

and also the massacres. The wily Turk has duped the statesmen of Christian Europe as completely as he has the poor Armenians. The ambassadors send reports. They are urged to demand immediate reform from the Sultan. They are almost agreed and he is scared. He makes promises. He signs documents. Ink is cheap. The ambassadors are told to wait and give him time to carry out his reforms. Glowing reports come in. Letters signed by Armenian villagers at the bayonet's point deny the stories of rapine and murder. Some of these poor men are killed after they have put their names to a lying paper; others live on. Europe is satisfied. And one day thousands of Armenians are massacred in Constantinople and the ambassadors are powerless. Some throw open their doors to refugees. Others do not, for they must not interfere in the internal affairs of a sovereign state! And then the most Christian Emperor of a most Christian state visits the Sultan, hob-nobs with him, is shown much courtesy, is driven about in state, is piloted all over the country where agents of the government have cleared away the wreckage, is cheered by crowds of peasants who must cheer or go to prison, is charmed, and as he leaves Turkey kisses his brother. Meanwhile the country waits, groaning, reeking in blood, praying in their hearts for revenge but with their lips praying for the life of their "most beneficent Padishah"—who has freed so many of them from the bondage of this life.

One evening, dark outside so that not a thing can be seen, a knock is heard at the door of the Missionary's house. As the door opens a tall figure steps in silently, beckons for quiet, and mounts the stairs to the sitting room. He enters without knocking, glances about furtively, sets down a rifle, takes off a mask and a muffler which completely hide his face, and holds out his hand.

"Why, Torkom, when did you come here?"

"Hush! Walls have ears, they say in Turkey," he answers with a nervous laugh.

"I think you are safe just now. What brought you here?"

"Bodvelli, you know what brought me here. I am waiting; the time is not yet. Some day I will go and come back with her whom they took from me. But now, do you know that at this moment three hundred young men are in arms parading the streets and hidden in the mulberry groves at every entrance into the village, and also," and now Torkom chuckles at the thought, "some of them are watching by the camp up there, and if the soldiers move at night they'll find a warm reception. They say they are here to guard Tashlikeny against the Turkish villages around, as if we were afraid of them. Bah! The Turks around are scared out of their wits. Do you know, the mudir (governor) is so afraid of us that he has arranged a signal with the Turks. They say it is he who has asked that the soldiers be sent. He hopes to have a massacre and then get a medal. But we are patient. God, what we suffer! We are humble. We let them step on our necks. You see, we must not give them any cause for quarrel. But we are not as great fools as we seem. Where are we in the daytime? No one knows, but we're watching them all the same. And at night when they're asleep we are awake. You heard of the man who was lost the other day. We found his body on the hills over there. And we killed two