

Fig. 300. THE SAME.

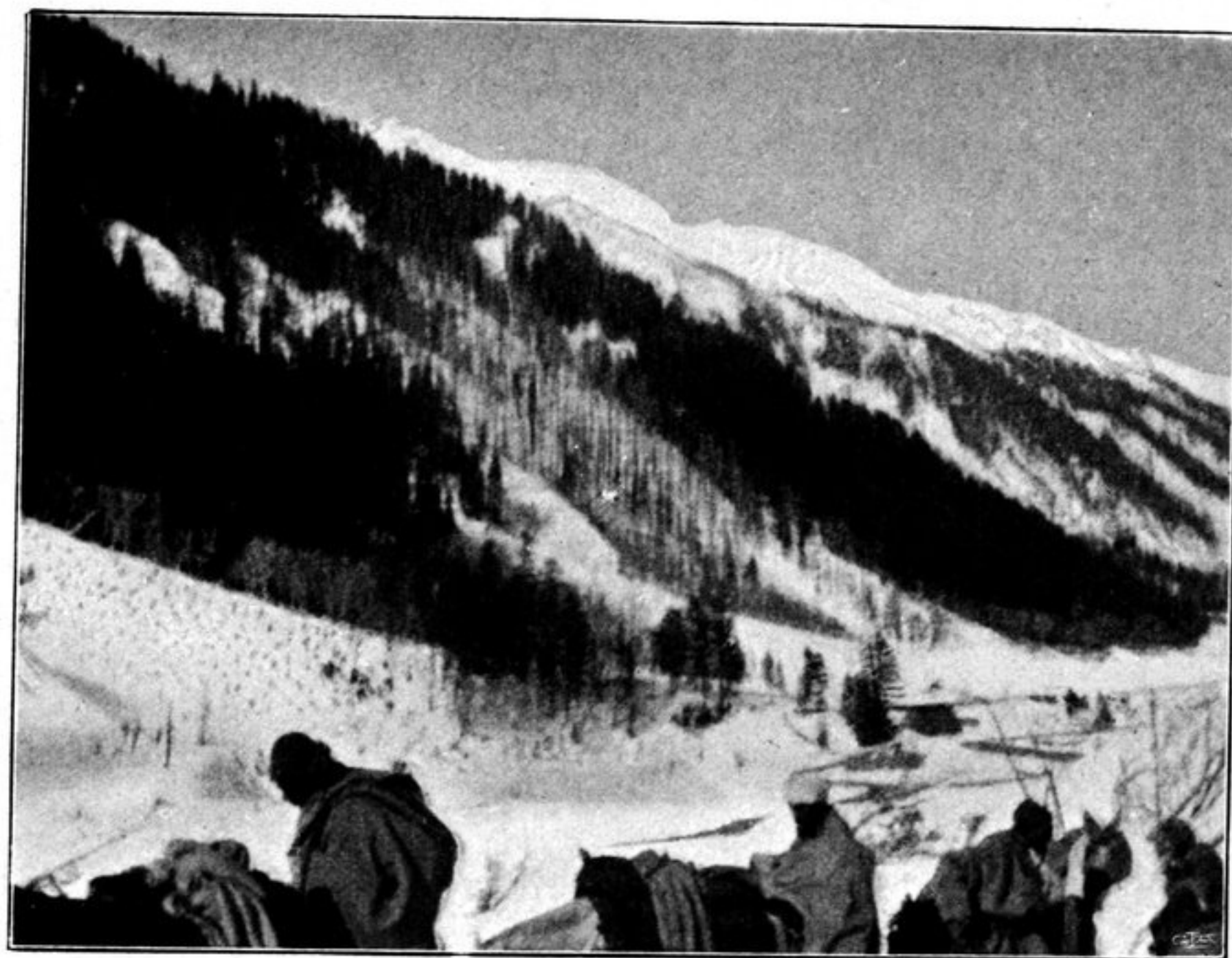


Fig. 301. NEAR SONAMARG.

Upon reaching the edge of the platform down the face of which the path plunges headlong to the station-house of Baltal by a series of short, quick, zigzagging turns, you involuntarily pause, lost in admiration of the view that lies spread out at your feet. In fact, I stood there a considerable time, notwithstanding the keen wind that was then blowing from the east-north-east, for the wind had been freshening up as we gradually approached the brink of the declivity. This then forms the third sharply defined dividing-line between the highlands of Tibet and the