

to follow the sound. An armed guard brought up the rear. Mairand is a large village scattered over a well-irrigated plain, consisting of the usual flat-roofed mud houses, each with its own garden and enclosed orchard, producing splendid fruits in the season. Starting early we accomplished the remaining two stages and entered Tabreez before sundown next day.

Only one incident worth mentioning occurred on the way which was, to me, of a very amusing character. The Armenian gentleman who was my fellow-traveller had come straight out from Paris, and was "got up" regardless of expense. In a hat-box was a new grey hat, for the safety of which he was particularly anxious. As we were crossing a broad stony torrent-bed the baggage-horse slipped, and finally fell down and broke the precious hat-box, but without doing any damage to the contents. However, the Armenian immediately attacked the post-boy with his heavy Persian lash, and the sight of these two men belabouring each other with a rain of blows in the midst of a vast, treeless, rocky desert was a very peculiar one.

We made the final stage into Tabreez at a gallop, across a wide plain, with Urmia, the great salt lake, in sight upon our right.

Tabreez is a very curious and fanatical place, far more so than Teheran and other cities farther south, yet foreigners or Christians are quite safe, and subjected to no more annoyance than the fact of being