

looked more like China than Tibet. Far away to the W.N.W. was a great snow-clad range running north and south, perhaps 40 miles off, called the Tu-ré La. This was the only thoroughly snow-covered range, except the glorious Amné Machin, which he had yet seen in Tibet. As a welcome change, too, the hills here opened out into broader valleys.

There was a steep descent for 1000 feet to the Mi-ru valley, and the Ta Chu was again reached and crossed by a log bridge. Jung-erh or Gar-mé is a village of twenty-eight families, and there were 230 soldiers on the left bank who surprised Pereira by blowing English bugle calls. He lodged in a comfortable two-storied house reserved for big officials and enjoyed a mug of Tibetan beer for dinner. He had walked 12 miles and was dog-tired. Ten years before he could race up the hills and leave all behind him. Now all was different, and instead of being first in he was usually last, behind even the yaks and the pilgrim ladies with their bundles. [But perhaps when he thus lamented his deficiencies he did not take into account the altitude at which he was marching.]

September 12 was another fine warm day with a cloudless sky, and Pereira marched 21 miles to Sia La. The Mi-ru valley is blocked on the south side by a high rugged range for 11 miles. The valley is choked by lower hills, but there are several villages with fields of wheat and barley. The path keeps to the high ground, and at 16 miles reaches the Bu Chu La, 13,550 feet, from which there is a gradual descent to Sia La. Both on this and the last march Pereira saw numbers of wild