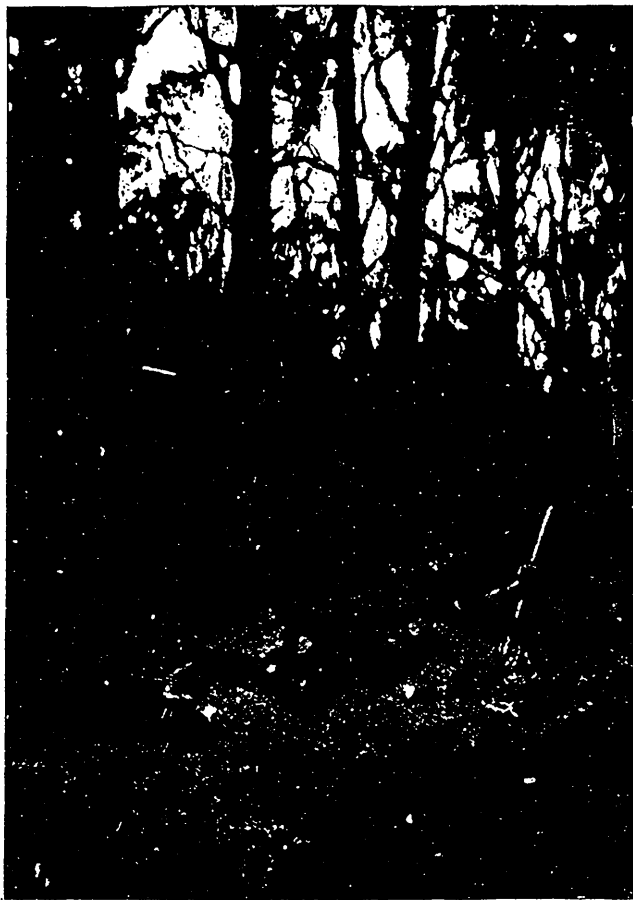


over him. Only by an heroic effort of will he forced him to go on :

"But the sand was as dry as the sand in the desert dunes. The river-bed was empty, waiting for the summer floods to come down from the mountains.

little pool filled with fresh, cool water—beautiful water !

"It would be vain for me to try to describe the feelings which now overpowered me. They may be imagined ; they cannot be described. Before drinking I counted my pulse ; it was forty-nine. Then I took the tin box out of my pocket,



From "Through Asia."

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THE ESCAPE FROM THE DESERT.

"After going about a mile and a half, I was at length only a few yards from the bank when a wild duck, alarmed by my approach, flew up and away as swift as an arrow. I heard a splash, and in the next moment I stood on the brink of a

filled it, and drank. How sweet the water tasted ! Nobody can conceive it who has not been within an ace of dying with thirst. I lifted the tin to my lips calmly, slowly, deliberately, and drank, drank, drank time after time. How de-