

Persians or *Ajem*, as they say, we are attacked by a pack of bold and spiteful dogs. The valley becomes narrower, the road often runs continuously along the edge of erosion terraces, and we hold ourselves ready to jump out if the soft material gives way under the outer wheels. The Murad has already the appearance of a considerable river, and we again cross the half-clear water to drive up the hills on the right bank. In Tashli-chai the people are also of Iranian descent. Beyond this village the road becomes quite ridiculously bad, for in the middle of a bottomless slough of mud the stones lie so thickly that it is impossible to avoid them; we sit and hold on, to be ready for the shocks and slips, and are astonished that the vehicle holds together, that the springs do not break, and that we are not upset. The moisture remains obstinately after the last rain, and sinks tenaciously into the loose earth. But Shakir consoles me with the information that it is ten times as bad after pouring rain, and that then it takes three days to drive from Kara-kilisse to Diadin. There is little pleasure in such a drive; one just sits waiting for a catastrophe; and where a footpath runs along the side and the driver takes advantage of it in order that at least one pair of wheels may be on dry ground, there is danger of being overturned into the middle of the mire.

Round Alighur large flocks of sheep are grazing, and unveiled women stand in the doorways and watch us as we drive by.

At the Armenian village Üch-kilisse, an old Persian bridge spans a stream in two arches. To the south Ala-dagh appears, a snowclad ridge with three small flat summits, where the river Murad-su, the true source of the Euphrates, rises at a height of 9020 feet.