

was transformed into a respectable-looking servant, with his hair cut.

We left Larnaca on the 29th of January. A native two-wheeled cart conveyed the tents and superabundant baggage. The oxen made no difficulty, and the gipsy-van rolled easily along. An enterprising photographer, having posted himself in a certain position near the highway, suddenly stopped our party, and subsequently produced a facsimile, although my dogs, who were in movement, came out with phantom-like shadows. These useful companions were three spaniels—"Merry," "Wise," and "Shot;" the latter had a broken foreleg through an accident in the previous year, but he was an excellent retriever, and could work slowly. The others were younger dogs, whose characters were well represented by their names; the first was an untiring, determined animal, and Wise was a steady hunter that would face the worst thorns, and was a good retriever.

This party was now in movement, and I intended to make a preliminary *détour* from the Nicosia route to visit the springs of Arpera, about eight miles distant, which supply the town of Larnaca.

In every country where I have travelled I have observed a human weakness among the population on the question of "game;" there is a universal tendency to exaggeration; but the locality of superabundance is always distant from the narrator. As you proceed the game recedes; and you are informed that "at about two days' march you will find even more than you require." Upon arrival at the wished-for spot you are told that "formerly there was a large quantity, but that times and seasons have changed; that about three marches in your front will bring you to a hunter's