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CHAPTER XV

AN OLD-WORLD FORTRESS

WHEN I awoke next morning the breath of the spring breathed on me. My bedroom windows admitted me to a balcony, the roof of which hid from view the summits of the opposite mountains. All around was a multitude of green valleys and gorges, and below, at some two miles' distance, were the walls and windows of Kyrenia. Mr. St. John told me at breakfast that he was going there presently on business, and offered to drive me down with him, that I might look at the town and castle. I was delighted with this arrangement till the moment came for starting, when voices called to me to come down to the tent, and I not only recollected but actually saw the tandem. From the tandem I glanced at the road—steep, with sharp curves, and bordered by a precipitous slope; and though Mr. St. John was really an excellent whip, I had not at that moment the least reason for knowing it. However any fears on my part would have seemed to anyone present not only a folly but a rudeness, so