

wood-crackled and the sparks fell in showers around me. The heat was intolerable. I dragged myself to a short distance, but on his return he shoved me with his foot into my former position.

"Look," said he, "profit by my instructions. Here is lamb enough to satisfy twenty men; the king will select the most delicate morsels for himself and distribute the remainder among his friends. You are not one of that number just now, and if you taste any of my cooking it must be only with your eyes."

The sight of the meat roasting reminded me that I had been fasting since the day before, and now my appetite was an additional torment. Moustakas placed the frying-pan under my eyes, and the sight and smell made me ravenous. Suddenly he perceived he had forgotten some seasoning, and went off to procure some salt and pepper, leaving the frying-pan to my care. The first thought that struck me was to purloin a piece of meat, but the brigands were only ten paces off and would have detected me at once. If at least, thought I, my parcel of arsenic were still within my reach! What could I have done with it? I had not replaced it in the box. Plunging my hand into my pocket I drew forth a piece of soiled paper containing a handful of that beneficent powder which, if it did not save me, would at all events avenge me.

Moustakas returned just as my right hand was stretched over the pan; he seized me by the arm, looked straight into my eyes, and said in a threatening voice:

"What have you done? You have thrown something into the king's dinner!"

"What?"

"A spell. But no matter, my poor milord, Hadgi-Stavros is a greater magician than you, it cannot hurt him; I will serve his dinner."

"He left me in front of the fire, recommending me to a dozen brigands, who were munching brown bread and olives round the fire. These Spartans kept me company for

a couple of hours. They kept up the fire with the attention of a sick-nurse, and if at times I ventured to move away, they exclaimed: "Take care, you will catch cold!" and struck me with burning sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin was blistered, my eyelashes were singed, my hair emitted an odour of burnt horn, and yet I rubbed my hands at the thought that the king would partake of my cookery, and that there would be stirring news on the *Parnes* before nightfall.

Soon the guests of Hadgi-Stavros reappeared in the camp, looking satisfied and happy. Come, thought I within myself, your joy and your health will be of short duration; they will fall like a mask, and you will curse every mouthful of the feast I seasoned for you.

My reflections were cut short by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a messenger out of breath appeared on the table-land with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, Christodule's son. Some stones hurled by the brigands delivered him from his escort, and he shouted from afar: "The king! I must speak to the king!" When he was twenty paces from us I called to him in a piteous voice. He was much shocked at the condition in which he found me. "My good Dimitri," said I, "whence do you come? Will my ransom be paid?"

"I have something else to think of besides ransom! However, do not fear, I bring good news for you, though bad for myself, for him, for her, for everybody! I must see Hadgi-Stavros; there is not a moment to lose. Do not let them hurt you until my return. She would die. Do you hear? Do not touch the milord, your life is at stake. The king would have you hewn in pieces. Take me to the king!"

There was so much authority in the voice of this servant, his passion was expressed in so imperious a tone, that my astonished and stupefied guardians forgot to keep me by the fire. I crawled to some distance and