

CHAPTER V

THIS lovely mountain country is cut into ravines and deep crevasses. Crystal-clear streams gush out from the cuts till they lose themselves in the sea. This necessitates frequent bridges at the roadside, mere logs loosely thrown together, over which the springless carriages and hay-carts bump gaily. A rustic hand-rail of trellised branches protects the unwary pedestrian from pitching in headlong on a dark night. The road is mended in hollows and weak places in a very primitive way by throwing down great clods of earth with the grass still adhering, and scattering a few beach stones on top, leaving many and dangerous interstices at the bridges. Which reminds me of a rather strange coincidence that happened years ago on Westminster Bridge. A celebrated surgeon was crossing that uniformly congested thoroughfare one very cold day. Taking off his gloves to chafe his half-frozen fingers, his signet-ring slipped off. It was impossible to stop the traffic and search in that hurrying crowd, hundreds of automobiles, car-