

and a few reeds can be seen. No one has ever known of there being any water in these places, but from every side old paths of camels and antelopes come in, just as they do to places where there is always water. The animals used to come to the dry springs regularly to drink. Now, nothing ever visits them except a stray animal once or twice a year to eat the few reeds. Near almost every one of the dry springs there are little shelters made of rocks and tamarisks, just such as we make now when we lie in wait for game. Nobody would make those beside a dry spring. They were made long ago: we don't know by whom.

“Nobody ever asked me about this before, and I have never talked of it. But I have seen many things when I have been hunting, and have thought about them. So,” — according to the Turki idiom, — “that's what I know in my stomach.”