

whose pointed arches showed sharp against their own internal shadows.

Presently we heard a buzzing noise in the air, and just below us we saw the roof of a corn mill. A little further on, by a zigzag stone causeway we descended into a miniature gorge, with a brook and a bridge, and another mill at the bottom of it. In the shadow of a dark arch we saw the flicker of the swiftly-revolving millstone, and from an opening in the wall the water came tumbling out like wool. Out of this dip we ascended by a climbing street, with paved steps like those of the mountain towns of Italy. We passed a vine-trellised café, which revealed a floor within covered with a regiment of chibouks, all in readiness for the afternoon smokers. Higher up we reached a cluster of sycamores, under which was another café, with benches on a rude balcony, and the host with fierce moustache sipping some red wine. Round the corner of this we turned sharp into a lane which ascended the hill, steep as a garret staircase. Everywhere it seemed that the slope was traversed by aqueducts, leading away towards the village, or spilling themselves into white-walled cisterns, and somewhere far down was the murmur of more millstones. When we issued from the lane, which was walled upon each side, there was only in front of us one lonely cottage, and after that we found ourselves in the heart of the mountains.

For some forty minutes we wound among brown