

the cold winds and storms which so often prove fatal to man. Most of the way, the wee creatures must fly at an elevation of almost 20,000 feet, where one would suppose that they would be chilled to death at night, or that such extremely active little beings would perish for lack of air.

Back in the Shyok valley, we pursued our way northward. As we rose higher, the nights began to grow cold. On June 28, near the Depsang plain, at an elevation of nearly 17,000 feet, the temperature fell to eight degrees. Our men confused the effects of temperature and altitude. Knowing that in this region something often seems to be wrong with an animal's head, they supposed it must be due to the cold. Accordingly, they made for each mule a red or white triangle of cloth, and tied it below the ears so that it hung down between the eyes. As a precautionary measure for themselves, they wisely refrained from eating meat, and gave up their buttery tea. At Kuzzil Langer, May 31, where we camped at an elevation of over 16,500 feet, Ramazan, the cook, brought us some pieces of an especially esteemed kind of bread. It was a slightly sweet, thick, buttery cracker, not particularly healthful, but much prized by the home-loving Ladakhis, who always carry a supply of it with them to eat on special occasions, when they meet friends, or when, as they say, "they want to think of home, where the bread was made."

"Put this in your pocket to eat to-morrow," said Ramazan. "There is some kind of poison in the air here. You will be out of breath and feel sick, and you ought not to eat anything else. The Lhasa man," he added, referring to