

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(From the French of M. Edmond About.)

CHAPTER I.

PHOTINI.

MY name is Hermann Schultz; my father is an innkeeper whom the railways have ruined. The day on which I, by competition, obtained a mission from the Botanical Gardens, was high holiday in our family. My brothers anticipated that on my return from Athens I would be appointed Professor at the university: my father had another idea, he hoped I would return a married man. In his capacity of host he had witnessed several romantic adventures, and was convinced that it is only on highways that good fortune is met with. At least three times a week he would cite the fact of Lieutenant Reynauld's marriage to the Princess Ypsoff. The princess occupied No. 1 suite of rooms with her two maids and a courier, paying twenty florins a day for the accommodation, while the French lieutenant was lodged in No. 17, under the eaves, and paid one florin and a half. Yet, after a month's sojourn in the inn, he left in the same carriage with the Russian princess. Now, what possible reason could a princess have for taking away a lieutenant in her coach, unless it was to marry him? My poor father, with fond paternal eyes, imagined me far handsomer and more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld, and did not doubt that sooner or later I must meet with a princess who would infallibly enrich the whole family. Either at *table d'hôte*, in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I would surely become acquainted with her. Respecting his illusions I refrained from suggesting to him that princesses would

hardly travel in third-class carriages, and as for lodgings—my means compelled me to select only very modest ones, where princesses would hardly put up. And to tell the truth, I disembarked at the Piræus without having experienced even the very smallest adventure. The presence of troops had raised the price of all things at Athens. The *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, the *Hôtel d'Orient*, and the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, were all alike inaccessible, and it was owing to the kindness of the chancellor of the Prussian legation, to whom I brought a letter of introduction, that I managed to find a lodging. He conducted me to the house of a pastry-cook named Christodule, who lived at the corner of the *Place du Palais* and Hermes street, where I was fortunate enough to secure board and lodging for the sum of one hundred francs a month. Christodule is an old soldier, decorated with the Iron Cross in memory of the War of Independence, and wears his national costume, (consisting of a scarlet cap with a blue tassel, silver jacket, white skirt and gilt gaiters,) even behind his counter, to sell cakes and pies. Maroula, his wife, is very stout, like most Greek women over fifty years of age;—her husband purchased her for eighty *piastres*, during the height of the war, at a time when the sex were very dear. She was born in the island of Hydra, but dresses in Athenian style—black velvet jacket, light skirt, and silk handkerchief twisted in her hair. Neither Christodule nor his wife understood one word of German, but their son Dimitri, who is *domestique de place*, and dresses in French style, understands all the various *patois* of Europe, and speaks them also to some extent. However, I do not require an interpreter, for, although