

removed to the sides to keep the path clear, but sharp pebbles are still left, very painful to the pads of the dromedaries. One of our men walks barefoot, but they are too sharp even for his tanned soles, and he takes to his shoes again.

Such the landscape continues hour after hour. A small belt of dunes runs to the right of our road and then gradually moves away. Mirage causes them to appear to be lying on the shore of a lake, reflected in the calm surface, but so that their images are several times higher than the originals.

Two hours more pass by. The landscape remains unchanged; the low, yellow pyramidal peak of Kuh-i-Sultan towers above a red sharp-topped ridge with gently sloping detritus fan. To the south stretches boundless desert with dunes at a still greater distance. Blue crows sit on the telegraph insulators and fly from post to post before us. Here and there we pass the dried-up carcass of a dromedary, with neck bent back—foundered ships of the desert.

Two hours more; one o'clock, and a sling thermometer marks 98.4° in the shade. The height is only 2674 feet. The heat can be seen vibrating in the air along the road. Sometimes there is a shallow furrow with a couple of withered shrubs. Twice we pass small open-air mosques or oratories of the simplest construction, a ring of black stones with a cairn or altar on the side towards Mecca. A small path fenced in with stones leads from the road into the roundel where travellers can perform their devotions before the day is over.

Yonder in the distance is seen the bungalow of Kundi (2470 feet). It seems to hover a little above the horizon, another effect of mirage. More dead dromedaries which have not been able to march farther. Two ravens keep watch over the mouldering remains.

The next day's journey brings no change. The landscape is the same as yesterday; the only difference is that the telegraph posts now stand on the right of the road. To the north we have low hills, and to the south the country slopes extremely slowly towards the Hamun-i-Mashkel. We ride