

On the edge of a high cliff overlooking the left bank of the river stood the old ruin of Baba Hatun. It seemed strongly built and possessed of an interesting history, but none of my people had any knowledge of it.

From Iksu, where we found the last grassy patch before entering Tibet from Aksai Chin, the route lay over high bare hills on which were some tiny lakelets. From near this point the left side of the Kiria valley was too soft for the comfortable advance of the caravan, and we recrossed the river, now much smaller, at a ford just below one of the lakes. From the hills we had crossed, and also from Camp 106, we had obtained a wide view of the snow-clad mountains, with many glaciers, lying to the west and south-west. With the exception of some old boortza of little use as fodder, the country round Togral, as far as the eye, aided by powerful glasses, could make out, produced nothing. At this dreary spot, 17,600 feet high, right over against the snow-clad range, the temperature of boiling water was 180.6° F., but only two of our company, Abdul Karim and Rahman, a hard-working native of Kiria, suffered from the thinness of the air. The lakes we passed are fed by numberless rivulets from this range, and from that on the east side of the Kiria, these streams being the real sources of the Kiria River. About the pass, and a few miles to the south of the Togral Monpo, we found a wide expanse of grass, and further on a tract of country of lower altitude.

As we marched along the north side of Yeshil Kul, where the ground appeared waterless, I was surprised to see, close to the north-eastern corner and not many yards distant, a fairly large spring, probably of fresh water, bubbling up through the salt water of the lake. On the shores, especially the eastern shore, the caravan men were pleased to find excellent salt. At "Fever Camp" we found the old positions of our tents and of