

Water flowed into my bowl-formed nest from every direction. Certainly I began to feel that I was not in the driest of seats, but it was not until the water commenced to gurgle and splash in my »bowl» that I realized that I was sitting in an unprescribed sitz-bath nearly half full of water.

In the middle of the day the rain came sheeting down. As if through glass walls I saw Bagha-nor (Little Lake) in the south-west and the little monastery Dagain-sume to the north-west.

MENTU's camel shied at every camel-skeleton on the route. And there were not a few.

To the right of the road could be seen several Mongol yurts and herds. Quite often we started flocks of wild ducks.

We were going through a regular downpour. I could not possibly become any wetter than I already was, but my note-book! It was not so easy to get pages apart afterwards, and some of the notes and lines could only be made out thanks to the traces of the pen on the back side of the paper, where small ridges had been formed.

At last we caught sight of camp X at Chendamen, with LARSON's, MÜHLENWEG's and LIEBERENZ's tents. The tall caravan leader came grinning towards me, clad in his long light blue robe and asked innocently if I had got wet. »Oh no, nothing to speak of. But look out when the camel kneels.» I lifted my legs and a regular waterfall cascaded from the sitz-bath over the camel's neck.

THE PLEASURE OF ISOLATION

There is a certain pleasure in knowing that one cannot be reached by letters, newspapers and telegrams, and that one is completely immune against interviewers and telephones. It is a rest indeed to go to tracts that cannot be reached by news. The only things that interested us were the state of affairs in the caravan, the progress of the work, the topography and general scenery on either side of the day's route and the appearance of the nomads we passed. Only one slender little thread connected us with the outer world: the time-signals from Nauen. It was lovely to rest from European civilization and to live in such totally different surroundings. The great Orient had caught us and veiled us away from the world in her gentle, serene and unostentatious way.

ANCIENT GRAVES

July 31st had to be devoted to drying our effects. It was a Sunday; the sun shone and warm winds blew. After the recent rain the pasture here was excellent. The Mongols of the district came and paid us a visit and we bought sheep of them for \$3.50.