

of the bystanders, who made a joke of his misfortune. I was very sorry for poor Georgi, as he was really an excellent fellow; he had been only foolish in trusting to the honour of his friend, like some good people who apply for assistance to Lord Penzance; however, there was no help for it, and he departed crying bitterly.

My servants were fond of the man, and their hearts began to soften after they had enjoyed the first hearty laugh at Georgi's expense, and Christo, who was always the factotum, shortly came with a suggestion, that, "If I would write an order for the immediate return of Georgi's bullock, on the plea that as I had hired the animal no one had a right to exchange it until the expiration of my contract," there would be no difficulty, as "the purchaser would be afraid to retain the animal upon seeing Georgi armed with a written paper." "But," I said, "what is the use of my writing in English, which no one can understand?" Christo assured me that it would have a better effect if nobody could read the contents, as Georgi could then say anything he pleased. I wrote an order for the return of the ox as belonging temporarily to me by contract, and Georgi having wiped his eyes, immediately set off on foot towards Gallibornū, full of confidence and hope.

Theodori declared that it would be impossible for his oxen to reach Trichomo in one day; I therefore loaded the camels, and advised him to await Georgi's return; should they re-appear at Kuklia, where the vans were lying, I would re-engage them as far as Lefkosia, and in the meantime I would pay them for the daily keep of their animals, who were to be well fed, and to discontinue the course of wild artichokes and thistles.