

Agha Muhamed came with the silver and notes and paid the amount to the last farthing. My men insisted that he should pay extra for the pack-saddles, halters, and bells, but I let him have all the paraphernalia into the bargain. I was afterwards vexed that I had not kept the largest bell as a remembrance of the long journey through the desert.

At five o'clock everything was settled, and Agha Muhamed's men came to lead away the camels. We went out and patted them farewell, and with moist eyes watched them disappear beneath the palms. They stalked along quietly and proudly, but turned their heads to look at us, and Meshedi Abbas declared that they knew very well that they would never see us again. Soon the ring of bells died away at the little cliff, and our camp seemed small, empty, and desolate, when the camels were no longer in their usual place.