

Wellby calls it. To the north of this lake was a lofty mountain with rounded summit, the height of which we endeavoured to ascertain; our efforts, however, were unsuccessful as the rounded top presented not one feature which could possibly be recognised from a second station.

Nymget Sring, Rassoula, and some of the caravan men to whom our homeward route was to some extent familiar, asserted that there were no more high passes to cross, only a "konka," or low pass, and two others of insignificant height.

A careful examination which I made of the lofty range west of the Dyap Cho, did not tend to bear out their statement, but still Rassoula persisted in his opinion. We moved on and camped at a cheerless spot, where no fuel could be found and where the stream was frozen to a solid mass. This was at Thakcho Karu (Camp 76), 17,600 feet in height. This place was, in fact, very little below the level of the top of the pass, the ascent being so very gradual that the highest point could not easily be determined. Here was Rassoula's "konka," identical with Nymget Sring's "Kone La" and the "Kepsang Pass" of the maps. Snow had fallen, but not so as to prevent the animals from finding a scanty supply of the langma grass of the region. These dumb servants, owing to daily marches, scarcity of food and water, and the severe cold, were reduced to a pitiable condition. Several of them were frozen to death and many of them had to be shot. In the mornings my first question was, "How many deaths during the night?" When I think of this portion of our journey it seems wonderful that any of our mules or ponies survived to reach Ladak. The few Tibetan ponies we had fared better than the other animals, for they had the habit of pawing the snow till the grass beneath was laid bare, and they hammered