

"Zia has not even a scratch," said a voice, reassuringly. All these people enduring and resisting heroically in common were drawn in sympathy together by the same cords of feeling. What affected one member touched many.

In a moment Veronica was kneeling by the stricken form of her mother.

"Light! Give me more light," she called back agitatedly to those who darkened the entrance.

"Keep a brave heart, chérie! I am in no pain," whispered Anna Severin, opening her eyes for a moment. Her chest and shoulder were soaked in blood. It seemed to Veronica's horrified eyes there was blood everywhere.

"Tell Amina to come here," she said, looking round again, and then at once with deft tender touch setting to work to examine the nature of the wounds.

"Let me alone, dear heart! You can do nothing. This is the end. I always knew the Turks would one day cause my death," said Anna, slowly. "I leave my Zia to your charge. You will be a mother to her."

"All my life," said Veronica, firmly, "but I entreat you to let me try and ease you my precious mother." She tried hard to control her voice, but paused, overcome for a second. Again she asked for Amina with a sharp new note of fear in her accent.

Nobody gave any answer at all, then an old woman entered and came up to her.

"I will be your servant. Amina has been struck down like her mistress. Ai! The poor soul is quite done for. She was going to fetch you and her doom met her on the way."

"Where is the child?" asked Veronica, hoarsely.

"Safe!"