

with an air of enthusiasm. 'There's not another like it in Cyprus. It's a real Damascus tent. Just wait till I show you the inside of it.'

I went with him, hardly knowing if I were standing on my head or on my heels.

'If you'd only come,' he resumed, 'an hour earlier you'd have seen my tandem—two thoroughbred Arabs. That's right,' he shouted to Scotty, 'down with the luggage! and let him turn his horses there; it's the only place where he can turn.' In another moment we were at the tent ourselves. My host lifted the hangings. 'Look!' he said; 'do you see the lining?—blue, crimson, orange. They only do that work at Damascus. Go inside; I'm quite sure you'll be pleased.'

I entered, and he followed me. 'Well,' he exclaimed, pointing to what confronted us, 'don't you call that perfect? To my mind it's beautiful!' I said that it was, and eyed it slowly and carefully. The object of our attention was a new English-built dog-cart, which had only arrived a few days ago, and which, together with the two thoroughbred Arabs, formed, for the present, the joy of their owner's heart. 'Just now,' he said, 'I am rebuilding my coach-house, and meanwhile I keep this trap in the tent. The drive in front of the house is so blocked up by the masons that carriages can't turn there, and so they must stop here. Come, let us go up. I hope you don't mind a climb. It's nearly two o'clock; I think you must want some luncheon.'