

shelter. We saw there the carcasses of several horses, and ragged remains of clothes and uniforms. A final effort, and T'SERAT had got the car up onto the left bank, which was about three feet above the surface of the water. The rain had lessened somewhat, but white cascades were still leaping from every cleft.

At about six the rain stopped, the cascades dwindled, the yellow stream sank rapidly, and in another hour there was no longer any running water in the valley. We drove down into the middle of the valley, where we sat talking in the open air over a simple meal. There was no fuel, and we could not make tea. When darkness fell we got into the car, as it had begun to rain again; and once more a terrifying drama was enacted around us. Bluish white flashes of lightning flamed over the mountains without intermission. Violent gusts of wind roared between the rocks and howled round the car, while thick clouds lay over the peaks like mattresses. We held ourselves in readiness to return to the shelter where we had seen the dead horses. But this time the rainfall was not serious. At about midnight we stopped talking, leaned back against the cushions, and went to sleep. We had witnessed a spectacle that no other European, perhaps, had seen in this part of Asia, where violent rainstorms are rare.

When we woke in the morning the sun was already peeping over the mountains. While we were washing and shaving at the spring, KONSTANTIN and a Turki came along with three horses loaded with fodder for HUMMEL's caravan. They had some fuel with them, and at last we got our tea. Some travelling merchants had met HUMMEL the previous evening at Qumush, over 40 km distant. As he was travelling very slowly on account of his illness, he could not reach us for another twenty-four hours. And so we had to wait.

CAUGHT UP BY HUMMEL

It rained steadily and hard all through the night of July 5th, though it was not a violent downpour as before. We had, however, to sit in the car all night. One gets no proper rest when sleeping in a sitting position. I was still sitting there dozing at 10 a. m., from sheer weariness, when the rich merchant MOSSUL BAI from Turfan came up to the car and woke me up. He told me that HUMMEL was quite near. I sprang up, half asleep and unwashed as I was, and hurried towards the defile. I had not gone many meters when I saw two horsemen riding straight towards me. The foremost rider, a Turki, was leading the other's horse; and this second rider, as bronzed as a Hindu, called out in the best Swedish:

»Good morning! Why are you up so early? Go to bed again!«

It was our dear doctor! He had a royal welcome. Thank heaven, he was not only alive, but looked pretty well, though thin and tired after his illness and his exhausting journey.