

below lost itself in a gorge, and above, covered with myrtles, seemed to rise to a lofty plateau. Here a sandy and most uninviting track branched off, and at some impossible angle ran upwards and lost itself in the leafage. 'Where is the house?' I repeated as soon as I had looked round me. Scotty pointed to the track and said, 'This fellow say it there.' Seeing me look incredulous, he added with more firmness what he might, one would think, have as easily said at the beginning, 'That where the judge lives; the driver, he know it well.' 'Can he drive up?' I asked. 'Yes, sir,' said Scotty. 'Get in, sir.' I got in, still feeling somewhat doubtful, and the four horses, in a way that was truly marvellous, took the ascent with the activity and enterprise of goats. Their pace, however, was soon quenched by the sand, and a moment or two later I heard Scotty's voice calling to me, 'I think, if you please, sir, the gentleman he here.'

I got out, and there, sure enough, to my great relief, was my host advancing to meet me. He was a youngish man, with all the air of a sportsman, and his smile was already a welcome, even before he opened his mouth. But the curious thing was this: in the place where I might have looked for a house I could see nothing but a white circular tent, which was shining and swaying on the very brow of a precipice. Mr. St. John directed the coachman to stop at this flimsy structure, and he and I began to walk up towards it. 'Do you see that?' he said,