

themselves useful by collecting a little fuel from the few tamarisk-trees growing along the depression to which the sacred spot owes its shallow well. The full moon had risen by this time, and true to Indian poetic notions seemed to spread coolness with its bright light.

It took nearly two hours more before the last of the baggage ponies had come in. A number of the Duwa men with them lay prostrate on the rapidly cooling sand, too weary to look after their animals. But all had safely arrived, and to my relief my party had not added its quota to the bones of perished beasts of burden which mark the whole route from Pialma. Even two small foals which, without my noticing it, had been taken along with their mothers, had survived this long march; but I felt grieved at having unwittingly inflicted upon them such an experience so early in life.