

the head. The Kurds are clad in tattered picturesque costumes, a faint reflection of the fresh colours of former times, in which blue and red predominate. Shirt, vest, jacket, wide white trousers and shoes—that is all; stockings are not worn as a rule. Women are generally veiled, but working country women do not cover their faces.

The village Abuset stands to the right of the road at the foot of a slightly snowclad massive, and through deep mire we slip gently on to Sedi-khan, there to rest. Now the Kurdish villages lie nearer together: Hoshian with a brook which flows to the Murad-su or eastern Euphrates; Toprak-kale, far to the left; Missiriyan, a nest of poor low cabins; Shamiyan, where the road is conspicuous as a black riband on the yellow land, intersected by ravines with transverse erosion terraces; Kilich-gedik, with a road to Van on the Van lake; Chilli-khan and Kazi, where the mud lies deep after recent rain. One can hardly speak of a road, only of ruts, deeply sunk, in the ground. The Sheriyan-suyi and several other brooks from the northern mountains descend to the Murad, the upper course of which is formed in this neighbourhood by streams flowing from various directions; they run through flat land and their beds contain little detritus, but erosion terraces a couple of yards high form small steep slopes over which the road passes.

At length the village Kara-kilisse, or “black church,” came into sight, so called after an Armenian church which formerly stood here. The town is said now to contain three thousand inhabitants—Kurds, Turks, and a few Armenians. It is a centre for the Kurdish militia of the district, and has a very large garrison to guard the frontier towards Russia. The officials of Kara-kilisse turned up immediately with the usual kindly attentiveness—the commandant, *kaimakam*, and police inspector; the first mentioned, who spoke French, informed me that he had at one time been attached to the court of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The only sleeping-room of the inn was more chilly than usual, and to reach it I had to pass through the *kavekhaneh*, “large saloon,” which was filled at