

tarry goat-skins, is, after a few hours' exposure to the heat, about the temperature of the hottest bath ; thus absorbing the vile smells of the primitive but secure package. The owner is well aware that the value of his wine will depend upon the flavour, therefore he hurries his mules forward, in order to deliver it as quickly as possible to the merchant, before it shall be contaminated by the skins.

Upon arrival at Limasol it may be late, and nothing can be done. His wine must be weighed by the government official at the public weighing-place, specially assigned for the wine trade ; and he drives his laden and tired mules to the yard. Here he finds some hundreds of mules and their proprietors in a similar position to himself ; however, there is no help for it, and they must be patient through the night while their wine is imbibing the hateful flavour of the goat-skins. In the meantime they must purchase food for their mules and seek quarters for themselves.

When the morning appears the government official has enough to do, and as a certain time must be occupied in weighing a given quantity, the day wears away. Every man has to present his *teskeri*, or permit, for removal from his village to Limasol of a specified quantity of wine, and his load must weigh that prescribed weight upon delivery. His scales may not have been exactly in harmony with those of the government official ; but should the quantity exceed the *teskeri*, the owner must pay *double the amount of taxation*.

In the meantime, during the wrangles concerning discrepancies in weight, mules are arriving with their loads, their owners all desirous of despatch, and the