

## GRAND SERIAL STORY.

## JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

## FOR NEW READERS.

Sir John Millbank, a successful, but stern criminal judge, quarrels with his only son.

Jack, who leaves his father's house to fight his own way in the world; and whilst serving with the Australian contingent, under the name of Dick Foster, he meets and falls in love with

Kitty, the adopted daughter of Sir John. However, Sir John has arranged for her marriage with

Lord Haverham. In a moment of despair Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Room at Rivercourt Mansions. At the appointed hour Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and unbeknown to the guests Sir John meets him there. An altercation arises between the two men, resulting in the accidental death of Lord Haverham. Later Dick arrives in the Blue Room, is caught and accused of murder, and found guilty. Whilst passing the death sentence Sir John recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack! A few days later Sir John interviews the prisoner at his private residence under escort of the warders, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years' imprisonment. Just as they are leaving, Dick with the assistance of Kitty, makes his escape, and that night they decide to drive into Winnerleigh, but the car breaks down, and they are forced to accept the hospitality of

Beaumont Chase, a millionaire. The following morning Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. A few hours later Dick leaves for Winnerleigh.

## A DOUBTFUL FRIEND.

Kitty awoke, stretched herself luxuriously, and then sat up in bed. With curious interest, she gazed round the room. It was a handsome apartment, and the morning sunshine pouring in at the three big windows showed it at its best.

It was some moments before she quite realised where she was. Then she remembered, and a frightened look came into her eyes.

Last night, in the darkness, everything had seemed easy. She had been so intent upon her plan for effecting her lover's escape from justice that she thought of nothing else, and the awkwardness of her own position had not occurred to her.

But now, in broad daylight, with the sunshine pouring into the room, it was very different.

She and Dick were in a strange house, many miles away from Winnerleigh, that safe sanctuary, where Clara Clarke was, no doubt anxiously awaiting them.

They must get away as soon as they could. How long, she wondered, would it take to put the car right?

She glanced anxiously towards the door, and then remembered, with a little wave of fear, that she had forgotten to lock it.

She slid out of bed and turned the key, and then crossed the room to a tall mirror and stood before it.

She was wearing a man's sleeping-suit, much too large for her, and her fair hair tumbled about her shoulders.

"You don't look a bit like a boy!" she said, addressing her reflection reproachfully. Then she looked around in search of the wig that she had been wearing the night before.

As her glance swept the room, her attention was attracted to another door.

She went to it and opened it cautiously, and discovered that it admitted her to a bathroom.

She had a cold plunge, and felt much refreshed and a little braver.

Then she dressed herself carefully. She found the black wig which she had obtained from her actress friend, Miss Clarke, and with a good deal of trouble she fitted it on her head and concealed her golden curls beneath it.

When, having completed her toilet, she surveyed herself once more in the mirror, she was a little more satisfied. She held a slim, good-looking boy, somewhat effeminate-looking, perhaps, but not more so than many boys she had met.

She was still admiring herself when she was startled by a tap at the door.

"Who's there?" she demanded, turning quickly.

But, without waiting for a reply she unlocked the door and threw it open.

She realised swiftly that she must put a bold front on it. Any show of timidity now would spoil everything.

A discreet-looking maidservant stood on the threshold.

"Mr Chase wishes me to say, sir, that he will be glad to breakfast with you at any time that may suit you."

"Is my brother down yet?" asked Kitty, trying to speak carelessly.

"Mr Chase is in the breakfast-room alone, sir."

Kitty experienced a new thrill of alarm. She did not relish the idea of meeting their host alone. However Dick would probably be down soon.

"I am coming," she said. "I am quite ready."

She followed the girl down the stairs. At every step her nervousness increased.

The impressive grandeur of the house, and, above all, the sunshine pouring in through the tall, arched windows, made her feel horribly conscious of her disguise.

Last night, in spite of the dangers and excitements she had felt quite at her ease. It was not nearly so simple a matter to play the man in the daylight.

On entering the big, handsome breakfast-room, she found Mr Beaumont Chase awaiting her, and had a good look at him for the first time. She had scarcely seen him the night before, but had been only too glad to get to her room as quickly as possible.

She noticed now that he was tall and good-looking, and that he had an easy manner.

He welcomed her genially, asked how she slept, and commented on the brightness of the morning.

"We may as well have breakfast," he said, and gave the order for it to be served.

Several times Kitty's eyes wandered to the door.

"My brother is tired," she contrived to say. "He—er—he had a heavy day yesterday."

"Yes, it was rough luck your car breaking down, though I ought not to say that, since it has given me the pleasure of your company. I don't get many visitors, and yet this is not a bad old place. You must let me show you round after breakfast."

And then he began talking about himself and his home.

Much to Kitty's relief, he asked no questions, and seemed quite content to discuss his own affairs and the quiet life he lived in this out-of-the-way corner of Essex.

Would Dick never come?

The breakfast ended, and Mr Chase led the way through one of the windows on to the broad, sunlit terrace.

"Will you have a cigar?" he said, producing his case.

"No—er—no, thank you," said Kitty, turning very red.

The other did not appear to notice her

embarrassment. He selected a cigar for himself and lit it.

They walked to the end of the terrace, and then suddenly Beaumont Chase turned and faced his companion.

For a moment he looked at her in silence, and as he looked this weary man of the world, who had tasted all the pleasures of life that money could buy and found them savourless, was surprised to discover that at last he had come across something that stirred within him a genuine interest.

He really wanted to know who this stranger was, to hear her story, and learn the secret of her queer adventure.

He felt no pity for her, nor any remorse for the trick he had played upon her. He was still intent only upon his own amusement.

"I have some news for you," he said suddenly, "and I am afraid you will consider it bad news. That is why I put it off till now, lest it should spoil your breakfast."

A startled look came into Kitty's eyes. The man noticed they were very bright eyes.

"News? News for me?" she said anxiously.

He nodded gravely.

"You and your brother left London rather hastily yesterday," he said.

"Well?" she demanded, on her guard at once.

Her courage revived instantly in defence of Dick.

"You had a reason?" said the man slowly.

"Naturally. Do you wish to question me, sir? If you think your hospitality gives you the right to inquire into our affairs, I can only refer you to my brother."

"I have already spoken with him."

"Then I have nothing to add."

Beaumont Chase smiled good-humouredly.

"You have not yet heard my news," he said quietly.

Kitty's foot began to tap impatiently, but she made no reply.

"When you left London you were pursued," said the man.

"Pursued? How do you know?"

There was now real alarm in the girl's face.

Beaumont Chase threw away his cigar.

"Look here, my young friend," he said, "I am in a bit of a quandary, and I don't quite know what I ought to do. You are my guests, and naturally I want to oblige you in every possible way; but the question is, if I help you, shall I be doing right?"

"You are afraid you might get into trouble for giving us shelter?" said Kitty. There was a note of contempt in her voice, and she flung back her head as she spoke with a gesture which the man though uncommonly attractive.

"No," he answered gravely; "I am afraid of nothing. I have spent my life in doing eccentric things. The law has no terrors for me. I please myself. No, that is not my trouble. What bothers me is whether I shall be doing right in shielding you and your brother from those who are after you. If I choose, I can protect you. But shall I be doing right?"

Kitty stared at him doubtfully, all kinds of thoughts racing through her mind.

"Where is Dick?" she demanded abruptly.

"You mean your brother?" said the man quietly.

Kitty flushed, angry at herself for her folly.

"Yes—er—yes, we call him Dick," she said hurriedly.

"He is safe for the present. I have got him out of the way. They came for you early this morning, and I put them off. I don't know if I did right, but I did it. Then I persuaded your brother to go off alone. If you two want to escape you must not travel together."

A look of blank dismay came into Kitty's face.

"Dick has gone? Gone and left me here?" she cried blankly.

"It was the only way. You can join him later. That is, if I don't decide to give you both up—"

"You won't! You won't send Dick back to prison? Oh, sir, you would not be so cruel!"

The girl uttered the words with a quick gesture of passionate appeal, and a new look of interest came into the eyes of Beaumont Chase.

"So!" he muttered to himself. "Prison! There's more in this business than I thought."

(Continued on page six.)

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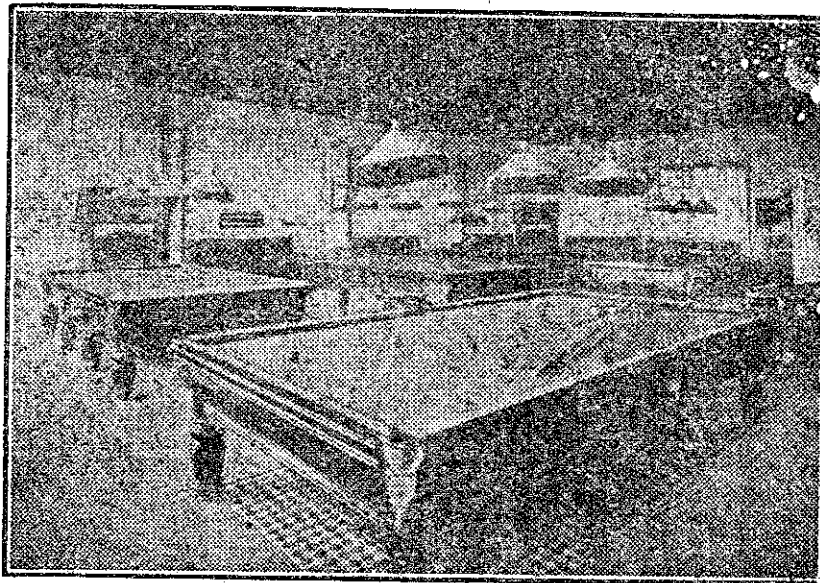
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## BILLIARD NOTES.

## POTTING THE RED TO RUN THROUGH THE WHITE DEAD ON THE BOTTOM CUSHION.

It is possible to obtain position for an in-off from the white when the latter is dead on the baulk cushion. This stroke is a very difficult one, inasmuch as the resting place of the cue ball has to be gauged to a nicety, the space between the points marked covering about the limits of the position from which the run-through is easily on even for anyone who can play run-throughs with ability and certainty. Of course, in the ordinary way, such a stroke should not be attempted, as it would be a far safer game to try to go on scoring from the red ball only, with the knowledge that it is pretty safe to go out for anything with your opponent handicapped by being tucked up under the cushion. At the same time, it is an example of what is possible in the way of bringing a white ball out of baulk by means of an in-off.

## POTTING THE RED THROUGH THE WHITE, DEAD ON A SIDE CUSHION.

With the white ball dead on a cushion in baulk, but this time on a side cushion. This position differs from the former by reason of the very great amount of latitude that exists for the resting-place of the cue ball. In fact, after the latter has once reached the top cushion—provided, of course, that the position of the red allows an angle similar to the former being made—position for the run-through exists practically from any points on its path down the table, and any player who can play ordinary run-throughs with a sufficient degree of certainty, should most assuredly try to bring the white into play by means of this most useful stroke. Some running side on the cue ball—to bring it off at a better angle from the top cushion—will often be of assistance when the red is so placed that good position cannot be easily obtained by a plain ball stroke.

It is possible to get position for a run-through in-off from the white—when that ball lies on a baulk side cushion—by means of a pot into either pocket. A little

running side will often be of assistance when it is desired to bring the cue ball across the table. In playing this stroke if the cue ball come to rest in an unfavourable position for the run-through off the white, position will often be left for an in-off from the red or a pot, and if for the latter, it will often be possible to play the pot in such a way as to leave the cue ball well placed to attack the white the next stroke.

The red ball so situated that the spot it occupies would be a very favourable one from which to run through the white, which lies dead on the baulk side cushion. In a position like this the red ball should be potted in such a way that the cue ball remains in or near the spot previously occupied by the red.

If the red happens to be further away from the centre pocket, and from where lies the position be too square for a run-through off the white, the cue ball should follow on a little after pottling the red, and by this means obtain position for the subsequent in-off.

## A SCREW-BACK FROM THE RED TO OBTAIN POSITION FOR AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

A means of obtaining position for an in-off from the white by pottling the red and screwing back. I simply give this as an illustration of what is often on; but, though a very useful stroke in the hands of a capable player, it is not one that I should advise even pretty good players to play. To attempt to pot the red—playing from baulk—into a centre pocket at a high rate of speed is always a dangerous proceeding—except, of course, when the red is over the pocket—owing to the pocket not being an open one even from the most favourable part of the D; and, of course, it would be impossible to play the screw-back at gentle strength.

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