

east, and S. 1° W. is seen another, at the foot of which the lately mentioned spring Sefid-ab is situated. To the south stands Chell-godar, with Jede-i-chellgodar at its foot. Between S. 42° W. and N. 87° W. extends with great distinctness the jagged outline of Siah-kuh, a small group standing quite alone, but larger than the other elevations around us. Of all the Elburz range only the very top of Demavend is visible, just rising above the dense veil of clouds N. $16\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W.

After heavy spring rains the water drains from the Siah-kuh and the other hills into the channels we crossed to-day, collects into the bed we saw yesterday, and so flows on to Kuh-i-gugird. The rain-water from Tallhe also flows in the same direction, but of the country lying beyond Kuh-i-nakshir, two days' journey from Tallhe, our informant knew nothing.

The first thing done, as soon as we come to a halt, is that the Cossacks and Mirza set up my tent and furnish it with bed, chests, and carpet. Then they set up their own tent, while Avul Kasim lights a fire, and as soon as it begins to burn heats the samovar. Now that there is no snow the camel-drivers put up with a semicircular fence of boxes and provision sacks, with the convex side turned towards the wind. Our camels always lie down in two rings, so that each set of seven can eat from the same heap of chaff mixed with cottonseed, but the ketkhoda and his servants have hit on a new plan this evening. The straw sacks are placed in a semicircle to windward, and the circle is completed by the ten camels; there the men sit drinking tea by the evening fire, and at the same time can keep an eye on their charges, which contribute no little to maintaining the warmth. At night we all enjoy grand fires, and great piles of dry stems and twigs of *tagh* are collected between the tents. The fires crackle and sparkle delightfully, and large bright flames throw their light over this silent waste where there is no living creature but ourselves. Yellow as the flames, the full moon rises over the dark horizon of the steppe, and enhances the charm of this lonely camp scene. It is now so light that we might very well travel by night, as the ketkhoda has