

expanses appear between light clouds ; it is the new day rising over the mountains of Asia Minor. At Mööke grow copses of spruce and foliaged trees with yellow leaves. The landscape is of a northern type, the relief is sharply modelled, and beyond Tus-khanlar bare mountains predominate ; the cliffs form pyramids and grey columns between scattered dark-green spruces. After the sun has risen one can enjoy to the full the glorious landscape. Sometimes there is a low vertical wall of rock on the left hand, while on the right a precipice descends to the valley bottom. At such places it is a serious matter to meet or overtake a caravan of horses and mules, which are numerous here, many of them carrying kerosene into the interior. The mules have a wonderful facility for placing themselves right in our way and presenting their houghs to be grazed by a wheel.

The road is excellent throughout, well kept, free from mud or snow, but it is extraordinarily tortuous, winding into every gully, out round every mound, up and down, and over bridges across small side valleys. In two waggons sit a party of men and women, packed like herrings, on their mattresses, pillows and quilts ; they are sleepy and silent, but it is not easy to talk when the ears are deafened by the creaking of the wheels and the rumbling of the waggon. The village Hamsi-köi is still asleep, though the sun is high in the heavens, but in the month of Ramazan people sleep far into the day to shorten the hours of fasting. A short distance farther we rest for the sake of the horses—as a rule two short journeys are made in the day. During the halt I eat my breakfast, photograph, and write, while my men sleep.

We mount still higher on the right side of the valley, and the stream contracts to a small white riband skirted by yellow threads—roads and paths running in various directions. Now the woods become thicker, and we are on a level with the tops of the spruces which grow below the road and do not hide the view. A party of unveiled women are carrying firewood to the village and a solitary girl is gathering dry twigs on a slope ; her dress is fiery red, she darts like a wood-nymph among the spruces, gives