

There was no course for him to take but that of secretly making his way to Jebel Moussa. Yet first, said John Culver, his strength must be recuperated. He must go there to be a support, not an added anxiety.

By the time Pierre, with Ali for guide, was ready to start for the hill of refuge, Veronica had settled down to a routine of hourly excitement, and the hardest work of her life. The fight between Turk and Armenian had begun in earnest.

At first the Turks under their usual impression that a mere handful of regular troops are enough to hold hundreds of Kurds or Armenians in check, attacked disdainfully with but a hundred troops. These were easily repulsed. They returned in greater numbers and this time with a gun.

The first intimation of this danger was when a shell tore screaming overhead and exploded in a corner of the encampment. Then another and still another worked cruel ravage.

"Come quickly! O come quickly," gasped a woman rushing up to Veronica who was helping skillfully to tend and bandage the injured in the improvised ambulance shelter. "The good mother has been cruelly hurt in trying to save the little one."

Veronica's heart leaped and then seemed to stop beating, but she kept her presence of mind, quietly summoning another helper to continue her task.

"My mother is hurt. I am bound to go to her," she explained while hastily putting together bandages and other appliances she might need.

Once outside the shelter she ran as if pursued over the ground separating her from their own tent. A group at the entrance divided to let her pass through.