

“ You son of an owl, what made you fall into the river? ”

No reply.

“ Why the . . . did you not tell the sahibs that your clothes were wet? ”

No reply.

Finding his temperature 102.5° and further questioning useless, I administered a suitable drug and retired to my tent with the heartfelt regret that such a spoilt child was a member of the caravan. Neither Pike nor I had had any idea of Sanman's encounter with the bottom of the river, and, as his clothes bore no visible traces of the wetting, he had been detailed soon after camp was pitched to put some botanical specimens into the press, an operation which could easily have been postponed if he had only informed us of his accident. The next morning Sanman was somewhat better, but in a short time his temperature rose to nearly 104° , so we decided to halt for the day. One day's halt being as much as we considered advisable, our advance was resumed next day, although the sick man's temperature was 102° before we started and rose $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ by the time the march was concluded. A second very precious day had to be spent in inactivity, but towards evening Sanman showed signs of improvement. Another annoying episode was the straying of many of the animals from the vicinity of Camp 31, involving the loss of another day whilst most of the men went in search of the missing steeds. By the next morning the eleven best mules and ponies were still missing, a condition of things which we erroneously ascribed to the desire of the caravan men to retard our advance. Having left Ramzan and two men to look for the mules, we went on with as much baggage as could be carried, and camped on the other side of a low pass to the south of the lake close to Camp 31, hoping that this