

figuring as his father had been before him. Indeed, when Torkom was born, the old man himself still lived to take an interest in the workings of the mill which we just passed and which he himself had built. Let us pay a visit to the old homestead as it was in the year Torkom was born.

The railway has not yet come, so we find ourselves squatted on the boards of a narrow oxcart, whose ungreased wheels seem each to squeak in a different key. Ordinary oxen do not pull us, but a pair of water-buffaloes,<sup>1</sup> strong black beasts with huge shoulders and wide spreading horns. Our arabaji<sup>2</sup> sits cross-legged, tailor fashion, in front, and prods the animals with a pointed stick that serves both as a whip and as a guiding rein. Gradually our road bears to the northern side of the valley, and we get out and hasten up the little slope on which stands the village, while the araba toils slowly up behind. The mud walls of the houses close upon us as we enter the narrow main street, with no sidewalk, the cobblestones loose, filled between with water, mud and lime, the gutter running down the centre. Children, and hens, and dogs, and geese are all in our way, while the women, old and young, sit at their doorsteps spinning wool or grinding coffee and gossiping in shrill tones. Their costume is picturesque; above a waist, below the shalvar,<sup>3</sup> with the bare-feet sticking out of its corners, while its ample folds swing loosely, unless tucked up when there is work to do. The women cover their heads with a yazma or head kerchief, knotted above the forehead, while the hair hangs in braids behind, for here the grown-ups display the glory of their long locks, while wisely the little girls who play in the mud have theirs done up in a tight little knot on the head. The men, lords of creation in the East, have bright colored shirts covered with a blue sleeveless jacket, bright with gold braid, and shalvars, baggy to the knees but close fitting below, their feet shod in pointed and high heeled shoes. A flashing red girdle under the jacket, wrapped round and round the waist and often up to the armpits, completes the costume, except for the red fez which is the insignia of all subjects of the Turkish Empire.

At the low door of one of the poorer houses we stop. A woman is sitting on the door-step knitting, her listless air and pinched face in strong contrast to the intelligent black eyes that peer wonderingly at us. She has submitted to her fate, but her spirit is not altogether broken, she is capable of greater things. She welcomes us with shy dignity and calls her husband Hovhannes to do us honor. And as we step over the doorsill onto the bare but clean swept earthen floor inside, she picks two babies out of our way and deposits them elsewhere to sit and play with their toes and at times to cry, until their mother is ready to take them up and feed them. Hovhannes leads us towards the back of the room where there is a raised platform. Here we all take off our shoes, a more difficult task for us than for our host, for his shoes are low and loose. We also remove our hats, though we notice that all the natives keep their fezes on always, except when sleeping or when at prayers. The raised platform on which we now find our-

1. Water-buffalo, Turk gomeshe, The "kine" of Pharaoh's dream. 2. Araba-wagon; arabaji driver.  
3. Shalvar-skirt, the edges sewed together at the bottom to form a bag.