

"Light to your eyes, Isa. We trust you will find them well."

"Thank you, and God bless you," he replied, as I slipped a coin into his hand, "for the little one, Isa." And away he went, the happiest man in Diarbekir.

A few days later I ran across Isa in the streets.

"I want to see the doctor," he said. "You are staying with the American doctor, are you not?"

"Yes, Isa. Come around to-morrow morning. The doctor sees poor patients in the morning. Who is sick?"

"My little child is very sick. He has fever. I fear he may die."

"I am very sorry, Isa. I hope the doctor can do him good. And how is your wife?"

"She is dead, effendi. She died on the road."—L. P. Chambers ('04).

