

everything looks baked and dusty. The soil crumbles into powder at a touch. Each fitful gust of wind raises a cloud of dust from the roads, and blows away the sand that has been loosened on the surface of bare rocks. But the sky darkens, and at length rain descends. In a few minutes every channel on the roadway, every gully on the slopes, every runnel and watercourse is the track of a muddy tor-

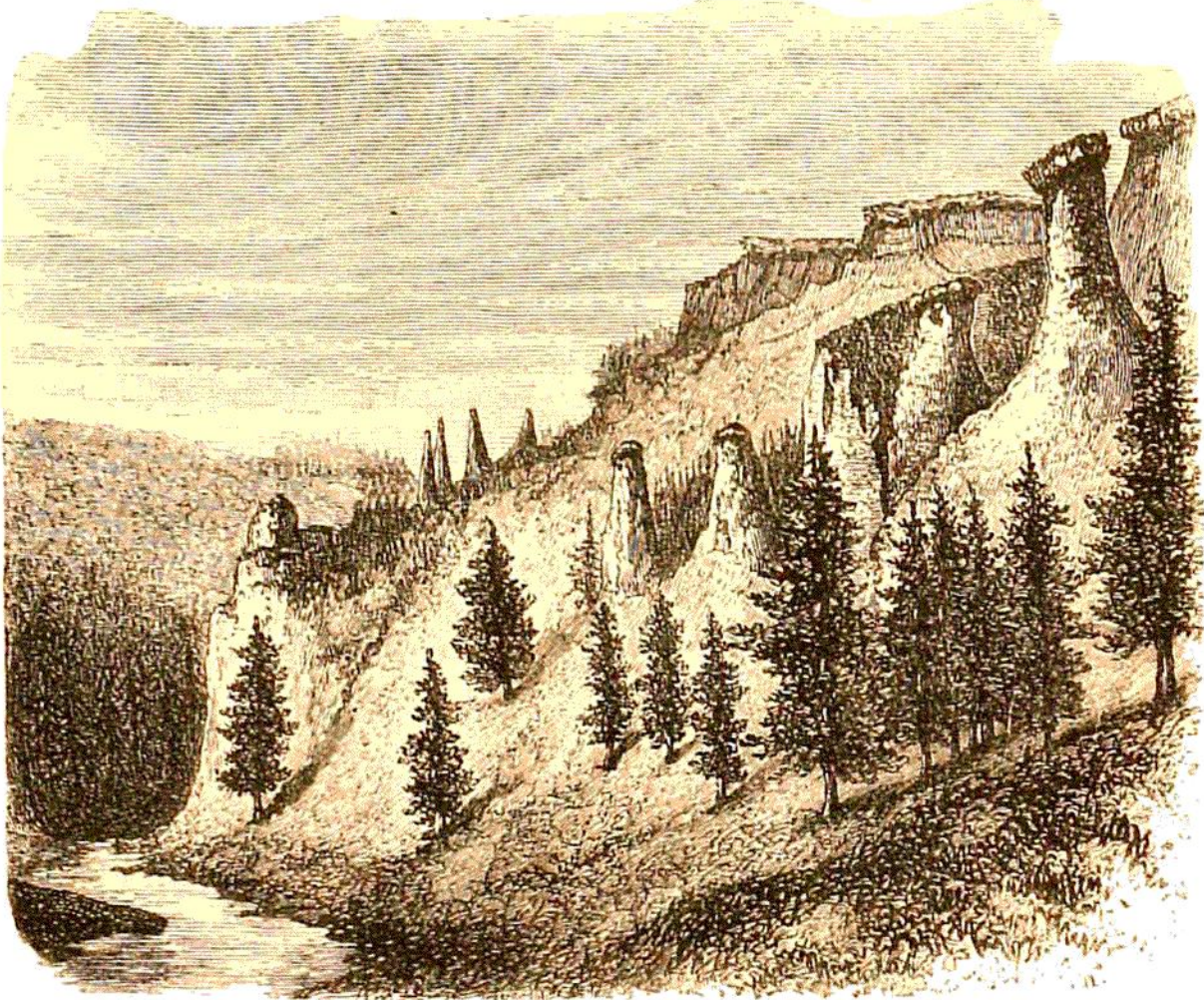


FIG. 3.—Rain-eroded Pillars of Old Red Conglomerate and Boulder-clay Fochabers.

rent which sweeps down into the nearest brook. The brooks, swollen from bank to brae by the sudden descent of such innumerable tributaries, rush along laden with the fine particles of soil and disintegrated rock, which they bear into the main stream of their drainage basin. And the rivers, dark with all this accumulated mud, sweep it downward into the nearest lake or away out to sea. In a few hours,