

been shattered and carried away by the torrent. The accident, however, proved to be less serious: a pony laden with bedding and a small cane trunk containing a little money had bolted; the load had been caught by a projecting rock, and the pony precipitated over the very rocky mountain-side. Sonam, in a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to save the pony, had been kicked in the face and had many of his teeth knocked out. The bedding was found uninjured, but the cane trunk was smashed and its contents scattered. The low banks of the dry water-courses, which ran so as to form a sort of delta, afforded some slight protection from the sleet, but the wood we had for fuel was damp, and there was difficulty in getting hot water for tea. The men, however, did not pass this cold and cheerless night supperless; but the animals received nothing more than a small feed of corn.

Next morning the weather was good, and in a few hours the sun shone brightly. Giving my riding pony to Ram Singh, I went with Rabzung to look after the donkeys; for in the ascent of the At To Pass, their loads constantly slipped back, and, when we reached the summit, they had to be rearranged for the descent. The surrounding mountains, covered with snow to their bases, presented an aspect very different from their appearance in September, and it was not easy to guide the caravan by the direct route to Saroz Kul, which was invisible till we were within a few miles of it. I had hoped to halt at Camp 115, but there was no water near that spot, and we pitched our tents between low mounds of whitish clay close to Saroz Kul. Both Ram Singh and I had begun to feel the effects of the exposure and hardship we had undergone since leaving Polu. The temperature of the air was only 33° F., but our bodies had abnormally high temperatures, though at 9 p.m., when I retired for the