Strange Sights in the Himalayas.

By Ellis Griffiths.

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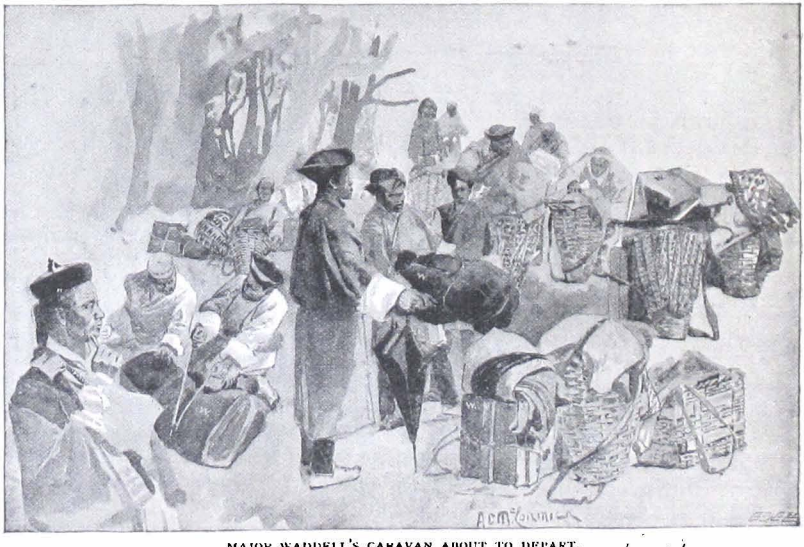
NO one knows the Himalayas better than Major L. A. Waddell, LL.D., F.L.S., etc., Indian Army Medical Corps, whose explorations are described in brief in this article. Major Waddell has had no less than fourteen years' experience of Himalayan sketching, shooting, and collecting, especially on the frontiers of Tibet and Nepal. He got nearer to Mount Everest, the highest point on this planet, than any European, except, perhaps, Hooker; and the complete records of his journeys are embodied in his book, "Among the Himalayas," published a few months ago by Messrs. Constable.

Major Waddell made his head-quarters at Darjeeling, the well-known hill-station of India, which is twenty-four hours by rail from Calcutta, and lies several thousand feet above sea level. The views from this place are justly renowned. "To see the famous sunrise on the snows," says Major Waddell, "I got up long before daybreak and rode out to Senchal, a peak 1,500ft. higher than Darjeeling. Before me lay the grandest snowy landscape in the world. Snowy mountains stretched round nearly half the horizon, culminating in the mighty mass of Kanchen-junga, with its 13,000ft. of everlasting snow. The vastness of the view was almost oppressive. From the deep grove of the silvery Rang-eet River, several thousand feet below, great masses of dark forest-clad mountains rose tier upon tier, carrying the eye up to the majestic snows, with the colossal Kanchen-junga towering above the river in the background. At one glance you see an elevation of the earth's surface more than five miles in vertical height. Imagine Mont Blanc rearing its full height abruptly from the sea-shore, bearing upon its summit Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain. Then add two Snowdons, one on top of the other, and finally take in at one glance the superimposed mountain. Then, indeed, you will have some adequate idea of the view from Senchal."

It may well be said that the man who has travelled in the Himalayas is spoilt for natural scenery in any other part of the world, so satiated is he with the wonders of Nature. The Himalayas have several peaks over 28,000ft., and more than 1,100 over 20,000ft. And so enormous is the projecting mass of the range that physicists have shown how it not only draws the plumb-line considerably towards it, but actually attracts the sea so as to pull it several hundred feet up its side. Yet this is a fact so little known that most sea captains would stare if you told them that coming from Ceylon to Calcutta *they actually sail up-hill!*



MAJOR WADDELL'S CARAVAN ABOUT TO DEPART.

ACHOOM, THE CHIEF OF THE COOLIES, AND "GENERAL UTILITY" MAN. *From a Photo.*

Travelling in Upper Sikhim is a big business, demanding costly and elaborate preparation. Little or no food is to be had locally, whilst roads are so few and bad that everything must be carried on men's backs. Frequently there is no shelter, except what you bring with you, against the sudden trying changes of climate experienced in journeying in and out of the deep tropical valleys in the ascent towards the snows. You must bring your own and your servants' food, cooking utensils, bedding, forage, and tents. Also food and bedding for your porters: so that you want a small army to carry your food alone. Another difficulty which the mountaineer experiences is the want of proper guides. Major Waddell, however, was fortunate enough to secure as guide an Upper Sikhim man, named Kintoop, a noted Tibetan explorer, who also acted as head man of the coolies. The illustration on the previous page represents the Major's caravan just as it was about to depart.

"There was a crowd of coolies outside, and their head man and our servants inside, weighing the various coolie loads into which we divided our baggage, stores, and food, as well as tents, shooting, collecting, surveying, and photographic apparatus. All told, the party, including my companion and myself, numbered fifty-three. Of these forty-one were porters or coolies. Their chief was named Achoom, a dignified Lepcha, who acted as courier, commissariat officer, chef, waiter, and valet—all rolled into one. There was nothing he could not do, from cooking some little dainty dish to carving a bamboo flute and decorating it with poker-work. He shot game, and dexterously prepared the skins for my collection. The coolies were mostly from the Tartar tribes of Darjeeling—strong as horses, all of them. Many of them brought their wives, who carried even heavier loads than the men. Each coolie carried in his hand a hollow bamboo stick to support the load when resting by the way, and also to use as a water-bottle when crossing the sultry ravines."

Next we have a portrait of Kintoop, or "the Almighty One," who was quite a hero in his way, and certainly a most interesting and romantic personage. "He is the explorer 'K. P.' of the Indian survey reports, and did many deeds of daring in Tibet. He had innumerable experiences of adventure, sport, and narrow escapes in the wild unknown parts of Tibet, Bhotan, and Nepal, and he has done important geographical work for the Indian Government. Alone and unarmed, Kintoop forced his way into a weird country a few marches distant from Lhasa, and entered territory absolutely unexplored — a no man's land, full of fierce savages, who have successfully resisted the entrance of strangers, and who killed Tibetans purely on principle. Kintoop, I say, went far into this country with his life in his hands, and nearly perished from cold and hunger. He was treacherously sold as a slave, and whilst still a fugitive—because he did succeed in escaping—he struggled off down the right bank of the Tsang-Po, faithful to his mission, until he got nearly within sight of the plains of Assam. Then

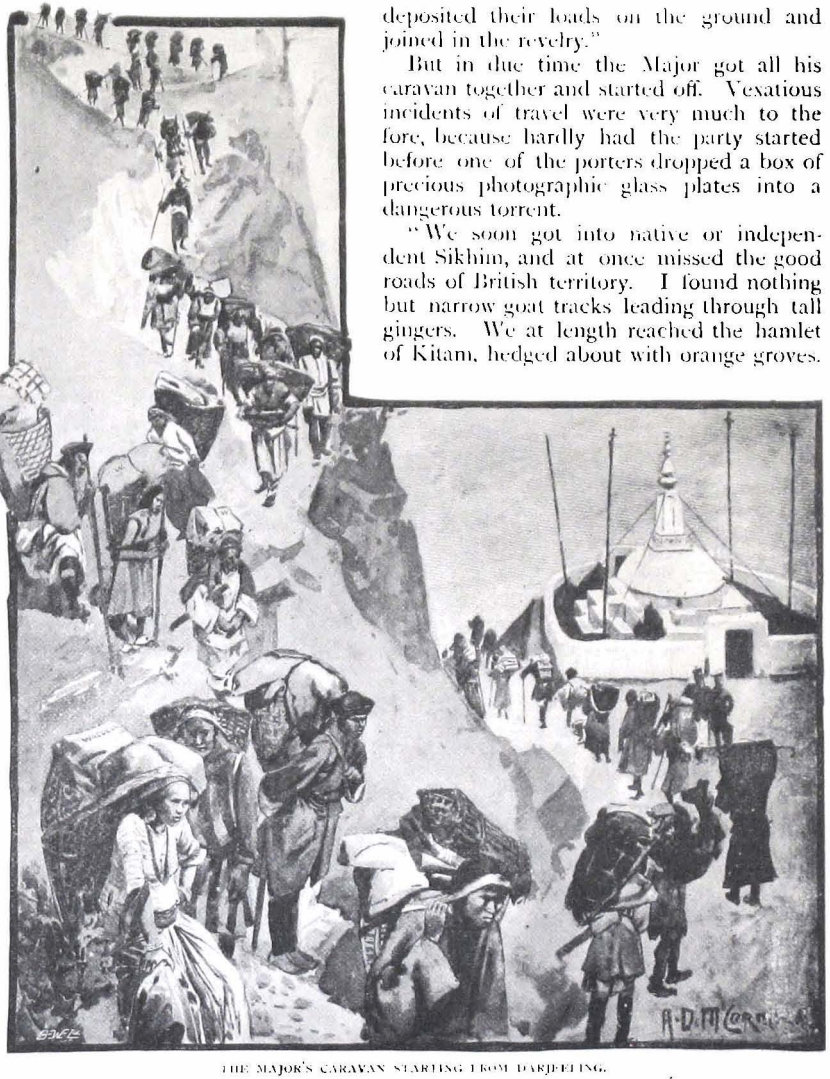
KINTOOP, THE TIBETAN EXPLORER AND ADVENTURER, WHO ACTED AS MAJOR WADDELL'S GUIDE.

when further progress was barred he, according to arrangement, sent 500 specially marked one-foot logs down this remote river. However, this ingenious idea, carried out at such great pains, unfortunately came to nothing, because no one was sent to watch for the logs in Assam, owing to the death of Kintoop's master, Captain Harman, who was frozen to death amid the snows of Kanchen-junga. These thrilling adventures of Kintoop may be found enlivening the dull reports of the Indian Survey Department."

Just as Major Waddell's party was starting from Darjeeling, the coolies and the rest got mixed up in a kind of fair. "We met gay crowds of holiday-makers, and heard unwonted sounds of revelry from the village below. It was a Bhotiya Bustee. We found the village *en fête* on account of the Nepalese Feast of the Lanterns. The fun of the fair was both fast and furious—dancing and singing, playing on pipes, etc.; and they even had a kind of Earl's Court Big Wheel of primitive construction. My porters were treated to unlimited beer, and when I saw them some of them were already drunk. Alas! even Kintoop was not above suspicion. We saw the Nepalese stopping our coolies and making them drink. Needless to say, they did not want much persuading, but deposited their loads on the ground and joined in the revelry."

But in due time the Major got all his caravan together and started off. Vexatious incidents of travel were very much to the fore, because hardly had the party started before one of the porters dropped a box of precious photographic glass plates into a dangerous torrent.

"We soon got into native or independent Sikhim, and at once missed the good roads of British territory. I found nothing but narrow goat tracks leading through tall gingers. We at length reached the hamlet of Kitam, hedged about with orange groves.



THE MAJOR'S CARAVAN STARTING FROM DARJEELING.

Here we were regaled with beer in fresh-cut bamboo jugs with new sipping-reeds. We had a big crowd of admirers. Afterwards we strolled through the village and among the homesteads, which were surrounded by clumps of feathery bamboo, banana, and ginger trees. We watched the villagers weaving at their primitive looms. They make a cotton fibre, which they dye with wild madder from the forest near by. They don't have to work very much, these people; their very umbrellas grow by the wayside, and it was very comical to see children, as represented in the illustration, sheltering from a shower under a leaf of the giant calladium,

which they had plucked in the adjoining jungle."

Major Waddell had much difficulty in photographing these people on account of the horror they had of the "Evil Eye of the box." An old Lepcha woman at this place gave them some eggs—a present that might always prove embarrassing in Sikhim, as it is a common way of proposing marriage. Next came a journey up the Teesta Valley to the capital of Sikhim. On the way Major Waddell visited a typical Lepcha house. Ascending the notched log of wood that did duty as a staircase, he stooped and entered a low door. Once inside he put his hat on a clean spot, but the good wife at once snatched it up and placed it somewhere else, apologetically explaining that the devil of the house was just then occupying that particular place. The Major was also nearly choked with smoke, as there was no chimney. In one corner were a few bamboo cooking vessels and some leaves which did duty as plates. The Lepchas, he noticed, never had money until quite recently, and when it was first given to them they wore it round their necks.

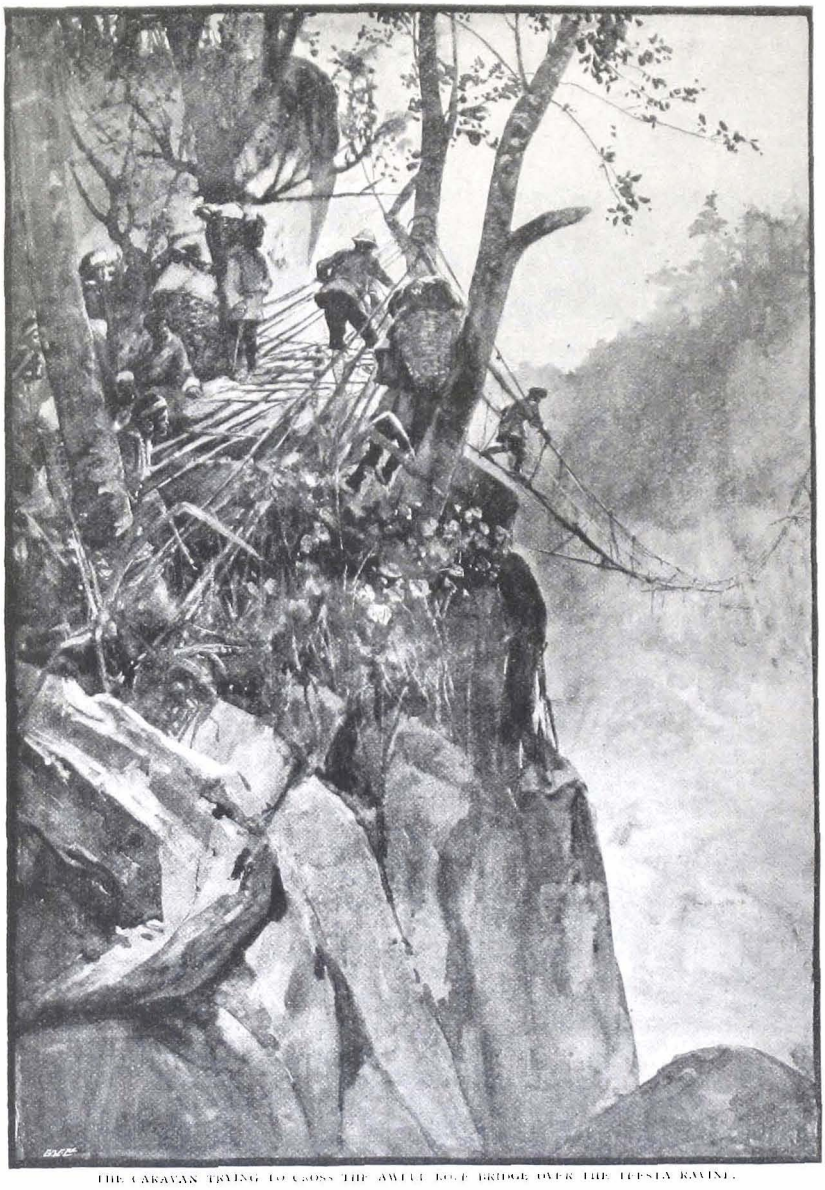
THE SIKHIMESE ARE A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE—THEIR VERY UMBRELLAS GROW BY THE WAYSIDE.

The Major did a good deal of specimen collecting, and that this is a paying hobby will be evident from the fact that there are 4,000 species of butterflies in Sikhim alone. Some of these are so rare and beautiful that collectors pay fancy prices for them. One specimen is said to be worth £20.

Major Waddell sent out some pioneers to discover what was the condition of a certain rope bridge over the Teesta, and they came back with the news that it was not safe. The crossing of this bridge, which is depicted in the next illustration, was one of the most hazardous enterprises the Major ever remembers.

"When we got to the bridge, descending a gloomy gorge, it became a moot point whether it was strong enough for us to cross in safety. It was a mere ragged skeleton, slippery with green slime, and spanning a great chasm about 300ft. across. The mighty river thundered along 60ft. or 80ft. below, crashing over great boulders of gneiss as big as cottages, and dashing up clouds of spray. One had to cross the bridge after the manner of Blondin on the slack rope. The structure consisted of two slender ropes of cane, stretched across the gorge, their ends lashed to rocks and trunks of trees. Between these two parallel ropes, and tied from one to the other at intervals of a yard, were bits of cane forming V-shaped loops, in which were fastened a line of bamboos, end to end. On these one had to place one's feet. It was just like walking on a rope. And not only was it frail, but it was also rotten. The men we had sent on two days previously to repair it had declined to endanger their lives by venturing upon it. As a rule these bridges only last about two seasons, but this one was several years old and had never been repaired. It was, however, absolutely necessary that we should get across, and not spend a night in that fever-infested gorge. I sent a Lepcha across to investigate, and then tried to cross myself. I almost shudder when I think of that awful passage. The moment you step on these cane bridges they recoil from you; they swing and shake in an alarming manner, rolling from side to side and pitching with every step like a ship in a storm. It is well not to look down lest you become dizzy; and yet if you don't look down you cannot see where to place your feet.

"After I had crossed, the laden coolies had to pass, but before they ventured over, Kintoop and his assistants rushed into the jungle with their knives and cut down lengths of giant creeper with which to repair the loose parts. The crossing of the coolies was a trying business, too. The loads had to be broken up into small parcels and slung on the men's backs. Some of the coolies squatted down in the middle of the bridge, half paralyzed with fear. Others refused to cross at all, and bolted off. The fall of this river, as measured by Hooker, was found to be 820ft. in ten miles,



THE CARAVAN TRYING TO CROSS THE AWFUL ROPE BRIDGE OVER THE TEESTA RAVINE.

and the current in places is fourteen miles an hour."

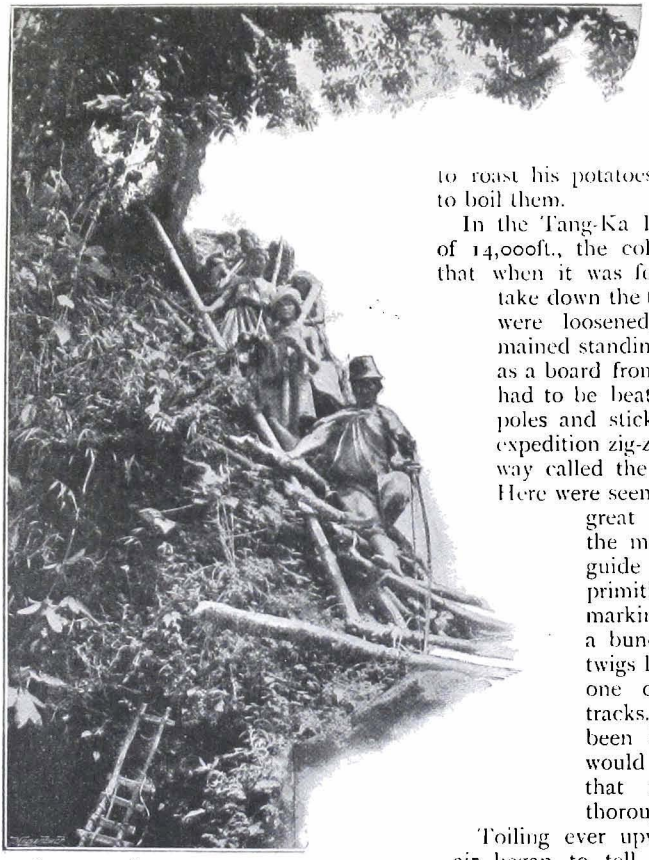
Soon the expedition arrived at Toomlong, the mountain capital of Sikhim. On the way a damp forest was passed through, which was found to be simply swarming with voracious land-leeches no thicker than a knitting-needle.*

"They stood alert on every twig. As we approached they lashed themselves vigorously to and fro and rushed to seize us. Wherever they touched they fastened firmly, and then mounted rapidly by a series of somersaults to a vulnerable spot. Then they commenced their dreadful attacks. The poor barefooted servants and coolies were terribly bitten, and their ankles and legs gave out streams of blood all day. Every few steps I had to stop and pick the creatures off me. I had covered my stockings with tobacco-snuff, and had not felt the sharp nips myself: but I and my companion had picked off thousands of leeches from the outside of our boots and putties. We congratulated ourselves upon having escaped, but after sixteen miles of forest, when we took off our stockings and putties, we found that the leeches had sucked their fill of us, having got in through the eyelets of our boots and the folds of our putties. Thence they passed through the meshes of our stockings, and after having gorged themselves they withdrew, lying in the folds of the stockings, swollen to the size of small chestnuts. Others had crept down into our boots and got squashed, so that our feet were in a

* Our readers will remember Mr. W. Harcourt-Bath's grnesome account, in a recent number, of how he was "Attacked by Leeches" in the Himalayas.

frightful condition. The poor cattle, too, were in a pitiful state. Their legs were always bleeding, more or less, and the leeches actually lodged in their nostrils and hung from their eyelids. All the Lepchas hereabouts had their legs covered with the scars of leech bites, and no doubt these formidable pests have something to do with the remarkable absence of four-footed game in these regions. The normal food of these terrible leeches is vegetable juice, and not one out of many millions can ever taste blood."

After visiting and photographing the King and Queen of Sikhim in their capital, Major Waddell's party started off again to Upper Sikhim, striking down the canyon of the Teesta until their course was suddenly barred by a point on the river which here swept round under a huge cliff. This had to be scaled by means of ladders of notched bamboos—the "high road" to Upper Sikhim in a very literal sense. The accompanying photograph shows the party negotiating this remarkable "high road."



THE "HIGH ROAD" TO UPPER SIKHIM—SCALING THE CLIFF WITH BAMBOO LADDERS. *From a] [Photo.*

The view up the Lete Valley was very attractive, and at this point the coolies began to get excited at the prospect of reaching the snows. They began looking up their snow-boots and blanket-coats. The women as if their faces were not dirty enough already smeared more brown paint round their eyes and noses as a protection against possible snow-blindness. The well-to-do Tibetans, by the way, sew coloured glasses into a band of cloth, or a close netting of black yak hair; but the poor people when crossing the snow simply daub their faces round the eyes and nose with dark pigments.

As the party pushed onwards and upwards, the altitude grew so great that Achoom began to experience trouble with his cooking. The water would not boil properly at this great height above sea level, and so the Major had to tell the distressed fellow to roast his potatoes instead of trying to boil them.

In the Tang-Ka Pass at the height of 14,000ft., the cold was so intense, that when it was found necessary to take down the tent, and the ropes were loosened, the canvas remained standing, "frozen as stiff as a board from our breath." It had to be beaten flat with tent poles and sticks. Later on the expedition zig-zagged up a rocky way called the Tired Yak Pass. Here were seen the remains of a great landslip, and in the maze of tracks the guide pointed out the primitive device for marking the true trail—a bundle of freshly cut twigs laid lengthways on one of the diverging tracks. Had the twigs been laid crosswise it would have signified that there was "no thoroughfare" that way.

Toiling ever upward the rarefied air began to tell. Even the yaks and ponies suffered from mountain sickness. "We all had splitting headaches, nausea, palpitation, and bloodshot eyes. Frequently we had to rest through shortness of breath and that sensation which Hooker so well describes as 'having a pound of lead on the knee-caps, two pounds on the stomach, and a hoop of iron round the head!' The men bled profusely at the nose, and altogether we were in a sorry plight as we staggered into the few bleak huts of Momay (15,000ft.), the highest grazing station in Sikhim. A few minutes after my arrival Kintoop came running up to tell me that the captain of the Tibetan guard of the pass was here, and was going to stop me. While Kintoop was explaining

several Tibetans came to the door of the hut, attending a fine-looking old fellow riding on a yak. He was the captain of the guard, and is seen in the photograph next reproduced. He got off, came forward, and presented the usual ceremonial scarf. I took it, and then he said who he was. Was I going up to the Dong-Kia (pass)? Yes, I was. Then he tried to dissuade

THE CAPTAIN OF THE TIBETAN GUARD MOUNTED ON HIS YAK. HE TURNED MAJOR WADDELL BACK FROM TIBET. [*From a Photo.*

me. The weather was bad; snow had fallen and driven him and his men down. And, indeed, they had bloodshot eyes and blistered, peeling skin, as though they had been exposed to Arctic weather.

"The captain was civil. He protested that his instructions from Lhasa were explicit. No person was to enter the pass except a few privileged Tibetans. He trotted out with much pantomime the old, old story. If we were to force our way across, his own throat and the throats of his men would infallibly be cut. He was an interesting old fellow, who had fought against us in our little war with Tibet. He examined my shot-gun and revolver with great interest, and explained them to the awe-struck bystanders. He even asked me to experiment with my revolver on one of his straggling sheep.

"These Tibetans awed my men into silence. Later on they told me of the dreadful tortures that would be inflicted upon them by the Tibetan Government. It seems they have no gaols in Tibet, so when they don't kill their prisoners outright, or torture them to death slowly, they simply cut off their ears or chop off a hand, and then set the mutilated person free. Such mutilated criminals, I understand, form the majority of the beggars in Lhasa and other big Tibetan towns."

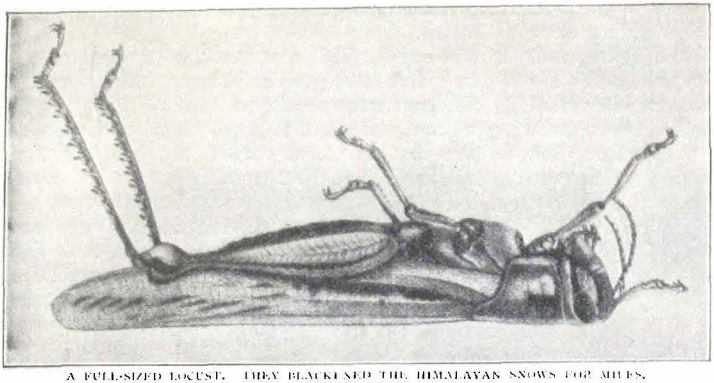
Not long after this interesting interview, Major Waddell secured a beautiful silvery water shrew (*nectrogale elegans*), which is so unique and rare that no perfect specimen was hitherto known.

Major Waddell saw much of the captain of the Tibetan guard, because that earnest old gentleman had no idea of losing sight of the adventurous Englishman until he was sure that the latter would not get him into trouble. The Tibetan soldiers, the Major noticed, fortified themselves against the cold with bits of frozen raw meat shredded up with their daggers. "The Tibetan captain and his men accompanied us some distance, his yak clambering nimbly over the snow-laden stones, and far out-distancing my pony, who slipped and stumbled badly. He offered me the use of this yak, but the beast would not let me mount. It made several plunges at me when I approached, though it was held back by the rope through its nose-ring. I was not sorry afterwards, because the rope on the animal somehow became loose, and the captain suddenly came down with a rush from his high perch, half-buried in his own cooking pots and pans, which were carried in bags slung behind the yak's saddle."

The next part of Major Waddell's wanderings with which we are here concerned is his journey through British Bhotan. On one occasion he came across some Bhotiyas preparing for a hot bath on the banks of a stream. Their method was both curious and original. They first burnt out part of the trunk of a tree, filled it with water, and then threw in hot stones. Returning from Choong Tang to the capital, Toom-long, Major Waddell came across some gorgeous spiders resplendent in brilliant scarlet and metallic blue. Now, these spiders would be a pretty big mouthful for an average untravelled person to swallow—in more ways than one. "They were, indeed, gigantic, 4in. to 6in. in spread, and spun webs so strong and large as *to catch small birds*, on which some of the spiders feed."

Later on the caravan reached a poor hamlet, where a Bhotiya offered Major Waddell a fowl for about twelve times the ordinary price. Nor would he come down, because, said he, "this is positively the only fowl left in this part of Sikhim."

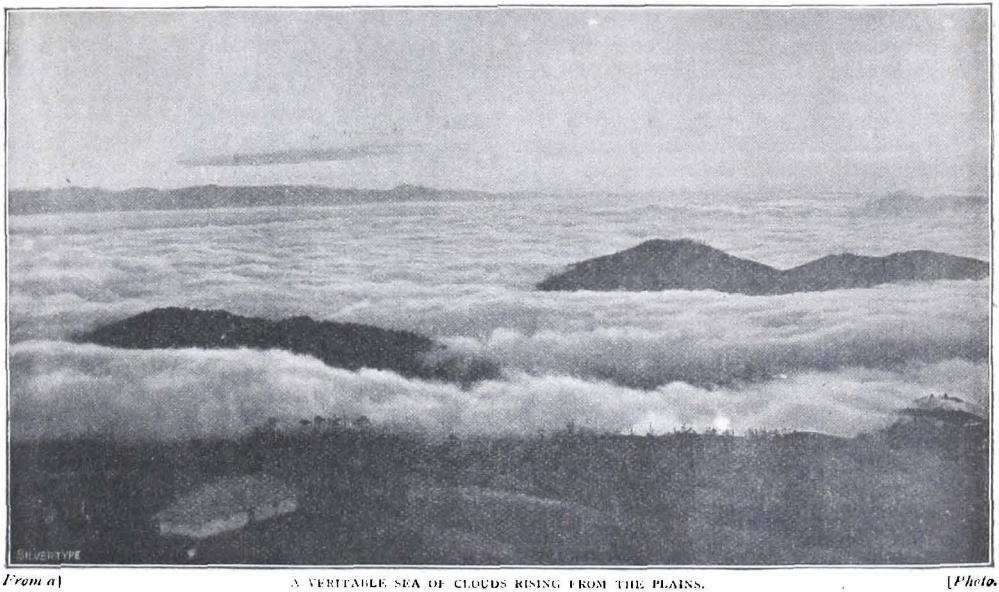
As the expedition neared Darjeeling, on the return journey, great swarms of locusts were encountered. These insects were present in such numbers as actually to darken the face of day, covering roots, trees, and fields inches deep.



A FULL-SIZED LOCUST. THEY BLACKENED THE HIMALAYAN SNOWS FOR MILES.
From a Photo.

Each locust averaged about 3in. in length. The Nepalese villagers rushed about gathering them in baskets for food, as they eat locusts like shrimps. It was probably these insects, says Major Waddell, that John the Baptist ate, and not the bean-pods of the same name: for the locusts that swarmed up from India were of the Egyptian species, and these, when salted, are understood to be the favourite dish of the Arabs of North Africa during long journeys. "I learnt afterwards," the Major goes on to say, "that this particular plague was first noticed in the desert of Sind and Western Rajputana, a thousand miles off, where the locusts laid eggs in the sand-hills. The young insects had covered the whole of India from the Punjab in the north to Madras and the Deccan in the south and Bengal and Assam in the east. In the arid Punjab, where vegetation is so precious, the troops were actually turned out to combat and destroy the pests, and rewards were offered for their destruction. In this way, at one station alone (Kohat) no less than *twenty-two tons* of locusts were killed in a day. They penetrated even into Tibet, and more than one trustworthy traveller assured me that the dead insects lay several feet deep in the Tang Pass (15,700ft.), blackening the snow for miles. Strangely enough, this identical plague of locusts was predicted in the Tibetan astrological horoscope for that year, and a Lama proudly pointed this out to me."

Major Waddell's next excursion was along the Nepal frontier towards Mount Everest. At one place he was serenaded by a weird-looking musician, armed with a most primitive one-stringed fiddle, which instrument one of the party became the proud possessor of for sixpence. And they had other serenaders: swarms of frogs that croaked among the reeds of an adjacent tarn. Here also they found frogs with a bell-like call, who caught insects by darting out their sticky tongues.



From a] A VERITABLE SEA OF CLOUDS RISING FROM THE PLAINS. [*Photo.*

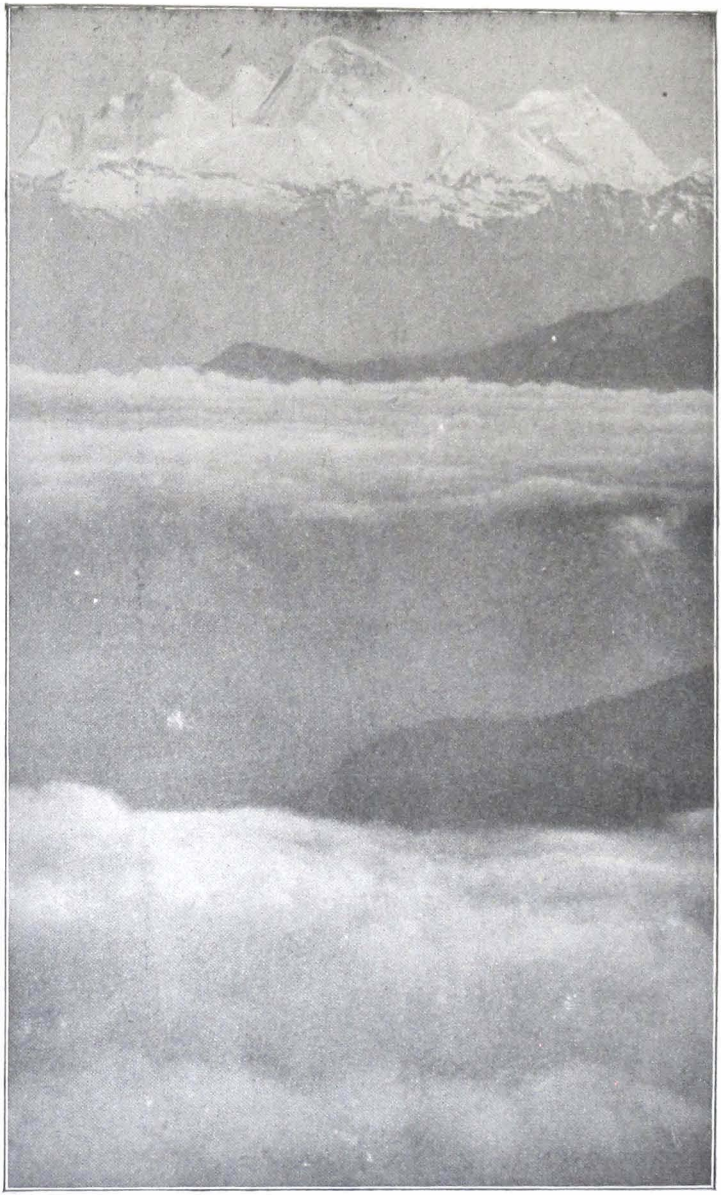
The slopes of the mountain at this place, by the way, are covered with the deadly night-shade, or aconite plant. "So abundant is the plant here, and so deadly is it to the cattle of this pastoral people, that all the sheep and cattle passing over the mountain are muzzled by the drovers; and at the foot may be seen great piles of discarded bamboo muzzles which have already served their purpose."

In the preceding photograph we have a very extraordinary view, showing a veritable sea of clouds rising from the plains.

The next photograph reproduced well deserves the sub-title of "the most sublime and imposing view that the eye of man can rest upon on this planet." This is a view of the Everest group—Mount Everest, 29,002ft.—taken from Sandook Phu.

"Sunrise over the snow was magnificent. As the eye wanders over the vast amphitheatre of dazzling peaks it is at once attracted by the great towering mass of Kanchen-junga. This stupendous mountain—almost the highest in the world (it is only a few hundred feet lower than Everest itself)—is simply sublime as seen from here with its dark setting of pines. The Everest group seen in the photograph, no longer shut off by the dark ridge that hid their peaks from view at Senchal, soars up through banks of clouds and above a deep gulf of valleys. It is at least ninety miles away.

"Scarcely less majestic than the view looking up towards the snows was the view looking down into the plain. Some 10,000ft. below was a rising mass of clouds, forming a vast woolly-white sea whose tide of rolling billows surged in and among the mountains. Their dark, rugged peaks stand out against the fleecy foam as bold capes and headlands and dark islands in a perfect sea of curling cloud. As we gazed, some of these clouds surged over us and glided slowly—like 'sheep of the sky,' as the Lepchas call them—upwards towards the summit, on whose pinnacles they settled in



THE MOUNT EVEREST GROUP FROM SANDOOK PHU. THIS IS THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE (29,002 FEET).

From a [*Photo.*

flocky masses, veiling the peaks against the staring midday sun."

Not long after obtaining this superb view, Major Waddell witnessed a gruesome spectacle. "Climbing up a ridge called Sabar-Goom I suddenly beheld stretched on the snow, athwart the path, an unfortunate Nepalese who had been frozen to death. Several jackals and an animal like a hyena surrounded the body, and beside it were the remains of a little fire. He had probably arrived here benighted after the snow-fall had ceased, and, unable to proceed farther, he had lighted a fire, only to perish, however, in the piercing cold."

Once, near the slopes of Faloot, the Major had a very curious experience. Some villagers came to him and begged him to come and do what he could for a man who had been terribly mauled by a bear. "Arrived at the village, a powerfully-built man was led slowly out to me. He was in a dreadful state, with his head swollen to twice its normal size, and his face shockingly torn. I was told he was the village blacksmith. His children having complained that they were chased by bears whilst minding his cattle, he went unarmed to the bear's den and shouted a challenge. The old bear promptly took him at his word and rushed out, and in a minute had inflicted the frightful injuries I had seen."

On September 22nd, 1896, Major Waddell started from Yampoong to visit the western glaciers of Kanchen-junga, passing on the way a curious trap for a snow leopard, which was baited with the leg of a yak. It was built on the same principle as the brick-trap which school-boys construct to catch sparrows—save that in this case, the falling door was a massive slab of stone weighing a quarter of a ton, and destined to crush the animal to death.

It is no wonder that the gigantic mountains which surrounded Major Waddell should so work upon the imagination of the natives that they are worshipped as gods. Thus, the highest peak of Kanchen-junga (28,150ft.), called by the natives "The Receptacle of Gold," has a god all to itself. This god is worshipped and propitiated assiduously, particularly at the great festival which is celebrated with much pomp every year throughout the whole of Sikhim. It is worship of the devil-dance order, as may be gathered from the photograph here given, which is impressive chiefly on account of the extraordinary head-dresses of the devotees. "The Lamas," says Major Waddell, "dress themselves in the vestments of the pre-Buddhist Tibetan religion, and carry out the ritual of devil-dancing, as seen in the photograph. My friend, the young Lama of Phodong, who hospitably entertained us, is seated in state to receive offerings from the people of money, jewellery, etc.

"On penetrating the Pass of the Devil the track wound past several plants of giant rhubarb. Rounding a corner suddenly at the Oma Pass

From a] LAMA DEVIL-DANCERS OF THE GOD OF MOUNT KANCHEN-JUNGA. [*Photo.*

MAJOR WADDELL CROSSING THE OMA PASS ON A YAK (HE HAD SPRAINED HIS ANKLE).
From a Photo.

(15,320ft.), we came into snow; and here the sublime view of Kanchen-junga merged into sight. Kanchen and Kabru seemed quite near, but they were fast clouding over before I got my camera ready. I had sprained my ankle slightly, and was riding a spare yak, as you may see in the photograph."

Next came a steep descent of 3,000ft. in three miles. The road led through a gloomy gorge, called De Gamo-lang. It was infested a few years ago by a gang of Tibetan brigands, who murdered and robbed traders and others entering the gorge, dispatching them by rolling down upon them huge rocks. These brigands actually had agents at Darjeeling, who not only kept them posted up in the movements of "fat" and likely travellers, but also warned them as to the movements of the police who were sent on their track.

Major Waddell's photographs were occasionally taken under circumstances of difficulty and danger. "At one place we had been clinging to the sharp crest of a tremendous precipice, where I had to be held by my men while I stretched out to take photographs. Pieces of rotten rock frequently broke and fell with a crash into the awful depths below."

Before leaving the summit of the mountain the young Lama and Kintoop built a small cairn of stones on the topmost pinnacle, for, said they, no human beings have ever been here before. The young Lama stayed behind to blow a farewell blast on a human thigh-bone in honour of that monarch of mountains, Kanchen-junga.

The last photograph reproduced shows the lay governor of Lhasa and his suite. "A national party," says Major Waddell, "is rising in Tibet against the grinding yoke of the Chinese. I had the pleasure of meeting one of the leading spirits in this movement. This gentleman came to Darjeeling in the train of the Chinese Commissioners on the boundary question, and he is now chief lay governor at Lhasa. It was he who stopped Bonvallot and Prince Henri Orleans on their way to Lhasa, at a point fully a week's journey from that mystic city, instead of a day's journey, as claimed by them. In chatting about the Chinese with the lay governor, I happened to mention that our troops once held Pekin. He, however, thought this was a great joke on my part, so successfully had the Chinese concealed their indignity from the Tibetans."

From a] THE LAY GOVERNOR OF LHASA AND HIS SUITE. *[Photo.*