

thread our way past the 272 camels driven by 38 Tatars. The peal of their bells is heard at some distance rising up in a single vibration; as we drive past them we are deafened by the clamour and clash of the bells, one after the other, and the noise rings out behind us.

At the serai of Evreni-khan another Persian caravan is resting for the day, and its loads form quite a house and walls along the way. Certain stretches of the road are under repair, and meanwhile we drive along the side. A road roller is being drawn by six pairs of oxen over the metal. At the village of Aghamed the banks of the river are connected by a fine bridge on two pillars. Both on the right and left run snowclad mountain ridges, and on the flat land between them lie newly ploughed fields, where the homesteads can easily be counted.

At Ilija warm springs, as the name indicates, rise out of the ground, and a bath-house is constructed over them. In the only basin of the three that was accessible the temperature of the water was  $98.6^{\circ}$ ; the others were at the time occupied by women. The clear water steamed, and a light haze spread over the surroundings which at a distance looked like a lake.

Now Erzerum appears in front of us below a small white ridge. We see the town isolated and enclosed like an island in the open landscape, we drive and drive over solitary fields and slowly draw nearer, but nothing indicates the approach to a town—no noticeable traffic, no outlying villages or gardens, and yet we see it before us. Now houses can be distinguished, minarets and a few trees, and at length we pass through its double lines of fortification with a trench between them, and are stopped by a police sentry who examines my Turkish passport. Through narrow streets, where one could be drowned in dirt, we reach the meidan with its ox-carts, shops, and people.

In Erzerum I was to live for a day like a king, or at least as a European, in the society of the consuls. My driver, Mehemet, was ordered to draw up before the French consulate, and here I was most hospitably received by the vice-consul, M. Srabyan, an Armenian, who manages the