

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 Wimmerleigh; 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 Wimmerleigh. 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.

The concluding paragraphs of last week's instalment, reprinted to refresh reader's memories.

Beaumont Chase gave a startled movement, and a bold, resolute look came into his dark eyes. "By Heaven, Webb, you are right!" he said. "A special licence! It can be done. Money can do a great deal! Why, man, money can do anything. Keep things quiet, Webb, for forty-eight hours. I ask no more. On Thursday—the day after to-morrow—Kitty shall become my wife!"

GUESSED THE TRUTH.

It was early evening on the day after the events recorded in the last chapter. Kitty sat alone in her own room.

Soon she would have to begin to dress for dinner, but meanwhile she had half an hour to herself.

Her pretty face wore a harassed expression; and there was a look of distress and worry in her bright eyes.

All day she had been oppressed by a feeling of impending disaster.

In the morning, early, Beaumont Chase had left for London, but before going he had had a brief interview with her.

"I shall be back to-night, to dinner," he said, "and when I come I hope to bring great news, Kitty."

There was a smile on his lips as he spoke, a smile which to Kitty was both mysterious and unpleasant.

She had recalled it several times during the day and always with a shudder.

She was not, however, thinking of it now, Beaumont Chase indeed, was out of her mind. She had forgotten him.

Her thoughts were all centred upon that strange interview with Pelham Webb yesterday at the door of the summer-house pavilion.

The detective's words had crushed her spirit and filled her with a despair which was none the less real because she would not own it even to herself.

"If you meet Miss Millbank, tell her that I beg she will try to forgive me."

It was a very proper message for Dick to send to her. Of course, they must try to forget one another.

And yet, in her heart of hearts, she had hoped if ever word came from her lover, it would be something different.

She stared out miserably at the beautiful landscape across which the declining sun was casting lengthening shadows.

"Oh, Dick, you know I can never forget you! You know it!" she murmured pitifully under her breath.

And then an idea flashed across her mind with the force of a revelation.

"He never said it!" she murmured almost fiercely. "That little man is lying! Dick never sent me such a message. He would never give me up. However dark things looked, he would go on hoping we should meet again some day. Oh, Dick, my dear, dear boy, I know you too well! I must give you up. I must marry another. I must do that for your sake, and I will. But never will I believe that you are reconciled to it or that you will ever forget me."

The door of the room opened and Kitty's maid entered.

"Will you dress for dinner, miss?"

"Not yet, Julie," replied Kitty, pacing restlessly up and down the room. "Has Mr Chase returned yet?"

"No, miss."

"Have you heard how the old gardener is? I mean the man who was injured yesterday."

"They say he is better, miss, but no one has seen him except Mr Webb, and the strange doctor brought from London. Mr Webb seems to take a great interest in the old man, and won't let anyone go near him."

"Do you know how the poor fellow met with his accident?"

"Yes, miss; he fell off a ladder. No one quite knows what he was doing. He put the ladder against the side of the house just outside this window, miss. They think his idea was to nail up the creeper, but I understand it did not require doing. However, he does not seem to know much about his trade. The general opinion is, miss, that the poor man is a little daft."

"Outside this window?" said Kitty slowly.

"Yes, miss."

Kitty remained silent and turned her head away to conceal the startled look which she knew had come into her eyes.

Her mind went back to that other night when a twisted scrap of paper thrown through the window had fallen at her feet.

Her heart began to beat wildly, and it was with difficulty that she refrained from crying out.

This was Dick's messenger—this old man! Why had she not guessed it before? Somehow her lover had contrived to make a friend, and by his hand had sent her words of love and hope!

In an instant all her misery fell away from her like an old and ugly garment cast aside.

Dick was safe in a foreign land, she might never see him again; but he was still hers, he had not forgotten her. He was still thinking of her, and even in his desperate danger he had sent someone to comfort her and to help her. Ah, that was like Dick! It was foolish, but it was splendid. He was all she believed him to be. He was her hero still.

"It is getting late, miss," ventured Julie respectfully.

"Yes, yes, I know, but it doesn't matter," said Kitty turning quickly. "Listen, Julie, you must help me. To-night, after dinner, I am going to the pavilion."

"Where, miss?"

"The summer-house pavilion. I am going to see that old man."

Julie stared open-mouthed, and made no reply.

"I am going secretly. No one must see me. No one must know," went on her mistress impetuously.

"But, miss, it is impossible!" protested the little French girl, but her dark eyes sparkled with excitement all the same.

"I am going," said Kitty resolutely. "Nothing shall stop me, nothing!"

"But Mr Webb will not allow!"

"He is nobody."

"He is on guard, he keeps the key."

"We will outwit him. Listen—"

At that moment there was a discreet tap at the door.

Julie went to answer it, and returned presently with a letter which she handed to her mistress.

"I think it is important, miss. It came by special messenger on a motor-bicycle."

Kitty tore it open and saw at a glance it was from Beaumont Chase.

It was brief, but the girl stared at it for a long time with wide-open eyes, as though unable to take in its meaning.

"Dear Kitty,—Find I shall be late, but don't go to bed until I have seen you. Dearest, I have taken you at your word. You said you would marry me whenever I liked. You will not blame me for wasting no time. I have secured a special licence to-day, and the wedding is to take place to-morrow. Your father knew of the purpose of my visit to London. Tell him that I have been successful, and that everything is arranged. To-morrow I will take from his hands the precious and beautiful treasure he has guarded so well. All my love, sweetheart.—Your devoted,

"Beaumont."

"But are you not well, miss?" said Julie in alarm.

Kitty turned quickly. She was deadly pale, but she did not tremble or display any sign of agitation, and when she spoke her voice was quite calm.

"Oh, yes, I am quite well," she said as she carefully refolded the letter and replaced it in the envelope. "I was telling you about my visit to the pavilion to-night. Be at the western end of the terrace after dinner. You can hide behind the laurels there. I will join you as soon as I can."

"You still intend to go, miss?"

"More than ever," replied Kitty firmly. And at the same time, quite unconscious of what she was doing, she tore in half the letter she held in her hands.

AFTER DINNER.

"It is odd Chase did not wire when he found he could not get back."

Dinner was over. Sir John Millbank and his adopted daughter were alone together in the big dining-room of Beaumont Hall.

Kitty looked at the old man gravely.

"Why should he wire? He will be back some time to-night, I suppose," said Kitty in reply to the old man's remark.

She had not told him about the letter from Beaumont Chase, fearing a discussion which might delay the expedition she had planned.

A nervous and rather embarrassed smile played for a moment about Sir John Millbank's mouth.

(Continued from page six.)

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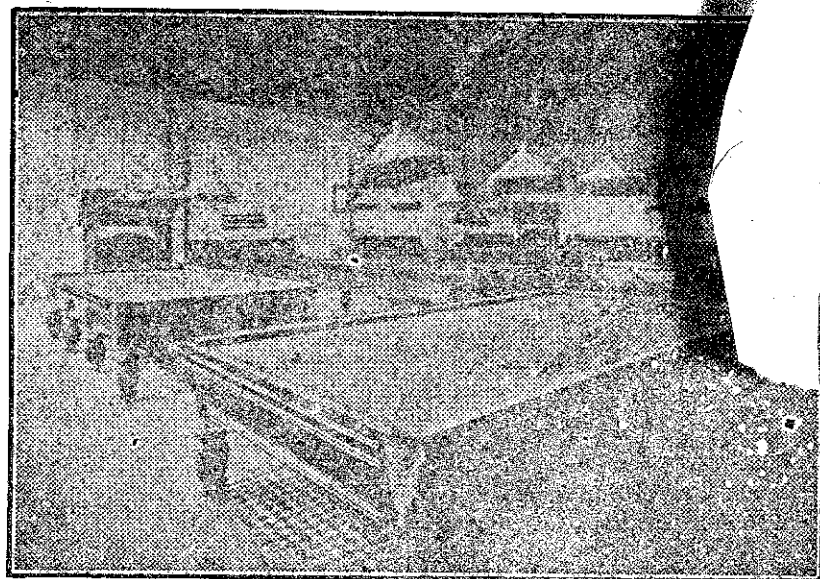
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BILLIARD NOTES.

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME.

POTTING THE RED TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

In a previous article on bringing the white out of baulk—when ball in hand—I gave various examples of how the red may be potted in order to leave an in-off from the white, and thus bring that ball into the field of play. But though not ball in hand, it will constantly happen that it is the game to pot the red and leave an in-off from the white for the next stroke.

This may happen whether the white is in baulk or not, but, naturally, when the white is inside the line, and there is no ordinary cannon on it will always be the correct game to play to pot the red, and gain position for an in-off from the white—should there be a fair prospect of being able to do this—and more often than not such a procedure will prove to be advantageous even when a simple cannon is on, because the cannon, though quite easy to get, may be of such a nature, that the resultant position could easily be an unfavourable one.

POTTING THE RED INTO A BAULK POCKET TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

A position with all three balls in baulk. The cannon, whilst by no means a difficult one for a fair player, is, at the same time, not exactly a certainty, and, besides, even if it were made, whether the red went down or not, the after-position would be very uncertain, and very probably more or less safe. Instead, the red should be potted in such a manner as to leave an in-off from the white. According to the location of the red, a less than half-ball,

a half-ball, or a fuller than half-ball stroke may be required to pot it, but in whichever manner the red ball has to be hit, position for the in-off from the white can always be gained.

In playing a stroke of this nature, it would require very great judgment of strength to get the absolute best position from which to play the white, but, fortunately, it is not necessary to find the exact location. So long as the cue ball stops anywhere in the vicinity of this spot, an in-off from the white will always be on either by means of a less than half-ball stroke, a half-ball stroke, a forcing stroke, or a screw-shot.

A position similar to this with the difference that the cue ball comes off the side cushion after potting the red. If the white object-ball, however, were placed on the other side of the D, position would be gained just the same; so that an in-off could be played, no matter which side of the table the white ball was situated.

POTTING THE RED BY A FOLLOWING ON STROKE TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

A position for an in-off from the white can be gained by means of potting the red with a following-on stroke. There are two different pots, and in each instance the red ball and the cue-ball are in a dead-straight line with the pocket. The stroke should be played by hitting the cue ball above the centre to cause it to follow, on after contact with the red.

When the cue ball has only to travel a short distance to gain the desired position, quite a gentle stroke will suffice, but a rather stronger stroke will be necessary when the cue-ball has to travel some little distance.

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