

he go back and tell *her* so, and try——? “No!” he hissed through his set teeth, and then there came a lump in his throat, and an overwhelming pity for the thing he saw.

“Wallis, old man,” he cried, as the brown eyes opened again, “you must live, you *must!* I have come for you, do you hear? You must get better, old fellow! I am going to stay till you do. Heaven, but it’s terrible, to see you like this!”

Head’s lips moved, but the other man could not make out the sounds that came from them, and the buzzing of the bees

does for a chap! Why, you will be able to accompany me back to Auckland in a week or two,” began Clarkson.

“Me? Never! Don’t start that racket again! I’m dead to the world. People think I passed out long ago. They’ll be saying, ‘Remember poor Head who went north and to the devil?’”

Clarkson laughed, then he looked serious. “All the same, old man, I think you’ll go back with me to the city. In fact, I think you’re needed there.”

“Needed?”



HE STOOPED DOWN, AND LAID HIS HANDS TENDERLY UPON THE PROSTRATE HEAP.

outside seemed to swell into a roar that filled the shanty.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day Clarkson sent the following telegram:

MRS. CARTER,  
Grand Hotel,  
Auckland.

Found him, recovering from illness. Be in Auckland in two or three weeks.

V. CLARKSON.

\* \* \* \* \*

A fortnight later, the two men sat smoking on a stump outside the whare.

“Upon my soul, you look worlds better already! See what a little cheerful society

“H’m, yes! Something of that kind.”

Head laid down his pipe. He began to understand, and a bit of the old light shot into his eyes.

“Are—is—for the Lord’s sake say what you mean, will you?” he cried hoarsely.

“Well, *she* has come back!”

“And——”

“And the thing she married is enjoying the scenery of Sydney gaol, for a little diversion in the way of a former wife turned up—and *she* has come back to her home.”

“And she wants me?”

“Well, I don’t think she’d run away from you if she met you.”