

"I don't know for certain, Mrs. Ormesby," he answered; "and I don't fancy I could guess. Turkish riddles of this sort aren't easy to guess as a rule. But it's pretty sure to be some Turkish devilment or other. Possibly a shipload of poor devils that the Sultan or the Pashas find in the way; Armenians likely, or Jews, or something of the sort, that they don't like to butcher openly and are sending instead to the living death at Yemen."

"Poor wretches," said Enid, pityingly.

"I tell you what it may be. Do you remember there was a fire at Yildiz Kiosk a year or so back?"

We did, and told him so, as we exchanged glances.

"Well, they've have some sort of inquiry going on about that. I heard of it a couple of voyages back. I shouldn't be surprised if yonder odd-looking craft has got the guilty ones aboard: as if it was any sort of a crime to plot against a Turkish Government," and with a shrug of contempt he went on.

"Do you think that can be it, Mervyn?" asked Enid.

"Anything can be it in Turkey. But we shall soon know," said I; and the captain proved to be right.

"See, Enid, there's The Home," I exclaimed a little later, pointing to the island which lay away to our right.

"Poor Cyrus," she murmured with a sigh, after gazing at it thoughtfully and sadly for a while. "You won't stay in this dreadful place an hour longer than necessary, will you? It makes me low-spirited as I think of that dreadful time. I almost wish I hadn't come—but then I couldn't stay away," she added, as she slipped her hand under my arm.

"Two days, or three at most, will fix up everything. There are only the formalities to complete."