

roped in fours. The Zermatt men were unroped. They went up the ice-fall—a formidable business—at a rare pace. They saw the Evolena men ahead of them, and they wanted to overtake them. It was a splendid sight to see these thirty masters of ice-craft, every one manoeuvring at such speed through an ice-fall and up the steep slopes of the glacier above it.

As the day wore on both parties disappeared from sight, hidden by a huge rock buttress on my left. What happened was this. About eleven one of the Evolena men, by means of a telescope, saw the bodies of an English tourist and three guides, who had been killed on the Alps, lying high up on a rock ledge. They got to the spot about one o'clock. Then the leader of each caravan of guides chose out six or eight of the boldest of his men—for this was the most dangerous part of the day's work—to get the bodies down to the glacier. Once on the glacier they were put into sacks and tied on the rude sledges the guides had made. In this way they were dragged down over the difficult and dangerous glacier till they reached the land.

It was three o'clock when the guides got them to the moraine above the Bricolla Alp. For some time they continued to use the sledges, as this was the quickest and best way of conveying the bodies down the steep grass slopes. When they came to the bridle track at Ferpectle they carried them, using the sledges as biers. It was eight o'clock and almost dark when the sad procession reached Hauderes. We got there shortly before them, and met Dr. Seiler and an English friend of Jones', who had come round from Zermatt in order to identify the body in conformity with Swiss law and enable it to be buried. After a few minutes' talk, we went on to

Evolena, where we arrived after an absence of twenty-one hours, and thirty-six hours after we had last been in bed.

On the following (Friday) evening Mr. Hill, the sole survivor of this terrible accident, arrived from Zermatt to attend Jones' funeral in the morning. From him I learned the full story of the accident.

They had intended climbing on two ropes, Jones and his two guides on one, Hill and his guide on the other. The difficulties they encountered on the great smooth slabs of the arete prevented this, and the two ropes were joined together. The climb was a very interesting and enjoyable one, and all went well till about ten o'clock. (It may be as well to explain to those who are not mountaineers that in climbing a big mountain it is usual to sleep at a hut, or shepherd's hovel if there is no climbers' hut, as high up and as close to the 'ottom of the mountain as possible. A start is made about 1.30 or 2 a.m. by lantern light, so as to get as much climbing as possible done before the sun becomes hot, and so as to get up and down during one stretch of daylight, i.e., between 4 a.m. and 8 p.m. The top of a first-class peak is usually reached in from seven to ten hours from the starting-place. The descent, except on very difficult mountains, is faster than the ascent by several hours.) Hill had no watch with him, but he fixed the time of the accident by the fact that shortly before it occurred Jones had looked at his and said it was twenty minutes to ten. About ten, a great rock, apparently a sort of gendarme, barred their passage. Furrer could find no handholds by which to climb it, so Zurbriggen went to his assistance. All five men were then on a traverse, not one above the other, but practically on a level. Zur-