

sufficed to show that the physical conditions absolutely precluded the possibility of such relics surviving there.

It was not in the hope of striking finds of this kind that I wandered for a long time over the débris-strewn waste of Kakshal, though it was getting late and Moji, the end of the march, was still far off. There was a weird fascination in the almost complete decay and utter desolation of the scanty remains that marked once thickly inhabited settlements. Occupied in the examination of small pottery pieces with ornamental design, &c., which my men picked up again and again, I found it difficult to tear myself away even when the last red rays of the sinking sun had strangely illumined the yellow soil and its streaks of reddish-brown pottery. The route to which I rode off at last was difficult to see, for invading waves of low sand dunes had to be crossed for several miles before scrubby ground was reached again near the little village of Chudda. The moon had come up by that time, and as I was riding comfortably along guided by its light I could indulge in reflections regarding the strange places I had seen, without risking loss of the track. It was close on eight o'clock when I arrived at last at Moji, where my tent was ready to receive me.

On the 7th I was induced to make a halt at Moji by the quantity of old coins that were brought to me, almost all of an early Muhammadan ruler who calls himself in the legend Sulaiman Khagan. The site from which they had been obtained, and which I proceeded to examine early in the morning, lies only a mile to the north of the village, and is known as Tögujai. There I found a number of loess banks covered with broken pottery, similar to that seen on the previous day, but less affected by erosion; and the now dry ravines which the flood water of the early summer had cut through them were the place where the old coins had been extracted. A number of men had accompanied me from the village by the local Beg's order, and their search soon fur-