

Again we come among small ragged hills of porphyrite and uneven ground. North of the road we are following runs the old road between Saindek and Cha-sindan, where we, in four days, shall come to the old road again. This is abandoned, because it is becoming sanded up, and because there is no water to be found for three days' journey, and the traveller runs the risk of dying of thirst, a fate which lately befell two men. On the new road, which has been in use four years, there is water at every stage, except Burgar (3176 feet), the end of our day's march.

Burgar is the name of a hill north of the place where my tent was set up. It was dreadfully hot inside, and at seven o'clock in the evening the thermometer marked 88°. When the caravan shortly after made ready to start, and my tent was packed up, the tent bed was laid under the open sky, and soon the night breeze began, scaring away the gnats. The moon shone brightly, and the stars twinkled in the warm desert air. But the wind had dropped by two o'clock, and before I awoke in the morning I had been thoroughly devoured by bloodthirsty insects.