

Caucasian villages, Teke is erected on an isolated mound in an expansion of the valley, but the bazaar stands at the foot of the mound opposite the graveyard, and the road runs between them. Oxen are ploughing the cultivated patches, and innumerable crows nest in the few poplars and willows. Through a side valley to the south a road leads to the town of Erzinghan, and seems to be practicable for wheels. Near its mouth are grazing many thriving and handsome dromedaries, which look splendid in their red and blue pack-saddles.

At length we arrive at our night-quarters, Murad-khanogli, a small village of some fifty inhabitants. Here I choose a newly-built house, in which no one has yet lived, in preference to the doubtful company in the rest-house. At every halt the village headman, bearing the title of *mudir* or *mutasserif*, comes to wait on me, and politely offer his services. Even here the winter is decidedly milder than in Erzerum, showing the difference between a coastal and continental climate. At eight o'clock in the evening of November 15 the temperature was quite 52.7°.