

deavoured to obtain yaks to relieve our own animals in crossing the snow-covered pass, but, being unsuccessful, had to put all the baggage on the mules and ponies.

Having completed our arrangements we set out on June 9th from Fobrang, the last village we should see for nearly five months. The ascent of the Marsemik was accomplished with ease, for the few patches of frozen snow which had to be crossed presented no obstacle, and we hoped to be able the same day to reach Rimdi, where we should find a resting place. But the descent on the eastern slope was very difficult. The snow was deep and soft, almost impassable for our heavy-laden animals. At first the leaders went on without mishap, but the mules and ponies behind soon began to stray from the track and to flounder about most distressingly. In a short time they were struggling to free themselves from their encumbrances; the baggage was scattered about in the snow in all directions, and scarcely an animal was carrying its load. The Argûns worked hard and did their best, but it was evident that all thoughts of pushing on the caravan to Rimdi that day must be abandoned. This was my first experience of the atmospheric conditions at a great altitude, and I was physically unable to render much assistance. I suffered from a severe headache, which continued till we reached a considerably lower level, but the caravan men seemed to suffer no inconvenience whatever from the rarefaction of the air.

Tents, bedding, and some cooking utensils having been collected and placed on the backs of the animals which seemed least exhausted, Pike and I, accompanied by Leno and the servants, were able to continue the descent. The soft snow reached to the girths of the mules, but we pushed on and, late in the afternoon, found the spot called Rimdi, a fairly level piece of stony ground with a scanty supply of grass. For cooking we could find no