

CHAPTER II.

THE GIPSY-VANS ENCOUNTER DIFFICULTIES.

MY gipsy-van was not of doubtful character. I had purchased it direct from the gipsies in England, and it had been specially arranged for the Cyprus journey by Messrs. Glover Bros. of Dean Street, Soho, London. It had been painted and varnished with many coats both inside and out, and nobody, unless an experienced gipsy, would have known that it was not newly born from the maker's yard. Originally it had been constructed for shafts, as one horse was considered sufficient upon the roads of England, but when it arrived in Cyprus it appeared to have grown during the voyage about two sizes larger than when it was last seen. As the small animals of Larnaca passed by, where my lovely van blocked up the entire street, and forced the little creatures upon the footpath, they looked in comparison as though they had just been disembarked upon Mount Ararat from the original Noah's ark, represented by the gipsy-van! The Cypriotes are polite, therefore I heard no rude remarks. The Cypriote boys are like all other boys, therefore they climbed to the top of the van, and endeavoured by escalade to enter the windows. On one occasion I captured *half a boy* (the posterior half) who was hanging with legs dangling out of the window, his "forlorn-hope" or