

climbed the mountains to the pass above Nicosia, I was so much absorbed in it as to have almost forgotten the scenery. Some readers will possibly not think much of me for not having felt a like tranquillity in the tandem. I will, however, brave their further contempt by admitting that when my present driver began to trot down-hill I was not only annoyed by the jolting and swaying of the carriage, but was convinced that so rapid a descent on so bad a road was dangerous. I was just going to tell Scotty that I wished we should go slower when his voice, anticipating mine, called something out to me. I could not hear what he said, but by instinct I divined his meaning. I rapidly seized one of the iron posts of the awning. At the same instant there was a lurch, a plunge, and a swerve, and the next half-second the world was topsy-turvy, as carriage and horses reeled over the edge of the road and fell with a crash on a slope eight feet below.

Had the accident happened thirty yards farther on our descent would have been, not eight feet, but eight hundred. As it was, the iron rod to which I had held had enabled me by its elasticity to break my fall so completely, that when I crept from under the awning, I did not even feel that I had been shaken. The horses were lying in a heap together; the driver was stupidly staring at them; and Scotty was crying like a child, though he was evidently quite unhurt. This being the case, I examined my camera and my dressing-bag; and, finding that