



## CHAPTER XVII

### BEHIND PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS

THE following afternoon I was to go back to Nicosia, where I was to spend two days more with my kind friends the Falklands, and after that I was to migrate to Government House. The same carriage which brought me had been already ordered, and I was to start soon after luncheon. Meanwhile the man whose mules I had hired yesterday was coming up to be paid for them, and I asked Mr. St. John at breakfast, as I had not made a bargain, what was the price which he thought I might be fairly asked. He told me, and then, anticipating that I might be asked more, and pursuing a train of thought which the reader will easily follow, I resumed our last night's topic—that of the modern Greek language—and begged him to teach me the most blackguardly oath contained in it: an oath which would have on an exorbitant muleteer the same effect that a stone has on a cur. He supplied me with what I wanted. Its sound was all that my fondest fancy could have