

In the morning we had seen men driving cattle in long dark columns out to the shallow parts of the Hamun, where there was grazing; and far out in the swamp these men went about cutting off the soft, juicy sprouts from the reeds to feed the calves which do not leave the camp. During this work they protect their noses, cheeks, and mouths with a corner of their head bandages, but their legs are bare, and it must be cold splashing in the water by the hour when the air temperature is not above  $56.8^{\circ}$  as it was that day at one o'clock. At the shore the water was at  $64.2^{\circ}$ , but it was colder farther out.

I visited a village to the north-east, consisting of thirty-nine reed tents or huts of matting; or what shall we call these airy dwellings? In this village they were tunnel-shaped. A framework of twigs and laths formed an arch. The mats were about 40 square feet in area, and were tied fast to the ribs. At the sides of each cabin, and especially at the outside of each group of four huts, bundles of reeds are set up vertically to give shelter both to man and beast. The huts are no doubt thus set up close together, partly to mutually support and strengthen one another, and partly to form a larger sheltered space. They have all their openings towards the south, and this, too, shows that the north is the prevailing wind.

The matting is manufactured in the same way as in Central Asia. A man takes a bundle of 20 or 30 hard yellow stems, cuts them to the same length, about 6 feet or more, lays them on the ground, and stamps on them till they split up. Then he picks out the long small fibre, strips off the leaf sheaths and bits, and plaits them into mats in a moment. The huts are at most 10 feet broad and 13 feet long, but usually are smaller than a small tent.

The animals pass the night in front of the huts, and are driven out into the swamp again in the morning, the manure scattered on the ground is collected, turned, and broken up to dry. A fire burns at the opening of each hut, which is fed solely with dung, and round every fire is a ring of cleaned and split fish, which are toasted in this way. Bunches of newly caught fish hang in the shade of the huts among rags of clothing and implements. It is very dirty