

examine the nature of the ground. Before long I heard a slight sobbing in my neighbourhood, and also a sound like the bleat of a plaintive sheep. I turned round and discovered that they both proceeded from Scotty. He was thoroughly frightened and thought that we should never reach home again. 'Sir, sir,' he cried, 'this not the right way. The other I know he right. You and me, sir, we will go back by the other. Come, sir—you come, sir!' 'What!' I exclaimed; 'and, even supposing it is right, do you think that we can go and leave this lady and her little boy amongst the mountains?' 'No, sir,' said poor Scotty collapsing, 'it is true, sir; what you say is true, sir.'

The mule track at last was reached. We were just able to distinguish it, but its headlong course gave it the aspect of a precipice. However we went down it, though not without great difficulty, Mrs. St. John's white horse at the angle of every zigzag threatening to fall with its rider crashing into the darkness. At last our course became easier and more level, and at the same time came the first glimmer of moonrise. 'Sir,' exclaimed Scotty, 'I know this mule path now. It take us, if we go with him, half-way back to Nicosia.' I too began to realise something of our whereabouts, and I could well believe that what Scotty said was true. The Nicosia road, which I had traversed only that morning, I could see like a dim line on the far side of the valley; so, thinking anything better than a prolonga-