

I was bent on work which could not be done, and mere amusement or the killing of the time seemed "flat and unprofitable." My literary stores were of the scantiest, and had they been abundant I could not have enjoyed them. For a day or two my dog "Zambôk" diverted himself and me with his vain pursuit of marmots. Then I entered on the search for botanical specimens, but there was little scope for the gratification of this taste, and I discovered that the most satisfactory method of relieving the monotony of existence was to sleep. Continuous sleep being impossible, my waking thoughts turned homewards, and, to my sorrow, I found that memories and longings which, when one is actively employed, only give rise to healthy hopefulness, may become oppressive and painful when the mind has no other resource. Occupation, however, was provided for me by the illness which overtook Utam Singh. The fever with which this trusty Hindu had been attacked at Yarkand kept him weak, and when I had removed my quarters from Polu village to Camp 73 on the high plateau, I had brought him with me in the hope that rest and the bracing mountain air would hasten his recovery. Unfortunately his health became worse, and I was in great perplexity as to the malady from which he suffered. His temperature rose, his mouth became so swollen that only the tip of his tongue could be seen, and his voice was almost inaudible. By putting my ear close to his lips I could distinguish articulate sounds, but their meaning I could not make out. The most distressing feature in his case was the unbearable stench which proceeded from his body, and which made me fear that he was suffering from some contagious or infectious disease. I had his tent pitched some hundreds of yards from the camp on a breezy spot, and there the poor fellow lay in solitude. He and Chang-fûnchuk had always been good friends, and now the one