



"THE TRAGEDY OF THE DENT BLANCHE."

picked out a large and overhanging boulder, which afforded some slight shelter from the chill wind and cold, driving mist. Under this I lay down, and at once fell asleep. I wakened in about half an hour much refreshed, but very wet and cold and stiff. High above us the great grim black rocks of the west arete, in climbing which Jones lost his life, peered ever and anon through clefts in the mist. Far above us stretched the glaciers, white and ghostly, that

cling to the steep slopes of the Dent Blanche, and run on to the Col d'Herens on the sky-line. The Ferpectle glacier was beneath us. As day advanced and the sun mounted higher, the weather grew a little warmer and the mists wreathed themselves slowly up.

Presently we could see a little black winding line on the white glacier above. It was the party of Evolena guides who had just left us. Then far to the right, over the top of the Col d'Herens