

see the northern horizon change its position time after time with regard to the caravan, which is now below, now above, and now on a level with its plane. The ground now lies in extremely flat undulations, which would not be perceptible to the eye if we had not the caravan as an indicator.

Now the sun soars clear above the horizon, and though it has but just risen we feel the caress of a warmer, milder air. And yet the thermometer marks 27.3° at seven o'clock, but there is no wind and the sky is nearly quite clear, presaging a fine day and a fortunate journey. Sharply marked, immensely long shadows lie on the port side of the ships of the desert; but their extreme points gradually reach us as the minutes fly by.

We are not yet at the margin of the Kevir. A pond, left in a furrow, is sweet. We are in the transitional zone between the mainland and the Kevir, the farthest outskirts of the slopes of detritus and products of weathering from the foot of the southern hills. Here we cross a series of hollows, very shallow but quite distinct and at right angles to our course; they often lie very close together with low ridges between them. I can conceive no reason for their formation, but I suppose that they are a kind of wrinkling or folding caused by thrusts and tangential pressure in the suture where the firm land comes in contact with and passes into kevir.

Now the sun has been up an hour and the temperature begins to be comfortable. The shadows shorten. In the course of the day they will describe a semicircle round us. It is pleasant to have the sun at our backs; on the way from Turut to Khur the star of day will blind our eyes and burn our faces. The hills farthest to the east fade away in very light and evanescent tones. We are approaching the Kevir! The ground, lately dark brown and grey, becomes now a light universal grey. Its surface is rough and lumpy. How vividly it reminds me of Tsaidam and its sterile salt desert, which also can be crossed only in a few directions! Doubtless the Persian Kevir is a filled-up basin of the same kind.

The road is plain, for it has been trodden by many