

summits were often lost in masses of fleecy clouds.

Meanwhile, the intimacy between the doctor and Mrs Reece progressed rapidly.

He regretted that he was old for her sake, and never had the one sin of his life, a sin that he had hidden completely for twenty

and the dense bush set him thinking of that other time.

He possessed a strong sense of honour, and he resolved that he would tell the woman he was courting the truth of his life, and if she shrank from it—well he would try and crush out his love, and leave her.



*Alex. Bickerton,*

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.

*Photo.*

years, rankled in his heart, or reproached him so keenly as it did now. All his surroundings reminded him of that far off time. He was then in the flush of his first love, and he and the girl he loved had wandered beneath leafy trees and beside a running stream, and now the blue mountain rivers

One day he hired a trap at the Bealey and drove out with Mrs. Reece towards the Otira Gorge, while most of the party were fishing in the Waimakariri. As they drove along he said "I want to tell you the story of my youth. It is a bitter story." After a pause, he continued, "Money seems