

the place of each; the whole mass was cemented together with sugar, and formed the most delicious sweetmeat I have ever tasted.

My table overflows with milk and honey, in a literal sense; we live like princes, and might imagine we were translated to Muhamed's paradise—but without the houris, for the dark blue apparitions who skim about the streets are forbidden entrance to our garden. We are tabu, inaccessible to all eyes. The mud walls are too high, but yet so far away from the tent that I can enjoy the sunset every evening and see the pink Camel Hill change to a cold bluish-grey outline; it seems as if the dream-pictures, gilded by the light of day, gave place to more sober reality. But when the moon's sickle sheds a glittering sheen on the waving crown of an old palm tree, the dream-pictures come to life again, and I muse on the loneliness of the desert and rest in verdant oases.

It still blows hard from north-north-east, the atmosphere is not quite clear, the palm fronds rustle and creak, the same restless and yet soothing sound I remember in Khotan in 1896 and in Charkhlik in 1901, an evening hymn I never weary of. We have no reason to complain of heat; it is 36.7° at nine o'clock, and my mangal has often to be filled with glowing charcoal.

I spent a couple of hours in developing the plates I had taken during the day, and a little cabin beside the portal was converted into an excellent dark room, in which, however, I was not quite safe from scorpions. It was in the depth of night that I sought my bed and listened a while to the murmur of the canal barely 3 feet from my pillow, and the dying breeze whispering in the crowns of the trees. How different from the sound of the water trickling from our sheepskin sacks and the howling of the wind among stones and dry shrubs in the desert!

Suddenly both our dogs rushed barking up to the dam. A howl of pain disturbed the night. It was a jackal which had ventured too near and got a pinch. Their plaintive serenade had as usual been hushed after dark; for when they have signalled to one another they are