

Head looked earnestly at his friend.
 "Vic—I—I—thought you cared for her!"

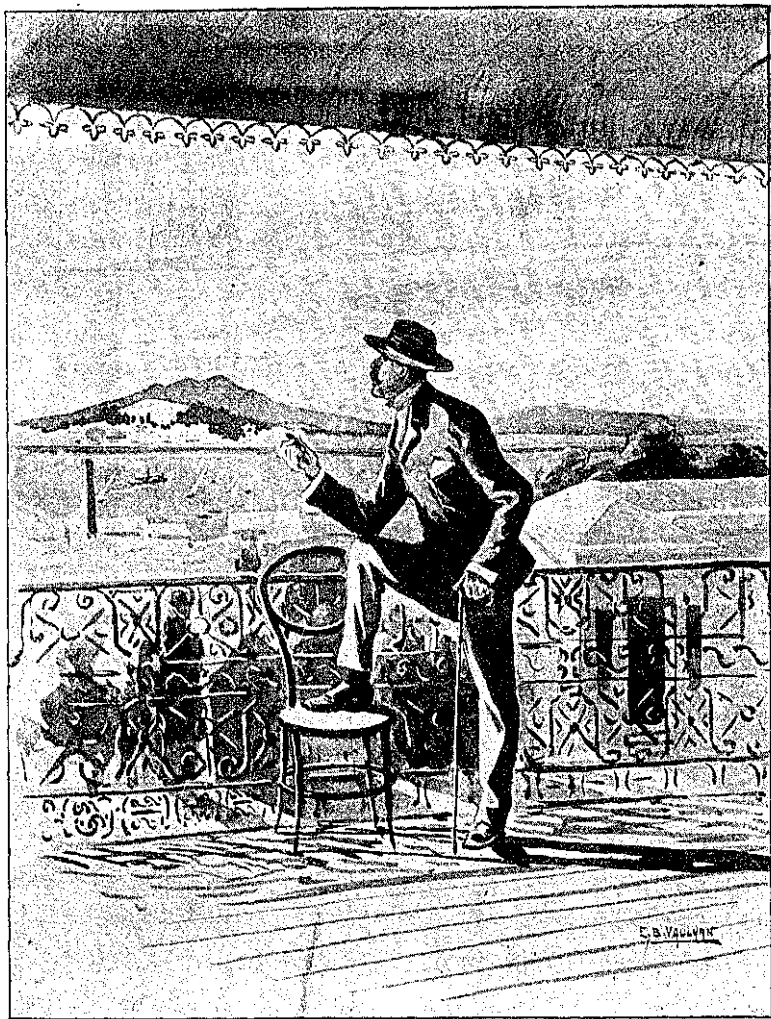
"I—tut! School-boy saint worship—that was all!" and he blew a wreath of smoke up into the still air.

"Vic—you—you have saved me!"

"Oh, rubbish——"

day, and his thoughts went back to a day of his youth, when he and his friend and the girl they both loved had sailed the yacht that won the race. He held the cigar between his fingers, and leaned over the railing.

"If he had really been dead—" he began, half aloud. "Pshaw, the heat's affecting



CLARKSON STROLLED OUT ON TO THE BALCONY, AND LOOKED DOWN ON AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

But their hands met and clasped with a grip that neither women nor angels know.

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"She's in there," said Clarkson off-handedly.

Wallis Head went towards the door of the hotel parlour, Clarkson strolled out on to the balcony and lit a cigar, and looked down upon Auckland Harbour. It was regatta

me! Ah, that looks like the *Volunteer* and *Viking* in! By the way, I've got a bet on the *Volunteer*, but shan't win, I never do. Anyway, I'll go down and see."

"*Volunteer* win?" he asked of a *Star* boy near the wharf.

"No—*Viking*, 1min, 10secs."

"Ah, thought she would! Thanks,"