

"Why are you afraid of robbers, Isa? You've got nothing any one would care to take. By the way you ate, I fancy, you've had little to eat for a long time. Are you hungry, Isa?"

"No effendi!"

"Did you enjoy your meal, Isa?"

"Beli!" (Yes!)

"You are very poor, Isa. Have you any money?"

"No effendi!"

"How can you travel without money, Isa?"

"I had money, effendi. They robbed me."

Gradually the story came out, generally in single words when his gracious majesty was pleased to grant freedom—

"You don't know what you're talking about, Isa. The Sultan did not grant liberty; we took it, we shed blood for it."

When liberty was given to Turkey, many Moslems who had taken refuge in Russian territory from Turkish misrule, now returned to their own country seeking in a regenerated Turkey freedom from Russian misrule. Among these was the Circassian village where Isa lived. He had given what money he had to his wife and sent her and her child and the household goods ahead with the rest. He had gone to Baker, had worked in the mines there, and had earned fifty mejidies, about forty-five dollars. Then he too had started home. But in a Persian village on the frontier he was robbed in broad daylight. Only the clothes he had on were left him. Since then he had come on foot, and trusted to the hospitality of the people he met on the road.

"How did you travel before that, Isa?"

"In Russia we travel in waggons. Here are the tickets."

"How long have you been on the road since you left Russia?"

"Many months. I stayed some time at Van because I was sick."

"How long is it since you saw your wife and little one?"

"Nearly a year."

"Do you know where they are now?"

"No effendi!"

"Have you no word about them?"

"They told me at Van that a party of mohajirs (immigrants) passed through there some months before. I suppose she was with them."

"Allah keep them, Isa, and help you to find them."

It was six days later, early in the afternoon, that we reached Diarbekir. We had crossed the large stone bridge which, since Roman days, spanned the Tigris, and now were toiling up the left bank towards the massive walls which surrounded the city. The traffic here was very great both to and from the city, people on foot and on horse, clumsy waggons and strings of donkeys with their loads. In the crowd Isa saw someone whom he knew, one of the immigrants with whom he had sent his wife and child. He came to share with us his happy news. "They are here," he said. "They came here some months ago."