

very easy pass lying slightly east of south, but by the time we had crossed a large and very rapid river coming from the snow range which runs, roughly speaking, parallel to Aru Cho and on its western side, we were obliged to abandon the project and camp in a very small but well-sheltered valley, in which there was just sufficient water to supply the wants of men and animals. This lovely, clear water was in delightful contrast to the muddy torrent which had to be crossed before we reached the secluded site for camp. No riding pony being available either for Pike or myself, the only one left being allotted to Leno on account of his work, we had to get across on Shank's mare. I foolishly took off my boots and crossed barefooted, but very soon regretted having done so. Either on account of unusually tender feet or exceptionally sharp stones, my sensations in fording that brook cannot be truthfully described as the height of enjoyment. Sanman must have experienced still more discomfort as, when in mid-stream, he stumbled in such a manner as to be thoroughly immersed, an unpleasant *contretemps* of which he said nothing until he became unwell. Even then he would not report himself sick, and but for Leno, who informed me that Sanman was off his food, neither Pike nor I would have been the wiser. The annoyance of having another case of illness in our party was not diminished by the following dialogue:—

“Well, Sanman, what is the matter with you?”

“Oh, Sahib, I am shivering and very cold.”

“What has happened to you?”

“I fell into the river to-day.”

“Why did you not change your clothes as soon as camp was pitched?”

“I had too much work to do; the sahibs would not give me time to change.”