

point what I presumed were his hopes of earning some trifle by his civility, I followed him across his court and up a species of step ladder, and was shown by him into a room, bare but scrupulously clean, furnished with a table and a few rush-bottomed chairs, and adorned on its whitewashed walls with a lithograph of the Prince of Wales. Here Scotty laid out the cold luncheon I had brought with me, and the old man, before I had half finished it, embarrassed me by adding some further refreshments of his own. Some meat and some oranges I civilly but firmly declined, but I took, in order to please him, a tumbler of his Cyprian wine. To my surprise it was excellent. I say 'to my surprise,' because, though most of the wines of the island might be excellent if made properly, they are generally spoilt for the European palate by the skins they are kept in and a villanous taste of resin. But here of this taste there was no trace whatever, and I wished for a competent friend who might have shared and discussed the draught with me.

Luncheon over, I strolled out into the village. I looked at the brown farm-buildings and at two old Greek churches. The air flowed through the streets like currents of tepid water. Presently I saw that the door of one of the churches had been opened. I entered and looked about me. The gilded and painted screen was, as usual, the only noticeable feature. Whilst I was looking at it I heard a voice at my ear. I turned and saw that an old man was