

soaking as this the Kevir would not dry as easily as after the rain we had been out in. Had we been caught by it in the middle of the desert our situation would have been desperate, and if it had come while we were still at Turut, the eastern route round the salt desert would have been our only resource. We, had, therefore every reason to be glad that we were south of the Kevir.

It was a surprise to me to see such weather in the midst of the deserts of Persia, and such violent and deluging precipitation in a country where one would expect nothing but drought. But it was no *germsir* or warm land, for at nine o'clock the temperature was 40.1° , and the air felt cold, damp, and raw.