

This information was given me in consequence of some bad feeling which the Pichanyart people cherished against the Nosh Tung villagers. Whether it was true or false I could not be certain; but to go back to the Mariong valley, where no more supplies could be obtained, and there renew the search for a route, was out of the question.

Advancing up the small side-valley to the Sharnoz Pass, we found the lower portion beset with jungle and slippery with sloping ice, which at some places had to be roughened before the caravan could proceed. The stream at the bottom was small, but ice overspread the ground to a surprising extent. The pass was easy, and the valley on the east side, though in places troublesome owing to jungle, did not present any very serious difficulty. The village called Sharnoz we found to consist of two deserted houses; its distance in a straight line from the mouth of the Mariong River was only four miles, and yet to reach it we had had to make two marches and cross two mountain passes. From this place we went forward, forcing our way through thick jungle and repeatedly crossing the frozen stream, till after about two hours we reached an open space large enough for our camp. At this spot, called Shamatagle, was some coarse grass, and, though it was not yet noon, the men with the yaks urged me to halt. They knew the route well and asserted that further on, neither grass nor water would be found till we should have crossed two passes, one of which was very difficult. This was annoying, but in such a difficult country it seemed prudent to act on the advice of the guides. The grass here might in summer be sufficient for a few animals, but now the ponies and donkeys, even though hungry, could only nibble at the coarse, straw-like fibres standing in withered tufts. To take observations I went up a steep mountain-side for about 200