

his advice as to the business side of my project. It was from him that I heard first. A fat envelope came from him, with the specimen itself inside ; and crumpled round the specimen was a letter to the following purport :—

‘ Along the northern coast of Cyprus runs a chain of lofty mountains, one of which rises into a peculiar peak, in shape rudely resembling the distended hand of a man, and called by the Greeks *Pentedactylon*, or *The Five Fingers*. Near this peak is a grotto, within which is a fountain. It is well known to the peasants, and should not be hard to find. Close beside it stands an immense solitary cypress tree ; facing it, on the far side of a gorge, is a sheer wall of rocks, to be recognised by their colouring of brilliant red and orange ; and above it, at a height of some hundred feet, are to be traced the ruins of an old Byzantine church. Here, in front of the grotto, is lying the green marble.’

A few words followed of plain practical advice. I was to get the specimen polished, and submit it to a London expert. If in his opinion the stone would be worth working, I should make an application to the Cyprian Government with regard to it ; the initial expenses would not be great, and it was quite possible that the venture might be really profitable.

I did as I was told. I sent the specimen to a polisher. I then took it to a marble merchant, and at the same time wrote to the Governor of Cyprus and explained myself. The marble merchant gave