

till nearly sunset for it to abate, but it only seemed to increase. However, I started. Before long dark clouds gathered, it blew harder, and finally began to rain heavily. It was now pitch dark, and the guide was literally feeling the way with his hands ; so we halted and camped, only having accomplished about three miles. The caravan from Bautu did not attempt to march.

In my diary I apparently have merely recorded the fact that we halted and camped, but I remember well how hard it was to camp that night. The darkness was so great that we could not see a yard in front of us, a regular hurricane was blowing, and heavy bursts of drenching rain kept falling at intervals. The lantern could not be lighted, on account of the violence of the wind, and we had to grope about amongst the camels, get the loads off, feel for the tent, and then get that up as best we could—which was no easy matter, for the wind blowing against it nearly blew us off our legs, and it was all we could do to prevent the whole thing from being carried away.

The following day we continued over the Galpin Gobi, and it was most difficult to find our way, as the previous day's storm had obliterated all tracks. The guide, however, found the well in the most wonderful manner.

*May 17.*—We continued over the plain, which was covered with scrub, but there were a few tufts of coarse grass. A good many herds of camels were seen, and some ponies and sheep. Quantities of partridges rose from the scrub—many so tame that I used to chevy them running along the ground. They were generally in couples.

At eight o'clock a terrific wind blew up and dark clouds gathered, so that after trying to push on a bit we were obliged to halt, as it threatened to rain very heavily. Putting up a tent in a sandstorm is one of the most irritating things I know of. No sooner do you hammer a peg in than it is pulled up again by the force of the wind ; the sand gets driven into your