

On its N. E. side the peak, *Karvung*, raises its rocky, dominating height above the surrounding country. At the foot of the *Lamar* and *Karvung* Mountains, a little lake extends its compact ice-sheet, hardly a mile wide. Its water is perfectly fresh. At its southern shore many springs come up, forming very irregular ice-sheets between the little cones of tussock-grass. To the south at least three parallel ranges are visible, the southern-most of which, called *Shirilok*, has some snow on its crest. To the east, the latitudinal valley continues so far as the eye can see. Far to the east its bottom forms a horizontal line above which a few peaks show their heads.

At *Camp LXXXIV* there were no nomads. The Tibetan chief who accompanied us, gave some scanty information about the climate. He said that the strong S. W. wind would blow six months longer, or until about the season when the new grass begins to come up, which would be the middle of June. During the summer there are no prevailing winds; it blows from all directions. Rain falls in the summer months but very irregularly; some years very abundantly, other years very little. The nomads long for rain, which makes the grass richer and the flocks fatter. At barren places the ground becomes very soft and the animals sink deeply into it like in a quagmire.

Our informant had been in *Lhasa* and *Shigatse* and had taken the way which lies to the west of *Dangra-yum-tso*, crossing five passes of which one was high and difficult. By following this road, on which he had not met nomads every day, he had reached the large valley of the *Tsangpo* at *Ye*, as we did. He had not passed any lakes except *Dangra-yum-tso*. He had followed a *ser lam* or gold road, *i. e.* a track generally used by gold-diggers. From *Dangra-yum-tso* there was a road, passing *Shansa-dsong* on the *Kyaring-tso*, to *Lhasa* and *Shigatse*. But on the track which we intended to follow to *Dangra-yum-tso*, we would be far from all beaten paths and rarely approach regions visited by wanderers. The lake itself was at a very out-of-the-way place, visited only occasionally by pilgrims. It is like a cavity surrounded on all sides by high mountains.

On *December 11th* we marched 10 km. to the E. S. E. and east, descending 32 m., or at the rate of 1:313, as *Camp LXXXV* had an altitude of 4,664 m. The marches were very short, for the yaks, when loaded, are not accustomed to long marches and have to be spared. The road is good and comfortable as everything is frozen solid. Here and there the soil contains salt and must be marshy in summer. From the southern mountains, erosion furrows come down, some of them containing ice. To begin with, they are directed to the little lake, but farther east they turn to the river. A very flat threshold, not discernible with the naked eye, separates the basin of the lake from the area of the river. Living rock was passed at a little knoll consisting of greyish red dense albien-limestone, which predominates in the whole region along the river. In their state of weathering and denudation, they