

to walk without continually stumbling over rocks and stones, but I got over the ground safely, seated on the back of a slow-going yak which did not stumble once. I saw many sheep, but those which were within range were females or young males, the old animals being too wary to let me approach within several hundred yards. The events which happened were similar every morning. Small-headed sheep were accessible, but the two good heads I wished to possess kept invariably beyond my reach. Their owners took up a position on high ground, whence they could see all along the valleys; and, as there was no cover of any sort, every attempt I made to stalk them failed.

Leaving this valley I rejoined Cobbold, who, I found, had met with better success than had fallen to my lot. Seeing that he had shot three sheep with heads measuring respectively 56, 59½, and 62 inches, I resolved to make another effort as soon as my work permitted. Starting in the dark and wending my way on the back of a steady-pacing yak up a valley till daylight, I came suddenly on two sheep with very fair heads, grazing in a small side valley. Dismounting, I laid aside my fur coat, exchanged my long boots for a rubber-soled, canvas pair, and made a long and careful round so that I got quite near the animals. The altitude of the region was about 15,000 feet, and I was out of breath with my exertions, when, peering over the rock, I was seen by one of the sheep. Before I had time to take off my thick woollen gloves so as to be able to handle my rifle, both the animals scampered away, and I had to return to camp empty-handed.

Another day Cobbold and I, after a short stalk in the main valley, got within 150 yards of seven males as they trotted past. We both fired and three sheep fell, purpling the snow with their blood, but unfortunately their heads