

“Thank Heaven! Tibet is a memory of the past, and I can now get warm again, with no more thoughts of frost-bite. It is nice to feel I am in India and on the downward grade at last, with no more climbs ahead.”

And that day he received a budget of letters from home, but to his annoyance no *Racing Up-to-Date*, so “I have no news of what happened in the Derby, Ascot, etc.”.

Gantok, “a most heavenly place”, was reached on November 17, and here he stayed with Major Bailey, the Political Agent, who had a huge and beautiful garden—a regular Paradise.

He had now completed his journey. From Peking he had travelled  $6681\frac{1}{2}$  miles, of which he had walked 3682 miles, or considerably more than half the distance.