1889.
no 3

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Mabel H. A. Bent
13. Great Cumberland Place
London W.

1889

1889.

My Sixth Chronicle.

5. Vol.

I am sorry to have to write in such a nasty book but as it was never bought for me I must be thankful we have it.

The new era was inaugurated by partering with Dirty Hadji Abdullah. We thought we were now near home but enquiry proved that the onward journey was no easy one. We sold one canteen & the tools by weight. The saddles we could not spare nor were they wanted. We first arranged to travel with Ali Khan & get his servant to attend on us & use the same horses but we accidentally found he would not start till Wed & further more he has a brother at Marand where we lunched the second day

and we knew this would cause great loss of time. Ramazan made it very difficult to find animals but Mrs. Abbott fortunately remembered a certain Armenian called Koule a man of great respectability who often carries money for the bank and he being fetched said he would call back some men already started & we c^d go with them in 3 days.

We started at 12 & reached Sofian for the night. It was very sultry & then there was rain. We had a most wretched manzil in the Chapparkhana & having no servant henceforth had to prepare our dinner & wash up as well as make our beds. We could cook eggs in the samovar which they have on this road.

Wed^y. 22^d. We lunched at Marand & slept at Trandebbi, the edge of Tran. Marand is very pretty with meandering streams in the streets & trees. We went up hill & down a good deal that day & met with no less than 4 dead horses all in the worst stage. The wind blew straight in our faces so a quarter of a mile off we had to hold our noses & our horses were so frightened of them. The room at the Chapparkhana at Trandibby was rather comfortable. We were obliged to have a fire. It was natural we should

have a smell of stable as only some bars devided us from it.

Koulis brother who was the head of our party was always very anxious to hurry us off, called us at 4 & used to come in if he could & we had to cry "Anderoun Anderoun" like the persian women.

It was a very great change for us after having an interpreter soon as imperfect as Abdullah to be travelling with 3 Armenians who could only speak their own language of which we knew not one word & a mixture of Turkish & Turkoman, very different from the "Constantinople Turkish." We were very thankful to get a Persian to come & translate for us. Most people in this region speak Turkish. Iran dibbi is rather prettily situated in a round sort of valley with 2 or 3 other villages. We soon found ourselves going alongside & in front of a large river bed & this continued nearly all the way to Joulfa. The river never reached the Araxes for it is all drained away for irrigation like the great river at Isfahan. In the gorge there is a little house like a Chapparkhane.

We had only 2 f. to go so we soon saw the Arax & had every intention of crossing at midday & getting as far as Nakhichivan that night. However once more delay confronted us. We lunched in the lower room

of the fine Mehmankhana kept by the postmaster which must give arriving strangers a most exalted idea of Persian comfort

Before sitting down we went to the telegraph house + presented a note of recommendation for the German Telegraphist Herr Redler. He was on the Russian side but soon came to us + dashed all our hopes of going further that day. He said there were no horses + that the crossing would take some time as the river being so high we must go down on this side a ½ of a mile on horses because of the mud + walk the same distance to the customhouse

Besides this soon after the boat could not go on account of the wind so we went upstairs + took possession of a very nice room completely carpeted, with a bed + mattress + chairs. At dinner time a most rickety card table was added to all this. I set up my hammock + had plenty of time to meditate on all the strange things I had seen in Persia + all the difficulties now passed. We looked as we thought for the last time at the old men with scarlet henna-dyed beards + at the donkeys with their nostrils slit 2 inches up because they think it makes them breath + therefore work better!

Herr Redler was very kind. We sold him our saddles both for 8 tomaans + gave him a canteen + one or two

other little things that seemed acceptable. & also invited him to a very bad dinner provided in the house; what he liked best however was our brandy of which he only took very little.

We could not start in the morn'g before 7 as our kind friend could not leave his office before that time. We were so sorry for him. He has only been there 6 months & his wife having caught cold on the islet in the middle of the river while waiting for horses to take them to Persia, died 10 days after her arrival, the Dr. arrived 2 days too late. He has 4 children, the eldest a girl of 15 who has to cook & wash 12. 7. 4 are the others. We were glad to hear that next week he is going to Tiflis to meet a new wife from Austria. There are only 3 houses in Persian Joulfa. Mehmandkhana Customhouse & Telegraph. There is quite a village on the Russian side.

We rode to the boat, I on a pack saddle with my foot in a nose bag for a stirrup. & with only a cloth on his horse. Herr R went ahead & stopped the barge for us, thus saving 2 hours. It was densely crowded with workmen of whom there were a multitude going to find work in Russia. The bottom covered with mud & packing cases standing on their corners. Only a goat could have moved with comfort.

Into all this we & our baggage were crowded also & sitting on the triangular corner of a box reached Russia.

A great surprise awaited us in the form of an officer who addressed us sternly in Russian while Kodi's brother bawled at us in Armenian. We could not understand until Herr R explained that we were accused of having stolen our saddles & wrongfully sold the property of the murderer. We affirmed our innocence & referred to witnesses to prove they were our own & said Herr R c. ask Ali Khan tomorrow when he came. He asked for a statement as to the sale & a receipt. We certainly had to ask for our saddles many times but I suppose they thought we should be friendless on the Russian side.

We got safely with my negatives through the Customhouse. The head man c. speak German for Herr R was at that minute engaging a troika. We had not more than enough baggage for 2 horses so that enabled us to start more quickly.

We were obliged to go as far as Nakhchivan or Nachitchivan with a troika as no other vehicle can be had but there we could get a victoria, called here phaeton but everyone said one w. get on quicker with a troika. The road was truly awful & we banged & bumped through swamps & sloughs

& streams. Nachtchivan is the 2nd stage. We arrived at 1.30 & went to lunch at the Gostinitcha London. A dirty place it is but we got a good luncheon. Here all travellers should buy bread for the future journey as it is good.

Some official who could speak Persian came & conversed with us during the meal & permitted himself to be questioned. We of course wished to visit the tomb of Noah. This was the first town populated after the flood.

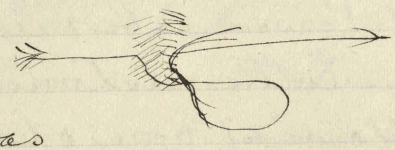
The Russian Telegraph Clerk who could speak French was fetched & he offered to go with us - saying it was only 20 minutes walk, but as a phaeton had been ordered by the Persian speaker who said it would take 2 hours we went in that. There was nothing to see but a little building whose round vault is supported on an arch with a sort of altar where incense is burnt.

We were delayed till 5 in a most tiresome way. We were directed to send to the posthouse for a troika to fetch us & then a messenger came to say he wanted the money & we might as well pay to Erivan. We said 2 horses were enough; our advisers said "You had better send money for 3 it may be necessary & if not they will return the change." When the troika came a receipt for 3 horses was brought

but we pointed out that there were only 2 horses - The telegraph man said "Yes that is how they do here sometimes it is great robbery but it can't be helped" "But would a Russian submit to this?" I asked.
Oh no! he wd go to the station & make a great row & force them to give him 3 horses - But you could not, you'd only be delayed & so you'd better not mind."
I said I suppose we had better go with 2 but having come to see the Russians & their habits we had found an interesting novelty to relate at home" so thanking him we departed -
Trained as usual in the afternoon

I think this programme of the weather will never change - It is always blazingly hot in the morning. We were congratulated on having waited for our journey till the roads were mended for the King of Persia - He must have have been a little astonished at the following very odd bit of driving - Imagine a deep deep slough across the road which made us go very much to the right where the mud was shallow - only about up to the axles - Then we charged up a steep bank & went on the flat at 20 yards. This brought us along the side of the road but with a good ditch betwn & avoid this we turned to the

right + making a complete circle, going nearly down to the slough again we continued turning till we were in the road again. We could see by the wheel

marks  that

this was the regular thing to do. We only got to the 1st station by dark ~~Bouyouk~~ ~~Alankust~~ douze + there we slept. Each post house has a table + 2 bedsteads. large wooden benches with slopy heads. We always slept in our own beds.

The next station Kavarak is very much the best it has a very large room. We were always going along, though above the Araxes + Persia was still in sight + now Ararat was visible. Oh! how cold Noah + the others must have felt in that high snowy place in such damp weather. The surrounding sheets of slowly cracking swamps must have been much the same in his time + as the clouds were all round the sides one could fancy it sticking out of the water. Theodore said he thought the dove must have brought a branch of a sinjat (jujube tree) which grows here so like olive + no olive trees grow here. One sees no oil or lemons in Persia, that is, not commonly I must here cross the Araxes again to say that whoever says there are no birds in Persia is wrong. We saw

many strange bright birds on their starry wings. There is a lovely one green underneath & red & white on its back & it wheels about till it looks as if it glittered & one like a mule canary & a fat one shaped like a bullfinch yellow with a red head & cape - & great white eagles, vultures, storks & crowned hoopoos who make a noise very like a cookoo but all on one note hoopoo hoopoopoo - & bright blue birds too.

Now to Russia again ~~& now I~~ at the 3d station they gave us 3 horses & 3 till the last stage to Erivan - This part of the road was no worse than the rest but we often all the way had to leave it on account of slough. This was a day when one of our illusions vanished. We firmly believed that at every post house the samovar was always ready & twice did we find this not the case. The second time we waited ½ an hour for it to burn up & I vowed I wd never wait for a samovar again but have my spirit kettle ready -

Amongst the strange sights by the way were - a naked man bathing by the road side - little girls of 10, learning to be modest & veil their faces by bathing in a village pond clothesless. Many parties of Reliauts with their tents & all their cattle laden - One Mrs Buffalo had her own kicking unruly

calf bound on to her back & a wolf slowly leaving a dead horse in the midder of the road. It poured cats & dogs in the afternoon & as they managed with cords to drag a tear in one of our bags it ceased to be water proof so we arrived in a wet condition at Kemerli which is quite a little town. We might have gone further but for the rain but we thought it dangerous to travel on such roads moonless & lampless. So we consigned ourselves to a very small post house, prepared our dinner & stayed the night.

Only 2 stages to Erivan so we bumped sorely bruised into that thriving town at 10 30. to the large Gostinicha London. We have a very lofty room with the central balcony but no washing stand. A little brass vessel holding a quart of water hangs in the passage. by pushing a plug underneath up out flies water & any guest can wash who brings his towel + soap! The attendance is not good, but good food can be got by sending away what is uneatably tough. of the charges I know nothing as yet.

Theodore found a very respectable Armenian said to be the only person in Erivan who can speak a little of several European tongues He has attached himself to us & we vary from German to French

with sometimes a Russian or Italian word thrown in. I wrote down a few of the most necessary questions & requirements in German & got Herr Redler to write the Russian so we can get horses, eggs &c.

At 2.30 we started in a carriage for the great monastery & college of Etchmiadzin the metropolis of the scattered nation of Armenia. Every monastery in the world is subject to this. They let anyone stay a night or two. feed him & expect of course a sufficient remuneration. The town is full of Armenians and there are 5 churches. though the name means 3 churches. The road is quite flat. It took us an hour & a half to go. The man came with us luckily for no one could speak Persian even. not one of the monks even so we should have been in a miserable plight. It was not like staying in a Greek convent. no one took any notice of us. They gave us a very nice clean pleasant room & very nice food & cleaned our boots which was a blessing as I had cleaned mine myself at Julfa & not since.

This all very pretty & nice & must be rich. The courts are all very plain but the church is of very good Byzantine style much spoilt by paint & polish. We walked about & saw the library. Some books are arranged in such a way that the only way to reach the top shelf must be

to crawl over the lower ones. We saw a good many illuminated manuscript books on vellum - some with pictures on the margin & one splendid book with a carved ivory cover that they had been offered a great deal of money for - I should have preferred the inside -

A purple velvet book was taken out of a wrapper of yellow silk. As they have few visitors, only 2 Eng. before ourselves we were given a new page. One of the Eng. was an acquaintance of ours & we were much amused that after his name he had written "Master in Arts in the College of Pembroke in the University of Oxford in England" & more besides !!!!

His companion was Bachelor in Arts &c &c - As nothing was asked of our former lives or present pursuits we wrote our names simply as Mr & Mrs Conybeare had done - We had tea & then to made me wretched by decide that tomorrow I must send "the man" to Erivan for the quinine & Brandy but tea &c as he began to be feverish.

However he mercifully slept himself well by dinner.

I am sure the quiet night we had was much better for us than being in Erivan - The view from our window is gay & amusing - but it is on the road & constant caravans of camels & mules are

passing & their bells make one dream of perpetual motion
I often think the foot of my hammock is a horse's head & jump up to catch the reins i.e. my own toes! I did so the night before we met with the 4 dead horses. A dark red dead horse seemed under my horse's feet & I found myself clutching my toes to guide it away.
Perhaps this dream saved me from something bad for it made me very careful to look out for my horse shying.
We went to the service. It was very nice to be in a real church again after 5 months. The singing was less nasal than greek. The

service was far from simple 4 or 5 in yellow cloaks & cloth of gold with banners & crosses often walked round the canopied altar to change places with a similar party one lot of acolytes wore white surplices trimmed round the bottom & sleeves with [illegible] up 'vandyhe's of 'turkey red' & a sort of cape of the same. It looked better than the set with 'eau de nil' cotton.
We did not see the beauty of the church till this morning Monday May 27th. It reminded us a little of the cathedral of Joulfa, Isfahan. The front of the platform, ascended by step

at the sides, on which the altar stands is of alabaster painted in niches just the same as the tiles of Isfahan. In them stand the 12 apostles with little gardens at their feet. very pretty. The frescoes are not very interesting.

We saw their treasury too, filled with riches, the gold-embroidered + cloth of gold mitres covered with jewels could be counted by dozens + we saw half a dozen other splendid ones for present use in another place. There were also crosses crosiers + many pendants, rings &c which I will have to try to describe.

A book was presented in the church in which to write our names + contributions + soon after we left to return to Erivan. We also had visited the college everything was very comfortable without being at all remarkable.

In the afternoon we took a carriage + the man + went to see the sights of Erivan. We saw several uninteresting Armenian churches, not worth going to + the bazaar also where we did not find anything to suit us but we really liked the Palace of the Serdar the former residence of the Persian governors when this was Persia 60 years ago. The principal room, the talar is well preserved + restored + looks better than any building in Persia. We have seen many buildings in this style but this is a very

good specimen of real Persian architecture. The walls are all painted with flowers & other patterns & the ceiling is chiefly made of bits of looking glass. Of the painting one could see what was modern. There were portraits of Fatt'Ali Shah & several Gerdas and the most lovely & enchanting picture of all was that out of the window of the mountains of Ararat with, in the foreground a river winding between steep rocky cliffs with zigzag roads, a bridge covered with passing caravans. Plenty of trees made it a perfect view framed by the unopened part of the coloured glass window. We remained there a good long time as we had a great downpour. We also went to the Gerdar's garden across the river, some distance to drive. It is more of a wild wood than anything else but has in it one of those little summer houses called in Persian Kolla Firenghee - European hat. It is very like one at Gergan.

We heard that Dondakoff Korasoff the chief governor of the Caucasus is expected & that all the post horses would be wanted & no troikas would be allowed out for the next 3 days that the horses might be kept fresh & that then the pent up stream of travellers would make it very hard to get along so we were advised to take a "phaeton" with 4 horses, un-

changeable & independent of postmasters. The usual price is 40 roubles (£2 is now 2/-) but we were glad to get one for 65. The Shah & this governor have between them raised the price at this time. The former took 114 horses.

Tuesday 28th May We started at 5:30 leaving Ts bed, our table & chairs behind. The man bought them & 2 blankets. 3/0/0 less than we gave for them & we have had a good deal of comfort out of them for that small sum. We asked quite double to begin with after the custom of the country to allow for bargaining!

We have flown delightfully past post houses this morning & are now resting 3 hours in a cottage which I think must be a house of call for drivers. We & our driver put our bread & cheese on the table & we also had a revel with butter from Erivan & sardines which our driver had the finishing of. He also drank a great deal of tea & had eggs. A man of Isfahan & a woman of Tabreez were fetched & so we were able to give all the desired information about ourselves. An old Persian with few teeth & a lisp is hard to understand & they laughed at me very much because I denied being Theodore's wife & then said "Oh what have I said? Do tell them I'm your wife" in a tone of such horror I made the necessary affirmation at once. The road is in an awful state for about a mile consisting of

2 hill tops & the dip between the mud was very deep - There seemed plenty of fall for the water too.
This village is the most thoroughly Russian we have seen, as to inhabitants & houses - Erivan seems to be the end of mud dwellings with flat roofs & now we see plank & log cottages with steep roofs -
We hope to sleep at ~~Elenofka~~ to Simonofka tonight & Caravanserai tomorrow. Then by starting at 3 we may catch the 5.a.m train at Astofa instead of having to wait till 5 p.m. 5 extra roubles promised if we do this!

Elenofka is a very pretty place lying along the low shore of Lake Sevanga - This a very large lake & for the most part has precipitous sides - We went along a great part of it. There is an island in it, of which we had a good view, the lovely place of banishment of naughty monks from Etchmiadzin - When high at we passed along the outside of a large avalanche tunnel now in ruins -
Our driver tried to peel us to bed in a wretched hamlet not far from the lake, where there was no post house but we said we must go to the post stanze at Simonofka so on we went - We were among snow walls 30 feet high -
Simonofka is a poor place & when we got into the room with 3 wooden bedsteads we found a poor man already I think he was in charge of an immense

pile of carpets probably hired to decorate the station for the governor. We ordered a fire + the man never went while we ~~do~~ bed-made. We got tea - I gave him some. We had dinner. At Elenofka we had bought a large fish + gave it the post servant to clean. + as we thought cook but he brought it back cleaned + laid it under a bed. By signs we at last made him understand. We gave the carpet man a great plateful thinking he'd go away + eat it + we'd shut the door, but no, he spread a handkerchief on the floor. produced some bread + dined at great leisure, keeping us in great anxiety as to his plans

for the night. When he had cleared away all the bones from the floor + began to make his bed. I exclaimed in tones of anguish Oh! Theodore had not you better go + explain to the postmaster - "How can I explain anything?" he answered, so taking the bull by the horns is taking the man by the shoulders he pushed him out of the door saying in Persian "The lady is going to bed." He handed him his bedclothes adding in Turkish "This is private" + as the door was shut "Dobra goodnight notz" was said in Russian -

"Now - quick!" said T + I flew

& put my back against the door. He swiftly piled the baggage against it & screwed a mighty corkscrew between it & the lintel & we were ready for an immediate attack which was fruitless. A good deal of conversation took place but as neither party could understand the other, the attacking party retired hoping vainly to get a view in at the windows but our blinds prevented this.

We were only disturbed in the night by an arriving traveller but we never answered so he went away. The excited man came in as soon as we opened the door for the samovar & I gave him his breakfast & we left a quantity of officials busy directing decorations for the governor & spreading carpets.

From this bleak spot we at once began to descend by zigzags to the bed of the Barsi Tchaï through trees. The first natural ones we had seen since Dasht i Arjin.

It was most beautiful scenery with snowy mountains as a background.

We were very sorry when we got to Dilejan that we had not stopped there. It is a considerable place & very pretty, long & straggly like Langen Schwalbach. The governor was still there

Certainly ~~by~~ ~~after~~ leaving Joulfa one should sleep at the 2nd station

from Nakhchivan & so one could reach Erivan the 2d night. One ought next to sleep at Dilijan & secure an earlier arrival at Astafa.

We could not in the least understand why our Armenian driver wished us to sleep at Caravanserai so we drove at 1/4 to 7 to the Eng. telegraph station knowing we should find a germen there, to ask his help. He turned out to be the father of the Herr Kasmann at Zenjan. He harangued the driver for us & said how much we wished to reach Astafa that night & came back saying we should put up about 5 hours at Caravanserai start about 5 & reach Astafa by midnight.

We left Dilijan about 8 & reached Caravanserai at 10.30. & said we would only remain 3 hours, which we did & reached Acstafa at 10 to 5.

The drive continued along the river, a very rapid one which had washed away the road in several places. The flowers were lovely larkspurs, forgetmenots cowslips ~~cand~~ candituft &c. At Caravanserai our driver tried to take us to such a dirty house that not wishing to go back to the post house we went forward & climbed up a hill to a tree where we made our home for the 3 hours. At the end of that

time a nice looking young man climbed up & to our surprise addressed us in Persian. He had heard that we could speak that tongue so came to see us. We were glad indeed to ask a few questions & also that the carriage came before we had quite come to the end of our Persian –

As we reached Akstafa at 10.45 we had hopes of catching the train at 5. but these hopes were rudely dashed to the ground by hearing the train had gone at 3.30. After a very disagreeable time in a dirty post house we found that this day an extra train would pass at 7.30. so we reached Tiflis at 10.30 p.m. & went to the Turkas hotel. very bad attendance & an immense distance from the station. We fell in with a young Chaldean seeking employment who could speak French so we annexed him as interpreter & guide. Of course I am not about to describe Tiflis but will only say we spent 2 days & 3 nights there & a very pretty town it is – We engaged a carriage to take us over the Caucasus to Vladikavkas where there is the train. We had 4 horses, all wheelers –

June 1st. We changed horses at each post station & at 11 o'C passed the post. We arrived at our nights rest Mlet 2 hours before it passed. At first there was nothing very interesting about the road

only low spurs but afterwards we had the most splendid scenery, the snow peaks were magnificent & there were trees most of the day & of course a rushing river

Met is evidently the right place to sleep as it is a large station with a good buffet & Imperial lodging. We visited these rooms, large & lofty with a common carpet on the floors, a sitting room with some ugly Germanic furniture pier glasses & some oleographs & 2 bedrooms.

Our room was a good large one with no carpet, but besides 2 tables, chairs & some pegs, 2 bed steads with mattrasses so we had less difficulties about this our last of many many bedmakings than at Simonoffka where nice calculations had to be entered into how to devide the bedclothes so as to secure sufficient warmth for me in my hammock & as much softness as possible for C on a wooden bench.

My bed was so very springy that first I nearly fell out on getting in & then I felt the earthquake we had in the night very much more than C for there was a 2nd shock which threw me to the bottom of my bed which he did not feel. I heard a noise which woke me & thought it was the wind shaking the house & dozed off again but I was wide awake

at the second shock. It is curious that in my hammock at Borasjon I did not feel the shock which upset Ts bed.

We rose next morning with the pleasant thought that we might lunch in Europe.

The road made most tremendous zigzags & windings & up we went into the snow. It was on the European side all over the place though the road was clear & we drove through cliffs of it. Even a fair sized stream or river was completely covered. The scenery was of course splendid still but more bare & wild. We reached Vladikavkas about 4, in time to escape a thunderstorm.

We went to the Hotel de l'Europe where we had great difficulties to contend with. The proprietor C. speak a little french. When I asked "What o'clock does the train go?" He shewed his watch & said I know "what o'clock" but "le train" what is that. At last he understood we meant la Machine. We had to get sheets pinned up for curtains & afterwards use them to sleep in, some things expected in a hotel we were expected to have brought but a brush was provided. Washing was to be done at a little fountain with no basin & we had often to go to the kitchen about food. To our annoyance we found there was

a better looking Hotel de France but it was too late to change & we had a magnificent bill!

We started in the morning & after 3 days & 3 nights reached Kief & staid there 2½ hours

We then travelled from 9 am till 2½ p m next day & here we are in the Hotel de l'Europe Warsaw

June 8.

Hitherto we have been most lucky in always getting sleeping cabins to ourselves except the last night when a gentleman was shewn at 10 o'c into the cabin where we slumbered en deshabille However our early habits enabled us to dress behind his sleeping back. Russian railway travelling presents 2 novel features to English eyes. Everyone carries an enormous bed pillow generally in a holland cover. This sight of Russia. they carry smaller ones. Also every family has a teapot or kettle which they rush & fill at a samovar. We take out our enameled iron tacupsor empty a tumbler into them & carry them to the train, whereas to attempt to drink hot tea at a 2 minutes stop would be vain.

We hope now to be home the day after tomorrow

We nearly caught up the Persians again. The King meant to go to Austria but the Emperor will not entertain him in consequence

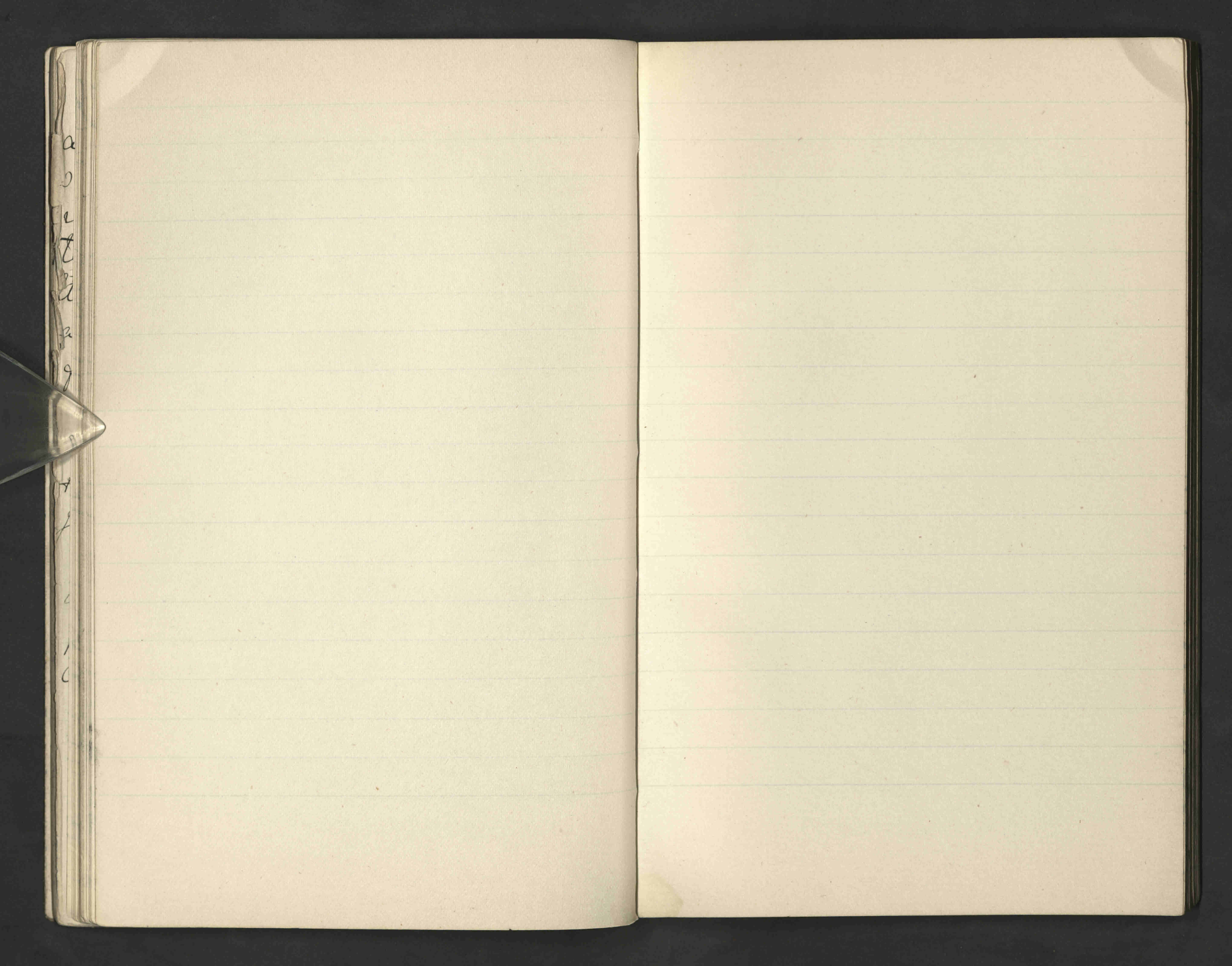
of his son's death. The next boat in Germany not being ready the party had to linger a fortnight here. Many were in this hotel but the Kaiser the greatest of his followers were in the Palace.

The End

Warnow. June 9th 1889.

We did reach home via Flushing on Whit Tuesday morn: 11th

Isabel V. A. Bent



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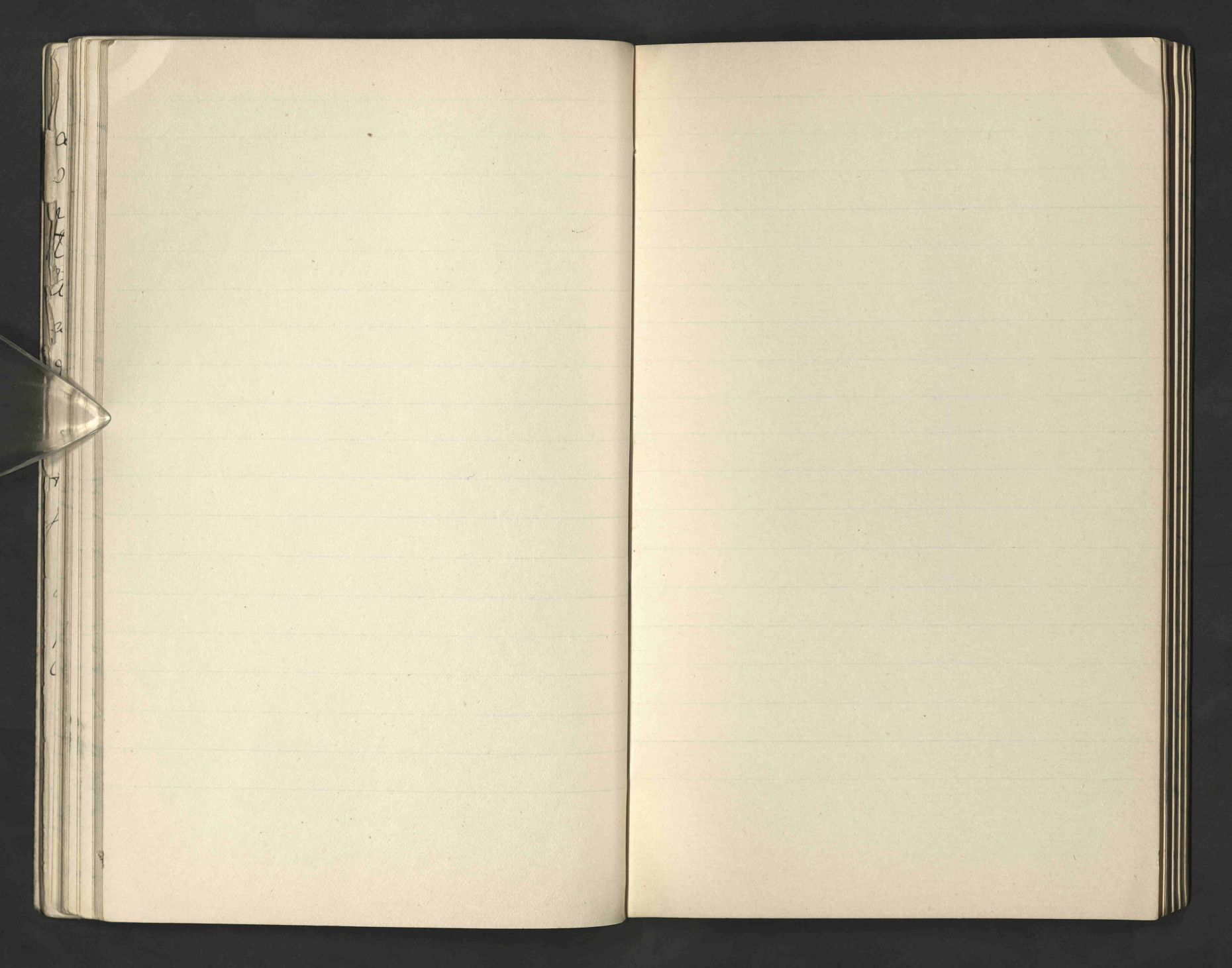
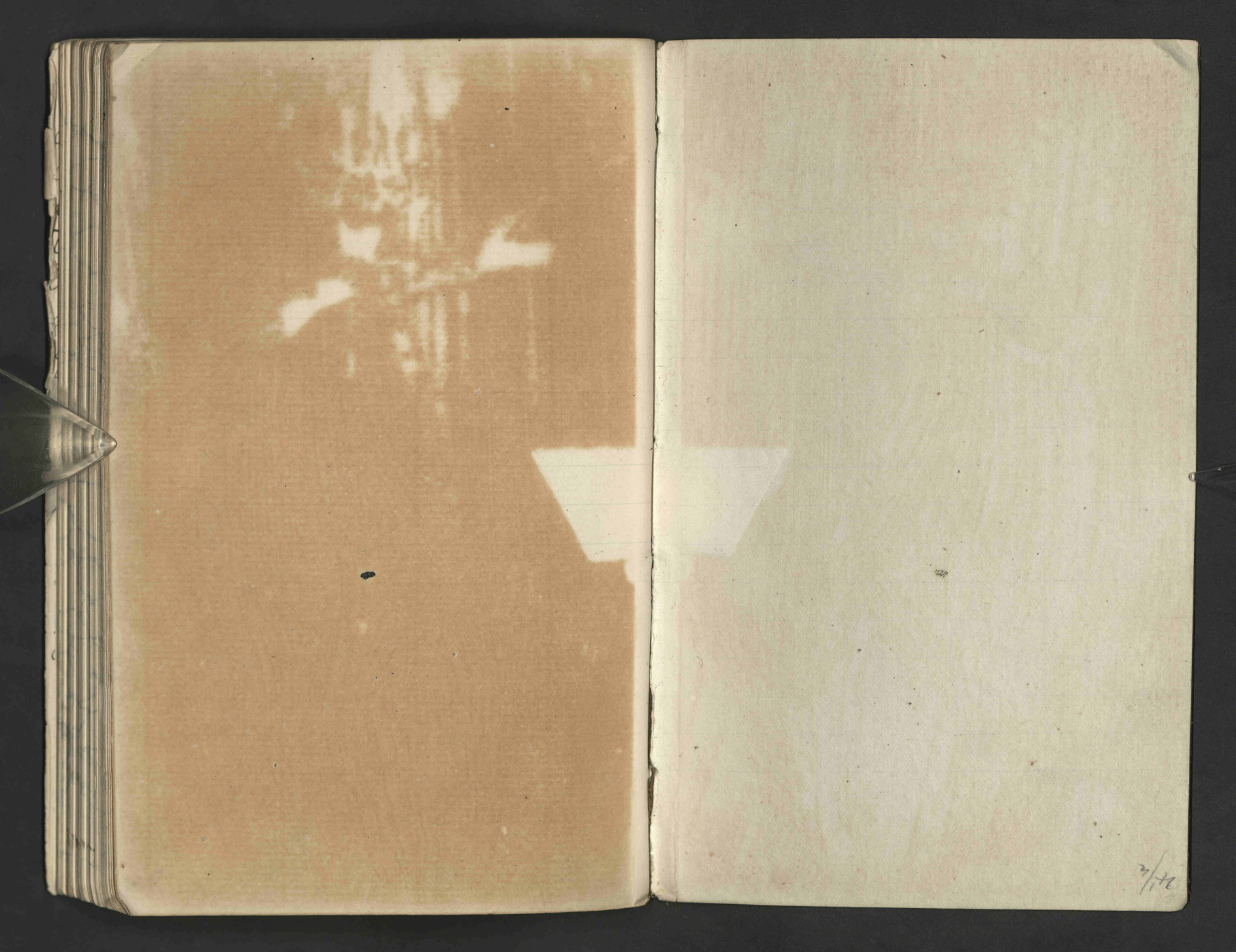




Hôtel de l' Europe

ГОСТИННИЦА

„ЕВРОПА"

ВЪ ВЛАДИКАВКАЗѢ.

Александровскій проспектъ, противъ Городской Управы.

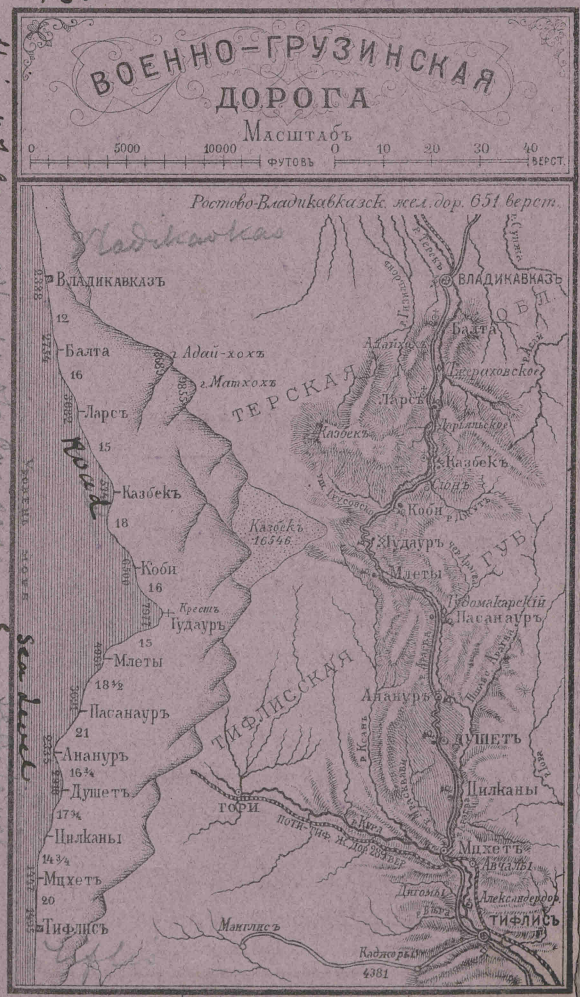
Примѣчаніе:

1) Прошу гг. пассажировъ не обращать вниманія на разговоры извощиковъ, потому, что я, имъ ничего не плачу.

2) Въ непродолжительномъ времени, гостинница перейдетъ въ домъ Зипалова, противъ Театра; домъ спеціально строющійся для гостинницы.

Владикавказъ, типо-литографія Шувалова.

Road over Caucasus



Дозв. цензур. Тифлисъ 30 Іюля 1885 г. Типо-Лит. Шувалова въ Владикавказъ.

СЧЕТЪ

Госп Ну

№ 2

Мѣсяцъ и число.		Руб.	Коп.
Мая 21	свѣчи		30
	самовар		20
	2 пор бурки		50
	1 " " цыплят		50
	1 " " фунт		40
	1 " " фунт		30
	1 бут вина		75
	1 пор сыр		40
22	самовар		20
	2 бурки		20
	Ямщ		15
	Конка		50
	№ 2		
	Итого	6	40