

hua feathers from the grateful grandpapa for doing it, his pretensions were viewed with an unbiassed mind, and finally he was accepted with open arms. I ought to have said that Ngaia had been more than agreeable all the time.

"And now—oh, if this was only Salt Lake City!" he groaned.

I told him he ought to be ashamed of saying such things, and of showing such a weakness in the first place. I asked him what he thought of doing.

"I'd jolly well like to cut altogether; clear out and leave the colony," he answered, "only it's so sneaky. And it's just as mean to hang on with both—besides, the risk if either finds out about the other."

I remember quoting from an epistle of Paul to the effect that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, and then he shouted:

"I know! I'll toss up!"

Then he proceeded to shift the blame on to the shoulders of Fate. After manipulating a coin two or three dozen times he announced, doubtfully, that Fate had shown favour to the fairer claimant.

So I heartened him with suggestions about the white man's burden and the worth of an equal helpmeet, and sent him off to harden his heart, and disengage himself as best he could from the claims of Ngaia.

I don't know that he ever noticed any particular slackening of her affection for him before, but certainly that evening, as they sat up in the bush, he detected a calmness that helped him very quickly to the distasteful task of picking a quarrel, and that once started, she kept up her end of the conversation with such agility that he soon stopped feeling he was acting like a brute, and began to look upon himself as the injured party.

Finally she went off, smoking the clay pipe of open rebellion, which for all their lovers' quarrels she had never flaunted since he had induced

her at the beginning of the affair to abjure tobacco altogether.

Freddy didn't know whether to be sorry for himself or glad. You can imagine then what sort of things he said when he got this note next morning:

"Dear Old Fred,—

I am sorry I shall not be at home this evening.

Jack came back yesterday and made up everything. I know it was very wicked of me to let you hope as I did, but please forgive me and let us be friends always.

Your old friend,

Mabel Denton.

P.S.—We are going to have croquet on Thursday, and should be pleased to see you if you care to come.

After he had cursed his luck with more willingness than fluency Freddy decided the only thing to be done was to try and win back Ngaia.

At the kainga he found the place strangely deserted, but the chief turned up as though he had been watching for him, and starting talking nervously:

"Tenakoe, Heredi!"

"Hullo! seen Ngaia?"

"Oh, yes; she orrigh'! You want bacca?"

"No, thanks!" I said, "Is Ngaia knocking about?"

"Yes; her knockin' 'pout. Good weatter for fishin'!"

Freddy got suspicious.

"Look here, you old heathen, where's my Ngaia?"

Honi's eyes shifted, and he made another vain attempt at propitiation with tobacco.

"Hang your bacca! Where's Ngaia?"

"Well, look 'ere, boss. You see she bride. Her bound make-a-marry. You no marry. Her get that feller Whoanoa. They scoot las' night."

"Scoot! Where?—Say quick!" screamed the frenzied lover.

"Down coast, to Hokoana, in