

I remembered that poisoning by arsenic is cured by means similar to those employed by Dr. Sangrado. I tickled the sick man's œsophagus to deliver his stomach from the load which tortured him, and soon had reason to hope that the poison was in a great measure expelled. On inquiring whether one of his men was skilful enough to bleed him, he bandaged his arm himself and quietly opened a vein. After letting about a pound of blood flow, he asked gently what he should do next. I advised him to drink until the last particle of arsenic must have disappeared. He obeyed me like a child, and I verily believe that the first time I handed him the goblet his poor old suffering majesty seized my hand to kiss it.

Towards ten o'clock he was better, though his *cafedgi* had died and was cast into the ravine. All our defenders appeared in good condition, without wounds, but famished as wolves in December. I, not having tasted food for twenty-four hours, felt starved. The enemy, as if to tantalize us, spent the night eating and drinking about us, occasionally throwing down mutton-bones and empty leathern bottles. Our party retaliated with a few random shots. We could clearly distinguish the cries of joy and death.

Tuesday morning was dark and rainy; the sky was overcast at sunrise, and the rain fell impartially on friends and foes. We had been wiser than the enemy, and preserved weapons and cartridges, and so the first engagement was entirely in our favour. Feeling elated, I too seized a musket; Hadgi-Stavros wished to follow my example, but his hands were incapable of performing their office, and with my usual frankness I announced to him that probably he would be unfit for work during the rest of his life.

About nine o'clock the enemy suddenly turned their back upon us, and I heard a discharge of musketry which had no reference to us. From this I concluded that master Coltzida had allowed himself to be

surprised from the rear. Who was this unknown ally who came so opportunely? All our doubts were soon dispelled. A to me well-known voice shouted: "*All right!*" Three young men armed to the teeth darted forwards like tigers, cleared the barricade, and fell into our midst. Harris and Webster held a revolver in each hand, and Giacomo brandished his musket like a club.

A thunderbolt falling at our feet would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these three men, who, intoxicated with victory, perceived neither Hadgi-Stavros nor myself; they saw only men to be killed, and hurried to the work. Our poor champions, astonished and bewildered, were disabled ere they had time to defend themselves. It was in vain I shouted from my own corner; my voice was drowned by the noise of powder and the exclamations of the conquerors. It was in vain that Dimitri joined his voice to mine. Harris, Giacomo and Webster fired, ran, struck and counted the blows in their several languages.

"*One,*" said Webster.

"*Two,*" replied Harris.

"*Tre, quatre, cinque,*" shouted Giacomo.

The fifth victim was Tambouris. It seemed as if destruction had become incarnate in this panting trio. It was only on seeing that all the remaining enemies were two or three wounded men sprawling on the ground, that they stopped to take breath.

Harris was the first to remember me; he shouted with all his might: "Hermann, where are you?"

"Here," I replied, and the destroyers hastened forward on hearing my voice.

The King of the Mountains, feeble as he was, put one hand on my shoulder, leaned his back against the rock, gazed fixedly at these men who had killed so many people only to reach him, and said with a firm voice: "I am Hadgi-Stavros."

My friends had long been waiting for the opportunity of chastising the old brigand