

"Do not let my Zia see me like this. She is so sensitive. The memory would cling to her."

"Zia shall always be our first care," said Pierre. "Till Nicholas claims her she shall be like my own daughter."

"Keep a brave heart," she whispered again. "Escape is assured. You will all win freedom and go back to our dear France. A little longer yet. It is ordained—I can see it plainly." Her voice was still fainter. As the light faded out of her eyes they took on the look of one who sees dimly into a mystic distance, hidden from those still on earth.

Again she smiled at them all, and pressed Veronica's hand. "Andreas, my husband!" she called suddenly. "He is here."

Then, stirring lightly she passed out of this life of strife with the gentle sigh of one tired and gladly falling upon sleep.

The brave Armenian fighters on that mountain top not only successfully defied the Turkish army but kept it at bay for weeks. After the bombardment had failed the enemy prepared an attack in force by three thousand regular troops. They forced a passage to the summit of the ridge, where they pushed along until only a deep ravine separated them from the refugee camp.

Night fell too soon for them to complete their victory. The Turks with their usual fatalism and procrastination ceased their advance never dreaming that the Christians would be courageous enough to attack them before day-break.

The lights of the Armenian camps were all extinguished while the leaders hastily constructed a dar-