

halted, and I could not suppose that I had taken the wrong course. I filled my bottle from the pool and started to look for the caravan. It seemed most probable that it was moving along a neighbouring valley which I hoped to cross before daylight failed. I pushed on, but could see no living thing except kyang, which inquisitively circled about me, and before I had gained the near side of the valley, darkness overtook me. The place was bleak and barren, producing not even the familiar boortza, which would have served at least for fuel. I had no food, and no drink but muddy water; I could light no fire for warmth or for signal, and in these circumstances I had to face the unpleasant fact that I was lost.