

six: I rushed across to the cooking tent to prepare some food and found a Balti (of whom we had retained five) out in the snowstorm saying his prayers!

June 30th.—I had a bad attack of snow blindness: the three foreigners went out to reconnoitre.

July 1st.—We sent Pfannl and Wesseley up to the corner of the north-east ridge of Chogo Ri with half a dozen coolies: the rest of us celebrated Knowles' birthday and we had a really good time. The weather was reasonably fine though in the afternoon it began to threaten and to blow.

July 2nd.—Another furious snowstorm.

July 3rd.—Ditto.

July 4th.—Ditto.

July 5th.—Ditto. Two men, however, came up from below bringing our dak including two copies of Tannhäuser from my publishers. We all wished they had been 2,000 as then we should have had something dry to put tents on.

July 6th.—Snowstorm continues. We were now reduced to a condition of considerable discomfort as the heat of the body, what there is of it, and its pressure, gradually melt a deep hole in the ice, which collects all the water in the neighbourhood, and this gradually soaks through tent, valise, mattress, and sleeping bed, so that one becomes wet. It is not nice to be wet when there is no possibility of getting dry till the next fine day. The pool of water in my tent was very large, and I passed a good deal of time very pleasantly in sailing paper boats. It (the pool) only froze at night.

July 7th.—A fine day which we occupied in cleaning tents and kiltas of snow, and in drying our various things.

July 8th.—A fine morning. The Doctor and I went off to Camp 11, which I propose to call Camp Despair. I was not very well, and the march was exceedingly tedious over interminable snowfields. We had packed our loads on a sleigh; but the men could not draw it, and it soon tumbled into a crevasse: we pulled it out and took off four of the seven loads, which were given to the men to carry, but the sleigh was still impossible; and the men of their own accord untied it so that everything arrived at Camp 11 on the backs of the men. In the afternoon the weather became bad.

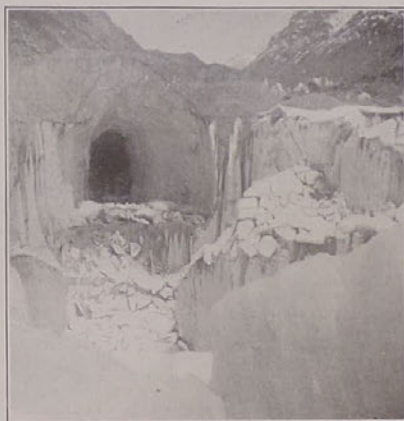
July 9th.—Fire insurance expired, as my diary humourously informed me. I was feeling much better. The weather was slightly improved, but the valley wind still very violent. Pfannl ill. In the afternoon I went up the snow slopes and found myself able to go at an excellent pace. The height, 2,000 feet and more, did not seem to



CHOGO RI.

pieces, and I had to employ my whole muscular strength to get a supply of breath; rather like the methods for resuscitating the apparently drowned. I was nearly sick in addition. This state of things lasted nearly all night. I had strength enough, however, to send the Doctor and Wesseley out scouting.

July 10th.—Fine weather. I was a little better, but the abdominal pains continued, and I felt very weak and ill. I was able to get out of my tent and lie in the sun. I saw a fly, a butterfly, some crows, and a thing which appeared to be a kind of bee; all these animals had,



AN ICE GROTTTO.

course, followed us from below. In the afternoon there was a very fine avalanche from Chogo Ri, the snow from which was blown over both Camp Misery and Camp Despair. My scouts returned in the afternoon with a report neither very satisfactory nor very intelligible.

July 11th.—Very ill, my temperature having gone to 39.4 Cent. We were joined by Eckenstein and Knowles: weather fine.

July 12th.—We sent off the Austrians to scout: I felt a little better. Most of the day was fine. At night Eckenstein was ill.

July 13th.—Eckenstein and I still ill. Weather going bad.

July 14th.—Weather hopelessly, infamously bad! We got a chit from Wesseley saying Pfannl was ill and asking us to send him twenty-three different things, most of which were at Camp Misery, and the rest we had not got at all; he also apparently wanted us to break into our system of provision units and send up only the particular things for which he had a fancy! The answer he got was such as to make him give us up as hopeless, and on the next occasion he broke open the kiltas himself.

July 15th.—Eckenstein and I better. In the afternoon the weather cleared, but new snow had fallen to a great depth. A chit arrived that Pfannl was worse.

July 16th.—The Doctor brought down Pfannl and Wesseley. Another fine morning but bad afternoon.

July 17th.—Snowstorm all the morning, slightly cleared later.

July 18th.—Snowing hard all day. Momentary clearance at nightfall showed us a changed landscape. There was hardly a rock visible. Eckenstein very ill with bronchial asthma.

July 19th.—Eckenstein better. Wesseley went to Camp Misery and back to bring up some food and certain invalid requirements for Pfannl. Letters and flour arrived. Pfannl delirious: a little sunshine during the day.

July 20th.—Weather fine. Pfannl still under morphia.

July 21st.—Pfannl and Wesseley descended in charge of the Doctor. We had insisted on Wesseley going down, as some companion was necessary to guard against any repetition of suicidal ideas on the part of Pfannl, and we did not want to deprive the Doctor of his chance of climbing the mountain.

(To be continued.)

STAMMERING permanently CURED only by personal tuition, pupils also taken in residence.—Interview on written application to Mr. A. C. SCHNELLE, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

affect my breathing. In the evening, however, I was very ill indeed with abdominal pains. My temperature went up to 100 degs., and I got an attack of shivering. As I had not had malarial fever since leaving Srinagar, neither the Doctor nor I suspected that this was the cause though we now think it must have been. Cold, exposure, enforced idleness, and bad feeding had doubtless reduced my strength so much as to make the conditions favourable for a relapse, and doubtless my energy of the afternoon drove the final nail. I was in my bag when all of a sudden my breathing arrangements seemed suddenly to go to