

awe. Doubtless the king, like all old men, slept lightly, and this unnatural silence might wake him. I glided among the trees as far as the staircase, and cast a glance over the apartment of Hadgi-Stavros. The king was sleeping peacefully by the side of his *chibougdi*; I went further, to within twenty paces of his fir-tree—everything slept. Returning to my tent I took my tin box and strapped it on my shoulders, and on passing the place where we had dined took up part of a loaf of bread and some meat which the water had not yet reached; these provisions I placed in the box for next day's breakfast. The dam was good and the breeze must have helped to dry my road. It was now close upon two o'clock. Taking off my shoes I knotted them together by their laces and slung them to my box, then I stretched one leg over the parapet, seized hold of a shrub overhanging the abyss, and commenced my perilous voyage. My judgment of distances had been by no means correct; the points of support were few and far between. Hope often forsook me, though not my will. My foot slipped. I mistook a shadow for a ledge and fell a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet without finding anything to seize hold of. The root of a fig-tree finally caught in the sleeve of my coat. A little further on a bird, cowering in a hole, escaped so suddenly that the fright nearly caused me to fall backwards. I walked on my hands and feet, especially on my hands, my nails were aching cruelly and I felt my every nerve quivering.

At length my feet rested on a wider platform, and it seemed to me the earth was of a different colour. I was only ten feet from the river, having reached the red rocks. I took out my watch; it was only half-past two o'clock, but to me it seemed as if my journey had lasted three nights. I raised my eyes, not yet to thank Heaven, but merely to ascertain whether all was quiet in my former domicile, and only heard the drops of water filtering through my dam.

All went well, I knew where to find Athens. Farewell, then, to the King of the Mountains!

In the act of leaping to the bottom of the ravine I beheld a whitish form standing in front of me, and heard the most furious barking which ever yet woke the echoes at such an hour. Alas! I had completely forgotten the king's dogs. These enemies of man prowled round the camp at all hours, and one of them had scented me. I should have infinitely preferred finding myself face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a white bear—all noble animals, who would have devoured me without lodging information against me. I had some provisions and offered them to the brute, only regretting I had not a hundred times more. At first I threw down half my supply of bread—he swallowed it like a whirlpool; looking piteously at the small portion left, I perceived a small white parcel in my box which inspired me with a new idea. It was a supply of arsenic, destined for my zoological discoveries; there was no law, however, forbidding my devoting a few grains of it to a dog. "Wait," said I to my insatiable enemy, "wait and you shall have a dish prepared after a recipe of my own!" The package contained about thirty-five grains of a beautiful white powder; of these I poured five or six into a small quantity of water, and replaced the remainder in my pocket. After waiting until the poison was well dissolved in the water, I soaked a piece of bread in it, and throwing it to the dog had the satisfaction of seeing it swallowed instantly.

It was three o'clock past, and the effect of my invention was taking long to develop itself. About half-past three the dog began to howl furiously—barking, howling, cries of fury or anguish all went to the same goal, *z. z.*, the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. Soon the animal writhed in horrible convulsions, foamed, and made violent efforts to get rid of the poison. This was to me a pleasant spectacle—my enemy's death alone would