

The *kavekhaneh*, or refreshment stall, of the village Alachi stands close to the road, where its tables and benches are sheltered by willows watered by small irrigation channels. Opposite stands Kara-tepe, at a considerable distance from the road, which winds through more irregular country between green, grey, red, and purple mountains, desolate, rounded, and bare. The Tatar on the box drives headlong down the hills and takes not the slightest notice of violent jolts at the bottom of the ravines. With an expression of self-satisfaction and importance my young driver sits and sings—so sweetly that he has tears in his own eyes. Tsirtsir is a lonely village in this desert country, where cultivated land and wood are great rarities. A flock of sheep is seen only a few times among the hills.

We cross a ravine by a bridge of four arches, and then the road runs broad and good beside the telegraph poles; to the south-west rises a snowy crest, on the northern shore of the Urmia lake, and in front of us Marand shows itself more and more distinctly. Driving up a street, which at times also serves as a relief channel for the river, we come to a halt before the gate of a more pretentious house; this is the end of our day's journey.