

pocket half the sum which I had agreed to pay daily for four oxen during my absence at Cape St. Andrea. They subsequently came to the conclusion that their remaining oxen should live upon their wits and thistles, instead of causing an expense in the purchase of cotton-seed, lentils, and tibbin (broken barley-straw). Theodori informed Georgi that he knew of two beautiful animals that might be obtained by the exchange of two of their oxen with a small sum of money in addition, and he would arrange the matter if Georgi would part with the dark cream-coloured ox with black points (his best). Of course the innocent-minded, broad-shouldered, herculean Georgi knew that his friend would protect his interests, and he left the matter in his hands. The unmitigated rascal Theodori knew that the beautiful fat red ox that he wished to purchase was some years younger than the old well-trained oxen which formed his pair, and therefore it would be more valuable; he accordingly agreed to give one of his oxen and one of Georgi's *for a pair* from the proprietor of the fat red animal, who consented to the exchange, receiving the two fine animals which I had hired and giving the valuable young red ox together with the miserable old creature that I had seen that morning in the yoke. This worn-out old skeleton was to be Georgi's share of the bargain! I told Georgi that my dogs would not eat the animal if it should die, as it was too thin. My servants burst out laughing when Christo the cook translated the account of the transaction. The shameless scoundrel Theodori, who was present, *smiled* at the relation of his shrewdness; and the big Georgi burst out crying like a child at the loss of his fine ox, the duplicity of his friend, and the want of sympathy.