

draw, photograph, and stroll about the town. With the *kanat* we followed yesterday, and which always carries sweet water, another unites which is salt and only half a *farsakh* long. It always carries water, but fluctuates with the precipitation. In dry years the stream falls off, and eight years ago, when the precipitation failed, the canal was nearly dry; last year and this year it has carried plenty of water. The precipitation is very variable and unreliable. When a light veil of cloud passed over the whole sky at one o'clock I was told that it did not necessarily betoken rain, for sometimes the clouds were dense though no rain fell. The natives of Jandak are as pleased with rain as the north-going caravans complain of it.

The summer is certainly warm in Jandak, but not so burning hot as in Khur or Tebbes. But that the heat can be oppressive is proved by the *badgir* or wind-catchers on the roofs of several of the houses. They consist of four-sided towers with long vertical loopholes on the top, which catch the wind above the screening house-roofs, and lead the draught down into a room, which is thus kept tolerably fresh and cool in summer. On some *badgirs* the slits face to all four points of the compass, on others only to the north, which seems to indicate that northerly winds prevail in summer.

The streets and lanes of Jandak are uninteresting in every sense; they are small walks and passages 2 yards broad, shut in between walls 6 to 10 feet high, which are erected to protect the gardens and houses. No windows look on these lanes, but only very small paltry doorways with wretched doors. The interiors of the courts are jealously shielded from the eyes of the world. It would be dreadful if profane eyes lighted on a Susannah in a *zenana*, or women's house on a basin or little conduit. Two small mosques with yellowish-grey cupolas do their best to look imposing among the mosaic of insignificant mud houses, but everything is as grey and yellow as the desert that day and night encompasses the town.

At the southern outskirt is the burial-ground, with its simple monuments of clay. We pitch our tents beside it,