

Fahanunch (2238 feet) is also a fine place with fresh murmuring water and palms, but it cannot compare with Tebbes. The jackals here were bolder than ever. As soon as it grew dusk they turned up in packs, and their loud, curious laugh filled the air. I always wondered where they spent the day, for they do not go on their prowls as long as the sun is up. The people replied to my question that the jackals hide themselves during the day in the ravines and hills, but spring up like mushrooms as soon as twilight comes. But still one ought to see them occasionally during the day! As a matter of fact not a shadow of one is ever seen, and the dogs never stand and bark at their lairs. In the autumn they go rummaging for fallen dates under the palms.