

degrees below zero, after a day of severe exertion, would probably kill him. Accordingly, I started the two men off again, with the tired little camel loaded with everything necessary, including fagots and ice. They were to follow Handum's track till dark, camp where their fire could be seen from afar, go on till near night the next day, and then, if neither Handum nor the camels had appeared, turn back, leaving a cache with his coat, and plenty of wood, food, and ice.

The Ladakhi cook and I remained in camp. Abdur Rahman, as he was called, feeling lonely and disconsolate, prepared for the hoped-for return of his companions by cooking the favorite Ladakhi dish, lumps of highly spiced, heavy dough boiled in fat, and eaten if possible with buttery Himalayan tea. Coming to my tent after sunset, ostensibly to tend the fire, he was whiling away the time by telling me about it when we heard a faint halloo borne on the strong west wind. Hurrying to the top of a bushy hillock, whither our anxious feet had worn a path that afternoon, we peered into the darkness, and, after vainly shouting into the teeth of the wind, kindled a big fire. At last, after a disquietingly long interval, the voice sounded again, near at hand, and in a moment the firelight showed Handum Bai, with bowed head, striding wearily through the reeds with the huge two-humped camels behind him.

He was out of his head. Fatigue, hunger, thirst, and anxiety had unsettled the poor man's wits, never any too keen. All that we could gather was that he was trying to explain why he had gone off alone, contrary to orders. The next day he was able to give a more coherent account, though it was weeks before he was himself again. Apparently, the camels