

## CHAPTER IX.

### FROM BAFFO TO LIMASOL.

WE left Ktima on 23rd April for Limasol. The weather was now perfect for out-door life, the thermometer  $52^{\circ}$  at 7 A.M., and  $70^{\circ}$  at 3 P.M. The route was agreeable, the crops were well irrigated by numerous streams led from the mountains, and the country generally was green and well wooded. After a march of fourteen miles, during which we had passed the ruins of several ancient aqueducts, we arrived at a running stream which issued from a narrow valley between cliffs and hills and emptied itself upon the sea-beach. A number of tamarisks formed a jungle near the mouth, and the banks were a bright rose-colour, owing to the full bloom of thickets of oleanders. This was a charming halting-place, and as the beach was strewn with dry timber that had been brought down from the mountains during the season when the stream was powerful, we should have a good supply of fuel in addition to fresh water. The route had been along the flat parallel with the sea from Ktima, and I noticed a wonderful change in the pace of the camels, as I had summoned Iiani when at the capital of the district before the Cadi at the Konak, and the chief commissioner had added his voice to the threats