

all unite with this one, which runs towards the east-south-east to Ghaslik, where we formed Camp LXXV.

North-east of this stream the ground is hard, lumpy schor, with a thin mantling of white salt. Grass, although withered long ago, was fairly abundant. Patches of ice, some large, others small, betray the presence of springs, and show that the country is marshy in summer. Finally we reached another brook, which came from the north and ran towards the south-east to unite with the preceding stream. In the narrower reaches it was open; in other places it was covered with broad sheets of ice. This brook appeared to begin immediately north of Camp LXXXIX (3455 m.), where the surface is again hard detritus saj.



Fig. 187.

I have visited Jusup-alik at three different seasons of the year, and on each occasion there was a fierce gale blowing from the west. On this visit, 26th November, there was a half-gale, driving vast clouds of dust and drift-sand before it down the valley. Thus the same winds would appear to prevail here that are dominant in the interior and west of Tibet, where the west wind is remarkably characteristic of the winter. The cold was intense; during the night of the 27th—28th November the thermometer went down to -24.6° .

November 28th. From the border-line of the vegetation the surface ascends at first slowly, though afterwards the slope becomes more noticeable. The scrub thins out and ceases, and the ground is buried under detritus as well as seamed by an endless number of eroded watercourses. On the right there are some low hills, on the left we perceived the offshoots of the mountain-range with the outlets of the glens between them, while above them towers the snow-capped summits of the crest. We entered a broad glen, filled with detritus in a disagreeable way. The stream that descends this glen is divided into several arms and beds; these cut their way through a series of low hills that turn their precipitous sides towards the west. Here and there we perceived a snow-drift, but there was no ice. None of my men had ever travelled by this route before; but they knew that it is sometimes used by hunters, proceeding from that locality to Tscharklik with asses. And sure enough we soon discovered traces of their presence, by which we were guided into the right glen opening. It was however a horrible road: not a single square decimeter of the surface is free from detritus and fragments of grey granite. All the side-glens and both sides of the valley are choked with masses of detritus and heaps of granite. We were once more amid the usual wild, fantastic scenery characteristic of granite formations. The glen led us towards the north-west. We encamped (alt. 4425 m.) in a locality where there was neither grazing nor water nor fuel, though there was indeed snow. Far below us in the prolongation of the glen we saw the isolated mountain of Kara-tschoka, with the stream clinging to its southern foot, and still farther off appeared the breach in the Tschimen-tagh at Kötälik, the crest of the range being just there considerably lower than elsewhere.