

before night, and amid the constant rumble of the wheels I sit and watch how slowly it grows larger.

Khorem-dere is the name of a town surrounded by gardens. A still unfinished palace, with a façade consisting more of window than wall, belongs, I hear, to the Valiad; perhaps he will rest here when he takes, one day, the fateful journey from Tabriz to Teheran. For a while we drive on a cornice beside the river, and while it snows on the mountains to the south, the moon rises above the horizon, beautiful and relucant like silver. The weather clears up, the southern mountains shimmer in pure white, the northern stand out in black outlines, the hours fly by, the horses dash on and the wheels creak, and I become dizzy, chilly, and weary of this endless rolling over Asiatic roads. I am glad when the carriage comes to a standstill, and the driver says that we are at the hostel of Kerve, where a dozen camels lie ruminating outside the walls.