

the cabin of a vessel which is beginning to sink, water rushing in from all sides and filling all with its roaring noise. No voices were heard, no shouts, and the howl of the jackals was drowned in the din of the storm. Now and then a withered palm leaf fluttered down on to the tent.

I had paid a farewell visit to Emad-ul-Mulk, given him some small presents, and thanked him for his generous hospitality. We had inspected the six new camels, which turned up at the right time, led by their owner. We had certainly not had enough of Tebbes, but we had witnessed the Moharrem festival, and knew that the inhabitants of the oasis would idle away their time till *no-rus*, the 26th of Moharrem, when more festivities would take place. Not till they are over is work resumed.

At nine o'clock at night the temperature was exactly the same as at one o'clock, that is, 64.6°. Then the storm abated a little, and the dismal laughing bark of the jackals was heard again. But immediately after ten o'clock the storm was renewed, accompanied by thunder and lightning—an unusual phenomenon in these regions. I had gone to bed and extinguished my candle, and I lay listening to the claps, and saw my tent lighted up as brightly as at mid-day, for the blue flashes were brilliant and dazzling. They quivered and trembled and darted, and lasted a remarkably long time, sometimes two seconds, before they were followed by the pitch-black darkness of night. The thunder rumbled first in the western hills, then gradually passed over to Kuh-i-shuturi, where it was nearer to us and therefore louder. The wind continued, and it rained hard and incessantly all night long. After this fresh down-pour the road to Bahabad would be impracticable.

On the morning of the 8th the weather was not more promising; the minimum had been 47.7°, but the air felt chilly and damp, blue-black clouds threatened more rain, and there was no temptation to leave the little palm island in the desert sea.

My nightingale sang a soft and playful melody in gentle, tender tones on one of the palms outside my tent, a friendly song of farewell—it was really painful to leave