

for another. Only one did they let up alive. That was Avedis,¹ Torkom's assistant and book-keeper. At the point of the pistol they made him give up the money he had concealed on his body; then he had to bring out from their place of concealment Torkom's books and as the Turks pulled out page after page and tore it to pieces, they shouted with glee, "There's that account settled. We have paid our debts, Allah be praised."²

Satisfied with what they had done, most of the Turks left to look for blood and booty in some other quarter. Only two men were left behind, an old Turkish villager who had been a regular customer of Torkom, and his son. Setting Avedis in the corner and bidding his son look after him, the old man cautiously descended the ladder, revolver in hand, correctly supposing that he would find the owner of the shop below.

Meanwhile Torkom, schooled above his fellows in the art of self-control and feeling his intellectual superiority over the Turks, had alone kept in hiding. As he heard them leaving his hopes arose. He began to breathe a little more freely. Suddenly he noticed the legs of the descending man. Creeping over noiselessly he waited, and as the Turk paused a second to glance around, he seized by the wrist and wrenched the weapon from his grasp. With the tables turned against him the Turk bellowed with fear, begging that his life be spared.

"Is this the way you treat me, Ali?" answered Torkom, "I will not call thee a dog for thou art less grateful than a dog. For six years hast thou dealt with me and never yet paid me more than a tenth of what thou owedst. And now thou hast slain my friends and wouldst shoot me too like a dog. Go thy way. I am a Christian and would not shoot even mine enemies. Yet thou shootest thy friends. Begone!"

Overcome by surprise and joy at being thus released, Ali speedily clambered up again and beckoning to his son rushed out into the street. Perhaps an unaccustomed gratitude struggled in his breast with race prejudice and fanatic zeal, for he turned away a crowd from the door.

Slowly the sounds of murder died away. The mob, frenzied by their taste of blood, sought new hunting grounds. Even the shrill voices of little boys and girls as they sought out the most perfect places of concealment and shouted to their friends, "Here is one! Here is one!" and justly felt that in so doing they had a share in the death of those miserable people—even these voices died away in the distance. Only the shrieks and groans of the dying could be heard. Stealthily Torkom raised the trap door and climbed up into the shop above. There he saw Avedis in a corner. The poor boy, pale and paralyzed by fear, sat trembling where the Turks had left him. Going over to him Torkom placed his arm around the lad and sat down be-

1. Avedis—message, evangel.

2. The villagers of Turkey live on credit. All winter and spring they get from the shop-keepers what they need, exhausting the hoped for profits of the harvest long before harvest time. If the crop fails, the shop-keeper loses. He never expects to gather more than 50% of his credits anyway. If the crop is good, the shop-keeper still loses, for the government steps in with its convenient list of taxes and takes all the profits. After paying his taxes and half his debts the most prosperous farmer is bankrupt.

3. Ali—sublime, a Mohammedan name.