

the first test was three to seven. Jerrold began to feel that he was the biggest of all imaginable fools as he and Jocelyn quitted the field and, crossing the road into the second, took up their station at the second tee.

"I am afraid I am not distinguishing myself," Jerrold said weakly.

Jocelyn laughed pleasantly. "I think it is often the way," she said. "One finds one's game upset a little when one is playing for the first time with a stranger."

Jerrold smiled wryly. "It does not seem to have that effect with you," he said, "and besides, I do not consider you a stranger."

"What do you consider me then?" the girl said as she poised her driver. It was her honour, and Jerrold, for the second time, had prepared her tee and poised the ball upon it. It was only a few minutes ago that he had done this duty for her for the first time, but even in that short interval it seemed to him as if many things had happened and many things had changed. He was a little inclined to be superior; Commonwealth Avenue carries its consequences, but here at least he had met his match, and more than his match, in the game of golf and perhaps in another and graver game too.

"Do you consider yourself already an old friend of the family?" the girl went on, "Something in the light of a distant relation?"

"I should not like the relationship to be too distant," Jerrold asserted, trying to pull himself together. If he must be beaten in the ancient and honourable game of golf, at least he need not allow himself to be beaten in the yet more honourable and yet more ancient game of flirtation. He called it flirtation, because it seemed absurd to call it anything else, and yet—

The girl said nothing until they had both driven off, she landing well over the bunker that lay between them and the second green, he as before lamely second, halting just on the hither ridge of the bunker. Then, as they tramped along the course, she picked up the conversation at the point where they had dropped it.

"How near of kin would you like to be?" she asked laughing.

Jerrold answered carelessly, thinking less of what he was saying than of the things he would like to say. "How would a cousin do," he suggested. "A first cousin."

Something like a frown shadowed the brightness of the girl's face for a moment. "I do not think I should say a cousin if I were you," she said with a gravity that seemed inappropriate to the lightness of her talk. "I do not think I have any great liking for cousinship."

"Then I am very certain I should not like to be a cousin," Jerrold said cheerfully, though he was a little puzzled by her demeanour. He remembered an existence that he had quite forgotten, the existence of the cousin whom he had seen at the garden party, the big, thick-set man with the dark hair and the sullen face, with whom he had exchanged little more than a salutation and whom he believed he had seen two or three times since, though of this he was not certain, as the casual greeting he had offered on the supposition of acquaintance had not been responded to. Dimly he seemed to remember that this cousin was addressed by his relatives as Ben.

But this cousin only came back to his memory to vanish from it immediately. There were better things to think of; first, this wonderful flower of the West, so beautiful, so frank, so alive, so altogether adorable: next the course of his game which he ought to be playing well, and was, as a matter of fact, playing atrociously badly. He did a little better in his second contest, and as they holed out he was only one point behind her. As they walked to the third green he resumed the interrupted conversation, though at a point to which his mind had travelled, and which had no apparent connection with their previous words.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asked abruptly. Jocelyn stared at him for a moment steadily, and then she began to laugh.

"Of course I do," she answered, and her voice was still quivering with merriment while she spoke. "The evidence in its favour seems to be very strong. But

I also believe in love at second sight, and at third sight, and up to seventy-times seventieth sight, if you like." "Are you speaking from personal experience?" Jerrold asked, somewhat sourly, for he began to believe that the girl was laughing at him, and to be beaten at golf was bad, but to be beaten at badinage between man and maid was worse. The girl answered him with her habitual easy composure.

"No," she said, "it isn't necessary to experience a thing in order to believe in it. I don't think I have ever been in love, not really in love. I don't suppose you would call the passionate adoration I had for an acrobat in a travelling show, when I was a child of ten, real love, would you?"

Jerrold answered decisively that he would not. But by this time they were at the third tee. The distance to the next green was short and both players did it in one. Both holed out in one as well. As they picked up their bags Jerrold stood still. He felt sure now that he had something to say, that he had come out this morning with the sole purpose of saying it, that he had been playing with himself all this while, that the time for speech had arrived. He glanced away for a moment at the distant sea, as if the sight of its smooth blueness gave him courage, then he looked longingly at Jocelyn's face. Seeing him pause the girl had paused too. "I believe in love at first sight," he said, "for I loved you the first time I saw you. I love you now. I hope I shall always love you."

His words were few but they were very earnest; they meant much, meant all that such words could mean, and indeed to her, listening quietly. She did not show the least embarrassment at his declaration.

"You seem to be telling the truth," she said, drily, "but don't you think you have told it a bit too soon. You know nothing about me."

"I know that I love you," he answered. "There is only one thing in the world that I want to know beyond that, and that is that you think you might come to love me."

The girl smiled a curious smile; there

was pity in it, and defiance, and surely something of kindness.

"We are a tough lot," she said, "we Rakers! we always have been tough from the word go; we always shall be tough, I guess, till the world halt. What can you have to do with us, you dear young gentleman from Boston, Mass.?"

Jerrold's cheeks reddened, as he answered firmly enough. "Dear young lady from Denver, Cal., I hope there is a certain hickoriness about me if it comes to fibre, and anyway I love you, and I want you to love me if you can, and if there isn't anybody else, and there is a fair course open."

"There is nobody else," Jocelyn said steadily, "and there is a fair course open, if you like to think so."

She seemed as if she had been going to say more, but suddenly interrupted herself and gazed over the links towards the gate at which they had entered. A man was walking across the fairway in their direction—was walking rapidly.

"Looks like your cousin," said Jerrold, following the direction of her gaze. "It is my cousin," she answered, and there was a frown on her face.

It was plain that Ben Draker had seen them, plain that he was coming hurriedly to join them. Jerrold looked with some surprise at Jocelyn.

"Did you expect your cousin?" he asked. Jocelyn shook her head, and the frown was still on her face. "No," she said, "but he seems to think of late that I mustn't go anywhere or do anything without his permission or his company."

Jerrold's face glowed as the girl spoke. "Has he any right to think that?" he asked, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange to him as he spoke. "None whatever," the girl answered with dry decision, and the sky cleared for Jerrold again. But he had no chance to ask more, for by this time Draker had reached them, and came to a halt before the pair. His little eyes were fixed fiercely on Jocelyn's face, and his big body seemed to shiver with rage. He spoke to her with a rough tone of authority.

"I want you to come with me right away," he said. The girl looked at him steadily, while Jerrold stared at them both in some bewilderment. "What is

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