

when approaching its western portion did we notice that a long stretch along the south shore still held water. The ground over which we had to move skirting this much-shrunken lake bed to the north-west was more depressing than any before. The detritus of the slopes we descended was so soft that one's feet sank in deep. Along the shore of the dried-up marsh this soil was broken up by large holes full of 'Shor.' There was no sign of life, plant, or animal to be seen anywhere except a big vulture which kept sailing above us for a long time, evidently in expectation of another victim. I wondered which of our poor mute companions it would be.

At last in the evening, after crossing a low barren spur, we found ourselves on the east edge of a broad desolate valley coming straight down from the main snowy range. For a short time the clouds lifted and allowed me to sight again a few of the bold ice-capped pyramids last seen from above Karanghu-tagh. But even more keenly did we scan the wide gravel bed of the valley for any trace of running water by which to camp. There was none, and the outlook was gloomy indeed. With Lal Singh I hurried ahead of the lagging caravan across the detritus waste, and at last came upon a strip of ground supporting scanty tufts of 'yellow grass.' On arrival I set the despondent pony-men to work at a well, which, luckily at a depth of some four feet, yielded very muddy but drinkable water. How strange it seemed to have to re-enact familiar desert scenes on these Tibetan uplands! The ponies I had sent to a large lagoon visible near the lake shore in the hope of their getting an adequate drink earlier; but at night they were brought back without having touched a drop of its brackish water.