

of the loose rocks beneath the feet of a man walking up the mountains would be sure to attract attention. The only chance of success would be to pass the night on the summit of Troodos, and at daybreak to work downwards.

I made a long circuit in the hope of again meeting the two rams, during which I found many fresh tracks of the past night, but nothing more.

The summit of the mountain was disappointing, as the haze occasioned by the heat in the low country obscured the distant view. It was 8.10. A.M., and the air was still deliciously cool and fresh upon the highest point of Cyprus, which affords a complete panorama that in the month of October or during early spring must be very beautiful. Even now I could distinguish Larnaca, Limasol, Morphu, all in opposite directions, in addition to the sea surrounding the island upon every point except the east. The lofty coast of Caramania, which had formed a prominent object in the landscape when at Kyrenia, was now unfortunately hidden within the haze.

From this elevated position I could faintly hear the military band practising at the camp of the 20th Regiment, invisible, about a mile distant among the pine-forests, at a lower level of 700 feet. There were no trees upon the rounded knoll which forms the highest point of Cyprus: these must have been cleared away and rooted out when the ancient camp was formed, and the pines have not re-grown, for the simple reason that no higher ground exists from which the rains could have washed the cones to root upon a lower level.

I now examined every ravine with the greatest caution in the hopes of meeting either the two rams,