

migratory stream of light-green grasshoppers, which hopped across the road in dense troops. We passed two more such processions. There is a continual rustle on the ground as we tramp right through these living streams where several wanderers are crushed into pulp.

Beyond a large hollow with tamarisks, with roots going down to the plentiful ground water, the oasis Maligat-i-barut comes into sight at a small saddle, and here there are two rather deep fresh-water wells sunk through the pebbles. But the most astonishing and attractive sight here is a grove of fifty or sixty palms, some quite tall, fine, and graceful, and a charming contrast to the yellow scorched desert. They bear little fruit and look sickly. There is no human being here now, but the fronds swarm with grasshoppers, and a snake creeps into a hole under a root.

Now we come amongst black hillocks of weathered quartzite. The stones on the ground are so hot that it is impossible to hold them in the hand. When we rest a while at one o'clock it is not worth while to sit on the ground—we should be soon up again; the heat can be felt even through a cloak. It is strange that the dromedaries can bear to be always touching the ground with their foot-pads. It is 106° in the shade. But india-rubber bottles are a blessed invention. Through the rapid evaporation to which they are exposed, the water is cooled down to 72° , far below the temperature of the air.

Beyond a small promontory the bungalow of Merui (3048 feet) appears, surrounded by sandy ground and numerous dwarf palms called *pish*. It is well situated in the valley, but from the bare heated cliffs the warmth radiates fiercely. And this is good for snakes and scorpions.

Here there is a telegraph station, the head of which helped Riza to prepare a Hindustani dish of mutton; a *deffadar*, or inspector of the mounted post, and a post-office, where the master took charge of my letters. They were Mohammedans from the Panjab, civil and agreeable. The *deffadar* had his family living in a black tent of goat's hair. He only is a Pathan or Afghan, and the Baluchis here are called Brahui.