

the salt desert's dangerous domain awaited us, the clouds hung like dark walls and curtains. But now the four camels stood ready. Jambas, or riding camels, they were not; they jolted uncomfortably when I tried them at a quick pace. But what did it matter? if the weather continued to be unfavourable we should be compelled to turn back at the margin of the desert or travel slowly.

In the forenoon a trading caravan of 100 camels arrived from Yezd and encamped on the plain below Jandak. The leader said that they dared not travel in this weather; they intended to wait till it cleared up. But I would not stay any longer, so I mounted my new camel, which at its usual pace took 220 steps in 165 yards, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in the hour.

The men and boys of Jandak came out and looked on as we moved off, and the squalid huts and miserable gardens, with the fort looking down on them, vanished, and the grey and yellow desert spread out on all sides.