

study ; there was as much brutality in his eyes as delicacy in his fingers. I scarcely felt his touch while he enveloped my feet in linen, yet all the while his look seemed to say : "How gladly I would draw a rope round your neck."

"Mr. Hermann," he said, "why did you not tell me that you lodged at Christodule's house? I would have instantly set you at liberty for Photini's sake. You will forbid your friend to harm her! Could you bear to see her shed a tear? I am the only one who ought to expiate your sufferings."

Dimitri checked this flow of words. "It is very vexatious," said he, "that Mr. Hermann is wounded. Photini is not safe among those heretics; I know John Harris; he is capable of anything."

The king frowned; the lover's fears at once entered the father's heart. "Go," said he to me, "if necessary I will carry you to the foot of the mountain, where you can procure a carriage. I will furnish everything. But let him know at once that you have been set at liberty, and swear to me by the memory of your mother that you will speak to no one of the harm I have done you."

Although doubtful of my ability to bear the fatigue of the journey, anything seemed preferable to the company of my tormentors, and fearing lest some new obstacle might arise between me and liberty, I said to the king, "Let us start. I swear to you by all that is most sacred that your daughter shall not be harmed."

He took me up in his arms, flung me on his shoulders, and ascended the steps leading to his room. Here the whole band rushed towards us, and barred our way. Moustakas, livid with passion, said to him: "Where are you going? The German cast a spell on the meat, and we are suffering the torments of hell; we must all suffer death on his account, and wish to see him die first."

I fell from the pinnacle of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri had driven everything out of my head, and it was only on sight of

Moustakas that I recollected the poisoning. I clung to the king, clasped my arms round his neck, and adjured him to carry me off without delay. "For the sake of your glory," I said, "prove to these madmen that you are king. Do not answer them. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am certain of it, she confessed her love to me."

"Wait," said he, "we must pass first, and then talk."

He laid me gently on the ground, and with clenched hands ran into the midst of the bandits; "you are mad," he cried, "the first of you who touches the milord will have to deal with me. What spell do you think he cast? I dined with you, and am not ill. Let him leave this place; he is an honest man, and, my friend."

Suddenly his countenance changed, his legs tottered beneath him, and seating himself by my side he whispered, more in grief than anger:

"Why did you not warn me that you had poisoned us?"

I seized the king's hand; it was cold as ice. His features were discomposed, and his face had an ashen hue. At this sight all my strength forsook me. I felt myself dying, and letting my head sink on my breast, I remained dull and motionless beside the old man.

Already Moustakas and several others extended their arms to seize and make me share their agony. Hadgi-Stavros no longer had the strength to protect me. From time to time a formidable shudder convulsed his frame, and the bandits were convinced that he was yielding up the ghost, that their chief was at length being vanquished by death. All the ties which bound them to him, interest, fear, hope, gratitude, were alike broken like the threads of a spider's web. Now Hadgi-Stavros learnt to his cost that it is impossible to rule sixty Greeks with impunity. His authority did not by one instant survive his moral vigor and physical force. The brigands, in presence of their