

familiarly called "Dan Leno," a name to which, even when abbreviated to "Leno," he readily answered.

Unfortunately, the best of the two Ghurka orderlies was suffering from remittent fever. To take him further was out of the question, and though the poor fellow pleaded hard and burst into tears of disappointment, he had to be left at Leh in charge of the doctor, who was enjoined to send him back to his regiment as soon as he was fit to travel.

The Chang La, a very high pass on the direct route between Leh and the Pangkong Lake, being still impracticable for animals, a large part of the caravan had to make a long *détour*, and Pike and I had time to visit the celebrated Himis Monastery on the opposite side of the Indus.

The Changzote, or head lama, honoured us by coming to meet us a few miles from the establishment, where tea, chang, &c., were offered us.

Tea is no doubt an excellent social beverage, and very refreshing, but the concoction which was presented under the guise of tea was unworthy of the name. It was a preparation of twigs and dirt with a few tea-leaves thrown in; the mixture is first well boiled, then improved by the addition of ghee, salt, and milk, and finally churned. At the risk of giving offence, I disclaimed the love of tea and expressed a decided preference for chang or even water. Chang is a drink made from barley, and is said to be an intoxicant, but, though I have often drunk it, I never could get any "forrarder" from it.

I shall make no attempt to describe the Monastery, which abler pens than mine have already made familiar to readers of books of travel.

Having recrossed the Indus we spent the night at Zingral in a wretched shelter, called a serai, about 1,400 feet below the top of the Chang La. Up to