

It was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep our tents from being blown down, and everything used to become impregnated with the sand, which found its way everywhere, and occasionally we had to give up our march because the camels could not make any head against the violence of the wind.

Every evening about five we would see herds and flocks slowly wending their way over the plain and converging on the water near the camp, but only the sheep seemed to be attended by any one, and there was scarcely ever a tent in sight.

The ponies went about in a semi-wild state, in troops of about twenty mares, under the guardianship of one or more stallions, who drove them about from place to place seeking something to graze on. They were entirely free, and every evening at sunset they marched slowly back to the Mongol yurt.

But the desert had also its charms, and on the mornings when there was a lull in the terrific storms, no artist could wish for a finer display of colouring than the scene then presented. Overhead would be a spotless, clear blue sky, and beneath it the plain lost