

valley where something black appears in the upper part—it is the camels lying in a circle around their chaff—and after a final struggle we are beside the camp fire.

They were dreadfully anxious, Mirza said, and all the men were going to scatter in all directions and search the country, only one man remaining with the camels. But now they were glad I had come. It was January 13, and I had lighted my morning cigarette at the wrong end, so evidently there must be some trouble. But all is well that ends well, and I had had a good walk; and now I perceived that in future I had better not go far from the caravan unless I was sure of the way. Had there been a change in the weather, and had a fog such as we had experienced during the previous days fallen over the country, it would have been still harder to find the way.

While the darkness increased I sat a while by the fire in my comfortably warm tent, and was glad that I had not to sleep out in a cleft. For dinner appeared the last chicken but one from Veramin, and it tasted excellent to pillau and toast. The camp was the best we had found for a long time. Some grass grew in the valley, and the spring which formed a small rivulet yielded perfectly sweet water. We therefore decided to stay here over the next day, so much the more that I was thoroughly tired out, and that the camels needed rest after the trying country where they constantly went up and down. The absolute height was 3691 feet.