

After reaching Camp LXIV my first thought was to get back as quickly as possible to the spot from which I set out for Lhasa, that is to say to Camp XLIV, in order that I might adjust my chronometers. On the 21st August therefore we started again to travel across the softly rounded hills of loose red earth, with a thin sprinkling of grass on them, which rise on the right bank of our old friend, the main stream. Here the men of my caravan had during my absence built up several cairns of stones, to serve as landmarks to guide me in case I should return at a time when they were a long way from Camp XLIV. I mention this lest any future traveller should be astonished at finding these heaps of stones and be puzzled to account for them. In a little side-glen, which joins the main glen from the left, there is a large obo of flat slabs inscribed all over with the formula »On mane padme hum«. The Tibetan hunters, who principally visit the locality, seem to go on adding to the heap by occasionally placing a fresh stone against it. At any rate it was easy to see that some of the slabs were worn by wind and weather, while others were quite fresh, and their lettering sharply and distinctly cut. Generally speaking, the oldest signs, those which are half obliterated, were originally cut with greater care than the more recent ones.



Fig. 1. A HALT EN ROUTE.

In consequence of the recent copious downfall the main stream was greater than it had been in the end of July. We encamped on precisely the same spot as before. My astronomical observations were however greatly impeded by the abundant rain that fell during the three days that we spent there. Sometimes it fell in the form of light rain, sometimes, and more especially at night and in the morning, in the form of snow. As a consequence of the caravan's stay of about a month in this locality almost all the wild animals had disappeared.