

appeared, that denoted the path; and this was desolate.

At length I observed something moving on the crest of the pass: mules or horses! then a parasol! somebody was coming; most likely returning to Kyrenia from the picnic? Presently a mule, saddled but without a rider, came galloping down the road. This we stopped, and secured; it looked like a practical result of a good luncheon and champagne cup. Shortly after this first appearance a dismounted English servant came walking down the road after his mule, which he was happy to recover from our hands. He had neither seen nor heard anything of our camels or people, but his master, the chief commissioner of Kyrenia (Dr. Holbeach, 60th Rifles), was approaching, together with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, all of whom were returning from St. Hilarion. At length the distant parasol drew nearer, and by degrees we could distinguish the party as they emerged from the pass upon the broad straight road.

As there are no highwaymen in Cyprus, I had no hesitation in walking suddenly out of the green wood upon the road-side and intercepting them as they arrived in front of our position; I explained that we were "waifs and strays" upon the wide world of Cyprus without baggage or servants, or, in fact, what Shakespeare calls "sans everything." Mr. Holbeach with much kindness and hospitality captured us as vagrants, and insisted upon escorting us to his house. Mrs. Stevenson was good enough to supply Lady Baker with a few little necessaries for the night, and Mr. Holbeach, having thoughtfully made up an impromptu little dinner-party of all named, we passed a most pleasant evening, although I fear that