

cations of Famagusta. But I had not much time to look at them, for the carriage turned sharply round, and to my surprise began to drive straight away from them. At the same time we were again on a hard road.

I knew that Captain Scott did not live in the town. No one did, I was told, but a small body of Turks. He lived in a suburb called Varoshia; but it seemed to me a suburb that was at an interminable distance. At last, to my great pleasure, we passed a few roadside houses, and a minute or two later we were in a street lit with lanterns. I was surprised at its length and its picturesque appearance. On either side of the way there were quaint arcades at intervals, and here and there in open spaces were piles of pitchers, huge jars, and all kinds of pottery. At the end of this street was, at last, the end of my journey. We drew up before a door something like Colonel Falkland's, and presently came a man with a lantern, followed by Captain Scott. The house, I saw at once, was of the regular Cyprian type. There was the same court or garden, the same cloisters, and the rooms were spanned by the same pointed arches.

I need hardly say that dinner was an exceedingly welcome sight. I discovered during the meal that my host, like myself, was a photographer, and Famagusta naturally had supplied him with a number of subjects. During the evening he showed me a collection of views he had taken of it; but