

huddled up in their little tent, still complained of splitting headache and nausea. Outside, undismayed by cold and wind, my hardy Hunza men were feasting in great glee on the big mutton-legs which had been assigned for their refreshment. Their cheery talk, alas! unintelligible to me, was still in my ears when I fell asleep after a frugal dinner. Was it of the pluck and prowess of their little race that they chatted, or of the happy hunting-grounds for slaves and sheep which the Pamirs had so long offered to it?

The night brought violent gusts of wind and several light falls of snow. The noise of the avalanches falling over the cliffs on the south side of the Yambulak Glacier woke me at frequent intervals. It was a comfort to think that there was no danger of that kind to fear on the ridge we occupied. When I woke up at 6 a.m. there was fresh snow to the depth of two inches covering the ground. The sky was still cloudy. There was nothing for it but to wait in patience for a change in the weather. But the change would not come, and as the temperature still kept at freezing-point we felt badly the exposed position of the camp. At last all hope of an ascent that day had to be abandoned, and as to wait for better weather would have meant loss of more time than I could afford, I had by midday reluctantly to give the order for the move to a less inclement region.

On the evening of the 20th of July I camped once more by the side of the Kirghas in the Yambulak Jilga. On the following day Ram Singh and myself ascended the high side spur, called Shamalda, which descends from Muztagh-Ata northwards of the Kampar-Kishlak Glacier, for survey work. Icy blasts of wind blew in turn from different directions, and kept now one and now the other side of the mountain shrouded in clouds and mist. Work with the photo-theodolite was trying under such conditions, yet by using the favourable moments views were secured of the valleys and ranges opposite, which from this height—14,570 feet above the sea—