

about to fall on us. It was mottled everywhere with thick brushwood and grey stones that looked like natural boulders, but which I saw presently were fragments of fallen buildings. Then here and there, in lines that were half obliterated, I detected amongst the brushwood traces of broken walls; and it was presently plain to me that what I have called the court must originally have looked like a town, built on a steep hillside. I had arrived at this conclusion, when Mrs. St. John, who knew the place, began to call my attention to one or two of its details. She pointed out to me two dark apertures, one in a level plot, the other in a bank of rock. I examined the first, and I found that a stone staircase led down to a series of vaulted rooms. I examined the second. It led into a great gallery, partly cut in the rock and partly the work of masons. Here Mrs. St. John followed me, and high up in the walls she pointed out to me a long series of rings. According to architects, she said, this was the stable for camels, and those were the rings to which were fastened their halters.

Our next move was to clamber somewhat higher and make our way to the buildings below the summit. The approach to them was curious. It lay along the foot of the overhanging precipice, between the natural rock and the ruins of a lofty wall, which together with the rock had once formed a gallery. At last a small doorway admitted us to a vaulted