

horse, he did not shoot them and did, I fear, sneak them a mouthful of food.

After one day's rest, Anginieur was again able to get in the saddle. In an hour's march we had picked up our disappearing, re-appearing stream, and in another hour it was running strong wherever it could break through its fetters of ice. But the valley trended stubbornly north-west. This seemed to mean that we should soon be in the open desert again, and certainly we were wearing away from Lanak Pass—away from possible food and life. So when a wide opening appeared, looking south-west, we felt that reason pointed toward the new valley. I had many misgivings about leaving a *descending* stream to *ascend* a long valley. Lasso's leathery face almost changed colour when he saw us leading away on a new tack, and my conversation with him was thus:

"The sahibs will surely die if they leave this stream."

"But how do you know we shall not die if we follow it?"

"At Lanak Pass there was big water, and this too is big."

"But I am sure now that we are far from Lanak; the sun has told me so."

"Even if we are, this is good water."

"But many times we have seen the streams die in the sands—why not this one?"

"There are fish here. I saw some under the ice as long as two hands; such fish are not in the waters that die in the sands. And we now go down, that is good. If we go up the horses will die first. The