

plunging through the breakers and doing their best to gain the side of the first ship that went by.

But many days went by and no ship came into sight. Then at the pastor's advice the women made two immense flags. They were white, and on one was painted in great black letters, "Christians in distress! Help!" while the other was decorated with a large red cross.

Food and ammunition dwindled fearsomely. The Turks clamored for their surrender. The days were all heavy with anxiety and the nights very long.

For Veronica and Pierre they were wonderful and memorable days. Not days for softness and the dallying of lovers at all, but for mutual support of strong hearts and a boundless trust through hours of unmitigated stress. A passionate zest marked their every action. Busied with one sufferer and the other, as well as performing the part of a true mother to little Zia, Veronica was swept along by the energy of a divine altruism that focussed every impulse and passion of her loyal soul.

More and more Pierre Marson grew to appreciate at its highest worth the magnificent pluck that had kept her spirit living and unafraid under trials, peril, and a great bereavement that would have crushed to annihilation many a weaker soul. Always he hoped that to a French ship would come the honor and the glory of rescuing this remnant of his sweetheart's brave, hard driven race. It was a happiness that actually materialized for him on the 53rd day of the siege.

The French cruiser Guichen perceiving the signals of the S.O.S. flags and at once understanding their meaning, drew near enough to the shore for the swimmers to approach with their appeal. A wireless to the admiral of the fleet brought other men of war to the spot. The