

sharply round a horrible corner, we found ourselves confronted by a straggling procession of camels. The high-couraged leader shied across the road; the idiotic camel-driver shouted and brandished his long pole, and danced about madly like a cross between a child and a devil. The groom jumped down, and rushed to the leader's head, and treated the camel-driver to what I trusted was a volley of oaths. The camels defiled past, and presently we were on our way again. 'Capital!' said Mr. St. John. 'Did you notice what luck we had? If we had not happened to be on the wrong side of the road, ten to one that fool with his pole would have sent us bundling over. Now,' he continued, 'we're almost down on the level. From here—you see—I will spin you into Kyrenia in no time.'

To my great relief the road was from this point admirable. A gentle incline led to a long straight avenue, bordered with olive trees; and the fields on either side looked like a succession of fruit gardens. At the end of the avenue was the court house with a sycamore tree in front of it, under which were a number of people waiting for the doors to be opened. I trust our arrival created a deep sensation amongst them. If it did not the fault was, I must say, wholly theirs

Here Scotty was awaiting me; and leaving Mr St. John to a morning of official duties, I wandered off in the direction of the sea and of the castle. My way took me past a ruined church and a mosque, and brought me to a wall overlooking the town and