

rides in front on his ass and draws the whole line after him, and myself riding on the last camel. Not a sound is heard but the ding-dong of the bells. But suddenly there is complete silence, and my camel stops. Only in the distance, far away in the front, is heard a faint diminishing ring. The first camel in some katar or other has taken into his head to stop. His rider does not notice it, for he is asleep; all the following camels also stop; and there we might stand for any length of time in the middle of the night and the desert if I were not awake and let my voice be heard along the column. Then the culprit, the first in our derelict row, at last awakes and starts up, the bell in his katar rings again, and then the other bells ring one after the other, and the sound comes up to us who are waiting in the rear—it sounds like a caravan from the opposite direction passing us, and yet it is from our own bells. At last the turn comes of my camel, the last, and on we stalk again towards the polar star, the bells ring regularly and together, and the peal startles the silence of the night.

How slowly the hours of night creep on! How cold and raw is this penetrating wind! Even our friend, the moon, is tired and sinks towards the horizon, and the night shadows of the camels lengthen out over the ground. During a longer halt, when a fellow sleeps so soundly that he cannot be awakened by a shout, I dismount to walk a while and restore my circulation. And at the next stoppage I take my place again on the camel's back and bravely fight against drowsiness. Sometimes I am on the point of dozing off, but wake up when I am near a neck-breaking fall.

The shadows from the moon grow still longer and the night becomes darker. Heavens, how tired I am and how my back aches! A fire which appears to the left of the head of the caravan attracts my attention, and I am eager to reach it. Two of the Yezd men have lighted it in passing to warm their hands. Shouts and talking are heard in the caravan, and one man after another jumps down from his camel and goes up to the fire. When we reach the friendly flames I tell Gulam Hussein