

stood on his feet again; and when the cities could no longer provide the spades, hoes, ploughs, picks, and shovels, and the crude iron and steel to make them was taken to them, the blacksmith found again his fire and forge and travelled weary miles with his bellows on his back. The carpenter again swung his hammer and drew his saw. The broken and scattered spinning wheels and looms, from under the storms and debris of winter, again took form and motion, and the fresh bundles of wool, cotton, flax, and hemp, in the

things could not continue, and their sorrow and pity gave place to joy when they were able to drain the cities of Harpoot and Diarbekir of harvest tools, and turned the work of all the village blacksmiths to the manufacture of sickles and scythes, and of the flint workers upon the rude threshing machines.

Even while this saving process was going on, another condition no less imperative arose. These fields must be replanted for the coming year, or starvation had been simply delayed. Only the



SECTION OF THE RED CROSS CARAVAN.

waiting widow's hand brought hopeful visions of the revival of industries which should not only clothe but feed.

At length, in early June, the great grain fields of Diarbekir, Farkin and Harpoot valleys, planted the year before, grew golden and bowed their heavy spear-crowned heads in waiting for the sickle. But no sickles were there, no scythes, not even knives, and it was a new and sorry sight to see those poor, hard, Asiatic hands trying by main strength to break the tough straw or pull it up by the roots. This state of

strength of their old-time teams of oxen could break up the hard sod and prepare for the fall sowing. Not an animal—ox, cow, horse, goat or sheep had been left. All had been driven to the Kurdish mountains. When Mr. Wood's telegram came to Miss Barton, calling for a thousand oxen for the hundreds of villages, some of which were very large, she thought of her not rapidly swelling bank account, and all that was needed everywhere else, and replied accordingly. But when, in return, came the telegram from the Rev. Dr. Gates, president of