

GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern 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 Blue 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 sentence of death, 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. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Winnerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr. Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. At a fabulous price Mr. Chase engages the services of

MR. PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed. Pelham Webb discovers Dick, and unbeknown to Beaumont Chase, takes him to the latter's residence where he is installed as gardener. Sir John and Kitty arrive at Beaumont Hall, and Beaumont Chase loses no time in asking Sir John for the hand of his daughter. Sir John consents. That afternoon Kitty receives news that the gardener is seriously injured. "I will go and see him," she says.

AT THE DOOR OF THE PAVILION SUMMER-HOUSE.

Kitty hurried along towards the summer-house, anxious to be of assistance. She wondered what sort of accident had happened to the poor old man. She had often seen him latterly about the grounds, and once or twice she had thought he was watching her; but whenever she had approached him with the idea of questioning him he had moved away. She decided that he was eccentric. He did not appear to be a very efficient gardener and Kitty wondered a little that he should be engaged at the Hall. Beyond this she had not given him a thought till now. But the news that he had been seriously injured turned her mind to him, and all

her gentle womanly nature urged her to go to his help.

The summer-house was in a retired spot almost surrounded by clumps of evergreens.

It was quite a pretentious building of the pavilion type, standing on a raised platform, and with a verandah on three sides of it.

Kitty was mounting the little flight of wooden steps which led to the entrance when a man emerged from the door of the building and confronted her.

Kitty recognised him immediately, though she had seen him but once before. It was Pelham Webb, the detective, whom Beaumont Chase had bribed to let Dick go free.

She recalled that terrible interview with the millionaire; every detail of it came back to her. She recalled Beaumont Chase's very words.

"Do you advise me to engage this person, Miss Millbank? It is for you to decide. I shall be guided entirely by you. I will accept his terms if you accept mine!"

And she had consented.

To save Dick from this horrible little creature, she had promised to become the wife of any man whom Mr. Chase might select.

And all the time Beaumont Chase was plotting for his own ends, and she had not guessed it! Well, that did not matter now. She may as well marry Beaumont Chase as any other since Dick was lost to her for ever.

She would have passed the detective without appearing to recognise him, but he stepped in front of her and barred her progress.

He seemed unaccountably alarmed and agitated at the sight of her.

"Pardon me, miss, you cannot go in," he said excitedly.

"Why not?" she exclaimed, surveying him with a look of haughty surprise on her pretty face.

With an effort, the detective controlled the agitation into which her sudden appearance had thrown him and spoke calmly, but firmly.

"There is a man in there who has been rather badly hurt."

"Yes, I know! I want to see what I can do for him."

"You can do nothing. I have sent for the doctor."

"Doctor Bradshaw?"

"No—er—I have sent for another doctor. A gentleman with whose skill I am acquainted."

He spoke hesitatingly and with some embarrassment, and Kitty was puzzled.

"But why not Doctor Bradshaw? He is quite close, and if the case is urgent—"

"Believe me, young lady, I am doing everything that requires to be done. You have no need to trouble yourself in the matter at all. I have sent off the servants—they were only in the way. I beg you to leave the affair entirely in my hands. That, I know, would be the wish of Mr. Chase."

A cloud appeared upon Kitty's face at the mention of the name, and she made no answer.

Pelham Webb hastened to speak again, and made a bold and determined effort to change the subject of conversation.

"May I take this opportunity, Miss Millbank, of offering my respectful congratulations?" he said, without an unpleasant smirk.

"What about," demanded Kitty bluntly. She was unable however, to prevent a flush of colour coming to her cheeks.

"Pardon me," murmured the little man bowing deferentially. "I trust I have not been presumptuous. I referred to your

approaching marriage with my fortunate employer, Mr. Chase."

Kitty gave him a quick look. "Ah, yes!" she exclaimed. "I remember Mr. Chase employed you. Have you carried out his instructions?"

"I trust so."

"You have done nothing to injure Mr. Mr. Foster?"

Kitty's voice faltered in spite of herself. "On the contrary, I have done what I could to help him in accordance with the desire expressed by Mr. Chase."

"It was you who got him out of the country?"

"Yes."

"He is now safe?"

"Absolutely!"

"When did you see him last?"

"Just before he sailed."

"Did he give you no message for—for anyone?"

Pelham Webb hesitated and then answered with studied solemnity.

"Yes, Miss Millbank, he gave me a message—a message for you. But so far I have withheld it, and I think, with good reason."

"You must tell me," she cried breathlessly. "What did he say? What was his message?"

An eager light came into Kitty's eyes. Still the man hesitated, and Kitty became almost frantic.

"You have no right to keep it back!" she cried. "Oh, please—please tell me."

"If you insist, of course, I must obey," replied the detective. "It was only out of consideration for your feelings that I remained silent. Dick Foster's last words to me were: 'If you see Miss Millbank, tell her that I beg she will try to forgive me.'"

Kitty fell back as though she had received a blow, but still stared at the man with her big eyes wide open and her lips parted.

"No more than that?" she said faintly, and there was a pitiful tremor in her voice.

"Nothing more," replied Webb. "I think Foster recognised that he had acted foolishly, and that he was lucky to have such powerful friends to get him out of the scrape."

Kitty made no answer, but turning quickly, so as to hide her tears, moved away, in silence.

The man watched her until she disappeared.

"I have given her something else to think about," he muttered grimly. "She won't worry her pretty head any more about old Daddy Clarke. At least, I devoutly hope not. What a cursed bit of bad luck this is! I am in a deuce of a tight corner, and it will need all my ingenuity to get out of it."

He turned and glided back into the summer-house, closing the door after him.

PELHAM WEBB GIVES ADVICE.

Late that Beaumont Chase was sitting up writing in his own room, when his personal servant, the faithful Underwood, suddenly appeared.

The millionaire looked up.

"Well?" he demanded shortly.

"Mr. Pelham Webb wishes to see you, sir."

"Webb? The detective chap? What on earth does he want at this time of night?"

"Couldn't say, sir, not for certain. He is very reticent. Thinks it professional, I suppose. But I imagine he wants money. Shall I give him half a sovereign and send him away?"

Chase laughed.

"No. I don't think I would do that! Show him in. I'll see him."

"Very good, sir!"

The millionaire threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"I thought I had done with that rascal," he muttered. "In less than a month, Kitty will be my wife, and—"

The door opened again and Pelham Webb came deferentially into the room.

Beaumont Chase surveyed the little, cringing figure curiously.

"Well my hungry sleuth-hound! What is it now?" he said genially. "Surely you haven't come to be fed again so soon?"

The little man stiffened himself, and his face wore an expression of wounded dignity.

"You have been very generous, sir," he said coldly. "If it amuses you to make fun of me, you have purchased the means to entertain yourself in that way."

The millionaire smiled.

(Continued on page 6.)

FURNITURE!

Do you want Well Made, Well Finished Up-to-Date Furniture at reasonable prices? If so call at

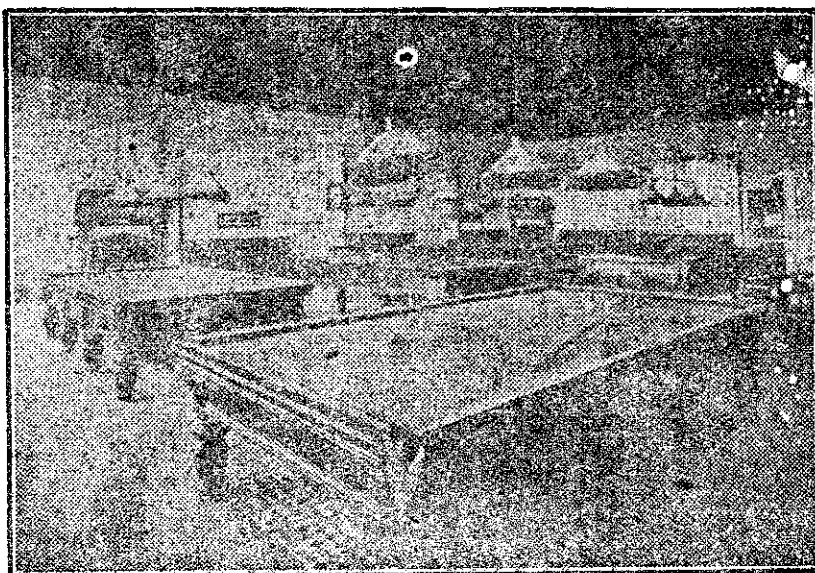
GEO. MOIR & SON,
FURNITURE DEALERS & MANUFACTURERS,
72 & 74 Tay Street, Invercargill.

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

BRINGING THE WHITE OUT OF BAULK.

When a player is ball in hand it is always far worse to have the red in baulk than the white, for whereas the red can only be brought into play again by means of a cannon—except, of course, by first potting the white, or by the uncertain method of playing at a cushion out of baulk—there is always the possibility of bringing the white out of baulk and into the field of play by means of an in-off, after having gained position for this as the result of potting the red in either of the centre or top pockets.

At first the red may not be favourably situated for a pot, but a few in-offs will often bring it into a desirable location—generally for a pot into one of the centre pockets. Of course, it will often happen that the white is so situated in baulk that it would be very difficult to bring it into play again by means of an in-off, yet, at the same time, it will just as frequently happen that its location will be a favourable one for this method of play.

Two quite simple positions for bringing the white into play when ball in hand. When the red is over the centre of the top pocket it is quite easy for a mere novice to pot it in such a way as to leave his own ball for an in-off from the white afterwards. Should the red be right over the centre pocket, it can be potted in such a manner as to cause the cue ball to come to rest either above or below the pocket. This can be effected by placing the cue-ball in different parts of the D, and aiming either nearly full at the red, or else hitting the red on that part of it which is nearest to the lower angle of the pocket. The only thing a novice has to

take care of when the red is right over the pocket is that he does not make a six shot, the very stroke that most bad players would play for.

GETTING POSITION BY A STAB POT.

Two further positions for potting the red and remaining correctly placed for an in-off from the white. In these instances the red ball is so situated that the very spot it occupies would be a good position for the striker's ball from which to attack the white. The red ball must therefore be potted in the centre pocket in such a manner that the cue-ball remains as nearly as possible on the spot previously occupied by the red. In order to effect this, the cue ball should be hit half way between the centre and the bottom, but with less strength than is necessary to bring screw back.

When the red is near the baulk-line, the stroke can be played fairly gently, but when the red is some distance away the cue-ball must be hit quite smartly, otherwise the effect caused by the low hitting will be more or less lost by the time the red is hit, and the cue-ball, instead of stopping dead, will run on.

Grand Billiard Saloon.

NINE TABLES.

Silence, Civility and Attention.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

Southland Floral, Plant
and Seed Supply,