

colouring: the little plain on which my camp was pitched; the waves of drift-sand in front and behind; the dilapidated mud-built huts and Sarais—all displayed the same monotonous khaki. Even the sun while low down seemed to shed a grey light. I felt pleased to note how well my tent and clothes harmonized with this monochrome picture. A sand-dune some 35 feet high, which rises immediately behind the mosque and threatens to bury this modest structure before long, gave a panoramic view convenient for the plane table. From its



PILGRIMS' SARAI AT ORDAM-PADSHAH.

top we could make out the various 'Langars' (travellers' shelters) and shrines to the north, and thus exactly fix our position. A reference to the available maps showed that Ordam-Padshah had been placed fully half a degree of longitude out of its true position.

The miserable looking Mujawirs of the place had followed me to the dune, and now related the story how the holy Sultan Arslan Boghra had succumbed on this plain to the attack of unbelievers, *i.e.*, the Buddhist antagonists of Islam,