

we know only too well, but now have to take in the reverse order that we may remember them still better. We have a strong feeling of being in an unknown land, where even the guide has never found his way. At length we are at the mouth of the valley which we ought never to have left, and then we mount slowly to the flat crest of the range, near which we encamp in the valley at a height of 3763 feet.

We had seen the trail of the hunter going both forwards and backwards, but why had we not met him? Well, when he at length turned up he informed us that he had turned back to warn us that the spring where we were to encamp was dry. Had not the Seid lost his way we should have received instructions from the hunter in time, but now the former had needlessly led us into difficulties, and as a punishment and warning he should receive no pay for the lost day. The 13th of March was of course a critical day.

The poor fowls, which had been tied and shaken up for such a long distance in their basket on a camel's back, fluttered earlier than usual up on to my tent, and there crowded into a close flock. But there was fearful trouble before they could get settled, for each wanted to be the lowest, and while I sat writing my notes I heard them cackling and scratching above my head. The day concluded with a great battle between the dogs. Nevengk was persuaded that my tent and its immediate surroundings belonged to his sphere of interest, and when the black dog ventured too near he seized him by the hair. In the middle of the night I was awakened by another uproar, the squeal of a camel, yells, and shouts, and a camel came prancing towards my tent and pulled up one of its four corner-ropes. Fortunately, I escaped the pole as it fell, but the candlestick and the fowls came down on my head, so I was thoroughly waked up. The tall black stallion had been displeased with a neighbour and had bitten him. I lighted my candle, while the tent was propped up again; the clock indicated ten minutes to twelve, so it was still March 13.

But then there was no silence, for after a while the