

deviating track, and a wild camel seen by him, left no doubt that our animals had been led off by wild ones. Ours probably never came near the others, for it is well known that the wild camel is extremely afraid of anything which suggests man; for instance, the saddles which we always allowed to remain on the animals' backs during the winter to keep the creatures warm. Two of our camels fought on the way, as Handum Bai knew from the tracks. Fortunately, the saddle of the big leader was knocked off, and, becoming caught to the animal's hind foot by a loose rope, not only acted as a clog, but made a broad track, easy to follow. At daybreak, Handum entered a region where the wind had cut the clay plain into little mesas like those described above, only more thickly set, a hopeless labyrinth of narrow passages. He despaired of finding anything, and was about to turn back. Suddenly, however, he spied a dark spot, conspicuous among the pale green and gray of the region. It was the big camel's head rising over a table of clay. The saddle had stuck in a narrow passage between two elongated mesas, and the animal was caught in a veritable trap. He bit so furiously that Handum could not catch him, and was obliged to go off for the others, which, deprived of their leader, were straying slowly not far away. Finally, with a rope from the neck of a small camel, he caught the big one, and was ready to return. As he looked around to find how to get back to camp, he suddenly noticed the sun rising in the *west*, as it seemed to his confused mind, and wondered what the evil spirits were doing. He started off, however, on his old track, only after half an hour to find himself back where he started. He rubbed his eyes. The spirits must be