

to ford the glacier stream, which, being of melted ice, was so cold that it took the breath completely out of my body as I waded through the water. It was glorious getting into some clean dry clothing, then into a comfortable ulster, and then, after a good tiffin, sitting in a chair and having a quiet read. My appearance, though, was not becoming, for my eyes were bloodshot and inflamed from partial snow-blindness, and my nose, ears, and lips blistered from the bitter wind, while my hands were cut and scratched from frequent falls on the slippery glacier, and my knuckles cracked from the cold. But I and all my party were very fit and well—far better, I think than when we left India.