

nel, heard the report of a pistol. Thinking that this was the appeal of some unfortunate traveller we went out to discover him. That is all. To-morrow, if the storm abates, I go to my village of Abdurrahmanli. I will bring back from it whatever is necessary for your journey. But before your departure for Erzeroum, I hope you will pass some time with me. Poor as we are you will find in my house what will enable you to rest from your fatigue." Stewart and Tikraïne accepted the offer with thanks. When they rose in the morning they found that the Kurd had departed.

A ray of the sun penetrating the church, aroused Lucy. She made a rapid toilette, and went to seat herself beside her companions at a breakfast, as frugal as the supper of the evening. It consisted of preserved meat, in a little curdled milk, and pressed apricots dried in the sun. Mrs. Morton brought out the box containing the famous tapestry, which some one had found under the snow with the other baggage, and began quietly to work. Tikraïne took the Lieutenant and Lucy to have a look at the church. "It is an illustrious monument, contemporaneous with St. Gregory, the illuminator," said he. The Turks call it Samardjie-Kilisse, because of an ivy leaf which runs round the sculptures of the facade. Miss Blandemere hardly thought of admiring the cupolas, the arcades, and figures of saints, which adorned the church. She thought of the events of the night, of the death so near, of the unexpected saviour, who at the risk of his life in the snow had snatched her from the most terrible danger. He is a brigand, they say, "but the ideas of the East are not ours," and the ancestors of Lucy could boast of many like brigands in the history of their family. The Blandemeres of the middle ages pillaging the ships stranded near their Chateaux were, no doubt, less scrupulous than the chivalrous bandit of the Kurdish mountain. The feudal Normans had not the fine elegant nature and elevated sentiments of which Abdurrahmanli had given proof. How could she show her gratitude for such a service to such a man. Miss Blandemere was very much embarrassed. Towards the middle of the day she carried her seat to the porch of the church. Heaven had resumed its serenity. The sun shone on the perfidious snow, so calm now, which last evening swept from earth to heaven its impalpable waves. Miss Blandemere was happy to revisit the light. In escaping a great peril one feels that calm intoxication of conva-