

by cairns and showing fresh trails of wayfarers. We follow this road southwards, now through narrow and now through broad valleys, which gradually lead us to higher regions. Long strips of snow hang down from the summit of Kuh-i-Naibend, but in the hazy air everything is faint and subdued.

The camping-ground this day (3829 feet) was chosen in a desolate spot where the camels were let loose to graze on the scanty shrubs. The storm pressed hard against the tents, and drove clouds of dust and sand against our airy dwellings. Two travellers from Arababad passed by in the evening. They were the first we had seen since Fahanunch. We had never been in such forsaken country as the Bahabad desert. Even at the edge of the salt desert we had always met with herdsmen, and caravan routes strike through the great Kevir. But here, in the Bahabad desert — not a soul. At nine o'clock in the evening the temperature was still 65.1° , and the warm, dust-laden wind moaned through the tent-ropes. The sky also was overcast, and the veil of clouds retained the heat on the earth's surface.

Exceedingly tired and sleepy I went early to bed, but lay awake listening to the rain, which began directly after nine o'clock and drummed against my tent in dense, rattling showers. The welcome douche, which continued all night long, and was probably caused by the proximity of the lofty Kuh-i-Naibend, soaked the dry ground, gave new life to the scanty, languishing vegetation, filled the water cisterns, which are so necessary to the regular continuance of caravan life, and would cool and purify the air for the next day. A small ass caravan tripped past in the darkness, its peal of bells ringing gently. Nevengk lay outside, but when he found the weather too wet he crept, whining dolefully, into the tent, usually forbidden him. Though the temperature was 50.7° it felt fresh, owing to the humidity, and towards morning I was glad to draw my skin coat over the blanket.

Even at seven o'clock a shower pelted on the wet tent canvas, and deafening thunder growled in Kuh-i-Naibend. An end of rainbow was strikingly beautiful among the