



CHAPTER XI

THE ETERNAL COMEDY

THAT evening I was somewhat late for dinner. Scotty having been absent with me, nothing was prepared for my dressing, and when I came to look for a white tie I was unable to find one anywhere. At last, after a desperate turning over of everything, I came on a collection of them in the strangest place in the world—in the corner of a cupboard, beneath my photographic camera; and near them was another surprise, a number of my silk socks carefully sandwiched between some boxes of photographic plates. When I explained to Mrs. Falkland this mysterious incident, both she and her daughter at once broke into a laugh, exclaiming together, ‘That must have been Metaphora!’

‘And who is Metaphora?’ I asked.

‘Ah,’ they said, ‘she is a specimen of a native Cypriote. She is one of our servants. You are quite sure to have seen her.’