

conical heaps. This had doubtless been a well-known and much used route. There was grazing for camels, and perhaps a few fresh-water springs or wells just off the course we were following.

When the river-bed became untraceable, we ascended over low hills to a little watershed, 160 m above our last camp. From here the ground fell again to the north-west. We were bound to cross my northerly track of 1901 somewhere in this region. But time had effaced the impression of my camels' pads in the soil. Thirty-four years had passed, and many storms had swept over the desolate mountains. I exhorted our men to keep their eyes open; for in some depression sheltered from the wind a faint trace of an almost obliterated track might possibly be found. But we searched in vain.

We proceeded westward along a gully, till it swung away to the south-west and south, towards the desert. Here we left it, and drove through a valley 50 m wide to a low ridge. From here we descended to an equally slight valley and so to the day's camp, No. 132, at an altitude of 1,300 m. We had covered rather more than 50 km.

The following morning, a little farther west, we were driving between sharp-cut, low cliffs. No cairns were to be seen here; we had lost the old high road in the dark the previous evening.

The valley we were following ran between two rocky gateways of red and grey gneiss and diabase. Several boulders were lying on the ground, but they did not block the way for us. The rock was hard, and but little affected by the weather. We passed a ridge about a hundred meters long, and hardly one meter high. It had a curiously regular shape, like a defence work made by human hands. On our right rose a bright, tawny coloured peak.

The road was rather soft, and the lorry got stuck. The boy LI jumped off to push behind. TSERAT got free again, and LI hastened to clamber up onto the load. But as he did so the lorry gave a sharp lurch and the boy lost his hold, fell to the ground and lay there. We in the car behind saw the mishap and were terribly anxious. EFFE put on speed and drove up to the injured boy and jumped out, wondering if he was badly hurt. One of the back wheels had passed over his left foot. We took off his boot and stocking. The foot was painful, and tears brimmed his eyes when I felt it to make sure that no bones were broken. By the greatest good fortune the ground at that spot was sandy and soft, so that his foot had only been pressed down into the sand. If the accident had happened on hard clay soil, LI would have had his foot badly crushed.

We went on, still westward, through a valley where red and black were the prevailing colours. After a time the country opened out again. The view ahead seemed infinite. We saw no more bushes for fuel, no more tufts of vegetation; and there were no more springs. It was with a feeling of awe that we advanced in this God-forsaken country. The ground fell away as we drove along a gully