

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5).

listened to what he had to say with respect.

"I'm a sportsman," said Nobb promptly. "Always was and always will be. But I'm getting a bit old for big-game hunting, and a judge is very big game indeed."

Jacob Jole coughed. "Never you fear!" he said, "I'll keep my eyes open. I'll stalk the old lion with the utmost care."

"Ah," replied the old clerk, "but suppose he turns! I've watched Millbank these twenty years and more. I've seen a good many men get in his way, and I've taken particular notice what happened to 'em. None of 'em did any good for themselves and some of 'em got a nasty jar. You will be careful. You won't be rash, now, will you?"

"You are right, Jerry, it will want careful handling. The first thing is to get an interview with Millbank. Now I wonder how that could be managed. I must think it over. I'm going out to lunch now. Don't leave the office till I come back."

It was two hours later when Mr Jole returned.

His clerk met him and handed him a slip of paper.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Telephone message—came half an hour ago."

The solicitor read:

"Sir John Millbank would like to see Mr Jacob Jole to-night at eight at Sir John's residence in Kensington Park Gardens."

MR MONTAGUE IS AFRAID HE HAS BEEN INDISCREET.

"Have you told me everything?"

"I have told you a great deal more than I ought, Miss Kitty."

"That is not enough. I must know everything. How can I make my arrangements if I am not in possession of all the facts? Something is sure to go wrong."

The scene was Kitty's boudoir in the house in Kensington Park Gardens, and the judge's adopted daughter for the last half hour had been submitting Mr Frank Montague, the judge's private secretary, to a severe cross-examination.

Mr Montague was protesting very mildly, but he was a secret admirer of Kitty, and in the end he was quite incapable of denying her anything she asked of him.

At her last remark he made a comical gesture of despair.

"My dear young lady, what arrangements do you propose to make? You can do nothing. If your idea is to obtain a private interview with this—er—this person who is coming here to-night, let me tell you at once that it is quite impossible. He will be closely guarded on entering the house and also upon leaving it. While here, he will see no one but Sir John."

"What time will he be here?"

"I do not know, but pretty late I imagine. About ten o'clock probably. Great secrecy is being maintained concerning the whole affair. The servants are to be kept out of the way. I am to admit the party and also to see him off the premises. I do beg of you, Miss Kitty, not to make a scene."

"Make a scene? Why should I make a scene?" demanded the young lady in innocent surprise.

"I don't know; but I begin to regret that I have confided in you. I have been very indiscreet. Sir John believes that you know nothing about the case."

"Oh, yes, I know! I have been kept shut up like a prisoner, the newspapers have been kept out of my way, and the servants have had instructions to tell me nothing. And, thanks to you, Monty, I know everything. If I had only known sooner, it would have made a difference, I would have persuaded daddy to let Dick off."

"My dear Miss Kitty!"

"I would! You know he ought not to be in prison—you know it! If he did kill Lord Haverham, I am sure it was in fair fight. They fought about me and Dick won. Why, he ought to be rewarded, not punished."

"Good gracious, child!" ejaculated Mr Montague in shocked tones. "I'm sure you don't know what you are saying."

"Oh, yes I do! Didn't Dick's lawyer explain at the trial that they fought about me?"

"Everything was done for the prisoner that could be done," replied Mr Montague evasively. He was afraid to tell her how carefully her name had been kept out of the proceedings by all concerned.

"I ought to have been there," declared Kitty impetuously. "It was all through me. I asked Dick to come to Riverscourt that night. And, of course, he came and found that wicked Lord Haverham lying in wait for him. Well, it is no use thinking about this now. I won't keep you any longer,

Monty. You might tell Peters I want to see him."

"Peters? The footman do you mean?" exclaimed the man.

"Of course."

"You are not going to tell that had anything about that affair?"

"Don't be silly. Haven't I promised you to be very discreet? Don't be frightened, I won't give you away. Now do be nice, Monty, you don't know how worried I am."

She approached him, and putting her hands on his shoulders, looked up at him with the appealing expression which he could never resist.

He sighed.

"My dear Miss Kitty, you know I would do anything in the world for you," he said earnestly, "but I can't help feeling now that I should have been kinder to you if I had held my tongue. If any mischief comes of this—"

"It won't, and I am very grateful, Monty. Indeed I am. You won't forget to tell Peters, will you? Good-bye."

Mr Frank Montague retired looking very dubious, and not at all easy in his mind.

JACOB JOLE BEGINS A FIGHT AND GETS THE WORST OF THE FIRST ROUND.

Sir John Millbank looked at his watch. He was seated before the fire in his library. His shoulders drooped, his head was bent, and his hard, intellectual face looked drawn and haggard.

There was, too, a tired expression in his keen, cold eyes.

"Eight o'clock," he muttered, and slipped the watch into his pocket.

Even as he did so the door of the room opened softly and Jacob Jole, without announcement, was ushered into the room.

Judge Millbank did not ask his visitor to sit down.

"I have sent for you, Mr Jole, about that Foster case," he said shortly.

"Yes, my lord."

"You have seen the man since his conviction?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Has he made any statement?"

Mr Jole hesitated. The affair was proceeding much too quickly for his taste.

"Before I answer that question, my lord, I should like to know your reason for asking it," he said blandly.

The judge sat up and squared his shoulders, while the old, stern, fighting look came back to his face.

"I am giving you no reasons, my man," he said curtly. "Have you anything to say that will benefit your client? Has he told you anything that would justify me in applying for a mitigation of his punishment? That is what I want to know."

"What makes your lordship think he might have told me something?" inquired Jole shrewdly.

Judge Millbank ignored the question.

"Do you wish to assist your client?" he asked quietly.

Jacob Jole, driven into a corner, revealed himself.

"My lord," he said, "I am a plain man, and I believe in plain language. Since we are alone, suppose we drop humbug and come to the point. I don't care twopenny what happens to my client. You appear to be interested in him. Very well, I am prepared to meet you. What do you want me to do and what will you pay for doing it? If you want information out of Foster I'll get it for you—at a price. What is it worth?"

A faint, contemptuous smile curved the corners of the judge's hard mouth.

He had learned all he wanted to know. His fears were groundless. This fellow knew nothing.

"I don't think I need trouble you any more, Mr Jole," he said coolly. "Incidentally, I may say that I consider men of your stamp are a disgrace to the profession. This conversation is confidential, therefore I shall take no action against you in regard to it; but I warn you to be very careful of your conduct in future, or I may find it my duty to have you removed from a position which you occupy so unworthily."

Jacob Jole's big face seemed to swell, and his evil eyes bulged with rage.

So that's the game!" he muttered, in a snarling whisper. "We'll see! You bluff well, my lord, but you don't bluff me. I know your record; I know the kind of man you are. You are not the man to trouble your head about a convicted murderer without a reason. There's something behind it, and, by heaven! I'll find out what it is. And when I do I fancy you'll change your tune."

Sir John Millbank pressed the button of an electric bell which was within reach of his hand from where he sat.

Almost instantly Mr Frank Montague appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," said the judge, "and when you have seen him off the premises return here."

Jacob Jole hesitated, his great chest heaving with suppressed rage.

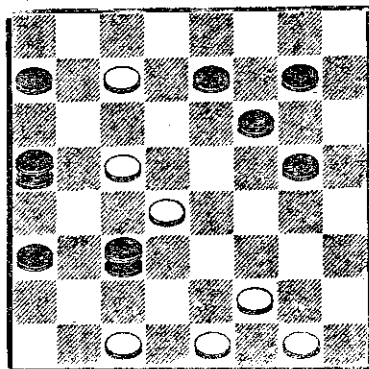
(Continued on Page 10).

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM 2.

Black 5, 7, 8, 11, 16, 21. Kings 13, 22.



White 6, 14, 18, 27, 30, 31, 32.

White to play and win. A good stroke. SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 1.

Black men on 3, 6, 7, 10, and 14. King on 24.

White 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 21, and 30.

White to play and win.

12—8, 3—12, 13—9, 6—13, 15—6, 24—15, 6—2. White wins.

Entries for the forthcoming championship tourney, and also the handicap tourney in connection therewith, close on the 26th inst., and must be addressed to the secretary, Mr W. McClatchy, 79 Stafford street, Timaru.

WILL O' THE WISP.

The following game, played in a Scottish championship tourney, shows how even a good player may become careless.

Black.	G. McKelvie.	White.	M. Clarkin.
9—13	6—10	6—10	11—16
23—19	25—21	14—9	31—27
11—15a	10—17	5—14	16—23
22—18	21—14	23—18	27—18
15—22	1—6	14—23	7—11
25—18	30—25	27—18	5—1
7—11	6—10	13—17	25—30
18—14a	25—21	18—14	
10—17	10—17	17—22	
21—14	21—14	14—9	
3—7	2—6	22—25	
29—25	26—23	9—5	

Black wins.

(A) Starting as an Edinburgh it has now developed into a Will o' the Wisp.

(B) An early book loss. White might have calculated that Black had only to run off the piece to win.

EARLY TRAPS FOR THE AMATEUR TO AVOID.

No. 2.

BRISTOL CROSS.

11—16	24—19	10—19	22—8
23—18	8—11a	18—14	4—11
16—20	19—15	9—18	27—24
			20—27
			31—8

White wins.

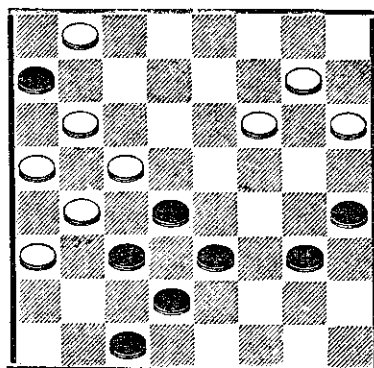
(A) The correct reply is 9—14, 18—9, 5—14, 27—23, 8—11, etc.

A NEAT ENDING.

The following position occurred in a game which was contested at Freemantle in the West Australian State championship tourney, held last month. The champion, R. Holmes, forced the win very neatly:—

White—R. Holmes.

12, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 32.



Black—Dr Kerr.

3, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 15, 28.

White won by the following issue of play:—

21—17	12—8	32—27
9—14	18—25	10—17
25—21	17—14	19—3
14—18	3—12	12—19
		24—8

Through printer's error the Glasgow game in last week's issue would be somewhat difficult to understand, three moves were omitted—7th move 16—23, 20th move 17—13, and 34th move 20—11. The diagram should have been placed below as it was a result of the game.

The Australasian draughts championship tourney will be played in Timaru this year and opens on Good Friday. The entrance fee is 21/-, and 10/6 for the handicap tourney to be played at the same time and place. Boreham, ex-champion, is in good form and it is rumoured that Gardner is competing again. Calderwood is the present champion. Keen competition is expected.

ORIGINAL.

AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

HE SELLS THINGS.

CHAPTER 2.

Abu Sulieman, in addition to his reputation for sanctity, was a shrewd man of business. He noted the popularity of Ahmet with the new arrivals, who were delighted with his proficiency, so rapidly acquired in Australian slang. Ahmet seized on each new word of the, to him, wonderful language with avidity, repeating the most bloodcurdling remarks with a gusto that could hardly have been equalled had he understood their meaning. Abu Sulieman therefore called Ahmet to him, and, sympathising with him on the treatment meted out to him by Zeinab, offered him the shelter of his own roof. Said he, "My heart is sore for thee my son Ahmet, for that thou hast been turned from thy father's house. Now therefore I will take thee to my house and thou shalt be my son, and if Allah shall send thy father Mahmoud hither in a short while then shall he judge between thee and Zeinab and between thee and me, and as he shall decide so shalt thou do, for it is written that the children shall not be ungrateful and the son shall obey the father in all things."

Now the crafty old man knew that in Ahmet he would have a valuable asset, for, reasoned he, "This lad can come and go between these strangers and myself, and he can sell them such things as fruit and eggs, and as he is shrewd beyond his years he will soon learn their language, thus he may also bring me valuable information."

So Ahmet was sent to the camp with eggs, and he soon was well known as he followed the troops for many miles when they were out training, then, when the midday halt was called, he would go round calling, "Eggs are cook; eggs are cook; two for one," meaning that he had cooked eggs at the price of two for one piastre. Then the Aussies would teach him more words and laugh at his attempts to pronounce them, and would give him many a piastre as bucksheesh, all of which he would hand over to Abu Sulieman on his return, thus Ahmet proved a profitable investment to the crafty old villain.

Now it was not long before Zeinab heard of the money that Ahmet was getting daily from the Aussies, and she began to wish that she had not driven him away, for she feared the wrath of her husband Mahmoud. So she went to the Omdar and asked for justice against Abu Sulieman, saying that he had stolen the child of Mahmoud the moghassil, whilst Mahmoud was away from his house. Also that he had possessed himself of the earnings of Ahmet which, as everybody knew, should have been given to Mahmoud, or in Mahmoud's absence, to Mahmoud's wife, who, though Ahmet was no kin to her had ever treated him as her own son.

The Omdar was known for his partiality to women, especially if they were said to be beautiful, and Zeinab was wearing her thinnest veil, so that whilst she complied to the law, that women must appear veiled in the presence of all men except their husbands, she still contrived to make the most of her charms, and to win the Omdar, who well knew the falseness of her charge, to her side.

"By Allah," said he to himself, "What does a mere moghassil with such beauties in his hireme?" Then he called to Hassan, the ghafir, and ordered that Abu Sulieman and Ahmet be brought before him the next day to answer the charge brought by the wife of Mahmoud.

Hassan, having gone on his errand, the Omdar turned to Zeinab, "How is it that Mahmoud goeth away and leaves not thee in the charge of his mother? It is not the custom to leave one's wife alone while one is absent on a journey."

Then Zeinab made reply, "My husband hath taken with him his mother saying that he had nothing worth guarding in me, who have not born him a son. Thus am I left alone."

"There are others who do not think as doth Mahmoud, and perchance there is one not far from thee who would console thy loneliness," answered the Omdar. To which Zeinab replied, "Get back the money that Abu Sulieman has taken from my husband's son Ahmet, and restore it to me, and I may then look for one who

shall console me for the absence of my husband."

Then with a final glance, which said more than her words, Zeinab left him.

The next day Abu Sulieman was brought before the Omdar and ordered to return Ahmet to the care of Zeinab, and to pay all that Ahmet had handed over as the proceeds of the bucksheesh given him by the troops, and in addition to pay the sum of five hundred piastres for the illegal detention and employment of Ahmet.

In vain Abu Sulieman pleaded that he had acted out of charity and that he was a poor man; the Omdar was obdurate and threatened to seize his goods if payment was not forthcoming. So with many lamentations the fine was paid and the sum handed to Zeinab.

Abu Sulieman wept and wailed, and called on Allah for help and revenge. He resolved to get Ahmet back if possible, and the same night he went to Mahmoud's house in the hope of seeing Ahmet.

Arriving near the house, he hid himself till Ahmet should come out, but instead of Ahmet, he saw a man leave by the door in a stealthy manner, and on following him, he saw this man enter the house of the Omdar.

At once he saw his chance of revenge, and going to the Omdar he taxed him with visiting Zeinab in secret, threatening to let Mahmoud know of what was taking place in his absence.

The Omdar, well knowing that Mahmoud would exact a revenge if he should get to know of the intrigue, promised much bucksheesh to Abu Sulieman if he should keep his knowledge to himself.

When some time later Abu Sulieman took his departure, he had received in bucksheesh a sum equal to that which he had that day paid to Zeinab, and the old rascal chuckled to himself at the thought that he held the Omdar in his power.

He went the next day to Zeinab, and accused her of being unfaithful to Mahmoud during the latter's absence. He used the same threat of telling Mahmoud, with the result that Zeinab also gave him bucksheesh, to the extent of returning to Abu Sulieman the money which she had got from him the previous day, also she gave him the charge of Ahmet till such time as her husband should return, telling her neighbours that the company of a holy man like Abu would be the best of upbringings for Ahmet.

Thus was Ahmet soon back again amongst the troops, this time he was selling papers, for Abu had invested his recently acquired wealth in an agency to sell the "Egyptian Mail," and had used his influence as an interpreter to get the sole rights to sell newspapers in the camps. Ahmet soon learned to call out "Gypshun Mail to-morrow, very good anews!" as he went his way round the camps.

He soon was again learning new words, and at last there came a day when he found that his little knowledge was a dangerous thing, for he was accustomed to call out the chief items of interest in his papers, such as "Latest anews from thee western front, enence retiring"; "All thee winners Cairo races," etc., etc. He usually was told by Abu what he should call out.

Occasionally he would gather from the remarks of the soldiers that the paper contained something of more than ordinary interest, when he would at once make use of the knowledge thus gained without in the least understanding the meaning of the news he was shouting.

One day as he entered the camp with his papers under his arm, the sergeant in charge of the main guard having inspected his pass, bought a paper, and suddenly exclaimed as he opened it, "Here's good news, boys. Old General X is off his bally nut." Now General X was the G.O.C. of the Division that was encamped at Helieh.

Five minutes afterwards a small Gippie boy was running along the Aussie lines calling out, "Gipshun Mail to-morrow! very good anews. General X off his bally nut. Veree good anews."

Ten minutes later a small Gippie boy