

being, the Bulgarians had spent their force. It was then that certain officers were given leave to return to Sofia, and among these was Boris Petroff, who was accompanied by his English friend who had stood so loyally at his side throughout.

It was a long journey in a slow train, upon a railroad much blocked by supply and hospital trains. The toll of casualties was immense. Large numbers of the Bulgarian soldiers before the lines of Chatalja had been laid low by the cholera which had so ravaged the Turks during the retreat from Lule Burgas. It was night when the two friends arrived at the Bulgarian capital; for all that, Alma Petroff was waiting at the station.

They found the city a scene of festivity and rejoicing. Great crowds were assembled without the Sobranye and the War Office. Details concerning the capture of the Turkish fortresses were coming in, hour by hour. The list of casualties was arriving, and a long death-roll it was. Still, Bulgaria was ready to pay the price. Within the course of a few weeks, she had risen from obscurity to greatness, and was proud of the heroism of her sons.

The cafés were a blaze of light; the streets were thronged by jubilant, excited people. From