

and we now had unspeakable delight in stretching ourselves at full length on the turf (frozen hard as a rock, but still turf) in front of a blazing fire of genuine crackling blocks of wood. For a time we forgot we were at an altitude of 15,000 feet, on November 1st, but with the temperature at zero F. we came back to realities. We required thick fur coats, and at night we betook ourselves to our much prized sleeping-bags, which left only the face exposed to the frost.

On the mountain-side opposite our camp we saw a large number of ram chicore, which kept calling in the most provoking manner, but all efforts to get near these toothsome birds with a shot-gun proved abortive. However, Changfunchuk succeeded in bringing one down with his carbine.

In the really cold weather the cordite used for the carbines was so useless that we gave up attempting to shoot. Close to Camp 75 Pike tried to shoot an antelope, but utterly failed, no less than six bullets having dropped to the ground within fifty yards of him. The only purpose to which the cordite could be put in such circumstances was to kill exhausted mules and ponies.

At length the Lutkum men and baggage animals arrived, and we were able to resume our journey. There were still two waterless camping-grounds before us, but at these places barley and chopped straw had been stored ready for our animals, and water was obtained from fresh-fallen snow.

The severity of the weather increased the demand for medicines, but sometimes these were asked for when quite unnecessary. The old Sikh, Tara Singh, was the first to feign illness by a forced and frequent cough; his example was followed with annoying rapidity, and vigorous remedies became necessary. After it was made quite clear that there was no real malady in the camp the