



CHAPTER VIII

A DAY OF VIEWS AND VISIONS

WE were down and at breakfast shortly after seven o'clock, for the journey to Pentedactylon would take us at least four hours, and as it seemed that the paths amongst the mountains were not easy to find, we wished to be half-way home again before the daylight faded. Between sips of coffee and mouthfuls of fried bacon, my companion and I alternately studied a map. For the first nine miles or so our route was simple enough. It lay over the plain to a large village called Kythrea. We evidently must go through this village, which was just at the foot of the mountains, but after that point the map could tell us little. In a straight line Pentedactylon was not more than five miles distant from it. The problem was how to reach it through a labyrinth of intervening ridges. Accordingly before us were two elements of uncertainty: first, should we ever get to the peak in question? and secondly, if we got there, should we discover the precious marble? It is not perhaps a