

## 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.

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

The girl moved to his side and, stooping, kissed him.

"I thank you now daddy dear. I am very grateful to you for all you have done and all you have tried to do for me. And now, if you don't mind, I'll take a stroll in the garden. It is a warm night."

"Very well, my child, but put a wrap on, and don't go far. Chase may be back at any moment, and he will want to see you, I know."

"Don't let him come after me, daddy. I want to be alone. Life is very puzzling."

She threw a silk scarf over her shoulders and as she reached the open window she turned her head and glanced back.

"I am going to look at the stars' daddy," she said, "and see if they have any message for me."

And then with shining eyes she went out into the darkness.

## THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

Pelham Webb was getting anxious. Much as he loved a double game, he was beginning to realise that such a game had peculiar perils.

There was the danger of falling between two stools.

His plan was as simple as it was bold, and if all went well, he would achieve the greatest and most profitable triumph of his life.

His intention was to deliver Dick Foster up to the police, and so win a world-wide reputation as the detective who had run to earth the daring murderer of Lord Haverham.

At a bound he would be at the very summit of his profession.

On the other hand, he must keep faith with Mr Beaumont Chase, the most generous client he had ever worked for. Fame was good, but money was even better.

Mr Chase was about to marry the young lady upon whom he had set his fancy. Until the ceremony had taken place, Dick Foster must not be arrested. The very existence of the young man in England must not be guessed at by anyone.

Miss Millbank especially must be kept in ignorance that he was here, close at hand, almost within sound of her voice.

At first Mr Webb found the double game both fascinating and easy, and then came the unfortunate accident which very nearly revealed the old gardener's identity.

Since then Pelham Webb had been in a state of suppressed nervous excitement.

Nevertheless, he had taken all possible precautions to avert disaster. He had summoned a doctor from London whom he could trust, and he had contrived that no one else should see the patient.

He had persuaded Beaumont Chase to hasten on the wedding.

Now at last he began to feel more at ease in his mind.

The summer-house pavilion consisted of one long room with windows facing the south, and two tiny rooms at either end.

It was the big room in which the injured man was lying on a small camp-bedstead, and Pelham Webb now stood by the bedside.

It was night, the windows were closely curtained, and the room was dimly lighted by a stable-lamp hanging from a beam across the roof.

The detective looked at his watch. Nearly half-past nine.

Then he took a telegram from his pocket and smiled as he read it over again.

"Everything satisfactorily arranged. The affair takes place to-morrow afternoon at three. Returning late to-night. Will see you.—Chase."

So the period of suspense was nearing its end. All danger of a catastrophe would be over in less than eighteen hours.

Mr Webb was already in communication with the authorities at Scotland Yard.

To-morrow afternoon he would be able to hand over his inconvenient prisoner, and then in a happy and peaceful frame of mind call at the Hall to offer his congratulations to the newly wedded pair.

"How do you feel now?" he asked as he looked down at the invalid.

Dick Foster gazed up and smiled.

"Oh, much better. A bit groggy, of course, but I shall be myself in a day or two. It is awfully good of you to take so much trouble."

"Not at all. I've taken a fancy to you," replied the detective. "I am only

a private detective, and when Miss Millbank engaged me to look after you and save you from arrest, I naturally tried to earn my fees. But now I am interested in you for your own sake, and if I can help you in any way, it will give me great pleasure."

"Yes, I know. You are a good sort, Webb. And now I want you to be frank with me as man to man. You often see Miss Millbank?"

"Yes."

"And talk to her?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does she ever mention me?"

Pelham Webb hesitated, and seemed reluctant to reply.

"You want me to be quite frank?" he said at length.

"Indeed, I do, as man to man," said Dick earnestly.

"Well, honestly, lad, not so much now as she used to," replied Webb, with well-feigned reluctance. "You see, she is very young, and she is having a pleasant time down here, and there is a good deal to occupy her thoughts. I don't mean she has forgotten you. Not at all. She still has a kindly feeling towards you, I'm sure."

"A kindly feeling?"

Dick Foster repeated the words slowly, and his lips twisted into a wry smile.

"If that's true, it's all for the best," he said, after a pause. "Of course, she will have to forget me, and the sooner the better; but—but I didn't think it would be so soon."

He was silent for a while, and then added with sudden impetuosity: "And I don't believe it now!"

The detective looked at him shrewdly.

His disguise had been removed, and with his fair curly hair and handsome boyish face, he bore very little resemblance to the feeble Daddy Clark who for the past few weeks had pattered about the gardens of Beaumont Hall.

"Young girls are changeable," ventured Webb, "and you could hardly expect—"

"Ah, but you don't know Kitty!" interposed the young man vehemently. "She is a girl in a million. She is true as steel. And I'll tell you what I mean to do, Webb."

He raised himself, and he was leaning on his elbow, and looking up very solemnly into the detective's keen, attentive face.

"You think it best for me to leave here?" he went on.

"Yes, I do. Otherwise I cannot guarantee your safety. I have friends who will hide you, and you must go to them."

"Soon?"

"Yes, very soon. Perhaps to-morrow if you feel fit to travel."

"Ah, very well. I am agreeable. I place myself in your hands. You are my friend, and I know you will advise me for the best. I will go where you like and when you like, but before I go there is one thing I mean to do."

"And what is that?" inquired Webb softly.

"I mean to see Kitty," replied Dick bluntly. "I mean to see her, and reveal myself to her, and talk to her. It will be our last talk together, our last meeting, but I shall look back to it all my life, and so will she. I know her, you see, and you don't. She is brave, and she won't break down. We can give one another up, but we've got to say good-bye. I left her without a word. Well, we'll have our word now."

"Now?"

"To-night or to-morrow night. If you can't arrange it—"

"Oh, but I think I can," interposed Webb hurriedly. "Not to-night, but to-morrow night, if you are really determined about it. I will get Miss Millbank to come here. It will be quite easy. And by that time, my young friend," he added to himself, "you will be on your way to London in charge of a couple of officers from Scotland Yard."

Dick Foster held out his hand impulsively.

"Webb, you are splendid!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes. "How can I ever thank you?"

## OUTSIDE THE PAVILION.

Once out of the house Kitty sped swiftly across the lawn and darted in among the laurels on the farther side. The night was dark, but she knew her way quite well, and very soon she saw the low-roofed pavilion black against the sky.

As she drew near a certain nervousness overcame her, and all sorts of doubts sprang up in her mind.

(Continued on Page Six.)

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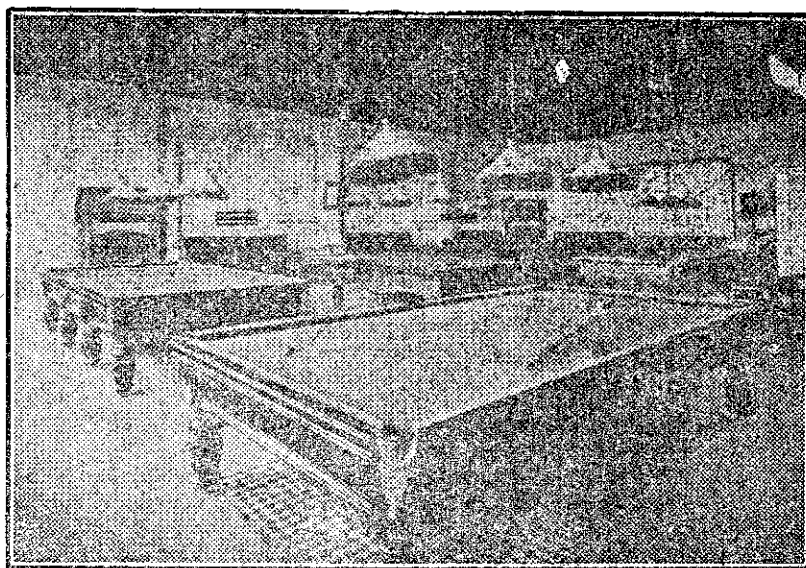
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## BILLIARD NOTES.

## VARIOUS IN-OFFS, CHIEFLY WITH THE WHITE AS THE OBJECT-BALL.

A rather difficult run-through in-off into a centre pocket. The balls are intended to be in a straight line with the farther part of the upper angle of the pocket. The stroke should be played by striking the cue-ball above the centre—to give the following-on impetus—and with pocket side—aiming full at the object-ball. Played in this manner, the object-ball will strike the angle and rebound into the centre of the table, leaving a fairway for the oncoming cue-ball, which will enter the pocket either directly or off the angle. For in the event of the cue-ball striking the angle, instead of its being thrown off like the object-ball, the side with which it is laden will pull it into the pocket. It may be pointed out that in all these run-through strokes which are played on to the angle of a pocket, the cue-ball never strikes the angle at as quick a pace as the object-ball does, and this difference in the speed of the two balls is a very important factor in the making of the stroke.

A centre pocket run-through, the balls being in a straight line across the table—that is, at a right-angle to it, and so situated that a line passing through their centres would, if continued, meet the lower angle of the pocket at a point just past the commencement of the angle. The stroke is a moderately easy one, all that is necessary for its accomplishment being a free following-on stroke. The object-ball should be struck quite full, and the cue-ball should be struck above the centre, and with pocket side off the angle. The object-ball, after striking the angle of the pocket runs up the table more or less. The cue-ball, following on after its full contact with the object-ball, strikes the angle gently, and the side takes it into the pocket.

A very similar stroke to the one given, the only difference being that the balls in this case are in a line with the upper angle of the pocket instead of the lower one. The stroke is played in exactly the same manner, but as the object-ball, after striking the upper angle, rebounds towards baulk, care must be taken to play the stroke quite gently, otherwise, the object ball will go into baulk. When the object-ball is comparatively near the pocket, it is easy to keep it out of baulk, but the farther from the pocket the ball is, the more difficult does this become owing to the necessity of playing the stroke with strength sufficient to enable the cue-ball to travel the distance to the pocket.

With the two balls at a right-angle to the table and in a line with a centre pocket angle, the in-off is only on when a line passing through the centre of the balls meets that part of the angle close to the fall of the slate. Should the balls instead be in a line with the part of the angle farthest from the pocket, the in-off is not on owing to the kiss which would ensue. In the former case, the angle throws the object-ball out of harm's way; in the latter case it throws it straight back on to the cue-ball.

A similar stroke from a position above the centre pocket. The stroke is played in exactly the same manner, but as the object-ball, after being struck, travels towards baulk, care must be taken that it does not go over the line. When the cue-ball is comparatively near the object-ball, it is not by any means difficult to prevent the latter from going into baulk. When, however, the cue-ball is some distance away, the object-ball can very easily be lost owing to the shot being played a little too strong; and in a stroke of this nature, unless absolute reliance can be placed in the table and the balls, a slow stroke is a very uncertain one.

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