

suffered badly from headache and other symptoms of mountain sickness. But the tea I carried in my large water-bottle proved a powerful 'Dawai,' and a few mouthfuls of it for each of the patients sufficed to restore better spirits, though it was respectfully observed that my medicine tasted bitter. By the time the Surveyor had struggled up we all sat contented in spite of a cutting wind and occasional drifts of light snow. The mercurial barometer was safely set up and its reading observed (17.45 inches at 44° Fahr.) which was to give us the exact height of the pass. It had been before estimated approximately at 15,400 feet.

At 3 P.M. we set out for the downward journey, pleased that we had gained our goal in the face of such forbidding conditions. Though the snow even near the top of the pass was now giving way far more than a few hours earlier, we gained the badly crevassed part of the glacier by 5 P.M. From here, however, the speed of our descent sadly slackened. Care was needed to thread our way between the gaping crevasses no longer covered by safe snow bridges. In a few places men sank in the softened snow down to their armpits, but with the support of the rope they were soon extricated. More troublesome still was the descent over the slippery crest of the snow-covered moraine, where it was impossible now to dodge sharp-cut boulders. From reasonable apprehension of avalanches and impassably soft snow my Wakhis now fought shy of the slopes we had skirted in the morning and took us instead down straight over the huge bare moraines. It was slow work to pick one's way over these confused masses of rock, tired out as our knees were by the day's climb. I felt more and more nails from my Alpine boots going, and envied the Mastujis their moccasins of stout but pliable leather.

Just as we reached the foot of the lowest moraine close to the glacier snout and were beginning to climb up once more to the Rukang spur, the clouds descended for good and soon enveloped us in thickly falling snow. Luckily Kurban had thought of my return, and correctly ascertained the route we should follow. So ponies had been sent