

and tired, it was necessary to hasten forward. None but the yak-men knew where we should be able to halt for the night, and they would not tell, so, directing them to make no delay, I went ahead to reconnoitre. The valley presented a cheerless aspect; it was exceedingly rocky; in places it was so steep as to be almost impassable even for the yaks; no water was in sight, and no fuel of any sort. Being anxious to see as far forward as possible before daylight quite failed, I pushed on and, much to my surprise, came suddenly on a herd of burrhel which had come down to the valley to quench their thirst by licking the ice. Unfortunately, I had left my carbine behind, and could only continue my solitary tramp. After marching in the dark for about two hours in an unknown region, stumbling over rocks and stones, I threw myself on the ground to wait for the arrival of the caravan. Yul Bash was the first to reach me; then Mohammed Joo, who told me that, notwithstanding his professed ignorance, Yul Bash knew of an "ungur," or shelter, a little further on. I was hungry, thirsty, and tired; the level plot where I was contained room enough for the purpose of sleep, and there was some brushwood at hand which would serve for fuel; so I declined to go forward till Yul Bash stated plainly that he knew the ground. Then, sending our guide in front, I stumbled on, and at length heard him explain that he had reached the "ungur." The tired men and yaks struggled in and were relieved of their burdens, and, after lighting a small fire of brushwood, we were able to look about us. Rocks and stones were too plentiful on both sides of the valley, which was hemmed in by barren and almost vertical mountains; but we plainly heard the sound of running water; some low bushes, fit for firewood, were close by, and there was a prospect of finding sufficient level ground to sleep on. I asked Yul Bash where the "ungur" was, and he replied