

gravel and thin shrubs. At Meshki-cha (3077 feet) is a windmill and some palms—an unusual and refreshing sight—and an excellent bungalow. The palms grow at a *siaretgha*, or pilgrimage resort called Siaret-i-Sultan, with a stone wall, two tombs, and ragged streamers. Meshki-cha has also a post and telegraph office, and I received a very friendly greeting from Major Benn in Nushki, who informed me that all the *tanadars* or station chiefs on the road had orders to do their best to serve me. There are also two levy houses, a serai, and a shop. We could buy sheep, fowls, eggs, milk, and sugar, and lived grandly. There are several springs about, more or less brackish. One of them, which shoots up at Siaret-i-Sultan, had a temperature of 71.6° at the orifice and formed a little pool where dromedaries are wont to drink. At some distance north of the bungalow is a spring of good sweet water, where we filled four india-rubber bottles for my use. The Baluchis do not mind the salt water at the two following stations, but unaccustomed travellers, it seems, suffer severely from indigestion if they drink it.

Who should appear at the door in the morning but Nevengk, who came running in as quietly as if nothing had happened, wagged his tail, and seemed to advise me to keep still in the shade till the cold of winter came again. The pleasure of re-meeting was mutual, and the dog, who had followed our track in the night, got a solid meal of meat and water. I expected that henceforth he would run after us in the night, but when we set out in the morning, and he lay still in the bungalow, our parting was the last, and no more was heard of him. But I gave orders that if he remained at the station the attendants were to treat him kindly, and let him follow some caravan back to Persia.

Near Meshki-cha we pass a deep erosion furrow called Rud-i-roghane, coming from the Damudim hill and running south-south-east. There is a little breeze in the morning and the sky is wofully clear, and we have the sun in our faces. Between east and south the horizon is as level as a line, and the road runs straight as far as we can see towards east-south-east. Stones have, as far as possible, been