

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"You know that for a fact."

"I have Miss Millbank's letter making the appointment. Foster, who is a chivalrous young fool, would not save himself by giving the girl away. Hence his conviction. It is all clear. It all fits in like the parts of a Chinese puzzle."

The millionaire nodded.

"It is plausible," he said shortly. "Let me see the documents."

Jacob Jole produced the bundle of papers once more from his pocket, and for an hour or more the two men sat poring over them.

Suddenly Beaumont Chase rose to his feet, and, gathering up the papers, slipped them into his pocket.

Then he crossed the room, seated himself at a desk, and wrote out a cheque for two thousand pounds.

"There you are, Mr Jole," he said, holding out the slip of paper. "And now, if you don't mind, I would like you to go. I am sorry I cannot put you up."

Mr Jole made no protest, but, having examined the cheque closely, put it carefully in his pocket, and took his departure.

When he was alone, Beaumont Chase rang a bell, and his confidential servant, Mr Underwood, appeared.

"Has Miss Millbank retired, do you know?" asked the millionaire.

"I think not, sir."

"Please tell her I should like to see her here for a few moments, on very urgent business."

Fully ten minutes elapsed, during which Beaumont Chase, buried in a big armchair, examined again the papers he had purchased from Jacob Jole.

Then at last the door opened once more, and Kitty appeared.

"You wish to see me?" she said coldly.

Beaumont Chase at once sprang to his feet, but he did not advance towards her.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I have something to tell you, something you ought to know. I will ask you to listen patiently to my story, and to examine the evidence of its truth which I shall place before you. When you have done that, I shall make a proposal, which you will answer by a simple 'Yes' or 'No.'"

He pointed to a chair, as he spoke, and then quickly closed the door.

It was fully an hour later when Kitty emerged alone from the room.

She was deathly pale, her eyes were wide open, and in their depths was a look of indescribable horror.

She was met by her maid, who gazed at her drawn, white face in dismay.

"Oh, miss! You are ill!"

"No, Julie," replied Kitty, in a strained, unnatural voice. "I am quite well, quite well. There is nothing the matter—nothing. Would you care to travel, Julie?"

"O travel, Miss?"

"Yes. To-morrow I am going abroad."

"Abroad? To-morrow?"

Kitty was standing rigid, staring in front of her with big, unseeing eyes.

"Yes," she said slowly; "on my honeymoon. Didn't you know? To-morrow, I am going to be married!"

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A WAIMAHAKA COW.

Where Waimahaka sits serene
Betwixt her hills of verdant green,
A beauty spot so rich and rare,
A simple country village where
At morning, afternoon and e'en,
A hubby and his bonny Jean,
Contentedly, as man and wife,
Along the troubled road of life,
Each one of the other's pleasures shares,
Its disappointments and its cares
But now to mar their cup of joy,
Its brimming fullness to destroy,
Their next door neighbours keep a cow
And feed her, well as all allow,
On turnips, chaff, and cocksfoot hay.
On any cold and wintry day
The hubby (like most other men
Well past their three score years and
ten),

To wracking aches and pains is prone
In every sinew, every bone.
And oft times finds his patience tried,
As through the mud his steps are plied.
Now in his youth they say 'tis true,
He wore a uniform of blue,
And hence he knows the ouches and ins
Of all his neighbours' special sins,
He knows the penalties and pains
Due those who graze their cows on
lanes,

And where the neighbours sometimes fail,
Regarding cows "Where hangs a tale."
He knows the law does not allow,
That on the road they graze a cow,
So in a strictly legal sense,
He writes and passes o'er his fence
A notice that he will impound
All cows that on the road are found,
From when the month of June is past
Till Gabriel sounds his stirring blast;
Till all this world of strife shall cease,
And neighbours dwell in lasting peace.

DRAUGHTS.

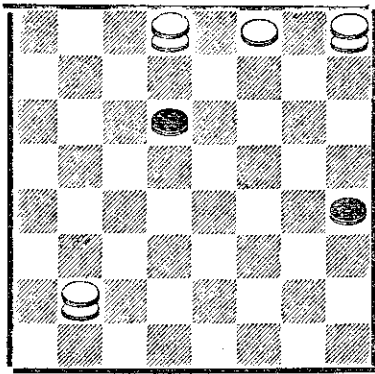
(By F. Hutchins.)

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum
smoke room on Wednesday and Satur-
day evenings.

PROBLEM 20.

(By "Slocum.")

Black 13, 23, King 8.



White 30, Kings 29 and 31.

White to play and win.

Another neat one from the Rev. J.
Collie's scrap book.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 19.

Black 13, 20, 22.

White 30, Kings 28 and 29.

White to play and win.

28.32, 20.24, 32.28, 24.27, 28.24, 27.32,
24.19, 32.27, 30.25, 22.26, 19.23, 27.18,
25.22. White wins.

The following game, an "Ayrshire
Lassie," was played in the Athenaeum last
week in the Club tourney, between Mr W.
Cooper (Black), and E. Le Petit (White).

11.15	22.15	7.10	26.22
24.20	11.18	24.19	12.16
8.11	30.26	3.7	19.12
28.24	10.14*	20.16	15.19
4.8	26.23a	1.5	23.16
23.19	2.7	16.11a	18.23
15.18	31.26	7.16	27.18
22.15	9.13	28.24	20.27
11.18	32.28	16.20	Black
26.22	5.9	15.11c	wins.
7.11	19.15	8.15	

*Unusual.

(A) 25.22, 18.25, 29.22 better here.

(B) Looks good, preventing the cut
14.17, but as will be seen from subsequent
play it would have been better to have
allowed the cut. The position is an in-
teresting one and I invite analysis and
criticism.

Criticism, solutions, etc., to be ad-
dressed to "Draughts Editor," 28 Biggar
street.

(C) 26.22, 12.16, 19.3, 10.28, 22.15,
28.32, 3.7. Draw.

"WHY WOMEN CANNOT PLAY
DRAUGHTS!"

An American contemporary some time
ago commented as follows on the fact
that all great proficient in draughts and
chess have been men. "To become profi-
cient in either game one must have plenty
of time for practice. But surely women
have plenty of time. All that they do is
to start the kitchen fire in the morning
when they rise; to get breakfast; to make
the children ready for school; to wash the
dishes; to sweep and dust the house; to
make the beds; to scrub the kitchen; to
darn socks and stockings; to mend
clothes; to do the marketing; to get the
clothes ready for wash; often, to do their
own washing and ironing; to prepare the
things for dinner; to have dinner, and
again to wash the dishes; to get the
children to bed; to do some more darning
and patching; to wait on their husbands
until the husbands go to work in the
morning; to keep themselves daintily
dressed all through the various duties of
the day; and to be ready, smilingly, and
without trace of fatigue, to entertain their
husbands when the work of the day is
done. With this little amount of work
to do it does seem to be a wonder that
women who have developed into expert
draughts and chess players have been so
few in number. There must surely be
something in the games that appeals only
to the male mind."

Another item in the same report: "New
South Wales holds the record for twins,
both nuptial and ex-nuptial." "Ex-
nuptial" has a rather nice euphemistic
ring about it. But alas! the ex-nuptial
mother of twins could hardly claim the
excuse of the girl, who urged, in extenua-
tion of the fact of her surreptitious baby
that, "after all, it was only a very little
one."

The Nature Column.

("Student" will be pleased to receive
notes on any branch of Natural His-
tory. Observations on birds, insects,
plants, etc., will be equally welcome.
If using a pen-name, will correspondents
please enclose real name and address.)

A correspondent in the daily press re-
marks that our mountains are only good
to look at and no use or comfort to any
one. Surely for a country cousin he
must be very unobservant, and his know-
ledge of Southland's climate must be
small.

As I pointed out last week the moun-
tains on our western coast are the cause
of a high rate of rain fall, and the air
flowing over this province is thus drier
than it would otherwise be. Very few
people in the country growl about lack of
rain. As a general rule we complain of
receiving too much. Then again our
mountains are mostly covered with vegeta-
tion, which is in some places to be classed
as luxuriant. When this vegetation is
tussock, it affords good feed for hardy
sheep. Many thousands of pounds comes
from Southland's high country. Our
friend has little time for grandeur and
beauty, but even so the mountains have
an L.S.D. value which any farmer should
be able to understand. Owing to the high
rainfall the forest growth is great, and
our farmer friend may come to bless the
fact that the inaccessibility of the high
country caused a large area of forest to
be preserved, which might have been wan-
tonly destroyed. The mountain forests
act as huge reservoirs storing up water
and providing an even supply to the rivers.
Mountains have a large effect on rainfall,
and naturally many rivers have their
sources in them. The work performed
by rain and rivers is of the highest im-
portance. The rivers of Southland built
up the rich river flats with material
brought from the mountains. The rivers
laid down the substratum of gravel upon
which the rich silts were deposited in
times of flood. Many of the best river
flats owing to the fine drainage provided
by the gravel do not require lime, this
material being most often required by the
clay terrace lands. In journeying from
Invercargill up to the mountains it is
impossible to see illustrations of life history
of a river. Near the mountains it will
be observed that watercourses are narrow,
and the sides steep and high. In many
places the sides are vertical. This is the
young stage of a river. Owing to its
steep angle of descent the water with the
aid of bits of rock files out a deep furrow
of no great width, and the course is
fairly straight. Lower down the stream
swings from side to side, gradually caus-
ing the valleys to assume a V shape,
this is middle age, and as they get near
the coast the river winds about, has low
banks, and the valley flattens out to some-
thing like a plain. This is a mature valley.
It is doubtful if a river could actually
cause a plain as some geologists maintain,
for it seems almost certain that a time
would come when the slope was so slight
that the growth of vegetation would stop
the movement of the soil down the slopes.
The slope of the river itself would also
each a point at which the rate of flow
would be so small that erosion would
practically cease. The mountains are
mostly formed by pressure, but hills and
valleys are largely the work of rivers. The
mountain summits of Central Otago are
supposed to be all that is left of a great
elevated plain, the present valleys thou-
sands of feet in depth having been gouged
out by the rivers.

The rivers get their material for cutting
mainly from the mountains. The intense
cold in the winter causes the rocks to
contract, and at the same time expands
as ice the water imprisoned in cracks.
With the return of summer the rocks are
subjected to expansion and contraction,
as night follows day the work commenced
in the winter is carried on, the rocks be-
ing gradually shattered into fragments.
These fragments roll down the slopes into
the little valleys, and thence they are car-
ried down to the main stream. They are
rolled and knocked about and gradually
reduced to gravel and mud. This fine
mud is so much new earth, and is carried
to the sea or deposited on the flats during
floods.

The rain is responsible for a large
amount of the breaking down process.
Charged with carbonic acid from the air it
continually beats on and attacks rock sur-
faces dissolving the hard material carrying
some parts in solution and washing the
rest down the slopes. Low country is
being continually enriched with these
washings. The land surface is always on
the move towards lower levels, and vast
quantities of material are in motion. Some
geologists hold that the solid rock of the
mountains is slowly flowing outwards over
the land.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.—Pope.

In the Australian Statistician's report
(Otago Daily Times, 26th inst.), it is
stated that "a husband of 83 is wedded to
a woman of 24, and a child was born to
the marriage."

My mind has never room for doubt,
The saints forbid it;
With Coriolanus I can shout,
"Alone I did it."

A report tabled in the House states that
82,008 gallons of liquor were imported into
Invercargill last year. Personally I repu-
diate responsibility for the 82,000.

Henare's wife, though not exactly fair,
had proven frail, and like Helen of old
time, had eloped with the Paris of her
choice, one Timi. The aggrieved and be-
reaved husband sought out a solicitor, and
in lurid language, placed the facts before
him. "Tat plurry Timi, he takin away
my wahine. Py cripes, I tink I chase him
and kill him, an' te wahine te same. What
you say, eh?" But old six-and-eight (or
is it ten-and-six now?) counselled a more
temperate and profitable course. "Your
best plan, Henare," he said, "is to apply
for a divorce, with substantial damages."
Henare pricked up his ears at this, for the
prospect of "damages" was a fascinating
one, and he agreed. "Well," said the
man of fees, after preliminaries had been
arranged, "how much shall we claim?"
Henare pondered for a minute or two, and
then said: "Oh, I dunno. What you say?
You tink ten bob too much?"

Russia is feeling her feet at last, if we
may judge by the increasing confidence of
her tone towards the Allies. She declares
that "the Soviet will only deal with other
Governments on terms of equality, and
does not accept the dictation of England,
who over-estimates her powers and
rights." There is a truculent, challenging
note about this that is in marked contrast
to her former apologetic, almost abject at-
titude. And there is much of reason in
it, too. There is something curiously in-
solent in our hitherto persistent refusal
to recognise a form of government simply
because it was out of harmony with our
own stolid traditions. It is the Russians
who have to sleep in their own bed, and it
is hard to discover our right to make that
bed for them, or to tell them how they
must make it. The right of self-determi-
nation—for which we say we fought—is
not only the right of peoples to govern
themselves, but to decide the form their
government shall take. Our refusal to
trade with Russia except on arbitrary
terms which however satisfactory they may
be to us, can only be humiliating to that
other great people, is not only unreason-
able—it is suicidal. For we have as much
to gain from such intercourse as Russia
has—possibly more. Our coercive bottling-
up of this great and powerful nation may
easily provoke it to retaliative action that
may make us feel sorry for ourselves.
There are tremendous forces at work in
that great country, and any attempt on
our part to repress them will only make
the inevitable explosion more violent when
it happens.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET. BAXTER THE FIRST, S.P.Q.R., Etc.

Like most other potentates the Prince of
Wiskiphobia occasionally engages in re-
creative exercises as a means of relief
from the oppressive cares of his exalted
and onerous office. His particular hobby,
however, assumes a more utilitarian form
than is usually the case, consisting, for
the most part, in weighing out and wrap-
ping up parcels of cheese, candles, and
other necessities, which he distributes
among his grateful subjects in return for
the taxes they pay him—thereby setting
an example which other rulers might
well follow. He was engaged in this pleas-
ing and beneficent task when I first saw
him at his town mansion—or emporium,
as he playfully calls it—the interior of
which was lavishly, though tastefully,
decorated with tinned fish, bacon, crock-
ery, zinc baths, etc. Among the "etc." were
quite a number of bottles, too, but as they
were mostly disguised in tissue paper, I
could only guess at their contents. I
presented my credentials, over which he
briefly glanced, and then accorded me
such a princely welcome as

transcended my most sanguine expecta-
tions. Emboldened by the warmth of my
reception, I made a movement towards my
hip pocket (where I usually carry it),
but the Prince at once raised a deprec-
atory hand and muttered hoarsely (and it
seemed to me, somewhat thirstily), "Nay
young man, tempt me not." So I tempted
him not, for who knows what the result
might have been? and my supply was
nearly done, anyway. I then stated my
mission, which was to find out why the
Wiskiphobes were—were—well, why the
deuce they were Wiskiphobes, and what
explanation there was for the curious kind
in their mentality that made them so fur-
ious against the man with the red nose. As
though my words had been the "hey
presto" of a magician, the Prince's whole
appearance changed with a suddenness
that startled and terrified me. His former
benign expression was replaced by one of
stern, even savage resolve; his eye
gleamed with a fire that I could never
have suspected; his muscles stood out in
knots; while his—well, in short, his ag-
itation was so great that he almost longed
to finish wrapping up the mutton bird in
his hands. Then he burst forth: "We
hate the Red-noses," he said, "because
they represent an enemy whom I and my
subjects are sworn to slay—the Derrink.
We are resolved to put it down at what-
ever cost." I hinted that in this respect
they had no grievance against the Red-
noses, since the latter were quite as as-
siduous in the matter of putting down
the drink as the former—probably more
so, in public, at least. He rebuked my
levity, and then went on to say that they
had been at war with the Red-noses for
years with varying fortune. Their weapons
were various, but their favourite ammu-
nition was statistics, "which is most con-
venient, since you can manufacture it as
you require it." Before the last great
battle they had felt assured of victory,
but had been defeated by the Hamish
tactics of the Red-noses, who brought in
an auxiliary in the form of the "Third
Issue" and so outmatched the Wiski-
phobes. "But," he said, meaningly, "wait
till next time. Every Red-nose will vanish
from the land. We have sworn it." I
ventured to confess that, while I some-
times experienced a somewhat similar feel-
ing the morning after, yet, in my cooler
moments I could hardly understand the
Wiskiphobes' savage antipathy towards the
Derrink, which, I opined, had surely its
proper place in the scheme of things. It
had throughout the ages met a natural
craving, I said; it had added to the
gaiety of the peoples, promoted sociability
and good-fellowship, enlivened history,
and left a not unbeautiful impress on the
literature and art of all countries and all
times and in many other ways justified
the fact of its existence. In support of
my contention I gave instances, and
quoted some of the greater poets, such as
Anacreon, Byron, Moore, Omar Khayyam,
Burns, Shaun O'Sullivan, besides other
lesser lights, suggesting that it was hard
to believe that the enthusiasm these had
shown in praising wine could have been
evoked by anything less exhilarating. To
this the Prince countered by reciting:
"Little drops of water," following it up
with "Water for me, bright water for me,
and wine for the tremulous debauchee,"
concluding with "Water, water, every-
where, and nothing else to drink." He
admitted that the last quotation was not
literally correct, but the slight alteration
was, he thought, permissible, since, as it
now stood, it represented the brightest
dream of all good Wiskiphobes. I granted
that it also represented a dream to me,
but of a somewhat nightmarish character.
In conclusion, I asked the Prince if he had
ever experienced, in his own person, the
delirious delights of "a night out." In
a reminiscent tone he owned that there
was one occasion ("but only one, mark
you") when he did indulge to the extent
of two whole bottles of lemonade and a
cigarette. The result had been so sur-
prising, however, that he had never again
permitted himself such dissipation. I then
asked if he had any explanation to offer
for the curious fact of the many Red-noses
in the ranks of the Wiskiphobes. The
Prince was evidently embarrassed by this
query (though he murmured something
about "indigestion") and, after conferring
on me the order of the Tin of Sardines,
abruptly terminated the interview.