

THE LEDGE

I found that the precipice continued to the very hind foot of the frozen monster. At one point a deep gorge opened passage to the river. A smoke of mist ascended from it dense as steam; the black rocks dripped; jagged monsters appeared and disappeared beyond the veil. Obviously nothing but a parachute would avail here.

We reported a steep side mountain, covered with brush, loose stones and rock slides, around which it might be possible to scramble. We proceeded to do so. The journey was rough. To our right and above stood monoliths of stone, sharp and hard against the very blue sky of the high altitudes. They watched us stumbling and jumping and falling at their feet. After a great deal of work and a very long time we skirted that lake—five hundred feet above it—and found where the precipice had relented, and so made our way down to its level.