



Fig. 3. Merin, the head of our Mongol camel-men, looked like an Indian chief

torn themselves loose and bolted. In the distance, on the crown of an undulation, the doctor discovered about fifteen more camels silhouetted against the horizon and flying northwards like the wind. The accident was not, then, restricted to only a few of the animals; we had already seen a sixth of the whole caravan.

It was now twenty minutes past eight. We waited for news from LARSON. The doctor, DETTMANN and myself climbed the nearest hill and swept the west with our field-glasses. At a distance of a couple of kilometers about fifty camels were peacefully browsing; but they belonged to a Chinese merchant. Far away to the west one saw a row of bright dots — evidently thrown off chests, and darker streaks that were probably some of our beasts. On the ridge to the left, to the south-west, a white camel was running with a chest on its back, closely pursued by one of our Mongols on a riding camel. The runaway was soon caught up and captured. The Mongol led him towards our camp, which was nearest. The camel cut up rough and was unwilling to follow. DETTMANN and HUMMEL hurried down to help the Mongol to unload the camel and lead him into camp. From the north-east came the nine we had first seen. The white camel's left thigh and flank were flayed and bloody from the sharp edges of the chests. The loads were not intended for such a speed. As long as a camel goes quietly his body naturally does not come into contact with the load. A couple of the nine were also chafed and bloody.