

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.¹

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XI.

FROM THE KOORDISH CAMP TO YUZGAT.

FROM the Koordish encampment my route leads over a low mountain spur by easy gradients, and by a winding, unridable trail down into the valley of the eastern fork of the Delijeh Irmak. The road improves as this valley is reached, and noon finds me the wonder and admiration of another Koordish camp, where I remain a couple of hours in deference to the powers of the mid-day sun. One has no scruples about partaking of the hospitality of the nomad Koords, for they are the wealthiest people in the country, their flocks covering the hills in many localities; they are, as a general thing, fairly well dressed, are cleaner in their cooking than the villagers, and hospitable to the last degree. Like the rest of us, however, they have their faults as well as their virtues; they are born freebooters, and in unsettled times, when the Turkish government, being handicapped

by weightier considerations, is compelled to relax its control over them, they seldom fail to promptly respond to their plundering instincts and make no end of trouble. They still retain their hospitableness, but after making a traveler their guest for the night, and allowing him to depart with everything he has, they will intercept him on the road and rob him. They have some objectionable habits, even in these peaceful times, which will better appear when we reach their own Koordistan, where we shall, doubtless, have better opportunities for criticizing them. Whatever their faults or virtues, I leave this camp, hoping that the termination of the day may find me the guest of another sheikh for the night. An hour after leaving this camp I pass through an area of vineyards, out of which people come running with as many grapes among them as would produce spontaneous combustion; the road is ridable, and I hurry along to avoid their bother. Verily, it would seem that I am being hounded



A DELIGHTED AUDIENCE.

¹ Outing for April, 1885, contained the first of this series.

down by retributive justice, for sundry evil thoughts and impatient remarks, associated with my hungry experiences of early morning; then I was wondering where the next mouthful of food was going to overtake me, this afternoon finds me pedaling determinedly to prevent being overtaken by it.

The afternoon is hot and with scarcely a breath of air moving; the little valley terminates in a region of barren, red hills, on which the sun glares fiercely; some toughish climbing has to be accomplished in scaling a ridge, and then I emerge into an upland lava plateau, where the only vegetation is sun-dried weeds and thistles. Here a herd of camels are contentedly browsing, munching the dry, thorny herbage with a satisfaction that is evident a mile away. From casual observations along the route, I am inclined to think a camel not far behind a goat in the depravity of his appetite; a camel will wander uneasily about over a greensward of moist, succulent grass, scanning his surroundings in search of giant thistles, frost-bitten tumble-weeds, tough, spriggy camel thorns, and odds and ends of unpalatable vegetation generally. Of course, the "ship of the desert" never sinks to such total depravity as to hanker after old gum overshoes and circus posters, but if permitted to forage around human habitations for a few generations, I think they would eventually degenerate to the goat's disreputable level. The expression of utter astonishment that overspreads the angular countenance of the camels browsing near the roadside, at my appearance, is one of the most ludicrous sights imaginable; they seem quite intelligent enough to recognize in a wheelman and his steed something inexplicable and foreign to their country, and their look of timid inquiry seems ridiculously unsuited to their size and the general ungainliness of their appearance, producing a comical effect that is worth going miles to see.

It is approaching sun-down, when, ascending a ridge overlooking another valley, I am gratified at seeing it occupied by several Koordish camps, their clusters of black tents being a conspicuous feature of the landscape. With a fair prospect of hospitable quarters for the night before me, and there being no distinguishable signs of a road, I make my way across country towards one of the camps that seems to be nearest my proper course. I have arrived within a mile of my objective point, when, I observe, at the base of a

mountain about half the distance to my right, a large, white two-storied building, the most pretentious structure, by long odds, that has been seen since leaving Angora. My curiosity is, of course, aroused concerning its probable character; it looks like a bit of civilization that has in some unaccountable manner found its way to a region where no other human habitations are visible, save the tents of wild tribesmen, and I at once shape my course towards it. It turns out to be a rock-salt mine or quarry, that supplies the whole region for scores of miles around with salt, rock-salt being the only kind obtainable in the country; it was from this mine that the donkey party from whom I first obtained bread this morning fetched their loads. Here I am invited to remain over night, am provided with a substantial supper, the *menu* including boiled mutton, with cucumbers for dessert. The managers and employees of the quarry make their cucumbers tasteful by rubbing the end with a piece of rock-salt each time it is cut off or bitten, each person keeping a select little square for the purpose. The salt is sold at the mine, and owners of transportation facilities in the shape of pack animals make money by purchasing it here at six paras an *oke*, and selling it at a profit in distant towns.

Two young men seem to have charge of transacting the business; one of them is inordinately inquisitive, he even wants to try and unstick the envelope containing a letter of introduction to Mr. Tifticjeogh-lou's father in Yuzgat, and read it out of pure curiosity to see what it says; and he offers me a lira for my Waterbury watch, notwithstanding its Alla Frango face is beyond his Turkish comprehension. The loud, confident tone in which the Waterbury ticks impresses the natives very favorably towards it, and the fact of its not opening at the back like other time-pieces, creates the impression that it is a watch that never gets cranky and out of order; quite different from the ones they carry, since their curiosity leads them to be always fooling with the works. American clocks are found all through Asia Minor, fitted with oriental faces, and there is little doubt but the Waterbury, with its resonant tick, if similarly prepared, would find here a ready market. The other branch of the managerial staff is a specimen of humanity peculiarly Asiatic Turkish, a melancholy-faced, contemplative person, who spends nearly the whole evening in gazing in silent wonder at me and the bicycle;

now and then giving expression to his utter inability to understand how such things can possibly be, by shaking his head and giving utterance to a peculiar clucking of astonishment. He has heard me mention having come from Stamboul, which satisfies him to a certain extent; for, like a true Turk, he believes that at Stamboul all wonderful things originate; whether the bicycle was made there, or whether it originally came from somewhere else, doesn't seem to enter into his speculations; the simple knowledge that I have come from Stamboul is all-sufficient for him; so far as he is concerned, the bicycle is simply

long making a journey to see Stamboul for himself; like many another Turk from the barren hills of the interior, he will visit the Ottoman capital; he will recite from the Koran under the glorious mosaic dome of St. Sophia; wander about that wonder of the Orient, the Stamboul bazaar; gaze for hours on the matchless beauties of the Bosphorous; ride on one of the steam-boats; see the railway, the tramway, the Sultan's palaces, and the shipping, and return to his native hills thoroughly convinced that in all the world there is no place fit to be compared with Stamboul; no place so full of wonders; no place so



ON TIPTICJEEGHOLOU'S DIVAN.

another wonder from Stamboul, another proof that the earthly paradise of the Mussulman world on the Bosphorous is all that he has been taught to believe it. When the contemplative young man ventures away from the dreamy realms of his own imaginations, and from the society of his inmost thoughts, far enough to make a remark, it is to ask me something about Stamboul; but being naturally taciturn and retiring, and moreover, anything but an adept at pantomimic language, he prefers mainly to draw his own conclusions in silence. He manages to make me understand, however, that he intends before

beautiful; and wondering how even the land of the *kara ghuz kiz* (black-eyed girls), the material paradise of the Mohammedans, can possibly be more lovely. The contemplative young man is tall and slender, has large, dreamy, black eyes, a downy upper lip, a melancholy cast of countenance, and wears a long print wrapper of neat dotted pattern, gathered at the waist with a girdle *à la* dressing gown. The inquisitive partner makes me up a comfortable bed of quilts on the divan of a large room, which is also occupied by several salt traders remaining over night, and into which their own small private apartments

open. A few minutes after they have retired to their respective rooms, the contemplative young man reappears with silent tread, and with a scornful glance at my surroundings, both human and inanimate, gathers up my loose effects, and bids me bring bicycle and everything into his room; here, I find, he has already prepared for my reception quite a downy couch, having contributed, among other comfortable things, his wolf-skin overcoat; after seeing me comfortably established on a couch more appropriate to my importance as a person recently from Stamboul than the other, he takes a lingering look at the bicycle, shakes his head and clucks, and then extinguishes the light.

Sunrise on the following morning finds me wheeling eastward from the salt quarry, over a trail well worn by salt caravans, to Yuzgat; the road leads for some distance down a grassy valley, covered with the flocks of the several Koordish camps round about; the wild herdsmen come galloping from all directions across the valley towards me, their uncivilized garb and long swords giving them more the appearance of a ferocious gang of cut-throats advancing to the attack than shepherds. Hitherto, nobody has seemed any way inclined to attack me; I have almost wished somebody would undertake a little devilment of some kind, for the sake of livening things up a little, and making my narrative more stirring; after venturing everything, I have so far nothing to tell but a story of being everywhere treated with the greatest consideration, and much of the time even petted. I have met armed men far away from any habitations, whose appearance was equal to our most ferocious conception of *bashi-bozouks*, and merely from a disinclination to be bothered, perhaps being in a hurry at the time, have met their curious inquiries with imperious gestures to be gone; and have been guilty of really inconsiderate conduct on more than one occasion, but under no considerations have I yet found them guilty of anything worse than casting covetous glances at my effects. But there is an apparent churlishness of manner, and an overbearing demeanor, as of men chaffing under the restraining influences that prevent them gratifying their natural freebooting instincts, about these Koordish herdsmen whom I encounter this morning, that forms quite a striking contrast to the almost child-like harmlessness and universal respect towards me observed in the disposition

of the villagers. It requires no penetrating scrutiny of these fellows' countenances to ascertain that nothing could be more uncongenial to them than the state of affairs that prevents them stopping me and looting me of everything I possess; a couple of them order me quite imperatively to make a detour from my road to avoid approaching too near their flock of sheep, and their general behavior is pretty much as though seeking to draw me into a quarrel, that would afford them an opportunity of plundering me. Continuing on the even tenor of my way, affecting a lofty unconsciousness of their existence, and wondering whether, in case of being molested, it would be advisable to use my Smith & Wesson in defending my effects, or taking the advice received in Constantinople, offer no resistance whatever, and trust to being able to recover them through the authorities, I finally emerge from their vicinity. Their behavior simply confirms what I have previously understood of their character; that whilst they will invariably extend hospitable treatment to a stranger visiting their camps, like unreliable explosives, they require to be handled quite "gingerly" when encountered on the road, to prevent disagreeable consequences.

Passing through a low, marshy district, peopled with solemn-looking storks and croaking frogs, I meet a young sheikh and his personal attendants returning from a morning's outing at their favorite sport of hawking; they carry their falcons about on small perches, fastened by the leg with a tiny chain. I try to induce them to make a flight, but for some reason or other they refuse; an Osmanli Turk would have accommodated me in a minute. Soon I arrive at another Koordish camp, fording a stream in order to reach their tents, for I have not yet breakfasted, and know full well that no better opportunity of obtaining one will be likely to turn up. Entering the nearest tent, I make no ceremony of calling for refreshments, knowing well enough that a heaping dish of *pillau* will be forthcoming, and that the hospitable Koords will regard the ordering of it as the most natural thing in the world. The *pillau* is of rice, mutton, and green herbs, and is brought in a large pewter dish; and, together with sheet bread and a bowl of excellent *yaort*, is brought on a massive pewter tray, which has possibly belonged to the tribe for centuries. These tents are divided into several compartments; one end is a compartment where the men

congregate in the day time, and the younger men sleep at night, and where guests are received and entertained; the central space is the commissary and female industrial department; the others are female and family sleeping places. Each compartment is partitioned off with a hanging carpet partition, light portable railing of small, upright willow sticks bound closely together protects the central compartment from a horde of dogs hungrily nosing about the camp, and small "coops" of the same material are usually built inside as a further protection for bowls of milk, *yaort*, butter, cheese, and cooked food; they also obtain fowls from the villagers, which they keep cooped up in a similar manner, until the hapless prisoners are required to fulfill their destiny in chicken *pillau*; the capacious covering over all is strongly woven camel's-hair material of a black or smoky brown color. In a wealthy tribe, the tent of their sheikh is often a capacious affair, twenty-five by one hundred feet, containing, among other compartments, stabling and hay room for the sheikh's horses in winter.

My breakfast is brought in from the culinary department by a young woman of most striking appearance, certainly not less than six feet in height; she is of slender, willowy build, and straight as an arrow; a wealth of auburn hair is surmounted by a small, gay-colored turban; her complexion is fairer than common among Koordish women, and her features are the queenly features of a Juno; the eyes are brown and lustrous, and, were the expression but of ordinary gentleness, the picture would be perfect; but they are the round, wild-looking orbs of a newly-caged panther—grimalkin-like eyes, that would, most assuredly, turn green and luminous in the dark. Other women come to take a look at the stranger, gathering around and staring at me, whilst I eat, with all their eyes—and such eyes! I never before saw such an array of "wild-animal eyes;" no, not even in the Zoo! Many of them are, magnificent types of womanhood in every other respect, tall, queenly, and symmetrically perfect; but the eyes—oh, those wild tigress eyes! Travelers have told queer, queer stories about bands of these wild-eyed Koordish women waylaying and capturing them on the roads through Koordistan, and subjecting them to barbarous treatment. I have smiled, and thought them merely "travelers' tales;" but I can see plain enough, this morning, that there is no improbability in the stories, for, from

a dozen pairs of female eyes, behold, there gleams not one single ray of tenderness; these women are capable of anything that tigresses are capable of, beyond a doubt.

Almost the first question asked by the men of these camps is whether the English and Muscovs are fighting; they have either heard of the present (summer of 1885) crisis over the Afghan boundary question, or they imagine that the English and Russians maintain a sort of desultory warfare all the time. When I tell them that the Muscov is *fenna*—in other words, N. G.—they invariably express their approval of the sentiment by eagerly calling each other's attention to my expression. It is singular with what perfect faith and confidence these rude tribesmen accept any statement I choose to make, and how eagerly they seem to dwell on simple statements of facts that are known to every school-boy in Christendom. I entertain them with my map, showing them the position of Stamboul, Mecca, Erzeroum, and towns in their own Koordistan, which they recognize joyfully as I call them by name. They are profoundly impressed at the "extent of my knowledge," and some of the more deeply impressed stoop down and reverently kiss Stamboul and Mecca, as I point them out. Whilst thus pleasantly engaged, an aged sheikh comes to the tent and straightway begins "kicking up a blooming row" about me. It seems that the others have been guilty of trespassing on the sheikh's prerogative, in entertaining me themselves, instead of conducting me to his own tent. After upbraiding them in unmeasured terms, he angrily orders several of the younger men to make themselves beautifully scarce forthwith. The culprits—some of them abundantly able to throw the old fellow over their shoulders—instinctively obey; but they move off at a snail's pace, with lowering brows, and muttering angry growls that betray fully their untamed, intractable dispositions.

A two-hours' road experience among the constantly varying slopes of rolling hills, and then comes a fertile valley, abounding in villages, wheat fields, orchards, and melon-gardens. These days, I find it incumbent on me to turn washer-woman occasionally, and, halting at the first little stream in this valley, I take upon myself the onerous duties of Wah Lung in Sacramento City, having for an interested and interesting audience two evil-looking kleptomaniacs, buffalo-herders dressed in next to nothing, who eye my garments drying

on the bushes with lingering covetousness, It is scarcely necessary to add that I watch them quite as interestingly myself; for, whilst I pity the scantiness of their wardrobe, I have nothing that I could possibly spare among mine. A network of irrigating ditches, many of them overflowed, render this valley difficult to traverse with a bicycle, and I reach a large village about noon, myself and wheel plastered with mud, after traversing a section where the normal condition is three inches of dust. Bread and grapes are obtained here, a light, airy dinner, that is seasoned and made interesting by the unanimous worrying of the entire population. Once I make a desperate effort to silence their clamorous importunities, and obtain a little quiet, by attempting to ride over impossible ground, and reap the well-merited reward of permitting my equanimity to be thus disturbed in the shape of a header and a slightly-bent handle-bar. Whilst I am eating, the gazing-stock of a wondering, commenting crowd, a respectably-dressed man elbows his way through the compact mass of humans around me, and announces himself as having fought under Osman Pasha at Plevna. What this has to do with me is a puzzler; but the man himself, and every Turk of patriotic age in the crowd, is evidently expecting to see me make some demonstration of approval; so, not knowing what else to do, I shake the man cordially by the hand, and modestly inform my attentively listening audience that Osman Pasha and myself are brothers, that Osman yielded only when the overwhelming numbers of the Muscovs proved that it was his *kismet* to do so; and that "I" would never permit the Russians to occupy Constantinople; a modest statement, that probably makes them feel as though they were inheriting a new lease of national life; anyhow, they seem not a little gratified at what I am saying. After this the people seem to find material for no end of amusement among themselves, by contrasting the *marifet* of the bicycle with the *marifet* of their creaking *arabas*, of which there seems to be quite a number in this valley. They are used chiefly in harvesting, are roughly made, used, and worn out in these mountain-environed valleys, without ever going beyond the hills that encompass them in on every side. From these villages the people begin to evince an alarming disposition to follow me out some distance on donkeys. This undesirable trait of their character is, of course, easily

counteracted by a short spurt, where spurring is possible, but it is a soul-harrowing thing to trundle along a mile of unridable road, in company with twenty importuning *katir-jees*, their diminutive donkeys filling the air with suffocating clouds of dust. There is nothing on all this mundane sphere that will so effectually subdue the proud, haughty spirit of a wheelman, or that will so promptly and completely snuff out his last flickering ray of dignity; it is one of the pleasantries of cycling through a country where the people have been riding donkeys and camels since the Flood.

A few miles from the village, I meet another candidate for medical treatment; this time it is a woman, among a merry company of donkey-riders, bound from Yuzgat to the salt mines; they are laughing, singing, and otherwise enjoying themselves, after the manner of a New England berrying party. The woman's affliction, she says, is "*fenna ghuz*," which, it appears, is the term used to denote ophthalmia, as well as the "evil eye;" but, of course, not being a *ghuz hakim*, I can do nothing more than express my sympathy. The fertile valley gradually contracts to a narrow, rocky defile, leading up into a hilly region, and at five o'clock I reach Yuzgat, a city claiming a population of 30,000, that is situated in a depression among the mountains that can scarcely be called a valley. I have been three and a half days making the one hundred and thirty miles from Angora.

Everybody in Yuzgat knows Youvanaki Effendi Tifticjeeoghlu, to whom I have brought a letter of introduction; and, shortly after reaching town, I find myself comfortably installed on the cushioned divan of honor in that worthy old gentleman's large reception room, whilst a half dozen serving men are almost knocking each other over in their anxiety to furnish me coffee, *vishner-su*, cigarettes, etc. They seem determined upon interpreting the slightest motion of my hand or head into some want which I am unable to explain, and fancying thus, they are constantly bobbing up before me with all sorts of surprising things. Tefvik Bey, general superintendent of the Regie (a company having the monopoly of the tobacco trade in Turkey, for which they pay the government a fixed sum per annum is also a guest of Tifticjeeoghlu Effendi's hospitable mansion, and he at once dispatches a messenger to his Yuzgat agent, Mr. G. O. Tchetchian, a vivacious Greek, who speaks

English quite fluently. After that gentleman's arrival, we soon come to a more perfect understanding of each other all round, and a very pleasant evening is spent in receiving crowds of visitors in a ceremonious manner, in which I really seem to be holding a sort of a levee, except that it is evening instead of morning. Open door is kept for everybody, and mine host's retinue of pages and serving men are kept pretty busy supplying coffee right and left; beggars in their rags are even allowed to penetrate into the reception-room, to sip a cup of coffee and take a curious peep at the Ingilisin and his wonderful *araba*, the fame of which has spread like wildfire through the city. Mine host is himself kept pretty well occupied in returning the salaams of the more distinguished visitors, besides keeping his eye on the servants, by way of keeping them well up to their task of dispensing coffee in a manner satisfactory to his own liberal ideas of hospitality; but he presides over all with a bearing of easy dignity that it is a pleasure to witness.

The street in front of the Tifticjeeoghlu residence is swarmed with people, next morning; keeping open house is, under the circumstances, no longer practicable; the entrance gate has to be guarded, and none permitted to enter but privileged persons. During the forenoon the *caimacan* and several officials call round and ask me to favor them by riding along a smooth piece of road opposite the municipal *konak*; as I intend remaining over here to-day, I enter no objections, and accompany them forthwith. The rabble becomes wildly excited at seeing me emerge with the bicycle, in company with the *caimacan* and his staff, for they know that their curiosity is probably on the eve of being gratified. It proves no easy task to traverse the streets, for, like in all Oriental cities, they are narrow, and are now jammed with people. Time and again the *caimacan* is compelled to supplement the exertions of an inadequate force of *zaptiehs* with his authoritative voice, to keep down the excitement and the wild shouts of "*Bin bacalem! bin bacalem!*" (Ride, so that we can see—an innovation on bin bin, that has made itself manifest since crossing the Kizil Irmak River) that are raised, gradually swelling into the tumultuous howl of a multitude. The uproar is deafening, and, long before reaching the place, the *caimacan* repents having brought me out. As for myself, I certainly repent having come out, and have still better reasons for doing so before reaching the

safe retreat of Tifticjeeoghlu Effendi's house, an hour afterwards. The most that the inadequate squad of *zaptiehs* present can do, when we arrive opposite the municipal *konak*, is to keep the crowd from pressing forward and overwhelming me and the bicycle. They attempt to keep open a narrow passage through the surging sea of humans blocking the street, for me to ride down; but ten yards ahead the lane terminates in a mass of fez-crowned heads. Under the impression that one can mount a bicycle on the stand, like mounting a horse, the *caimacan* asks me to mount, saying that when the people see me mounted and ready to start, they will themselves yield a passage-way. Seeing the utter futility of attempting explanations under existing conditions, amid the deafening clamor of "*Bin bacalem! bin bin bacalem!*" I mount, and slowly pedal along a crooked "fissure" in the compact mass of people, which the *zaptiehs* manage to create by frantically flogging right and left before me. Gaining, at length, more open ground, and the smooth road continuing on, I speed away from the multitude, and the *caimacan* sends one fleet-footed *zaptieb* after me, with instructions to pilot me back to Tifticjeeoghlu's by a round-about way, so as to avoid returning through the crowds. The rabble are not to be so easily deceived and shook off as the *caimacan* thinks, however; by taking various short cuts, they manage to intercept us, and, as though considering the having detected and overtaken us in attempting to elude them justifies them in taking liberties, their "*bin bacalem!*" now develops into the imperious cry of a domineering majority, determined upon doing pretty much as they please. It is the worst mob I have seen on the journey, so far; excitement runs high, and their shouts of "*bin bacalem!*" can, most assuredly, be heard for miles. We are enveloped by clouds of dust, raised by the feet of the multitude; the hot sun glares down savagely upon us; the poor *zaptieb*, in heavy top-boots and a brand new uniform, heavy enough for winter, works like a beaver to protect the bicycle, until, with perspiration and dust, his face is streaked and tattooed like a South Sea Islander's. Unable to proceed, we come to a stand-still, and simply occupy ourselves in protecting the bicycle from the crush, and reasoning with the mob but the only satisfaction we obtain in reply is anything we say is "*bin bacalem.*" One of two pig-headed, obstreperous young man

near us, emboldened by our apparent helplessness, persist in handling the bicycle, after being pushed away several times; one of them even assumes a menacing attitude towards me the last time I thrust his meddlesome hand away. Under such circumstances, retributive justice, prompt and impressive, is the only politic course to pursue; so, leaving the bicycle to the *zaptiehs* a moment, in the absence of a stick, I feel justified in favoring the culprit with a brief, pointed lesson in the noble art of self-defense, the first boxing lesson ever given in Yuzgat. In a Western mob, this would have been anything but an act of discretion, probably, but with these people it has a salutary effect; the idea of attempting retaliation is the farthest of anything from their thoughts, and in all the obstreperous crowd there is, perhaps, not one but what is quite delighted at either seeing or hearing of me having thus chastized one of their number, and involuntarily thanks Allah that it didn't happen to be himself.

It would be useless to attempt a description of how we finally managed, by the assistance of two more *zaptiehs*, to get back to Tifticjeeoghlu Effendi's, both myself and the *zaptiehs* simply unrecognizable from dust and perspiration. The *zaptiehs*, having first washed the streaks, and tattooing off his face, now presents himself, with the broad, honest smile of one who knows he well deserves what he is asking for, and says, "Effendi, *backsheesh!*"

There is nothing more certain than that the honest fellow merits *backsheesh* from somebody; it is also equally certain that I am the only person from whom he stands the ghost of a chance of getting any; nevertheless, the idea of being appealed to for *backsheesh*, after what I have just undergone, merely as an act of accommodation, strikes me as just a trifle ridiculous, and the opportunity of engaging the grinning, good-humored *zaptiehs* in a little banter concerning the abstract preposterousness of his expectations is too good to be lost. So, assuming an air of astonishment, I reply: "*Backsheesh!* where is my *backsheesh*? I should think it's me that deserves *backsheesh* if anybody does!" This argument is entirely beyond the *zaptiehs*'s child-like comprehension, however; he only understands by my manner that there is a "hitch" somewhere; and never was there a more broadly good-humored countenance, or a smile more expressive of meritoriousness, nor an utterance more coaxing in its

modulations than his "E-f-fendi, *backsheesh!*" as he repeats the appeal; the smile and the modulation is well worth the *backsheesh*.

In the afternoon, an officer appears with a note saying that the *mutaserif* and a number of gentlemen would like to see me ride inside the municipal *konak* grounds. This I very naturally promise to do, only, under conditions that an adequate force of *zaptiehs* be provided. This the *mutaserif* readily agrees to, and once more I venture into the streets, trundling along under a strong escort of *zaptiehs*, who form a hollow square around me. The people accumulate rapidly, as we progress, and, by the time we arrive at the *konak* gate, there is a regular crush. In spite of the frantic exertions of my escort, the mob press determinedly forward, in an attempt to rush inside when the gate is opened; instantly I find myself and bicycle wedged in among a struggling mass of natives; a cry of "*Sakin araba! sakin araba!*" (Take care! the bicycle!) is raised; the *zaptiehs* make a supreme effort, the gate is opened, I am fairly carried in, and the gate is closed. A couple of dozen of happy mortals have gained admittance in the rush. Hundreds of the better class natives are in the inclosure, and the walls and neighboring house tops are swarming with an interested audience. There is a small plat of decently smooth ground, upon which I circle around for a few minutes, to as delighted an audience as ever collected in Barnum's circus. After the exhibition, the *mutaserif* eyes the swarming multitude on the roofs and wall, and looks perplexed; some one suggests that the bicycle be locked up for the present, and, when the crowds have dispersed, it can be removed without further excitement. The *mutaserif* then places the municipal chamber at my disposal, ordering an officer to lock it up and give me the key. Later in the afternoon I am visited by the Armenian pastor of Yuzgat, and another young Armenian, who can speak a little English, and together we take a strolling peep at the city. The American missionaries at Kaizatia have a small book-store here, and the pastor kindly offers me a New Testament to carry along. We drop in on several Armenian shopkeepers, who are introduced as converts of the mission. Coffee is supplied wherever we call. Whilst sitting down a minute in a tailor's stall, a young Armenian peeps in, smiles, and indulges in the pantomime of rubbing his chin. Asking the meaning of this, I am

informed by the interpreter that the fellow belongs to the barber shop next door, and is taking this method of reminding me that I stand in need of his professional attentions; I haven't shaved of late.

There appears to be a large proportion of Circassians in town; a group of several wild-looking bipeds, armed *à la Anatolia*, ragged and unkempt-haired for Circassians, who are generally respectable in their personal appearance, approach us, and want me to show them the bicycle, on the strength of their having fought against the Russians in the late war. "I think they are liars," says the young Armenian, who speaks English; "they only say they fought against the Russians because you are an Englishman, and they think you will show them the bicycle." Some one comes to me with old coins for sale, another brings a stone with hieroglyphics on it, and the inevitable speculative genius likewise appears; this time it is an Armenian; the tremendous ovation I have received has filled his mind with exaggerated ideas of making a fortune, by purchasing the bicycle and making a two-piastre show out of it. He wants to know how much I will take for it.

Early daylight finds me astir on the following morning, for I have found it a desirable thing to escape from town ere the populace is astir to crowd about me. Tifticjeeoglou Effendi's better half has kindly risen at an unusually early hour, to see me off, and provides me with a dozen circular rolls of hard bread, rings the size of rope

quoits aboard an Atlantic steamer, which I string on Egali's cerulean waist-scarf, and sling over one shoulder. The good lady lets me out of the gate, and says, "*Bin bacalem, Effendi.*" She hasn't seen me ride yet. She is a motherly old creature, of Greek extraction, and I naturally feel like an ingrate of the meanest type, at my inability to grant her modest request. Stealing along the side streets, I manage to reach ridable ground, gathering by the way only a small following of worthy early-risers, and two *katir-jees*, who essay to follow me on their long-eared chargers; but, the road being smooth and level from the beginning, I at once discourage them by a short spurt. A half-hour's trundling up a steep hill, and then comes a coastable descent into lower territory. A conscription party collected from the neighboring Mussulman villages, *en route* to Samsoun, the nearest Black Sea port, is met whilst riding down this declivity. In anticipation of the Sultan's new uniforms awaiting them at Constantinople, they have provided themselves for the journey with barely enough rags to cover their nakedness. They are in high glee at their departure for Stamboul, and favor me with considerable good-natured chaff as I wheel past. Human nature is everywhere pretty much alike the world over, I think to myself. There is little difference between this regiment of ragamuffins chaffing me this morning and the well-dressed troopers of Kaiser William, bantering me the day I wheeled out of Strassburg.

[To be continued.]

