

rested my body on the cold rock until the arrival of Hadgi-Stavros.

He appeared no less moved and agitated than Dimitri. He took me up in his arms like a sick child, carried me straight to the fatal spot where Vasile was buried, and placed me with maternal care on his own carpet; then, stepping backwards, gazed at me with a strange mixture of hatred and pity. He said to Dimitri: "My child, this is the first time I will have left a similar crime unpunished. He killed Vasile; that is nothing; he wished to assassinate me, I forgive him that. But the villain robbed me! Eighty thousand francs less in Photini's dowry! I was meditating on tortures equal to his crime, and I would have discovered them. Unfortunate man that I am! Why did I not bridle my wrath? I treated him very cruelly, and she will have to suffer the penalty! Were she to receive twenty blows on the soles of her feet I would never see her again. Men do not die of it, but a woman! A child of fifteen!"

He turned away all the brigands who surrounded us, and gently untied the linens which enveloped my wounded feet. Then sending his *chibougdî* for some ointment, he seated himself on the damp grass in front of me, took my feet in his hands, and gazed at my wounds.

"Poor child," said he, "you must be suffering cruelly. Forgive me. I am an old brute, a mountain wolf! I was instructed in cruelty since the age of twenty; but you see my heart is good, for I regret my actions. I am more unhappy than you, your eyes are dry while I weep. I will set you at liberty without loss of time, but you cannot leave thus, I must first heal you. I will tend you as my own son; you will soon be well again. You must walk to-morrow. *She* must not remain another day in your friend's hands. Remember we were friends until after Vasile's death. One hour's anger must not cause you to forget twelve days of kind treatment. You do not wish my paternal heart

to be lacerated. You are a good youth, and your friend must surely be equally good."

"Who do you mean?" I enquired.

"Who? Why that cursed Harris! that American hound! that execrable pirate! that robber of children! that infamous scoundrel whom I would like to have along with you to grind both to pieces and scatter to the winds of my mountain! Read what he has written, and tell whether there exist tortures cruel enough to chastise a crime like unto his!"

He threw towards me a crushed letter. At a glance I recognized the hand-writing, and read as follows:

"Sunday, May 11th, on board the *Fancy*,  
SALAMIS ROADSTEAD.

TO HADGI-STAVROS:

Photini is on board, under guard of four American cannon. I will retain her as hostage so long as Hermann Schultz is a prisoner. As you treat my friend so shall your daughter be treated: she will pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth. Answer without delay, else I will come to you. JOHN HARRIS."

"Good, kind Harris!" I exclaimed aloud. "But pray explain to me, Dimitri, why he did not succour me sooner."

"He was absent, Mr. Hermann, but returned yesterday, unfortunately for us."

"Excellent Harris! He did not lose a day. But where did he hunt out the daughter of the old scoundrel?"

"At our house; you know Photini well, having dined with her more than once."

The daughter of the King of the Mountains was the young lady with the flat nose who sighed for John Harris. And I concluded in my own mind that the abduction had been carried into effect without violent means.

The *chibougdî* returned with a small roll of linen and a little box filled with yellowish ointment. The king dressed my wounds like an experienced practitioner, and I felt almost instant relief. Hadgi-Stavros was at that moment a fine subject for psychologica