

hand, a peak of appalling height, which could be none other than K.2, 28,278 feet in height, second only to Mount Everest as the highest mountain in the world. Viewed from this direction, it appeared to rise in an almost perfect cone, but to an inconceivable height. We were quite close under it—perhaps not a dozen miles from its summit—and here on the northern side, where it is literally clothed in glacier, it must have been covered for from fourteen to sixteen thousand feet with solid ice. It was one of those sights which impress a man for ever, and produce a lasting sense of the greatness and grandeur of Nature's works—which he can never lose or forget.

For some time I stood apart, absorbed in the contemplation of this wonderful sight, and then we marched on past Suget Jangal till we reached the foot of the great glacier which flows down from the Mustagh Pass. Here we bivouacked. The tussle with these mountain giants was now to reach its climax, and our subsequent adventures I must leave to a separate chapter.