

the attention of sportsmen. It was only on the Taghdumbash Pamir that I found this animal, and there, owing to the constant shooting of it by Kirghiz and Tajiks, as well as by British sportsmen, it has become more rare than it used to be. The specimens most in request are old rams, the fine heads of which find a ready sale in Tashkurghan, Yarkand, and other places; but, unfortunately, the natives shoot any animal, male or female, that comes in their way.

My first attempt to stalk this sheep was made in the end of October, 1897, in the nullah known as Kukteruk, in the western part of the Chinese Pamir. I was accompanied by a shikari, my orderly, and the cook, and we pitched our camp, consisting of two tents, near the spot where the nullah bifurcated, some miles from its mouth. The place was partially sheltered; numerous skulls of the *ovis Poli* were lying about; yak dung for fuel was abundant; and my shikari considered this spot to be as near to the ground frequented by the sheep as it was advisable to camp. As soon as the tents were pitched all hands began to collect dung, and early in the afternoon, when we had to discontinue the work owing to falling snow, we had a good supply. Several sheep came in sight at no great distance, but all of them had small heads, and I passed the evening in my tent, sitting on the ground in front of my hot stove, reading the latest English newspapers and telegrams which Captain MacMahon, C.S.I., C.I.E., the Political Agent at Gilgit, had sent me. In the morning it was necessary to start long before daylight in order to reach by dawn the places where game was most likely to be found. We turned out about 3 o'clock, when the temperature was at 6° F. or twenty-six degrees below the freezing point; but warm clothing, a thick fur coat and cap, and long warm boots kept me comfortable. In the darkness it was impossible