

From Camp XCVI, which stood at an altitude of 4947 m., we ascended slowly towards the west, keeping at first close to the southern bank of the river. Out of the mountains on the south issue several inconsiderable transverse glens; but of these only one or two were shaped into watercourses that reach all the way down to the Tschuring. Beside one of these there were a couple of sheepfolds in the shape of circular walls, open towards the east, wherein we may discern a reference to the westerly wind which prevails there so persistently. The grey walls contrasted sharply against the almost black ground of the interior — a thick layer of sheep-droppings. The valley is broad and open, the surface in its middle only slightly undulating. The range that shuts it in on the south is fairly imposing, but exhibits rounded outlines; whereas the range on the north is of smaller dimensions, though occasionally rising into loftier summits. Towards the west it decreases in altitude and is broken by gaps, and finally dwindles away altogether. One can hardly speak of grazing in that region; we saw neither yurts, nor flocks, nor wild animals. The country is dead, cold, desolate; while the wind wails through the latitudinal valleys, which stretch like weird organ-pipes directly in its path.

We again came into contact with the river in the vicinity of a very small lake, where the current hugs the foot of a minor spur of the northern range. Here we crossed one of its windings, and then again drew away from its bank, striking diagonally across the valley towards a small isolated mountain-mass with a little crescentic lake at its western foot. The country between the northern range and this mountain-mass is said to be marshy, rendering it impassable. From our route we were unable to make out whether the Tschuring flows through the little lake or not; possibly the latter should be regarded as merely a fluvial marginal lake. After that we steered towards the west-north-west, keeping close to the foot of the mountains on the southern side of the valley; there too we came across several small sheets of water. After that the valley widens out, expanding towards the north into an extensive plain. We passed only one field of grass, with flocks of sheep and herds of yaks all round it. Through the gaps which occasionally opened in the southern range we caught glimpses, at no great distance away, of a rather big crest of precisely the same character as the Erenak-tschimo, clearly its westward continuation; in some places it bore patches of snow. Out of certain of the transverse glens on that side issue small spring-fed rivulets. At Camp XCVII in a locality called Setscha or Ri-setscha, we were again at an elevation of 5048 m., our camp being formed on the bank of the Tschuring. The scanty pasture was wretched in the extreme.

At the point where we forded the river the rock consisted of a very hard greenstone, dipping  $58^{\circ}$  towards the N.  $67^{\circ}$  W.; and at the little butte a similar rock cropped out, though it bore a closer resemblance to porphyry and dipped  $75^{\circ}$  to the S.  $53^{\circ}$  W.

On 6th October we covered only a few kilometers, until we reached a locality in which the Tibetans promised us better grazing. And it was high time we did get a little rest, for half the caravan, men as well as animals, were ill and exhausted by fatigue. After that our heavy baggage was carried by a score of yaks. The weather was the same as on the day before — sunshine, cold, and hard wind from