

and also by the diminution in the heat they gave out. The latter may seem a matter of small account, but it resulted in wax clogging the candle-holder and blocking the upward passage of the flame.

Between Thonchu (Camp 40) and Kunzum we had seen little or no game, a fact which seemed attributable not to the presence of nomads but to the comparatively low altitudes. Bower, in the narrative of his plucky journey across Tibet, states that antelope are seldom found below 15,000 feet, and we in our wanderings never saw one at a lower level. Here they were in great numbers, but were so wild that we could seldom get within range for an effective shot.

At Chukyar (Camp 53) I was fortunate enough to shoot a fine bull yak after a long and rather exciting stalk. The temperature was very low, and in skinning the carcass we had to keep ourselves warm by means of a fire of dry dung, which was fanned into a glowing mass by a steady breeze. In the process of cutting up, however, we found the natural heat of the animal's body sufficient. The men took to camp as much meat as could be used and also as much as could be carried on our next march, but they were developing a taste for sport, and next day they shot another yak. Only the threat of depriving them of their ammunition could make them believe that we objected to wanton slaughter.

Usually Pike or I went on ahead of the caravan, the guides having explicit and often repeated instructions to halt at any place, which they considered suitable for camping ground. After leaving Camp 56 I was eager to reconnoitre, and with one of the guides pushed far in advance, hoping to obtain from a commanding height a good view of the surrounding country. We reached a spot with a few small pools of moderately good water and plenty of grass, where my guide signalled to me to