

remoteness and small size would prevent us from seeking them. Failing that, and not daring to confess the truth, the stupid, timid man was going to lead us on a wild-goose chase, and when he got us far enough into the sands, pretend that he had lost the way. Later, we found a man who really knew of the ruins, which are located fifty or sixty miles farther upstream than I had supposed. I could not go back to them myself, but sent Ibrahim, who was exceedingly proud of the neat little sketch map which he drew, and of the pieces of pottery which he brought back.

After traveling eastward for two days under Abdur Rehim's guidance, through a region of great dunes a hundred and fifty feet high, we reached the Yartungaz River on October 28th. The fall colors of the jungle were still glorious. The poplars, wherever their leaves had not fallen, were pure yellow, often of a lemon tint; the reeds, golden a few weeks before, had now become brown, with occasional yellow leaves. Their feathery tufts of seeds, which filled the air with downy parachutes, presented a wonderful inter-shading of the most delicate tints of gray and silver. And the tamarisks, most marvelous of all, showed an array of colors as varied, though not so bright, as those of a New England forest. Deep purple shaded through brown into bright red; or, more rarely, dusty gray passed imperceptibly into orange and yellow. Over all there lay a soft reddish shade, rare in this sunny land, where most of the vegetation brightens from green to yellow, and then fades to brown.

At Yartungaz, the whole population of about fifty gentle souls was at our service. The clearing, where six families