

wound up the water in skin bags, and emptied it into a shallow clay basin. When this was fairly full the dromedaries came up and pushed one another to find room to reach the water with their long necks. The scene was too picturesque not to be perpetuated on a cinematographic film.

Only four days more to Nushki! The night has been beautiful; I always lie outside now. But still we have the sun straight in our faces during the early hours, and it burns like fire a short time after sunrise. To-day, May 11, the temperature is up to 104.7° again. First, a belt of hillocks, and then we are out on the level green steppe, where the road runs straight as a line as far as the eye can see. The southern hills are distinctly visible with their bare, rugged flanks, and close to on the south grow large tamarisks, where nomads dwell with their herds; we cannot see them, but the dromedary mares are heard bellowing after their young.

To-day it feels warmer than ever, and the only breath of air perceptible proceeds from our own motion. The air is polluted by millions of fine particles raised from the ground by the rising heat currents. Not a wisp of cloud floats across the sky to rob the sun of its heat for a moment. We perspire profusely, and long for evening and night. Then we lie awake, and feel the slight breeze becoming gradually fresher as night advances. Then we think with satisfaction of the accumulated heat of the day radiating out into space, and enjoy the cool as we should a bumper of ice-cold sparkling wine. By day my thoughts often turn to the crystal-clear rivers in the Himalayan valleys and the fronts of the glaciers, where the melted water drops and splashes.

After six hours' ride we come to the first shade on the way, under two tamarisks, and here we halt for breakfast, water and cakes as usual. I wish to take two plates with my little Verascope camera, but I nearly drop it, for it is burning hot, and I have to wrap it round with a handkerchief. The rest in this shade is so little refreshing that we soon want to get on the dromedaries' backs again, where at any rate we are 6 feet above the ground. It is vain to