

litigation may destroy the substance of an inheritance ; but the eyes, large, soft, and gentle, which can occasionally startle you by their power and subdue you by a tear, are the children's entail that nothing can disestablish. Even when time has trampled upon complexion, the eyes of beauty last till death.

The children of this Linobambaki and his handsome wife were seven—two boys of about nineteen and seventeen, and five girls from fourteen to one and a half—all of whom had the eyes of the mother developed most favourably. I cannot well describe every individual of a family : there were the two handsome shepherd youths who would have made level ground of mountain steeps, through their power and activity.

“ Right up Ben Lomond could he press,  
And not a sob his toil confess.”

These young fellows matched the goats in clambering up the rocks and following their wayward flocks throughout the summits of the Troodos range ; and their sisters the little shepherdesses were in their way equally surprising, in hunting runaway goats from the deepest chasm to the sharpest mountain-peak.

I hardly know who was our greatest favourite. There was “ Katterina ” (about fourteen) too old to make a pet of, but a gentle-charactered girl, always willing to please and never out of temper, and even in the big, hateful, beauty-destroying, high hob-nailed boots she could run up the mountain soil and clamber like a monkey. Then came, I believe, our best favourite, the bright, large-eyed, sparkling child “ Vathoo,” who was the real beauty of the family, about ten years old ; she was full of life and vigour, a perfect goat upon the