

descends rapidly through country that gradually grows rather more fertile. There are a few cultivated fields, reclaimed from the rock at immense toil; the gathered stones are used to build dry-stone dykes of amazing thickness, or are piled in huge white mounds at the corners of the reclaimed land; a few scattered cottages with almond orchards close by them, making, in spring, a delightful play of white blossom against white stone. At Perković junction the line branches to Sebenico, but we follow the main line to Knin. Before reaching Dervis the line skirts the gorge or cañon of the Čikola, which drains what must once have been a great lake, and joins the Kerka in the fiord of Scardona. The rocks of this cañon are high and sheer, and from the train you can look down on the yellow waters foaming at the bottom of the gorge. At the head of this cañon, in a commanding position, stands Dervis. There are the remains of a castle or fort, and hard by it the shaft of a Turkish minaret, interesting as being—along with Ali Beg's khan at Vrana and the remains of one Turkish mosque out of the four which at one time stood in Dervis itself—the only examples of Turkish building which survive in Dalmatia. From Dervis opens away eastward the bed of a great lake, now drained and