

become unruly at the sight. Foam falls in drops from their fleshy lips, they gurgle and bubble heavily, throw back their heads and rub their necks against the front hump and swing their tails. The black dog is still with us, and has earned a certain popularity in the caravan through his conspicuous service as a watch. Nevengk's forepaws are lame and sore from the smarting salt of the Kevir, but Avul Kasim anoints them with henna, and that does them a deal of good.

We are out again in the desert, and have begun a new chapter—the road to Tebbes, and Tebbes is one of the chief points of our pilgrimage, and from all we have heard about it we expect a real paradise in the heart of the desert. Khur is the last permanently inhabited place we have touched at for several days, and when its dark palms are concealed by the nearest hillocks we seem to have left an island and to be steering out to sea again. Our short visit brought a change in the monotonous life of the natives; they would puzzle over the reason of the visit and especially at the portrait-drawing, but they would also remember for a long time that my cashbox was lighter by the 68 tuman they had received. Yes, it was quite as when a ship puts in for a day or two at one of the islands of the southern seas, and barter and trades with the natives. They had seen us march off, and their life would again flow on as monotonously as before. They would look after their fields and harvest their dates, and from the balconies of the mosques the voice of the muezzin would quiver through the palms and die away over the silent slumbering Kevir. The motionless billows of the quiet sea would as before caress the foot of Kuh-i-kuddelau and its dreary spurs and knolls, which gradually disappear in the distance. Barren and lonesome the desert opens its jaws to meet us, hour after hour we have the Kevir on the left and the irregular dark crest on our right. "*Sa'ab, incha ser-i-seh farsakh est,*" says the guide as he comes to the side of my camel and wakes me from my dreams—"Sir, here 3 farsakh are behind us."

The white belt of salt which skirts the coast to this point narrows and thins out, and then the Kevir assumes