

Ali Murat had also orders to procure us more water, for the supply we had brought with us was finished. He sat on the first of his camels and joined himself to the other party. They soon disappeared as shadows in the darkness, stealing ghostlike under the moon, and the clang of the bells, ringing at a quicker time than before, died away in the distance. Now the camels were making for home, and leaving the dreadful desert, and rejoiced in the hope of escaping forced marches; and, besides, they had got rid of their loads.