

carved out by the wind are 30 feet broad at the base, 16 feet at the top, and 16 feet high ; the intervals are 30 to 50 feet broad. They diminish as we proceed, standing on the right like an archipelago of small yellow reefs, while on the left is gravelly desert. The latter is called by my men *desht-i-siah*, or black desert, while the clay desert is called *desht-i-sefid* or white desert. The ground becomes easier, and the slightly undulating surface is bestrewn with pebbles a third of an inch in diameter.

Cha-i-ladad, where our scouts were waiting—a sure sign that there was water—was a favoured spot, quite a paradise in this dismal desert. Two round pits, 13 feet in diameter, had been dugged in a copse of luxuriant tamarisk, and they still contained plenty of perfectly sweet rain-water. The dromedaries stood at a natural pool near by and enjoyed a good drink, while we filled our water-skins. A thriving tamarisk hung over one of the pits. This fine oasis lay at the beginning of our day's march, and we were loath to leave it.

All day the road runs about 100 yards to the left of the boundary pillars, and therefore in Afghan territory. All these pillars are built of sun-dried bricks, and therefore cannot last a long time, but possibly the frontier may take another course before they are destroyed by wind and rain.

Then we cross the old river bed which runs from Bender-i-Kamal-Khan to the villages Kunder, Machi, Bagerdi, Navar, and Khormeh, a locality now desolate and in ruins. This bed, which is insignificant and much levelled down where we see it, is followed by another more clearly marked out, and in its bottom lies a heap of tamarisks and rubbish ; it runs from east to west. Then follows a bed still larger and more conspicuous than the preceding. It has abundance of tamarisks, and near the bank stands a *gumbez*, or tower of mud, in a good state of preservation.

With 78° in the shade at one o'clock it is burning hot riding towards the sun, the air is nearly quite still, and flies and mosquitos are about again. Nevengk is inconvenienced by his warm coat, and runs panting in the shadow of my dromedary. The sky, however, is mostly overcast, and in