

to try and join himself to the party he had seen. He heard a loud "cooey," presumably when they reached the top; he "cooeyed" and shouted in return, but failed

turned to snow, making further descent extremely dangerous. He determined to shelter himself as best he could in a small hole in the gendarme and wait for fine wea-



A DIFFICULT BIT IN A  
SNOW-STORM.

to make them hear. About eleven o'clock he reached the top alone, only to find that the other party were already out of sight on the descent. He hastened to follow them, but any climber who reads this, and who knows the ordinary route up the Dent Blanche, knows also that it is not a pleasant place for a man to be left to find his way down alone.

Mr. Hill, however, got on all right till he reached the lowest gendarme on the south arete. Here a thick mist came on, which soon

ther. He forced most of his body into the hole in a sitting position, wound his rope round a projecting piece of rock, and jammed his ice-

