

declared that this district was rendered insecure by Baluchi robbers. We had travelled far enough, and encamped (3615 feet) in their company, and were entertained by their lurid descriptions of the progress of the plague in Nasretabad. The day had been so oppressively hot that it could scarcely come to an end without some atmospheric disturbance, and at four o'clock came a violent south-west storm, stirring up dust and soil, whining and moaning, and accompanied by a short but refreshing shower. Late at night the rain pelted down, and almost dashed through the tent, dropping and trickling through the canvas, and the temperature sank to 39.4° .

On April 3 we awoke to our last day's journey with the old camels. The morning was quite cool, only 60.1° , and Abbas Kuli Bek surprised me with a brazier, a luxury that had been discarded. At a knoll near the camp a *sengab*, or rain-water pool, had been discovered in a stony hollow, and two skins had been filled with sweet water from heaven, the more needed because the water of Bendan was said to be brackish.

And then I mount again my trusty steed, and he carries me eastward between ragged hills, pinnacles, and jagged summits of sandstone, and at last of limestone. The sky is clear, not a breath of air is felt; the smoke from my cigarette remains floating motionless behind me like small light-blue balloons. It will surely be a warm day. Yes, 80.6° at one o'clock, and the heat in the calm air makes itself felt acutely. The warm moisture lies like steam over the ground, and, together with the soil soaked by the rain, produces an odour reminding me of a hothouse.

Through swarms of troublesome flies and biting gnats we turn north-eastwards, and enter a picturesque winding valley, where a small brook hides itself among the pebbles at the bottom. Every minute or two our direction changes, and I have always to keep my compass ready. My hands are occupied by the map, and I cannot defend myself with them. It is worst where tamarisks grow in dense clumps, for there the poisonous insects seem to be in millions. Sometimes I make a raid on them. They sit in hundreds under the brim of my felt hat. It is little use, for if I kill