

ing plan to confound the foe. This was to surround the Turks while they slept, startle them with a rapid discharge of musketry, and then fall upon them in a fierce man to man conflict.

Every rock, stone and by-path of Jebel Moussa was familiar to the Armenians. They scaled the hill on all sides without awakening the least alarm. A signal started the firing. Nothing at all was haphazard for they could not afford to lose a single cartridge. Every bullet had to find its mark. In quick space of time that ravine was filled with terror to the Turkish soldiers as with the energy lent by desperation every man sprang upon the foe.

Vainly the officers rallied their troops. The mischief was done. Disordered and demoralized they scrambled into safety as best they could. Before the dawn the woods were empty but for the corpses of two hundred Turks and a large harvest of ammunition badly needed by the Armenians.

When the Turks came back after the lapse of several days it was with a large body of many more thousand than before, but it was not to fight this time, only to surround the hill and starve the insurgents into surrender.

"A cordon is formed. They are blockading us," was the first notice brought into the camp by one of the scouts. "They want to see us starved to the point at which they will be certain of an easy walk-over," said one of the leaders. "They wish to save their own skins whatever the result to us. We will beat them by the might of God's own justice."

A true prophecy, for the story of their gallant struggle against such terrible odds with their backs to the sea