

in interest: we were no longer in barren mounds of water-washed *débris*, but the rich soil among the dark grey rocks gave birth to numerous shrubs, including the evergreen mastic, arbutus, and the dwarf cypress. Although the route was only marked by the continual tracks of the lime-burner's mules, our sturdy animals mounted the steep rocky ascents with comparative ease, and skirted the deep water-worn ravines without missing a footstep. Heaps of rough crumbling rocks resembling cairns attracted my attention on all sides; these were the rude lime-kilns, and at an elevation of about a thousand feet above Kythrea we came upon the families of lime-burners who for several generations have resided in these heights, either in caves, or rude huts, according to the conditions of the locality. Women and girls were hard at work with strong grubbing-axes, digging out the roots of brushwood from among the rocks and making them into faggots, as fuel for burning the grey limestone. The work was most laborious, and I was struck by the great thickness of the roots of comparatively small shrubs. Upon regarding the surface, no bushes appeared sufficiently substantial for the use of fuel, but in fact they had for centuries been cut and hacked to a degree that reduced them superficially to mere saplings, while the ancient roots had increased in size. The great piles of limestone were only partially reduced to lime by the rough method and the scant fuel employed, but I admired the industry of these poor people, who were working like the Israelites for Pharaoh, "making bricks without straw." Some of the girls were pretty, but in figure they were mere rag-dolls in locomotion.

The lime was conveyed by donkeys to the lower country, and we presently arrived at a snow-white