

tion of our present experiences, I proposed that we should try to reach it by diving into the intervening hollow. I scrambled down the slope myself, feeling my way with my stick. The ground was better than I expected. I called to the others to follow. They did so. We had to explore every yard of the way; but at last, after half an hour of wandering, stumbling, and considering, the road was reached, and we felt that practically we were at home again. In one sense we were not; for we had still three miles to go. It was nearly nine before we were indoors, and Mr. St. John, though by no means a nervous man, would hardly have been human if he had not felt anxious. But dinner and lamplight were all the more grateful after the toil, the solitude, and the dim bewilderment of the mountains; and we were all in excellent spirits when George, the Greek butler, whose English was remarkably good, brought the following news to his mistress: 'You can,' he said, 'now have as much milk as you want. Achilles tells me that all the goats have kittens.'

Achilles was the cook: Euripides blacked the boots. I heard both these facts before I retired to bed, and I believe that when I went to sleep I was still smiling at the thought of them.

