

flour-mills are worked, I observed a terrible waste of water-power, which might be turned to account for machinery. I heard the usual excuse for this neglect, "The people have no money!"

We had ridden fast, and were far ahead of the baggage animals; we accordingly halted to lunch beneath a shady caroub-tree near the edge of the ravine, about fifty feet below. A French game-bag, with net and numerous pockets, always contained our meals, which consisted of a cold fowl, some eggs boiled hard, and a loaf of native brown bread or biscuits. This was luncheon and breakfast, as we never indulged in more than two meals a day, merely taking a cup of *café au lait*, or cocoa, in the early morning, and our lunch or breakfast at any hour that travelling made convenient. This depended upon the attraction of some pretty spot or wide-spreading tree that suggested a halt.

We now remounted and rode to Lapithus, a mile and a half distant, and, avoiding the town, selected a camping-place on the flat ground within 300 yards of the sea.

There was little difference between Lapithus and Karava. A succession of mountain streams nourished the higher grounds, and having fertilised the gardens and plots of cereals, were subsequently led into the fields below.

Lapithus has been celebrated from an ancient date in like manner with Kythrea, owing to the unfailing supply of water from its mountain-springs, and, under the Ptolemies, B.C. 295, it became one of the four provinces into which Cyprus was divided. Lapithus, north; Amathus, south; Salamis, east; Paphos (now Baffo), west.