

## JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"That depends," he said aloud. "I will help you if I can, but you know, my dear young lady—"

Kitty started back, her face crimson. "Then you know—you know all?" she said despairingly.

"No, I do not know all, but I know a good deal, and if I am to help you you must tell me the rest."

Poor Kitty was miserably ashamed, and her first impulse was to turn and rush into the house. But then she thought of Dick. This man could help him. For Dick's sake she must be brave.

"You will save Dick?" she said breathlessly. "You will save him?"

The man nodded.

"If I can. Now, tell me your story." Impulsively Kitty came to the decision to trust this stranger. She told him everything, the whole story, keeping back nothing.

Beaumont Chase listened with an amazement that increased with every word that fell from the girl's lips.

He had expected to hear the story of a couple of young fools who had run away to get married without their parents' consent.

The truth staggered him, and for a while he could only stare at the gallant boyish figure before him in incredulous wonder.

"Then this man, your companion, is a convict?" he said at length.

"Yes; but he is innocent." "He is your sweetheart?"

"Yes." Kitty answered defiantly, and the man noted with admiration the proud, frank look in her eyes.

"And you are the daughter of Judge Millbank, who tried and condemned your lover?" he asked, still speaking as one who can hardly bring himself to believe. "I am his adopted daughter."

"And you actually worked this scheme yourself?"

"Why shouldn't I? They had no right to lock Dick up. He is innocent. He did not kill Lord Haverham."

"How do you know?" "He told me so," replied Kitty innocently.

The millionaire suppressed a smile.

"That of course, is conclusive," he said gravely. "And you want me to conspire with you to defeat the laws of England and help this man to escape?"

"Yes, please." Beaumont Chase stroked his chin thoughtfully.

He was amused. But amusement was not his only emotion. The queer adventure into which he found himself so unexpectedly plunged appealed to him in many ways.

It offered danger and adventure. It promised to give spice and flavour to a life which had become indescribably dull and monotonous.

Moreover, this girl, so beautiful and so courageous, attracted him as he had not been attracted by any woman for many years.

"It is a big thing you ask me to do," he said quietly.

"But you'll do it!" exclaimed Kitty eagerly. "You are a man, and you are not afraid. I know you'll do it."

The man fixed his eyes very intently upon her bright, eager face.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I will do it if—if you will do your part."

"I will do anything to save Dick," replied Kitty impulsively.

"You mean that?"

"Of course I do! Haven't I done much already? Do you think I will hesitate?"

"No, I don't think you will; but, at the same time, your part will not be easy. If I am to help you to get your friend safely out of the country, you must obey me in everything. I can't afford to run unnecessary risks."

"I will do whatever you think best," declared Kitty.

"Very well. Then, in the first place, you must not go after your friend. You must not see him again."

"Not see Dick again?" faltered the girl, a look of dismay coming into her face.

"Don't you see that is the one mistake you made. If you travel together he is certain to be traced. The thing is to keep apart. Eventually you will be found by the police. Nothing can prevent that. But, meanwhile, your friend, with my help, can be making his escape."

"Oh, yes, I see—I see!" said Kitty, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Then what—what am I to do?"

"You must remain here," replied the millionaire quietly. "I am going to London to-day, and shall be away a few days, but my housekeeper will look after you. She will provide you with everything you require. When I come back I think I shall have news for you—good news. Do you think you can wait and be patient?"

"Mustn't I write to Dick?"

"On no account. That would be fatal.

I will find a safe way of communicating with him, and if you give me a letter I will see that it reaches him. The question is, Miss Millbank, will you trust me? It all depends on that."

Kitty looked at him, and then suddenly held out her hand.

"Yes, I trust you," she said. "You are strong and brave and clever, and I believe you can save Dick from his enemies."

Something in her frank, steady gaze disconcerted the man for a moment, and he lowered his eyes.

Nevertheless, he replied calmly:

"We can save him together, Miss Millbank—and we will!"

They shook hands, and then he strode away, leaving her standing alone on the terrace.

## BEAUMONT CHASE GOES TO LONDON.

Beaumont Chase proceeded at once to London, and called at the house of Judge Millbank in Kensington Park Gardens.

He was received by Mr Frank Montague.

"I wish to see Sir John Millbank," said the millionaire bluntly.

"I am sorry. Sir John is seriously ill. He can see no one," replied the secretary.

"I bring news of his daughter."

Mr Montague's face brightened up immediately.

"Indeed, I am glad to hear that," he said eagerly. "She is safe and well, I hope."

"Oh, yes!" The secretary gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I have been very anxious about her. I shall be very grateful if you will tell me—"

"I can only discuss the matter with Sir John Millbank," interposed the millionaire coldly.

Mr Montague frowned.

"But Sir John is quite incapable of attending to any business, whatever," he declared. "He does not even know that his daughter is missing. He had a mental breakdown last night, and his condition to-day is very grave."

Mr Beaumont Chase did not seem greatly concerned.

"Very well, when he recovers he will perhaps communicate with me," he said, picking up his hat and gloves and pointing to his visiting-card, which was lying on the table.

"But, my dear sir, you will tell me where she is!" exclaimed Mr Montague indignantly.

"I regret I am not at liberty to give that information to anyone but Sir John, I can only say she is with friends and well looked after. Good-day!"

Before Mr Frank Montague had time to protest further he found himself alone.

For a moment he was dazed. Then he snatched up the visiting-card from the table and read, "Mr Beaumont Chase, The Old Sports Club, Piccadilly."

He threw it down, and darting from the room, rushed to the telephone.

In a few minutes he was in conversation with Mr Pelham Webb, a very private detective, famous in a narrow circle for his achievements in Society's secret service.

"That you, Webb?"

"Yes,"

Montague speaking. Any news of the runaway couple?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I have. Know a man named Beaumont Chase?"

"The mad millionaire? Oh, yes!"

"He knows where they are—the girl at any rate, and the man won't be far off. Chase is in London. Just left here. Get on his track, and he'll lead you to the quarry."

"Thanks. I'll probably pick him up at the Old Sports. He's a member."

"Yes; he gives that address. But you'll be discreet."

"Of course."

"The girl's name must be kept out of the affair somehow."

"Quite so. Don't worry. In twenty-four hours or less the girl will be safe back in her home and the man in prison."

"Hope so. Good-bye."

## THERE IS ONE WAY.

Kitty Millbank, now wearing a simple but becoming white frock provided by Mr Beaumont Chase's housekeeper, sat in a rustic seat on the fringe of the wide lawn which stretched from the terrace of Beaumont Hall down on the little stream which flowed through the estate.

Her pretty face was pale, and wore a look of tense anxiety.

Two days had passed since her strange host had left her in his house.

She had been treated with profound respect by the servants. She might have been the mistress of the place.

But she had heard no news, either good

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## The Nature Column.

## NATURE ROUND LAKE MONOWAI

One of the things about Cloughearn which strikes the eye most forcibly, is the quantity and variety of wild flowers. Mountain daisies (Celmisias) of different sorts, some with flowers 4 inches across, mountain lillies (Ranunculus) with their beautiful clusters of white blooms and leaves occasionally as large as a dinner plate, and yellow Senecies, are the principal constituents in these wild gardens, which not uncommonly cover whole hill-sides with a blaze of white and yellow. The smallest pine tree in the world grows here, it reaches but a few inches in height, and the average person would certainly not take it for a tree. The curious whipcord veronica with its leafless cord-like stems is also common. The tussocks in sheltered places grow to a great size, and occasionally form quite an obstacle to walking. On the bare wind-swept tops plants grow close together and form cushions. The shingle slope vegetation is very curious, a number of the plants have thick woolly leaves, and quite a small plant make have a root several feet long. They look just like the artificial flowers our grandmothers used to work in wool.

The peaks are formed of synclines. A syncline by the way, is the bottom or valley part of an earth fold which is made so much harder by compression that it becomes resistant to erosion, and later becomes a high part of the land owing to the anticlines or high parts of the earth fold having worn away. This particular structure goes to show that these peaks have been formed by erosion and not by earthfolding. The Green Lake about two square miles in extent seems to have had a glacial origin. Its shores are extremely precipitous in most places. The hills on the west side are apparently of a low morainic character. To the north, with a considerable valley between it and Cuthbert peak, rises Mt. Burns over 5000 feet high. It forms practically one side of the Green Lake. On this mountain the writer experienced the highest wind it has ever been his lot to be out in. Progress had to be made on all fours and the pressure of the wind on the nostrils caused an unpleasant sense of suffocation. There is a fine slab hut, built almost entirely with an axe, about 1000 feet from the top of Cuthbert peak. From this point down to the Monowai flat a sheep track leads through the birch bush. The trip on a fine day is very pleasant. It takes about two and a half hours. Bird life is not very plentiful. The floor of the forest seems to be built up on roots and gives out a hollow sound as you tramp along. Pack horses are very careful on this track, but even so, they frequently fall through the rotten footing.

The Monowai flat seems to possess one of those peculiar soils which the agriculturist has dubbed waterproof. It supports but a scanty vegetation. Lowly plants with a little grass, manuka, and bog pine grow upon it. At first sight an inexperienced traveller is apt to think the bog pine to be the common macrocarpa he sees at home, but on further examination he speedily perceives a difference. In the upper part of the flat small mounds of earth and stones thickly scattered around give one the impression of a graveyard.

We are most of us familiar with the sight of a forest giant uprooted, and lying with a large ball of earth attached to the roots. The tree when it rots away will leave the mound of earth standing to witness its downfall. This seems to be the process by which the mounds in question were formed. The flat to the ordinary person is a somewhat dreary waste, but to the botanist the mat of lowly plants with which it is carpeted are of considerable interest. The Monowai river flows down one side of the flat and farther down the Borland flows down the other side, but at a lower level in a deep gorge. The Monowai could be run across the flat and emptied into the Borland which flows through a deep gorge with sheer sides. It would be a cheap scheme but would not develop more than 14,000 horse-power.

The Monowai river is only a few miles long and falls over 200 feet. It rushes along very swiftly and the volume of water is considerable towards the lower end where it enters the Waiau it has cut a deep gorge. Some little distance from the Waiau a sheep bridge affords means of crossing dryfoot. At this point is to be seen the guage by which the river is measured, and just above this will be a weir and inlet of the pipe line.

Some wines that had been recovered from a vessel sunk about 50 years ago bought £15 a bottle at auction.

A watch, on the average, has 175 parts. Galileo made the first telescope 300 years ago.

\*\*\*\*\* ORIGINAL \*\*\*\*\*

# AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

MAHMOUD RETURNS.

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## CHAPTER FOUR.

Mahmoud the moghassil was ill at ease at Tanta, his mother was with him and he had been obliged to leave his wives unguarded, a thing that no true moslem likes doing. Moreover he knew that his favourite, Zeinab was by no means discreet as he would have her be. His brother was very sick indeed, and yet to Mahmoud's disgust would neither die or get well. As Mahmoud observed, "It is not that my brother is a bad man that he dreads the approach of AZRAEL (the angel of death), his life has been well nigh as blameless as my own. Now therefore, let me consider if there be not ways to assist him, to join the Houris in Paradise, then may I go home to Helmeih, with my brothers wealth."

Later that day he consulted a Hakim who was of a like kidney to himself, for it is not well known that Hakims of ill-fame and the moghassils are of the one brotherhood, in as the one conceals the villinies of the other.

This Hakim whose name was Mustapha, ordered and administered a sleeping draught to the sick man. Now if the object of this draught was to cause the sick man to sleep, then was its object achieved, for Mahmoud's brother fell at once into a deep sleep, so deep indeed that he never again woke on this earth.

Mahmoud having buried his brother, and carried out the customary acts of mourning, packed up his brother's goods and after disposing of the bulk of them to best advantage, loaded his mother with the rest, for what man would demean himself by carrying burdens when women were created by Allah the Farseeing (to whose name he praised) for this very purpose.

He also took all his brother's wealth which was considerable. As for his brother's widows. Two, he returned to their parents and the third who was young and passably goodlooking, he sold to a neighbouring Pasha, who was seeking reinforcements for his harem.

Having thus disposed of his brother's belongings, he took the train for Helmeih feeling the satisfaction that a man feels when he has done a good deed.

Now six weeks had passed since Mahmoud had been away at Tanta, so that he had much to learn on his return. His wife Zeinab met him, full of complaints against the small Ahmet who had been absent with the soldiers for some three weeks, and for whom she pretended the most loving solicitude. She also told Mahmoud that Abu Suleiman had spoken words of love to her in his absence, as well as trying to entice Ahmet from her, and that she had been obliged to appeal to the Omdar.

Mahmoud was very angry at what he heard, supposing that Zeinab spoke the truth, and he vowed to be even with Abu Suleiman even though he was a holy man. In this frame of mind he after giving his mother strict injunctions to look after his wife, went to the cafe in the bazaar.

It was not long before Hassan the Ghaffir came in and sat beside him, "Saida," said he. "Naharak saided," returned Mahmoud. The usual enquiries followed as to when Mahmoud returned from Tanta, with remarks on the length of his stay there. Mahmoud however smoked his hooka in silence, whilst Hassan glad of his chance to show his importance and to air his latest bits of gossip rambled on.

"See brothers," said he, "Mahmoud the Moghassil has returned, now our dead will go decently to their graves, and our holy men will not be plagued with the care of another man's children."

Then said the thatcher whose name was Said, "Thou hast not mentioned the thing that counts most O! Hassan, for now that Mahmoud the Moghassil hath returned he will be able to guard his wife, and the lovely Zeinab will not have to call on the Omdar for protection."

There was a roar of laughter, almost as instantly stilled, as each man realised that Said had broken the law, and made mention of another's wife, all eyes were turned to Mahmoud, who had risen to his feet and who was regarding Said with cold passion. Hassan the Ghaffir grasped his about (a stout stick about six feet long and as thick as a man's wrist) more firmly and interposing himself be-

tween the two men, called on them in the name of Allah, the Prophet, and the Sultan to keep the peace. "Let the dog and the son of a pig depart," said Mahmoud, "He hath not long to live, let him bid farewell to his family for ere another sun has set he will go on a long journey on men's shoulders, and by the full of the moon the worms will have grown fat on his carcass, for I Mahoud the Moghassil, have cast upon him the evil eye, and his body is already festering." At this Said the thatcher shrieked aloud and dragged him on his knees toward Mahmoud imploring him for mercy; Mahmoud grasping the kneeling man's beard turned his face up and deliberately spitting into it said, "Would that I had the venom of the serpent that I could spit it upon thee thus," and turning on his heel he left the cafe.

That night Said the thatcher died in convulsions, saying that all the devils in Eklis were tearing at his vitals. Thus was Mahmoud revenged, and all men in Helmeih held their breath and wondered who would be the next victim.

The next day Mahmoud called on the Omdar, what took place between the two was known to no man. They were seen to part on the doorstep of the Omdar's house with apparent friendliness, but the next morning the Omdar found a naked knife on his doorstep. No one knew, though most of them guessed who was responsible for this. The Omdar at once sent and apprised the Mudir (the governor of the province) who dismissed the incident as trivial. No one in the village was at all surprised, when the next day the Omdar was found dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, but everyone was prepared to swear that the knife found by the body was the same that Omdar had found on his doorstep the day previous.

Truly the evil eye of Mahmoud the Moghassil was a thing to be feared.

Now Abu Suleiman, had been a witness of all that had taken place, and knowing what had led up to these events, felt that even his saintliness was not proof against Mahmoud's vengeance, and he well knew that if he was not the next victim, then at all events his turn was not far off. So he announced that his increasing years made it incumbent on him if he were to again visit the kebla at Mecca, before he died to make an early start. And to make certain that his start really was an early one he went without waiting to say the funeral oration over the dead Omdar.

Next Chapter, Mahmoud starts for Mecca.

## FUN AND FANCY.

## HARD LUCK!

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quiltin buzzer while 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron and 'e dropped it on his foot."

## WHAT STOPPED HIM.

First Tramp: "Once I was in a fair way ter becomin' a millionaire, but a jabour-savin' device ruined me."

Second Tramp: "How was that?"

First Tramp: "I was gettin' on nicely as a barman in a public-house, when the boss bought a cash register."

## WHO WAS AT THE WINDOW.

Newly-married Husband: "Did you see me kiss my hand to you, darling, as I left for business this morning?"

Newly-married Wife: "No, hubby, dear, I was not in the front room."

Husband (bewildered): "I wonder who it was at the window, then?"

Wife: "I'm sure I don't know. Oh, by the bye, our maid Jane told me she had decided to stay another month."

Most women refuse to accept platonism, which in their inmost hearts they despise.