

defied a mane-comb. Georgi had a pleasant expression of countenance which did not harmonise with his exterior, as his clothes were in a ragged and filthy condition, his shoes were in tatters, and trodden down at the heel to a degree that resembled boats in the act of capsizing; these exposed the remnants of socks, through the gaps of which the skin of his feet was exhibited in anything but flesh-colour. It is dangerous to pick up a "waif and stray," as such objects of philanthropy frequently disappear at the same time as the forks and spoons. In reply to my questions, I discovered that Georgi was in fact the "prodigal son;" he had not been leading the fast life of that historical character, but he had left his home in Mersine (on the coast of Asia Minor) owing to an unfortunate disagreement with his father. In such domestic estrangements, rightly or wrongly, the fathers generally have the best of the situation, and Georgi, having left a comfortable home (his father being what is called "well to do"), had taken ship, and, like many others, had steered for Cyprus, where he arrived unknown, and quickly experienced the desolation of an utter stranger in a foreign town. Georgi became hungry; whether he had sold his good clothes to provide for the coats of his stomach I cannot say, but the rags in which he first appeared to me were utterly unsaleable, and few people would have ventured upon an engagement with so disreputable a person. However, I liked his face; he could speak Turkish and Arabic fluently: Greek was his mother-tongue, and he had a smattering of French. I sent for the tailor, and had him measured for a suit of clothes to match those of Amarn—a tunic, waistcoat, knickerbockers, and gaiters of navy-blue serge. In a few days Georgi