

rivulets, twelve or fourteen inches wide, and these only on hot days. As a rule streams hardly exist except during the hottest hours of the day, and then they become rushing torrents. Close to Camp 103, a streamlet utterly insignificant in the forenoon had by noon become so strong that it swept two donkeys off their legs, and by two o'clock it was a raging torrent. The mountain-sides, hard and precipitous, harbour no vegetable absorbent to retard the descent of the melting snow, and the fording of such a river as the Kiria is not without danger. I hoped it might not be necessary to cross before reaching Baba Hatun, and I went on ahead to examine the route. The almost vertical mountains on the right bank approached close to the river, leaving no room for the caravan to pass. The barrier was insuperable, and the river would have to be crossed. Choosing a spot below a sharp bend in the channel, I crossed and ascertained the least dangerous course for the animals to follow. Then I took up a position in the channel so as to direct the men, and, to some extent, the ponies. There was some difficulty in getting the sheep into the water; for a long time they stood huddled together, regardless of the shouting and pushing of the men, but at last they plunged in and without difficulty swam across. Some of the men and all the large ponies had to wade across again and again, carrying loads of various sorts, and at last the whole of the men, beasts, and baggage were transferred to the further bank. The breadth of the river at the ford was more than fifty yards; the bottom was rough and irregular with large stones, which were invisible owing to the muddiness of the water; the current was swift, and at one place there was a sudden drop to deeper water, so that even the experienced animals had difficulty in keeping their feet. However, we had no more serious mishap than the soaking of clothes and of some baggage.