

man, in addition to the five excellent Mohammedan Ladakhis who had accompanied us from Kashmir. The new man was a strapping, good-humored, pig-tailed young Tibetan, who, according to the fashion of his people, politely stuck out his tongue whenever we looked at him. The shortest route to the north, via the passes of Kardong and Saser, was out of the question so early in the season, because of snow, but there was a chance that we might be able to get the ponies over the more easterly pass of Chang La, which I had just crossed twice on foot. Then we could travel to the north up the Shyok valley, instead of eastward to Pangong, as I had gone. The croakers of Leh said that no ponies could get through the snow on Chang La, and if they did, it would be of no use, for the many fords of the Shyok River would stop us anyhow. Mr. Barrett, however, decided to take the chances. On the 15th of May, a month before the time for the opening of ordinary caravan traffic, we started eastward up the Indus on our way to Karakorum and Turkestan far to the north.

When we reached Chang La, 18,400 feet high, on the third day, the croakers were almost justified. The ascent was not especially difficult, as we started at night when there was a stiff crust on the snow. On the farther side the coolies made good progress, although the new snow, which had fallen to a depth of eight or ten inches on the old crust since last I crossed, became soft almost as soon as the sun rose. The animals, however, even though none of them carried loads, broke through, and floundered and struggled pitifully, scarcely able to draw their bleeding legs out of the deep holes in the icy crust. By the time we