, and decided to stay for a day or two, as there appeared to be lots of marmots.

Next day R. followed up a tributary of the West Lidar, and I spent the morning up the hillside writing letters, with the dogs beside me. I had prepared lunch in the tiffin basket and went off with the tiffin coolie about eleven o'clock up the river where R. had gone. It was a perfect day, blue sky and white snow above and green grass below, and birds singing everywhere.

R. returned in the evening with four marmots. It had been so lovely that I was tempted to take sketching things and spend the day out, so I started next morning after getting R.'s lunch ready and seeing him start back up the valley towards the Khemhar pass. I had just got settled and had sketched in the hills in charcoal, when down came the rain. Quite a big river had to be crossed to get back to camp. The tiffin coolie usually carried me when I was going out, but returning I walked through the stream as I could get dry stockings at once. That day the current was tremendous and the water was well above my knees, and I had to change more than my stockings! It was safer to keep one's eye on the far bank and feel for safe foothold, otherwise the rushing water beneath is apt to make one feel giddy and overbalance.

It rained all that afternoon and all the next day. We emptied our dining tent, storing the yakdans in our bathroom, and let the coolies sleep in the tent. They had been sleeping behind rocks and must have been very cold indeed. The temperature dropped considerably after the rain came. Everything in the tent felt damp and it was difficult to keep warm. I, who had kept perfectly fit through all the cold weather in Ladakh, got a nasty chill, and in spite of an opium pill hardly slept that night.

R. had got only one marmot that day and he was very anxious to get enough to make a rug, so next morning he went off in the rain, but got none. It is very boring sitting in a tent when it rains. I wrote more letters, and had quite a budget ready to post when we got to Pahlgam.

I had breakfast in bed next day and didn't get up until the sun was on the tent, which was about eight o'clock; not really late, but it seemed late for us. I took out the Kashmiri flower book and verified some of the new varieties. I saw the tiny purple anemone first at Zekwas; the hillsides were covered with it.

Two Sahibs passed on the path from Khemhar while I was sitting in the tent; the shikari said they were going to camp further down the river.

XXXI.—Lidarwat.

July 21st. R. had one more try with the gun before we started for Lidarwat. I kept Garry for company and one tiffin coolie to light a fire and carry the basket. Many families of Kashmiris with ponies, dogs, and
flocks and herds passed up the valley while I waited. A man brought a child which he said was ill and asked me for medicine. It looked very under-nourished and had an enormous head. I told him to bring it to the Sahib later. Then a mother brought a tiny baby which she said was a year old. I understood what was wrong with it and gave her some medicine. I first tried to persuade her to wait for two hours to see the Doctor Sahib, but she pointed to the sky where clouds were gathering and held up the black cloth sling which was all she had to cover the baby.

Many of these wandering folk come from beyond the Pir Punjal, the range which separates Kashmir from India, and I found quite a few of them spoke a little Hindustani, or at least understood it.

R. had shot two marmots, but both had fallen down into their holes and could not be recovered. We crossed the river, the tiffin coolie carrying me, although I forded many streams on foot later in the day. I thought it better not to start out with wet feet, but I had no fear of catching a chill while we were marching; it was sitting in the tent that was so trying.

We had tiffin on the hillside, and then R. went up another valley while I sat and wrote up the diary. Garry meantime burrowed for either field mice or lizards, I don't think she knew which. R. came back sooner than I expected with one marmot, and we started for Lidarwat, a seven mile march. It was the first time we had done an afternoon trek, and we thoroughly enjoyed it, making tea by the riverside, and arriving in camp in time for bath and dinner. It was a lovely march. We had a good many streams to ford, and it was impossible to get across dry, but as we were wearing quilted felt boots and grass shoes we didn't mind. The valley closed in after the first two or three miles but it was always beautiful. Pine forest rising steeply on one side and pasture land on the other. There was still a certain amount of snow in the gullies, and in some places there were snow bridges across the stream, but these were just ready to fall in.

We reached Lidarwat and found our camp just as a heavy storm broke; however it passed over quickly.

The shikari came to our tent after dinner and plans were discussed for the morrow. He had got word that there was a side valley about eight miles away where marmot abounded, so we decided to stay two days at Lidarwat, to give R. what seemed to be a very last chance. We had eleven marmot skins at that time; not quite enough to make a rug. I thought I would go part of the way with R. and see Kolahoi, the Matterhorn of Kashmir. Between that peak and its twin peaks there is a glacier.

We were late in getting to bed and had made no preparations for next day's tiffin, and found at breakfast that the scones were almost finished and there was no cold meat, so we hastily got eggs boiled and divided the scones, which were tiny; R. got two boiled eggs and two scones and a piece of cheese, and I got one egg, one scone, and cheese. There was no time to prepare coffee or fill the thermos. We were away before seven up a winding path through dense pine forest, then open glades with a rushing tumbling dancing river coming down between big rocks on our right.
About four miles up the marmot nullah opened off this valley and this was the parting of our ways. I had taken a pony, thinking I would go only a little way up to see Kolahoi, but having gone so far, I determined to go right up to the glacier if it were possible. We had to ford six streams, and there was so much water that my legs were wet well above the ankles even when riding. I didn't like to tuck them up too far in case I overbalanced and got a ducking.

We passed many encampments of these nomad shepherds, dirty untidy people, very unlike the Ladakhis. Ladakhis may be dirty, but their children are well cared for, and they are not slovenly as these people are. The children, even the tiniest tots, ran out crying, "pice, pice," as I passed. I never carried any money, so they got none. Our khansamah remarked about these gypsy shepherds that they were so dirty it was no wonder they were ill.

There was a fine waterfall about half way up; a tremendous volume of water coming down. I terrified the tiffin coolie who accompanied me by climbing down a bank of soft shale to get a photograph. He followed me down, and when it came to climbing up, I was glad of his help as the shale was so soft I made no headway until he put his stick horizontally in the ground for me to tread on. Probably he felt very responsible, seeing I was out on my own. He and the pony man stopped to get a drink from a very dirty woman at a turf hut. I sat on a rock and watched a man on the far side of the stream who was carrying a sheep on his back with its legs round his neck. To my surprise he put it in the river and gave it a very thorough bath. Then I saw the women folk further up washing another sheep; it took two of them to hold it. It seemed a primitive way of doing it after having watched a "dipping" on a big sheep farm at home. I passed a big flock a few minutes later and I counted fourteen very lame sheep and lambs in the rear. The tiffin coolie told me these shepherds get fourpence a head a month for tending sheep, and the same for goats. It sounds very little, but a family may look after as many as two or three hundred, which might bring them in £5. Their food would cost them only threepence or fourpence a day; their milk supply is unlimited, and they have no rent or taxes!

As we topped a rise a large white tent came into view, a Sahib's camp. It was funny to see a washing hung out to dry in that lonely spot. The tent was much larger than any we had and looked very comfortable.

We were now within a few hundred yards of the base of the mountain, the West Lidar river flowing out of the mouth of the glacier. I began to think that if I climbed up the hillside to the left I would get a much better view in better perspective, so up I went. The pony came as far as possible; then I dismounted and followed a goat track on foot. It was well worth the climb! There was a magnificent view of all the peaks with the glacier between them. Kolahoi towered far above the hills around. At first I did not realize the size of the glacier, the lower part was so heaped with
moraine, but I understood when I saw the river coming out of the great mouth beneath it. This mass of moraine filled that part of the valley, and higher up must have been hundreds of feet deep; then came obvious snow all chopped up and standing in pinnacles, and still higher, smooth looking snow with terraces of blue ice glistening in the sunshine. These terraces rose one above another; it was a fine sight. I was very sorry I had not brought a telescope. I took several photographs, trying different size of aperture and exposure for the same view in case the light was too strong. They all seemed to come out equally well when developed later.

Then I ate my tiny lunch with a large appetite; I at least had plenty to drink, as a stream rushed down a little gully quite near me, coming from under a bed of snow above, so I did not think there was any risk of the water being contaminated.

A man with a large flock of sheep came up the way we had come. He and the tiffin coolie sat and chatted away below me, the sheep wandering up the hill in long lines. They looked so peaceful and made such a nice picture, I took another photograph of them, but it did not turn out well.

We went down the valley much faster than we came up. I had no watch, but from looking at the sun I surmised it must have been about half past two when I passed the entrance to R.'s nullah. I was far too hungry to wait for him, so went straight back to camp. It was past four when I got there so I had tea at once under a big pine tree, with a dog on each side. I got a great welcome after being away all day.
Beyond Leh

It did not seem likely that R. would be back for another two hours and he would be both tired and hungry, so I sent the pony back for him with the little thermos filled with tea. He was very glad of both. He brought back four fine marmot skins. Fifteen skins seemed big enough for a rug; at least, as R. said, big enough to cover one person. He had climbed about a lot amongst rocks and snow and his face was very burnt. He had seen a great number of marmots, but there was so much snow it was often difficult to get near them. While he sat waiting for one to reappear, a tiny grey animal peeped out of a hole and after a few preliminaries, sniffing with its little nose in the air, it gathered courage and went straight to the little parcel of lunch which was lying on the rocks. After it had licked all the outside paper and began to tear it with its claws, R. thought it was time to put the lunch in his coat pocket. When he moved to do this, the little beast ran back into its hole, but not for long. It came and sniffed for the lunch packet again and after searching the place where it had been lying, came and licked the tunic pocket, making the cloth quite wet; then it scratched quite angrily. R. put out a hand and gently stroked its fur, which was longish and soft and downy, and to his surprise it did not run away. Its little feet were like a marmot's, the paws covered with soft fur, but otherwise it did not resemble a marmot at all. The head was too pointed and it was a soft dove-grey colour. It must have been a young stone marten of the Tibetan variety. I had seen a tiny one among the rocks at Chuma-tang, but I only got a momentary glimpse of it.

XXXII.—The Final Marches.

The march to Aru was delightful, through shady glades with the river on our right and high pineclad hills on either side. The turf was so springy and the flowers and the pines smelled so good, it was sheer joy to be on the road. The dogs leaped over each other with pure delight.

It was such a nice pony I had going up to Kolahoi that I asked for it again, although it was such a short march.

We had been going steadily downhill for the last two marches, and R. said at this rate we would soon be below sea-level. Aru, our next halt, was about 9,000 feet, and our plan was to follow the river down as far as Islamabad. There were plenty of sites for camps at Aru, and very attractive ones too. We kept to the edge of a ridge under a clump of pines overlooking the valley towards Pahlgam. We got all the wind that blew, and we needed it, as we felt the heat, coming suddenly from that cold spell at Zekwas.

Aru was such an ideal spot that I was surprised to find no other camp there. It was an open valley, perfect turf, a natural golf course, not too high, with good water and wood in plenty. There was a tiny hamlet where milk and eggs could be bought and it was only one march above Pahlgam.

Our oatmeal had come to an end, but we were enjoying stewed rhubarb and cream, after our eggs for breakfast every morning. I picked some
mushrooms near the camp. I thought they were mushrooms; R. said he didn’t know, but the Kashmiri boy said he knew, and had tried them with a two anna bit to see if they turned it black. So we risked it and enjoyed them very much, and suffered no ill-results.

I was loth to leave Aru next morning. It was so pretty and so peaceful. Our route lay through the village, about eight or ten houses roughly made of wood with sloping projecting roofs and verandahs. They were rather like the Dalecarlian houses in Sweden, but not nearly so well built.

Our next stage was to Pahlgam, a beautiful path again; but we were feeling somewhat depressed at getting back to civilization and nearing the end of our trek. It was warm that day. We saw a nice sheltered spot by the river and I had a quick bath; the water was icy cold, but it was very refreshing.

We saw several men fishing, and then rounding a bend we met Major and Mrs. Scott, whom we used to know in Lahore. They were going fishing a mile or two further up. They were camping with their family at Pahlgam. We could see many tents in the distance as we neared the village; then near the bridge was an ayah and a Sahib’s baby; this was indeed a civilized place.

We chose a site for our camp on the ridge across the river, then went straight to the little bazaar, and in quite a spacious shop R. had a small bottle of beer. He had been talking about it for some time past. There we got cigarettes and sweets, sugar almonds were my choice, and also a few necessities, like soap. People who have never had to do without soap cannot appreciate our pleasure at getting a nice big cake of Pears’ soap for our baths again.

I asked at the Post Office for a list of visitors to see if there were any people we knew, but we knew none of the names.

It was very hot and sultry, obviously a thunderstorm was not far off. We had done some repacking and had settled down to read the papers I had bought, when we noticed some Indians looking at a site for a camp not 20 yards below us. We thought at first that they were Sahibs’ servants, but in half an hour a family of Indians arrived, two men and two women, and then three or four children. If some of the people who talk about fraternity with our Aryan brothers had been in our tent that night, they would undoubtedly have changed their minds. Our stream of drinking water was polluted before our eyes; children squabbled, and men in very easy undress lay on native bedsteads basking in the sun. If we had stayed even one day more at Pahlgam, we should certainly have changed our camping ground. There were several permanent camps quite near, people who stayed for two months, and I felt sorry for young mothers with children having undesirable neighbours like these.

Motor cars passed along the main road while we sat having dinner outside. We had not seen a car since the middle of April, and it seemed strange to see them so near a lonely little place like Aru.
It was still very hot and sultry when we left about seven o'clock next morning. The Kashmiri policeman had come round the night before to put our names on the register, and he told us that the police patrolled the camp twice during the night. We heard them some hours later blowing their whistles, as R. said to warn any thieves that might be about.

My feet soon became very sore walking on this hard motor road after the soft bridle paths of Kashmir and the sandy ways of Ladakh. I had a blistered heel and I could have shaken the shikari for saying we had only six miles to go when the six miles lengthened out into nine. It was extremely hot and sultry and we did not enjoy that march.

We camped on a bit of meadow land above a canal. Here we had lots of mosquitoes and sand flies as well as ordinary house flies. We had no mosquito nets with us, so smeared our faces with cold cream and covered them up as best we could before we went to sleep.

The shikari had got "khubar" (news) from a village the night before that a black bear had been seen in an apricot tree close at hand. So in the evening R. went up the hill to watch the gully where it had come down the previous night but he did not see it. A thunderstorm was passing over and it rained heavily so "Mr. Baloo" probably stayed at home. We waited another day, in spite of mosquitoes, to see if he would come down the following night.

We had a dish of delightful stewed fruit that night; a crimson "blackberry" that grew on the cliffs by the roadside. They tasted more like raspberries, but the bushes had long trailing branches like English blackberries. Whatever they were, they were delicious to eat.

We had a late breakfast and a good slack next morning. One of the servants climbed a tree and got us some wild apricots, which were too sour to eat raw, but were very good when cooked.

My feet had recovered somewhat by afternoon, so before five o'clock we started up the hill, the other side of the gully this time, to look for the bear. It was a steep climb, but not really long. We sat perfectly still on open ground where we could see if anything came over the hill and down the gully. We sat from half past five until past eight o'clock but no bear appeared. I was very disappointed as this was the first time I had gone out with R. after bear, and I had the gun loaded with lethal bullets, and was to have first shot. It was very pleasant sitting in the scented evening air, the level valley stretching away far down to our right. After the thunderstorm there was a great deal of water lying about in the fields, which reflected the evening sky. But after sundown, which was the time we really expected the bear, and nothing happened, I got rather disheartened. It seemed to be our very last chance, only one more night in tents, and then Islamabad and a motor lorry to Srinagar. We unloaded the guns and started for home. It was quite dark when we got back to the camp for dinner. The dogs heard us a long way off and gave us a great welcome.
The servants tried to get us a tonga, a native pony cart, to take us to our next stage about eleven miles away, but we had to be content with two tiny riding ponies which would not even trot, but as I said, I was content to have my feet off the hard high road. It was still very close, the air heavy and hot, and one felt conscious of a very moist skin. We made coffee by the roadside at lunch time but did not feel inclined to eat.

There were beautiful little kingfishers flying about by the canal and I saw one on a willow tree with a fish in its mouth, knocking the fish's head against a branch before swallowing it.

The villages round here looked dreadfully poverty-stricken, and so very dirty. Nature helps the people here so much more than Ladakh that one wonders. The Ladakhi children looked so much cleaner and healthier than any of these children; yet here there is abundance of water for household and crops, rich soil, cheap grain, and walnut and fruit trees in profusion. I suppose a soft climate does not breed a hard-working people, but there must be something in race too. The first neglected children we saw were at Pashgyam above Kargil, where Hindu influence from Kashmir first becomes obvious. Since then we had not seen a clean healthy child, and the women looked so dirty and unattractive.

The valleys were very picturesque with their chalet type of houses made of mud bricks and wood, with a rough thatch of straw. There was a charming spot under willows a little distance from any village where the stream divided, going round several islands. Here we camped on one of the islands. Garry spent most of the day after he arrived in camp chasing frogs. Needless to say he never caught any. He had to be tied up as he got so thin when he was hunting all day.

R. took a photograph of our permanent staff, the seven servants, and one of me with Kelpie in my ordinary marching kit, which was so soon to be discarded.

That night we were attacked by every form of parasite. Fleas were rampant, and mosquitoes were everywhere. We cleared the tent of flies before we went to sleep but it soon filled again, and I even found the special parasite of Ladakh once more in my clothing. We got little sleep and were glad when early tea was brought and we dressed and got out of the tent. Luckily a tonga had been secured and we started off for Islamabad, leaving the baggage to follow on ponies. An empty motor lorry was returning to Srinagar, and we bargained with the man to take us all, servants, dogs and baggage. We were glad a lorry was available as we did not want to waste a night at Islamabad.

We had "elevens" beside the temple at Avantipur. By one o'clock we were at Major and Mrs. Skinner's house near the Sonwar Bagh. R. went on to the Army Agency to return some of the kit, as he thought it better to do this himself. The Kashmiri servants were paid off next day, and all had to get written testimonials.

I found a washing silk frock a very comfortable garment on a hot day after months of shorts and a riding coat.
The next few days were filled to overflowing in spite of the heat. R. had promised that we should have a fortnight’s rest before returning to Kasauli, but we had not decided where to spend it. Gulmarg seemed the most suitable place if we could get rooms in a house in a quiet position. A house-boat sounded attractive, but we knew it would be very hot and mosquitoes troublesome. Major Broome suggested that we should go up to Gulmarg and have a look round, but first we had to see the skins and heads which had been entrusted to Salaama the taxidermist. That occupied a whole morning, as his workshop is far down the river. I was most interested to see his store. A large room overlooking a court-yard was littered with a great variety of heads and skins. In a corner thousands of fox skins were piled one above another; bear skins were nailed on the walls, and stone martens were hanging from the roof in bundles like rabbit skins, but I saw none so good as those we got in Leh.

He brought us tea while we waited—what they call Lhassa tea, boiled with sugar in it. I thought it safe if we didn’t take the milk and I found it most refreshing. The heads were not yet ready, but we arranged to have the marmots made into a motor rug.

XXXIII.—A BEAR.

Mrs. Skinner had lunch made up for us next morning and we started off in the car after breakfast for Gulmarg. It was an easy run. We parked the car and got two ponies to ride up the hill. It was a lovely day and the air was delightfully cool. We had lunch near the gap leading to the natural

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**Fig. 31.—Our permanent staff. Jit Ram in the centre.**
basin where Gulmarg lies. We then rode to Mrs. O'Connor's, a boarding house that had been recommended to us, but were disappointed to find that a tent was all she had to offer. We didn't mind tents when we were dressed for camping, but to dress for dinner in a tent in the rains did not appeal to us. Other places we tried with no success before we had tea at the club with Mrs. Renshaw, a friend from Lahore. We both felt inwardly that we were not yet ready for club life. We saw girls walking about the golf course in high heeled shoes, and the people who turned up at the club for tea were, as R. put it, very much togged up.

No; Gulmarg was too fashionable for us, and so we returned to Srinagar; the peaceful life on a house-boat appealed to us more and more. We talked it over with Major Broome at dinner that night, and went with him next morning to look at boats. We decided on one called "Zaffaran"; it was large and airy, well furnished, and had gauze windows which would help to keep out mosquitoes. The caretaker was told to have the boat well cleaned as we would be moving in next day, and we returned to the house with the intention of packing up. The temperature was 95° in the shade, and it was unpleasantly moist.

Major Broome had told us an amusing tale about two young subalterns firing off 49 cartridges at a black bear with no result. The local shikari was very depressed about it, and said that a sahib who could shoot would easily get one. He had heard about the big heads R. got in Ladakh, and had been hanging about the Army Agency in the hope of seeing him and persuading him to go. During lunch this shikari appeared at the house and said there were two bears in a nullah about twelve miles away. R. was quite keen to have a try, and Major Broome was very keen for him to give the shikari a chance. The man's reputation depended on a bear being brought back. So R. went off for his rifle, changed into his old coat, and he and the shikari had started in the car within ten minutes.

He was back in time for dinner, having shot a bear. The place was much further away than he expected, and he had motored for miles across country on a rough bullock cart-track, taking great risks of smashing up the car crossing streams and broken bridges. Then he had miles to walk, but sure enough the shikari spotted a bear in some dense jungle. There was no chance of a shot, so about twenty villagers were collected to drive it out. The drive commenced in the proper way, very quietly, the men gradually converging on the bear. The stillness didn't last long. Soon every man, including the shikari, was yelling himself hoarse, and they hurled great stones into the jungle, getting nearer and nearer. There was now no hope of the bear slowly slinking away as R. hoped would happen, and at last it darted out with a grunt. As the next cover was only a few yards away he had only time to have a snap shot which wounded it badly, and he killed it with a second bullet. All the villagers went mad with delight, and with great shouts and laughter they dragged the body into the open. It was now getting dark so R. hurried back to the car, rather dreading
that awful country road in the dark, but he got back without mishap. The skin arrived next morning. It was a very good one, uncommonly soft and glossy black, and it was sent to the man who was setting up the heads.

XXXIV.—THE HOUSE-BOAT.

Our baggage was put on board the “Zaffaran” and she was moved to the Nasim Bagh on the Dal Lake. We drove round by the road later in the day.

It was a happy fortnight on the house-boat. After so much trekking we were very glad to rest, as we had done nine hundred miles marching. There was plenty to think about and as much as we wanted to do. Unfortunately the temperature hardly dropped although we had frequent thunderstorms. These usually started about four in the morning, and as we slept on deck, we had much ado to get ourselves and our bedding down the little stairway and under cover.

It was a restful routine. Day after day we got up at six o’clock and I went sketching on the lake, getting back for breakfast under the trees. Later we took the dogs out in the shikara, our small boat, and put them overboard in turn. We wore our old shikar clothes on these occasions as sometimes we were nearly as wet as the dogs. In the cool of the evening we rowed far out and I had a swim. The clear waters of the lake, with their beds of lotus lilies, the hills above and the green turf under our feet, made perfect surroundings for our last two weeks.

Pedlars came with their wares in small boats; one boat so full of crockery there was not a square inch of space in it. Beautiful embroidered bedspreads were opened at our feet as we drank tea under the trees.

It was all arcadian and made me feel I was living in a story book. It was so peaceful that in spite of the heat and the myriads of mosquitoes, I was very sorry when our time was up. For four months we had been away from the usual little worries of life and the daily routine with its narrower outlook. These last days had a peculiar charm, but the strings would soon have to be picked up again. Our thoughts were flying ahead to work awaiting us in Kasauli. R.’s happy busy Sundays there with crowds of poor people from near and far distant villages, then long walks with the dogs in the evenings. Looking further ahead, we might even be in London in a year’s time, the greatest possible change after the freedom and open air life of India.

This had been the kind of holiday that we and many others had dreamed of, and for us the dream had come true. Some people said they would not call it a holiday at all—it was too much like hard work—but it was a very real recreation to us, and is such even in memory.

Two more nights in Srinagar, and we started on our six hundred mile motor run to Kasauli, the very end of our long long trail.

FINIS.