

to the guns. Powder and other ammunition had to be kept dry. All else was of secondary importance.

But the sun rose bright and cloudless after the rain. The tragic hours of the night were forgotten under its drying penetrating heat. For her own, and the Kasbarian family, Amina conjured up hot coffee, and for Zia a big bowl of new goat's milk.

Veronica slept late, tired out after the strain of the night, and helping John to put up a shelter for the family. John, himself, after snatching a couple of hours' sleep towards morning, had since disappeared to share in the deliberations of the men about the military defense of the mountain.

"A committee of defense has been elected by vote," he explained later. "Trenches are already being constructed at the strategical points of ascent. The defense is being thoroughly well organized, and before the Turks attack all will be ready for their reception. It will be a warm one."

Their whole site had been wonderfully selected on the flattened shoulder of the mountain, thrusting seawards to plunge precipitously into the waves. On the land side there were steep descents thick with rocks, chaparral and trees, lending themselves readily to skilled defense of the position. On the summit there were open spaces between trees and the shelter of bushes. Above all there was water, accessible and pure. Between the camps and the other part of the ridge yawned a deep ravine, its steep slopes overhung with brushwood and trees.

John stayed with them all day working indefatigably to evoke order out of chaos for other families as well as the Severins. Sorely divided in the pursuit of the mani-