

## 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 service 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.

Sir John Millbank did not appear to hear the words. He was staring at the newcomer.

They stood motionless, staring into one another's eyes.

Then the judge spoke, uttering a single word, and his voice was tremulous and weak with an odd note of appeal in it.

"Jack!"

"No, sir," replied the young man quietly; "my name is Richard Foster, and I am about to surrender myself to the police."

## RE-ENTER JACOB JOLE.

The judge and Dick Foster stood face to face, looking into one another's eyes.

Dick, rigid and soldier-like, his head erect, his face betraying no emotion whatever, met the other's gaze without flinching.

Very different was the demeanour of Sir John Millbank.

In his weak state of health, the shock of the unexpected meeting caused him momentarily to lose his nerve.

He staggered back, and an involuntary cry escaped his lips.

"Jack!"

"No, sir," replied the young man calmly and gravely, "my name is Richard Foster. I am an escaped convict, and I am about to give myself up to the police."

"Oh, no daddy! You mustn't let him. You must save him. You can do it if you like, and you must. If you don't I—I will never speak to you again."

"Silence, child!" he said sternly. "I shall do what I consider right and just."

"The officers are at hand, sir. Shall I summon them?"

It was Pelham Webb who spoke. Now that his plans had failed, he was anxious to escape the consequences of his blunder, and was eager to place himself on the side of the law with as little delay as possible.

"No, my man!" said the judge quietly. "You will please conduct my daughter into the house. Take the police officers also to the house, and see that they are provided with refreshment. I will see them later."

"But this man, my lord, the prisoner?" exclaimed Webb.

"I will bring him to the house myself. I wish to question him," replied the judge coldly.

"My lord! Is it safe? The man is young and vigorous; he is also desperate. He may do you an injury. I cannot consent to leave you alone with him."

"You will do as I order you!" replied Sir John Millbank very sternly. "I intend to investigate this affair in my own way. The whole business requires to be investigated, especially your share in it, Mr Webb."

The detective, completely abashed, made no further protest. Hurriedly he turned to Kitty.

"Come, miss!" he said, in a very significant whisper. "You will not help your friend by staying here. Quite the contrary. I think your father is mad to take the risk, but he is certainly giving the prisoner a chance to escape."

Kitty was quick to see that this was true, and, with one last despairing glance at her lover, allowed herself to be led away.

When they emerged from the pavilion, several dark figures darted towards them out of the shadow.

They were regular police. Pelham Webb exchanged a few words with their leader, and then the whole party moved towards the house.

Meanwhile, the judge and the escaped convict still faced one another in the dimly lit room of the summer-house pavilion.

The judge was the first to speak.

"So you have come back once more to cast a shadow upon my life. You are my son."

"I make no such claim," said the young man proudly.

"Silence! This is no time for pretences. You are my son—the son for whom I worked so hard, and of whom I hoped so much! All that is past. Years ago you broke my heart and embittered my life by deserting me just when I needed you most. The blow was a cruel one, but I did not break down under it. I faced that disappointment as I have faced others in my career. I fought it down, and I won through. I began life again. Then there

came a dear child into my life, a creature I could love."

He paused, and a grim, masterful look in his haggard face gave way to one of tenderness.

"All my remaining hopes and ambitions were now centred on that child," he went on presently, in a low tone. "I trained her with the utmost care, and I was rewarded. She had no thought but to please me. I mapped out a great and happy career for her. And then—you came back."

There was passion and fierce anger in his tremulous voice as he uttered the last words.

"Not content with shattering the happiness of my middle age, you must come back to darken my declining years and rob me of the love and affection of the creature who has become dearer to me than if she were my own child. I see it all now. You did not come to Rivercourt that night as a common house-breaker and thief. I apologise for that suspicion. I ought to have known that no son of mine could descend so low. But your offence was worse, less honourable. You—a penniless vagabond—came to steal the heart of an innocent girl, and to ruin her life by dragging her down to your level. And now, when you are an outcast, hunted by the law, you must still come back. You must still try to see Kitty, though you know that if she listens to you it can only mean disgrace and misery to her."

The young man listened patiently, and when he replied his voice was quite steady and free from any suggestion of anger or indignation.

"It is true I love Kitty and she loves me, but I do not propose to discuss that with you, sir," he said. "I do not propose to discuss anything with you. If you have said all you have to say, I shall be glad if you will permit me to give myself up to the police, who, I believe, are waiting outside."

Sir John Millbank bit his lip angrily.

The young man's calmness enraged him more than any reproaches could have done.

"You will come with me to the house," he said shortly. "The police are there. It may not be necessary to hand you over to them. I will see what can be done."

"I do not wish you to put yourself to any trouble on my account, sir," said the young man coldly.

"Silence!" retorted the judge angrily. "You will do as I tell you."

He turned and walked out of the pavilion, and Dick followed him.

They entered the big dining-room by the open window.

Beaumont Chase was awaiting them, but he was not alone. Chase was standing on the hearthrug, his hands behind him, a rather bored expression on his face.

Seated in an easy-chair and looking up at him, was a big man of forty-five, with a puffy, fleshy face and full-lipped mouth. His cruel and cunning eyes were cold and colourless.

He rose to his feet slowly as the judge and Dick entered.

To the judge he seemed to be a stranger, though they had met once before, but Dick recognised him at once as the shady solicitor, Jacob Jole, who had defended him at his trial.

Sir John Millbank ignored the presence of the stranger, and turned to Beaumont Chase.

"I'm sorry, Chase, you should have been put to all this annoyance," he said easily. "Kitty has acted very foolishly, but she is not altogether to blame, and I have no doubt she will be reasonable when I have had a chat with her."

The millionaire bowed and smiled.

"Pray do not say another word, Sir John," he said. "Miss Kitty needs no defence. In my eyes she can do nothing wrong. At the same time, I shall, of course, be glad and grateful for your influence in inducing her to think more kindly of me. But what about this gentleman?"

With the last words he glanced at Dick.

"Ah, yes!" said the judge, in a tone of assumed carelessness. "I want your assistance with regard to him. Under all the circumstances, I think the young fellow might be given another chance. It is not strictly regular, of course, but the man seems to have been foolish rather than criminal, and I suggest that if we assist him out of the country, the ends of justice will not be seriously compromised."

"Certainly, Sir John, certainly! I quite agree with you!" said Beaumont Chase heartily.

(Continued on page 6.)

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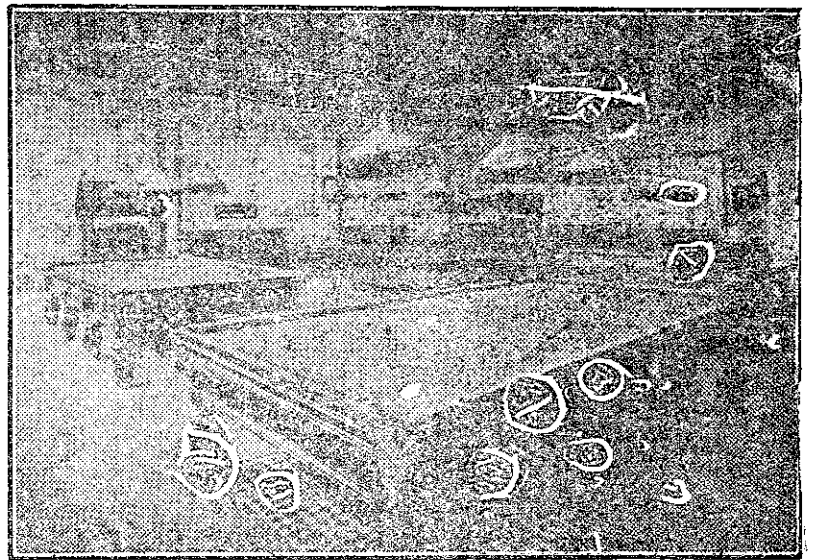
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## CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

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## BILLIARD NOTES.

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

A CROSS IN-OFF FROM THE D.

The object-ball on the cushion well away from the pocket, inasmuch as it is not right on the angle of the pocket, but just on that part of the cushion where the angle begins. To the majority of ordinary players, such a position would appear to be quite safe from the D. A run-through into the centre pocket, playing from baulk, is, however, by no means a very difficult shot, in fact, it is one well within the compass of any fair player, and very little practice of the stroke will quickly confirm this. The stroke should be played by aiming very full on to the object-ball. When over the right pocket, the ball must, of course, be hit slightly to the left. The cue ball should be struck with moderate strength, and with the side that will help to take it into the pocket, should it strike the upper angle of the pocket after running through the object-ball, as should this happen the stroke is bound to fail unless only the very merest grazing of the lower angle takes place.

The striking of the lower angle by the cue-ball may easily be prevented by playing from the far end of the D, or somewhere near there, and taking the object-ball slightly less than full.

From any point on the line between the two balls, the stroke becomes an easier one, simply because the reduced distance between the balls allows of surer aim being taken. Any player, therefore, who in practising this shot finds a difficulty in getting it from baulk, should try it from a nearer position. Proficiency in a stroke of this nature is of great service to any player, as the position occurs fairly often, and the red ball is just as likely to be the object-ball as the white, for in such a position the alternative stroke of a pot is not on.

A stroke that is often played at the beginning of a game. The customary miss in baulk has been answered by the usual miss out of baulk, and the latter stroke has happened to leave the ball either touching or almost touching the side cushion. There would generally be a kiss cannon on, a difficult stroke, but perhaps as good a stroke to play as any other. But an alternative stroke which is often on is an in-off across the table into the opposite centre pocket.

According to the situation of the object-ball, which may be higher up or lower down the cushion, and also that of the cue ball, the stroke must be played with or without side, or the object-ball may be struck fuller or finer. In fact, it is exactly the same kind of stroke as a cannon across the table, except that it is rather more difficult than a ball, inasmuch as for a ball to enter a pocket it must travel, if not straight to its centre, in a line very nearly so, whereas a cannon may be made by a contact on to either side of the second object-ball. It will therefore be seen that very considerable judgment is required in playing a shot of this nature. The stroke should always be played gently, as if played too strongly the cue-ball will swerve more or less when crossing the table after contact with the object-ball.

When playing this stroke from the D (if ball in hand) it will always be as well to spot one's ball in such a part of the D as will enable the stroke to be made without the use of side, provided, of course, that the object-ball be so situated that the in-off is on by this method of play.

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