

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.

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

The sick man suddenly sat up in bed and seized Kitty firmly by the hand. "One minute, Miss Millbank," he said in a stern voice, in which there was no suggestion of age or feebleness, "let me understand. Do you say that Beaumont Chase is saving Dick Foster on condition that you promise to be his wife? Is that what you say?" Kitty bowed her head, but made no answer. She was sobbing. "Then I say that Beaumont Chase is a scoundrel!" cried the remarkably rejuvenated old man. "You shall not marry him! I forbid it! Do you hear? I, Dick Foster. Now let Mr Beaumont Chase do his worst."

So saying, he flung his wig across the room, and, throwing out both arms, caught his little sweetheart to his breast.

THE MEETING.

Laughing and sobbing Kitty clung to her lover, and for several seconds the two young people were entirely oblivious of their surroundings, and completely forgot that there was anyone in the world but just themselves.

This was fortunate for the plans of Mr Beaumont Chase. It gave him time to recover from his amazement and to control the jealous rage which leaped up like a devouring flame within his breast.

As he saw Daddy Clark's wig go flying across the room, and the youthful face of the escaped convict leap into existence, as it were, in the dim light, he sprang forward with a savage oath upon his lips and something very like murder in his heart.

But he checked himself instantly, and, swinging round, confronted the discomfited Pelham Webb.

Beaumont Chase was what is called a long-headed man. He could be bold even to rashness on occasion, but when a moderate policy seemed more likely to achieve his ends, he was quick to adopt it.

When he addressed the detective he was outwardly quite calm.

"You knew this?"

"Well, sir, I—er—"

"Why did you not tell me?"

With an effort Pelham Webb collected his scattered wits.

"I thought that in the interests of the young man the fewer who knew of his hiding place the better," he said desperately. "I should have been told," replied the millionaire coldly. "You know very well that I thought Mr Foster was safe in the Argentine, secure from arrest, and doing well."

He raised his voice a little as he uttered the last sentence, and the detective, understanding his object, was quick to follow the lead.

"Yes, sir, I led you to believe that in the interest of all parties. You have done so much for the young man, you have spent such vast sums of money in order to save him from arrest; you have proved such a true friend to him, and have shown yourself so anxious for his welfare, that I had not the heart to tell you that my effort to get him safely out of the country has proved unavailing."

Mr Webb's well-meant eloquence was rather wasted.

Neither Kitty nor Dick heard very much of it. They had no ears or eyes but for one another.

Beaumont Chase turned up the light, and moved to the bedside.

Ignoring Kitty, he addressed Dick.

"Well, my lad," he said, with affected good-humour, "it seems you are on my hands again. What am I to do with you this time?"

Dick sat up in bed and looked at the speaker with a very stern expression on his handsome young face.

"Mr Chase," he said sternly, "I think I know now the kind of man you are. Your disinterested friendship for me was just a pretence. From the first you have been scheming to make Miss Millbank your wife. She doesn't love you. You know that, but you don't care. You mean to force her to marry you if you can. Knowing her love for me, you have used that as a weapon against her. 'Be my wife, or I'll send the man you love back to prison.' That has been your sort of love-making. You blackguard! To torture a girl like that! I'm pretty powerless I know, but thank God I can prevent that."

"How?"

Beaumont Chase, angry and humiliated, could not resist the question.

Dick Foster gave a laugh, and put his arm around his little sweetheart.

"Kitty, my darling," he said, "this is our last meeting, but you must be brave, for I am going to ask you to make a solemn promise. After I have gone out of your life—perhaps a long time after, but some day—you will marry—"

"No, no! I will never marry!" protested Kitty, pitifully, between her sobs.

Dick kissed her tenderly.

"Yes, dear, some day," he said gently. "You are young, and a long life and many happy days are before you. But when you marry, see that you marry a man you can respect, a man who is honest and true. And, above all, dear, promise you will never marry, except for love. Promise me that, my darling. It is the last favour I shall ask of you."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I promise!" cried Kitty, clinging to him as though she would never let him go.

And the young man looked over her head into the frowning face of the millionaire.

"And now, Mr Chase," he said quietly, "you may do with me whatever you please."

Beaumont Chase, quivering with rage, turned to Pelham Webb.

"Let the police be sent for," he said, in a low, tense tone.

The detective bowed.

"And the ceremony to-morrow?" he whispered.

"Is postponed," replied the millionaire curtly. Then, turning abruptly, he strode out of the room.

On leaving the pavilion he made his way hurriedly to the house, and burst in upon Judge Millbank, who was beginning to be fretful at the long absence of his adopted daughter.

His face lit up when he saw the millionaire.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "so you are back! And all is settled, eh?"

"All what is settled?" inquired Chase irritably.

"The wedding, of course. You are to be married to-morrow, eh?"

"There will be no marriage to-morrow," growled the other, flinging himself into a chair.

Sir John Millbank, in spite of his weakness, rose unsteadily to his feet, his fine old face dark with anger.

"Are you trifling with me, Mr Chase?" he said coldly.

"No; but your precious adopted daughter is trifling with me," retorted the millionaire savagely. "If you doubt me, go to the summer-house pavilion."

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered the judge, taking a threatening step towards the speaker.

"I mean what I say. Go to the pavilion. There you will find Miss Kitty, and you won't find her alone."

"Are you mad?"

"Pretty nearly. Anyway, I am very annoyed. I hate to be beaten, and, by Heaven, I won't be beaten in the end! But for the moment there is a setback, there's no denying that. Look here, Sir John. Kitty had a love-affair before she knew me, didn't she?"

"Oh, just childish nonsense," replied the judge, with a contemptuous wave of the hand. "I did hear something about a young man—a private soldier, I believe—whom she had met while engaged in war-work. It was nothing. The person has disappeared long ago."

"Well, he's turned up again. He's in the pavilion."

"What!"

"Oh, don't be alarmed! We have all been there together. I left because they were talking about me. The young man, who, as you say, is an impossible person, seems to have a very poor opinion of me, and I am afraid he has influenced Kitty's mind against me. I really think you had better go and fetch the girl in. You see—"

But Judge Millbank had already disappeared, passing out of the French window into the garden.

When, after much stumbling in the darkness he reached the pavilion, he found the door open.

He entered without ceremony.

The ante-room in which he found himself was lighted by a solitary candle.

Immediately he slipped into the room he was confronted by two figures.

One was Kitty and the other was Pelham Webb.

(Continued on page 6.)

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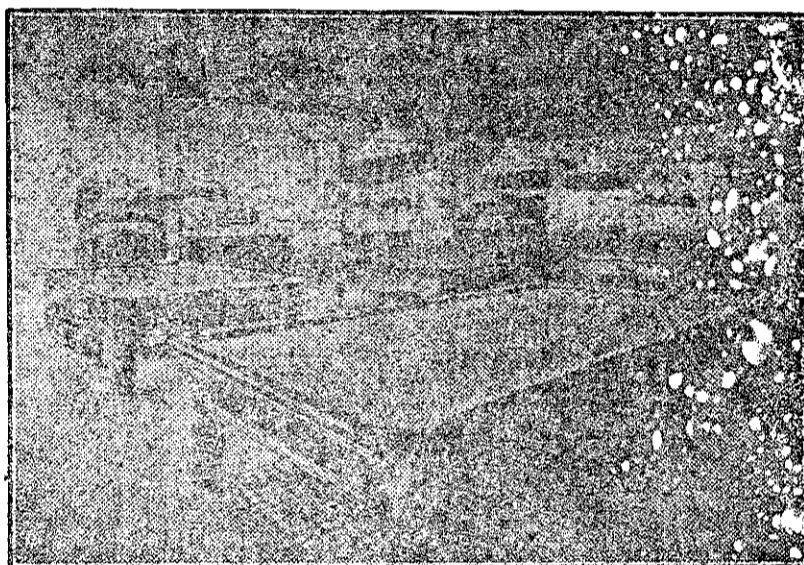
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CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

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

A STRONG SCREW-BACK STROKE TO OBTAIN POSITION FOR AN IN-OFF FROM AN ANGLED BALL.

Two of the innumerable ways that position can be gained by means of potting the red into one of the baulk pockets. Running side on the cue-ball, will, when the red has to be potted by a fullish stroke, be of great assistance in taking the ball into a favourable position for an in-off from the angled white.

The portion of the upper part of the table—just referred to—which must be avoided by the cue-ball when the object white is located on the lower angle of a centre pocket. The reason that the in-off cannot be played from these enclosed spaces is that, owing to the side cushion being in the way, it is impossible to hit the white on the side facing the pocket, and the nearer the object-ball is to the pocket the larger will the proscribed area become. A ball is on the lower angle of both centre pockets, but more over the pocket in one case than in the other, and, naturally, in the one instance the proscribed area from which no in-off is possible is greater than in the other. The enclosed areas are not intended to be exact, but rather to convey a rough idea of the part of the upper half of the table which must be avoided. The exact area will vary somewhat on different tables, as the cut of the cushions is not always quite the same, and even the size of the balls will have a slight bearing on the matter. It must not be forgotten, however, that even from positions from which the in-off is just possible, the shot would be a difficult one, as the cue-ball would have to miss the side cushion, it would not have to miss it by much more than a hair's-breadth in order to hit the object-ball in such a way as to ensure the in-off being made.

The white ball on the lower angle of a centre pocket, and the cue-ball in an absolutely straight line with the red ball, and the centre of a bottom pocket. The red ball being some distance from the pocket necessitates the pot being made by means of a full ball stroke, and this will render it impossible to bring the cue-ball to the upper-half of the table via the bottom cushion. To players, however, who can screw back a long distance with facility and certainty, the screw will be the stroke to play in the position given, especially as the pot cannot well be missed owing to the cue-ball being situated so near to the red—six or eight inches away. Of course, the best game for a player who could not attempt the long screw-back would be to get a six shot, and then from baulk he would have the choice of a cannon off the red—a very difficult shot to judge—a four shot into the centre pocket, or a pot only, played in such a way to leave the cue-ball in position for an in-off from the red, the last stroke being for ordinary players certainly the best.

A variation of each position. The cue-ball and the red ball are likewise in a dead straight line with the pocket, so that the only stroke of any avail to bring the cue-ball to the upper half of the table is the screw-back. In this position the screw will have to be a powerful one in order that the cue-ball may travel far enough to reach a point higher up the table than the white ball, especially as it will have to strike a cushion first.

At Gisborne Robert Roland Kidson was fined £100 on a second conviction for street betting.

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