

evident that we have at last come to germsir; at one o'clock the temperature is  $60.3^{\circ}$ . After the second farsakh we cross a kanat, the course of which can be followed by the eye for a long distance to the south-west, and 110 mounds of earth round the mouths of the vertical shafts can be counted. It is a grand conduit in the lap of the desert, a tunnel, a subterranean corridor which is carried for a long distance to come up at Aliabad. The village itself is barely visible in the distance, and yet it hangs like a water-lily on its stalk at the extreme end of the canal, which at every shaft sinks a hair's-breadth with the natural fall of the detritus slope and finally emerges into open day to coax with its water green wheat-fields and rustling palms out of the desert.

The furrows are also, of course, directed to the south-west, and when we came to Chahrdeh this direction of fall had prevailed from the Kuh-i-shuturi range. In Chahrdeh the height was 2287 feet, and thence we mount very slowly up to Tebbes, which lies at a height of 2405 feet. Scattered shrubs grow in the furrows, but elsewhere the ground is barren and thinly strewn with pebbles. Another kanat runs to the village Mohamedabad, filling as it passes a hauz, with its vaulted cupola of mud partially fallen in. The dark line in front of us begins to change to green—it is the palms of Tebbes below the snow-clad humps of the Camel Hill.

Beyond an erosion furrow, 100 feet broad and 6 feet deep, the road between low hillocks assumes a more important appearance, the great highway to Tebbes. And yet there is no traffic to speak of, for we meet only a few asses sleepily and reluctantly responding to the oburgations of their drivers. Perfect desert surrounds us, grey and yellow, and without a tuft of grass, but the great oasis will soon place a barrier against its further extension to the south-east, and to the dried and scorched domain of the powers of evil. And in the distance the friendly palms beckon to us and invite us to their pleasant cool shade, and to rest in green meadows. Nothing can be more charming than an oasis in the desert, and no oasis can be more beautiful than Tebbes.