

water, concentrated salt, beautiful, crystal clear, and with the colour of the finest emerald.

This water does not come from the Hamun, but from the hills in the south, which send their water through two channels 10 feet deep to the Shela, where it remains and becomes salt from contact with the salt-saturated bed. If the drainage after heavy rain is abundant, the water flows on through the Shela to the God-i-Zirre and the Mulk-i-Afghan, or the kingdom of the Afghans, as my Baluchis called it. They declared that no water had come hither from the Hamun during the last ten years.

On the right bank the path runs for a while on the lower slope of the terrace, and on the left we have a large expanse of water which extends, as far as we can see, towards S. 25° E. Here Nevengk took the opportunity of having a bath and splashed about in the salt water, remaining in the bed of the river till we mounted up to the terrace. Farther on it was perpendicular, and the dog whined piteously when he could not get up. At last he found a way, and he looked very curious when the water had evaporated and the hard tenacious salt was left on his coat.

Now we cross a strip of desert as dreary and level as the Kevir. It passes by degrees into sand with dunes 6 feet high and their usual accompaniment, saxauls, which here approach a height of 16 feet. The air is hazy. A mist of vapour seems to hang over the ground, and it is warm and sultry. Here we meet a man mounted on a jambas who is carrying the English mail to Nasretabad. A man runs in front of the dromedary—he must have good lungs if he can keep pace with a jambas.

It is evident that we are on a frequented road, for we soon meet also a small Persian caravan carrying grain on asses, and farther on some men and women from Lutek, who have been in the Sarhad or hilly country. They have sheep with them and we buy one for 2 tuman.

After the sun had sunk into the mist in the west its fierceness was allayed, and in the evening we crossed quite a pleasant country with plenty of fine saxauls among small artistically formed dunes. It was late when we encamped