

nated a pass, we entered the depression in which lies the salt lake known as Yeshil Kul. Close to this gap were copious springs of good water and excellent grass, the place being evidently a favourite haunt of a few wild yak, one of which Pike bagged. While assisting to skin and cut up the carcass, not forgetting the marrow bones, which are far superior to those of any tame animal, I was much pressed by some of the caravan men to shoot another yak close by, apparently not in the least alarmed. We had already more meat than we could carry, and to prevent the wanton destruction of the animal by the Argûns I fired some shots close to him, and at length he galloped in safety over an adjacent ridge.

Not knowing that the Yeshil Kul was salt, and not finding any traces of other water in the neighbourhood, we camped as near to the south-east corner of the lake as the very soft, white, saline mud permitted. Being disappointed with the water we tried digging, but no success attended our efforts, and we had to fall back upon the limited supply in our water bottles. As luck would have it, I was unusually thirsty and fatigued that night. Next day I felt slack, and by the time we had settled to camp close to a few damp spots which betokened the presence of water I had not enough energy to take my share in the digging. Pike was very energetic and persevering, but, much as I tried to assist him, I was absolutely unfit for work. As soon as the tents were pitched I retired to mine, to make use of a clinical thermometer, knowing that if my temperature was above normal, I might look out for squalls, but if not, I might rest assured that I was not seriously unwell. As my temperature proved to be about 104° , I thought it wise to betake myself to my bed, having made a note in my journal that "Fever Camp" would be by no means an inappropriate name for this exposed, bleak, and cheerless spot.