

the Consulate provided me with a very acceptable supply of provisions.

Early on the morning of April 18 the caravan of seven dromedaries set out, and after a last breakfast with the genial and hospitable Englishmen, I took a hearty farewell of them, mounted a tall dromedary, and left Nasretabad, attended by four *sevaris* or mounted men, and four men who took turns in carrying the Berton boat. My body-servant on the road to Quetta was to be the young Riza, a Persian of Nasretabad, who had fortunately escaped the plague. He was a youth of twenty years, poor, ragged, and unhappy after losing all his relations by the plague, but he had a pleasant look, was lighter than most Persians, and was very glad to go with me. He had never in his life been outside the boundaries of Seistan, not even to Bendan or Robot, and he thought we had a long way before us. He had only come in contact with Europeans when he had been turned out of the Russian Consulate ten days before, because he had quarrelled with another servant.

"Can I take him with me?" I asked Captain Kelly, who submitted him to a thorough examination.

"Yes, certainly; he is quite sound now, but he may develop plague on the way. However, the risk is very slight if he is well washed immediately before starting, and dressed in new clothes from top to toe, and is forbidden to enter the town again."

Riza submitted himself to this process without a word. Two servants of the Consulate took him in hand, stripped him, and burned in the fire every thread he had on his body, to remove the temptation of saving any infected article, dipped him again and again in water, douched him with tubsful, rubbed him like a dog, and scrubbed his head with soap and a brush. Then they dressed him in clean white undergarments, a pair of elegant trousers, and an old black jacket, a pair of yellow shoes, and a white felt cap. When he was ready, and carried my field-glass and small camera by straps over his shoulders, he looked much finer than his master; he looked like a "mossoo," and I like the garçon. In his demeanour there was a mixture of