

of other treasure remaining, but that each returning summer called again to life the riches of which I spoke.

Meantime there is much bringing of coffee and rolling of cigarettes among the cross-legged circle grouped before the large kitchen fire, and finally it is time to lie down for the night.

The wine at Mallia was good, and with generous hands my Turkish hosts filled my glass, declining to join me themselves; but rumour said that they were not always so shy, and that Mallia knew the flavour of a flagon of Commanderia and the smack of mastic as well as any wine-bibbing village of Greek or Maronite persuasions.

Early next day we are again on the track. Rough and stony, it leads to Arsos, and through the mass of ruins called Hy Nicolo into the beautiful valley of the Carissos River. As the mules in single file wind down into the valley two eagles come soaring close above our heads. A large stone-pine slants from the hillside, and beneath his wide-spread branches white Troados is seen ending the upper valley. Then we zigzag down to the river meadows and halt by the oleander-lined banks for the mid-day rest.

On again across the single-arched bridge of Jellalu, up the farther side of the valley. A very old Greek church stands in ruins on the slope, and near it one solitary pine-tree eleven feet in girth. Then the ascent becomes steep, the zigzags are short and severe, and we see above us the pine-clad crest beyond, which is the monastery of Kiku, our destination.

At last we gain the summit. The track now leads along the crest or sides of narrow ridges. Troados lies to the right, rising in long profile out of a very deep glen; innumerable other deep glens sink around