

"I will assist your memory—the lady was called Madame Simons."

"Well!"

"Partner in the house of Barley, London."

"My banker!"

"Precisely."

"How do you know my banker's name?"

"Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?"

"What matter after all; they cannot rob me; they are English, not Greek; the tribunals. . . . I would sue them!"

"And you would lose. They have a receipt."

"That is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?"

"Because I advised it!"

"Miserable hound, you have ruined me! betrayed me! robbed me! Eighty thousand francs! I am responsible! If at least Barley were banker to the company I would lose only my share, but they have only my capital and I will lose all. Are you quite sure she was partner in the house of Barley?"

"Sure as I am of dying to-day."

"No, you will not die until to-morrow, you have not suffered enough. You must suffer eighty thousand francs' worth. What torture can I invent? Eighty thousand francs! Eighty thousand deaths would be a trifle. But there might be two houses of the same name?"

"No. 31 Cavendish Square."

"Yes, that is the place. Fool! why did you not warn instead of betraying me? I would have demanded double the amount. They would have paid. I would have signed no receipt. I will never sign another. . . . No, it is the last. . . . Why did you ask for a receipt? What did you expect from those two women? Fifteen thousand francs for your ransom. . . . Selfishness everywhere! . . . You should have confided in me. I would have set you free! I would have paid you even! If you are poor, as you say, you must know how precious is money. Can you even conceive what eighty

thousand francs are? Wretched man, it is a fortune! You have robbed me of a fortune! You have plundered my daughter, the only being I love in this wide world! It is for her alone I work. If you know my business you must be aware that I wander a whole year on the mountain to amass forty thousand francs. You have wrested from me two years of my life; it is as if I had slept during two years!"

At length I had discovered the sensitive part! He was touched to the heart. I did not hope for pardon, and yet I experienced a great joy in seeing his stony countenance working with grief and passion. I said to myself with pride, "Though I perish in torture, I am the master of my master, and the tormentor of my tormentor!"

## CHAPTER VI.

JOHN HARRIS.

THE king gloated over his vengeance as a man who has fasted for the space of three days gloats over a good repast. He passed in review all conceivable tortures but found none sufficiently cruel. At length he exclaimed to his subjects: "Speak, advise me. Of what use are you if you cannot counsel me on an occasion of this kind? Find, invent some torture worth eighty thousand francs!"

The young *chibougdi* said to his master: "A thought strikes me, one of your officers is dead, one absent, and a third wounded; let us compete for their vacant places; promise that whosoever shall know best how to avenge you will succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote and Vasile." Hadgi-Stavros smiled complacently, chuckled him under the chin, and said: "You are an ambitious young man! So let it be then—competition. It is a modern idea, and pleases me. As a reward you shall be the first to give your advice, and if