

ringing of the bells; the ground is splendid, there is not the slightest obstacle in the way, but one feels as if one were in a sack when this detestable fog hides all the view. Whenever we cross a small erosion furrow it runs northwards—in this direction the land falls to some projecting part of the Kevir, though the ground seems perfectly level.

During the early hours of the march I usually go on foot for the sake of exercise, and though the camel's gait seems so staid and slow, still it does not do to drag one's legs along—one has to take long steps in order to keep up with them. And after a walk it is pleasant to sit up in the soft birdcage on the back of my powerful bearer. The first hours of the swinging movement pass quickly, but afterwards more slowly, and one begins at length to long for the camp, and is seldom annoyed when the guide says that we have reached the camping-ground.

The dog, Nevengk, is now quite at home, and is reconciled to his mode of life, owing to the respectful, almost flattering attention he meets with in all parts of the camp. He runs loose and keeps near the first camel, and he wags his tail whenever one takes the least notice of him. At the camping-ground he performs the duties of a vigilant watchdog, and thereby soon gains a certain popularity in our wandering party. He has very thick and luxuriant fur, which is useful in the cold of winter, but the time will come when he will suffer severely in the heat.

An old camel stallion, of which I had some suspicion in Teheran, showed signs of exhaustion, and could not bear any other burden but a rider. The two Cossacks rode him in turns, but Hussein Ali got the lion's share, for Abbas Kuli Bek was extremely anxious that his young comrade should not over-exert himself in any way.

Habibullah cannot help being a rogue. He delights in finding a pretext to quarrel with the other men, and his nose slashed with a knife is a sign of some old squabble. After he has walked an hour he stops, makes the leading camel kneel down by tugging hard at his muzzle with the rope, and then rides to the camp. Still he does his work well, and does not allow the pace to slacken in the least. Among the camels he is in his element—moves, jumps,