

watercourse. The main body of the water that comes down the big transverse glen — and during the rainy season it must represent a considerable quantity — keeps close to the foot of the round-topped peak, flowing in an energetically excavated bed; this orientation again points to a fall towards the Oman-tso.

Approximately south of this locality is reported to be the district of Odok or Ovok, with the pass of Ovok-la. The mountain-range to the north is designated quite simply by the name Ning.

The valley curves like a scimitar in that it trends towards the west-north-west, increasing at the same time in breadth. Its floor undulates slightly; but generally it is quite impossible to tell in which direction the surface slopes. In fact the valley appears to be divided into a chain of quite small and quite shallow self-contained basins. Farther on there occurs quite a chain of freshwater springs, bubbling out along the foot of the southern range, and these give origin to a number of pools and marshes, their shape, long and narrow, being prescribed by the relief of the bottom of the valley. Through a broad glen-opening on the right we caught sight, to the north-east, of a light red, fairly imposing mountain-mass called Dagre. Farther on, overhanging the valley itself, comes a black bluff, known as Nagbo-tse. To the north rises a smaller bluff called Adong and a mountain to the left, or south, is known as Langbo-dong. We did not see a single tent, though in one or two places we did see the usual semicircular stonewalls that are used as sheepfolds; their interior was always black with sheep-droppings. As this substance makes first-rate fuel, we always halted and filled a couple of sacks with it to carry with us.

The first three pools were filled with perfectly fresh spring-water, and the first two were quite frozen over, though the third was only half frozen. From it trickled a little rivulet, which ran west-north-west and emptied itself into a considerably bigger pool, encircled by a belt of white ground, proving that its water was salt. This pool lies quite close to the base of the southern mountains, its western side being in intimate contact with a sharply defined terrace only a few meters above it and forming a threshold athwart the latitudinal valley. On the top of it was a sheepfold.

Ascending almost imperceptibly, we next reached the crest of this little swelling, when to the west there burst upon our sight a view that was as magnificent as it was unexpected, an entirely fresh panorama in fact, and very unlike the regions which we were leaving behind us. On the right the bluff of Nagbo-tse came to an end in a headland bearing N. 53° W. In the N. 59° W. we perceived the northern end, or rather a portion of the north-eastern shore, of a fresh salt lake, occupying a great part of the middle of the vast basin that stretched away west at our feet. This is the Perutse-tso. As usual, I remained a good long while on the summit of the pass in order to take my bearings. Round the shores of the lake there were actually bushes: even at that distance we had pleasant premonitions of both grazing and fuel. This was one of those resting-places and rallying-points in the course of a journey through high Tibet which afford your entire caravan an opportunity to recover from the fatigues it has undergone, and to strengthen itself for the journeyings that still lie ahead of it.