

Kyrenia, through a forest of the shady and ever green caroub-trees. By this time the shower had cleared away, and only a few light clouds hovered over the high point of St. Hilarion, and having had nothing to eat, we began to wish for balloons to make a direct ascent to the well-provided party on the heights above us, who were enjoying the hospitality of Colonel Greaves. We comforted ourselves with the idea that we had at all events been wise in foregoing pleasure when upon the march, as the camels had been ordered to start from Lefkosia, and it would be advisable that the camp should be arranged without delay. We accordingly dismounted about half a mile from Kyrenia, and having tied the animals beneath a wide-spreading caroub, we selected another tree, beneath which we sat to await the arrival of the camels and servants; in the meantime I sent the muleteer into the town to buy us something to eat. After about an hour he returned, with a bottle of Commandoria wine, a bunch of raw onions, a small goat's-milk cheese, a loaf of brown native bread, and a few cigarettes, which the good, thoughtful fellow had made himself for my own private enjoyment. Many years of my life have been passed in picnicking, and when really hungry, it is astonishing how vulgar diet is appreciated; we regretted the loss of our friends, but we nevertheless enjoyed the simple fare, and having looked at our watches, we speculated upon the probable arrival of the camels and luggage, and waited patiently beneath the tree.

There is a limit to all endurance, and when 5 P.M. arrived without a sign of camels, we came to the conclusion that something had gone wrong. It was in vain that I had searched the pass with my binocular; only the white thread between the green shrubs