

the moisture must be very slight, for only a few living tamarisks are left among a quantity of dead and dried specimens. The spoor of wild asses and gazelles are very numerous, and the hunter who goes in front looks about more sharply, thinking of the 10 tuman I have promised him for a wild ass. But as before the animals keep out of the way.

On the farther side of this flat depression the road leads up a furrow between low scored hillocks of loose clay. Death-like silence, not a bird to be seen, not a trace of man! We march right towards the sun, but it feels less hot than yesterday, though the temperature is a little higher ( $71.2^{\circ}$ ), but there is a slight breeze from the south-west. The tents are pitched in a most perfectly desert spot named Ghasemi (3202 feet), where there is no water, fuel, or pasturage.

March 13. Minimum  $43.2^{\circ}$ , as if the spring were quite passed over and the summer were following immediately on the footsteps of winter. But the sky was covered with a light veil of clouds, thin as the thinnest gauze, and in the morning a fresh north-west wind blew. With  $59.7^{\circ}$  at seven o'clock it felt quite fresh, and we hoped that this coolness might continue during the day. In consequence of the wind the air was hazy, and Kuh-i-shuturi and Kuh-i-jemal were scarcely visible; Margho and Naibend were indistinct shadows. An hour later the former two had vanished, and the other two were as good as wiped out.

Over rising pebbly ground, slightly undulating, we follow the western bank terrace of a deeply excavated furrow, and our direction is constant towards the south-west. We have still before us one of these small relic ridges, and we come to a gudar or defile which we saw from our camp of yesterday. The higher we mount the looser becomes the material of the road, the camels sink in half an inch, and the dust is whirled by the wind about their feet. On the flat country behind us yellow swirls dance up, thinning out above, sometimes stationary, sometimes moving slowly over the ground. The wind increases, and veers more to the west, and up on my tall camel I am pleasantly exposed to its cooling breath. In spite of the