

till he became a mere dot in the distance. I could not help envying him, for in the same direction, and with nothing apparently between me and it but distance, was *my* home, and I felt myself struggling to pierce through space, and see myself returning, like Ma-te-la, home. But the dull reality was that I was trudging along beside a string of heavy, silent, slow-going camels, and on I had to go, for hour after hour through the night with monotonous regularity.

Suddenly, after travelling for nine hours, the gravel plain ended, and we passed over a stretch of grass and halted by a small stream. Close by were pitched four tents (yurts), and this was Ma-te-la's home.

The same evening I noted a very remarkable sunset. Sunsets in the desert are always bright and glowing and rich in colour. But even in the Indian hills during the rains I have never seen such a peculiar tinge as the clouds showed that night. It was not red, it was not purple, but a mixture between the two—very deep, and at the same time shining very brightly. I have seen at Simla and in Switzerland more glorious sunsets, with richer diffusion and variety of colours, but never one of such a