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"Into the house!" he commanded.
"Quick march!"

There was no help for it. Biting his lip with mortification, Maitland walked up to the front door, which was standing open, and entered the hall, closely followed by the man with the gun.

The latter closed the door behind him.

"Now go into the room on the right!"

Maitland did as he was directed. He found himself in a well-furnished room that was evidently used as a library. Inside, he found two people facing him.

"Ah!"

The two were his fellow travellers in the train from Waterloo—the dragon and the girl.

"Got him!" exclaimed the man triumphantly, still keeping Maitland carefully covered. "So old Mr Niblick was right after all! And now telephone for the police!"

"The police!" Maitland repeated the words in astonishment.

"Don't like the sound of that word, do you?" said the man, whom Maitland now perceived to be about fifty years of age and of military appearance. "You little thought a few minutes ago you were talking to my daughter, eh? Thought you were speaking to your confederate, didn't you?"

"But—but—" stammered Maitland.

He clutched his head with his hands. What was this man talking about? Was he awake or dreaming?

"What does it all mean?" he exclaimed. And, turning to the girl, went on: "I came to help you—rescue you, if possible—and yet you have betrayed me! Surely, you know me? I was in the train this morning, and I picked up your message!"

The girl regarded him.

"My message?"

Maitland extracted the scrap of paper from his pocket—closely watched by the man, who evidently suspected him of concealing a weapon—and held it out to the girl.

The latter approached him cautiously, and took the paper. Unfolding it, she read the written words with wondering eyes.

She stared at Maitland in open amazement.

"But sure—surely you didn't think that I dropped this on purpose? Oh!" Inexplicably, she broke into a laugh. "It's all right, dad! You can put up your revolver! Mr Niblick was wrong, after all. This young man isn't a burglar at all!"

"Then, who in the name of goodness, is he? And what was he doing hiding in the laurel bush?"

Instead of replying, the girl handed the scrap of paper to her father.

"What the— Who the— What the Dickens is the meaning of this?" spluttered the elderly man. "Blue Eyes? who the deuce is Blue Eyes?"

There was a phrase that old-time novelists were extremely fond of using. It exactly fitted Maitland's feelings now. He wished he could "sink through the floor" so acute was his shame and mortification.

From the explanations that followed, he emerged considerably damaged. What a fool he'd been! But the girl softened her amusement with a pitying smile.

"You see," she explained, "old Mr Niblick, who lives next door, and who is in constant dread of burglars, saw you gazing at the house in a way he considered suspicious. As soon as you had gone, he came and warned us. When I was upstairs, and you spoke to me, I naturally mistook you for the burglar."

"But why—" began Maitland.

"I thought you might be a confederate of one of the maids, and had mistaken me for your accomplice."

"Oh," said Maitland, crestfallen.

"And as for this," said the girl, pointing to the scrap of paper in her father's hand, "it was just a page out of a story I am writing. I should have thought," she added, with the faintest touch of scorn in her voice, "that you would have guessed that."

Maitland groaned.

With burning ears, he apologised humbly, and sought to leave the house.

The girl came to the door to let him out.

"Good-night!" she said.

"Good-night!" he mumbled.

He stumbled ashamedly through the doorway. Then he turned.

"Good-bye!" he said. "You will never see me again!"

"Oh, don't say that!" replied the girl.

"In fact," she added softly, "if you should happen to call to-morrow afternoon, I dare say I shall be in!"

"What!" exclaimed Maitland, taking a step forward.

The girl smiled, then gently closed the door.

The End.

During a chemistry demonstration at Munster University, Germany, an explosion occurred, eight persons being killed.

CALCIUM NOTES.

War News.—Armistice on all fronts until 1921 season.

Personal.—G. Cassels, who had the misfortune to break his leg in a football match at Riverton, early in the season, is back home. He is still lame and it will be some time before he regains his usual agility.

Soldiers' Memorial.—Preliminary steps have been taken with a view to erecting a memorial to the fallen soldiers of Otahuti and Calcium districts. A strong committee has been appointed, and it is expected that something worthy of our heroes will be achieved.

Local Geography.—Q. Where is Calcium? A. Between Otahuti and Fairfax. At present, headquarters for "Scotty" Baird and T. Darragh. It possesses a post-office, a hall, school, a wee church on the hill, and also had a football team. This important place is sometimes called Isla Bank or Limestone Plains.

Football Chat.—Waianiwa v. Otahuti a hard gruelling game.

Otahuti "bantans" put up a great defensive fight.

Waianiwa pack too solid for Otahuti. Waianiwa has a very promising half-back.

Although the angle was not difficult, Ewart's penalty kick at goal, in view of wind conditions, was a masterpiece.

A. McLeod was a tower of strength to Otahuti in defence.

Amongst numerous spectators, it was good to see Messrs Cruickshank, S.M., J. Galt, Ewart, A. McKenzie, C. Lindsay, Gazzard, Brown and Dalrymple. With men like these behind the sport the future looks rosy.

Cameron, Wright's Bush, a good sport and capable delegate.

Drummond footballers' social function on Friday last a success. Digger Lilico in good voice. His rendering of "Father O'Flynn" was a treat.

Local footballers' thanks are due to the following gentlemen for transport service during the late season:—Messrs Wm. Lindsay, Jas. Johnstone, John Lindsay, Chas. McKenzie, D. Teviotdale, and Jas. Molison.

"Tiny Galt" visibly expanded as the game progressed on Saturday. A good sport this, and a prospective president of the Central Union.

Mr Brown was represented on the field by four stalwart sons, a record equalled by Mr Lindsay, of Drummond, whose four sons played for Calcium against Wright's Bush a fortnight ago. Why was a determined player like Sim overlooked by the Otahuti selectors?

Mr H. Gazzard received a presentation on Friday night from Drummond Club, to mark appreciation of his services as referee.

Rumoured.—That "Spectator" who figured in recent numbers of "The Digger," died of a stroke (of the pen), and was buried with much solemnity with a copy of "The Digger" in each hand. The service was read with much feeling by "Correspondent," who, it is freely stated, contributed to his untimely end.

That the Central Union will embrace eight clubs in 1921.

That the question of affiliation with the parent body is being discussed.

SOUTHLAND'S SOLDIERS.

To the Residents in the Counties of Southland, Wallace, Lakes, Fiord, and Stewart Island.

The Compiler of the Southland Soldiers' and their Next-of-kin Roll of Honour Book has posted a specimen copy of sixteen pages to all Head School Teachers within the aforesaid Counties known as Group Area No 14, Southland Military District for the purpose of receiving orders for the sale of 3000 books guaranteed before ordering the Printer to proceed with the whole book, this number being required by the Publisher to reach his lowest quotation of price per book ret. Copies have been placed also in the hands of all Borough Mayors and Town Board Chairmen. This book, when well circulated will prove a crowning act to the grand patriotism displayed in the Southland Queen Carnival, the funds of which are proving such a help and blessing to soldiers and their relatives. Subscribers to the book would do well to group the orders in school areas as much as possible, to make the delivery more expeditious and certain. Mr Troup purposes serving the main centres of delivery by an advertisement in each local paper, giving hour and date of delivery. The price of the book is 4s delivered.

Naval gunners are now firing ranges of more than 20,000 yards.

DIGGERS!

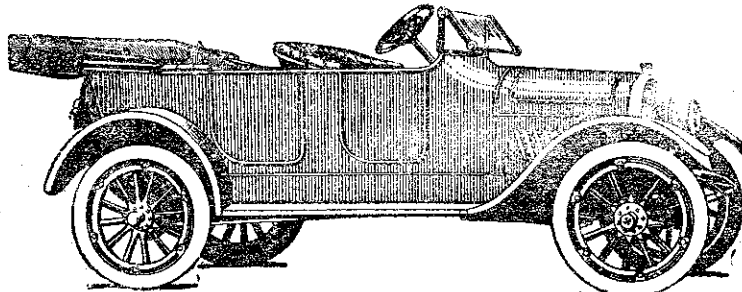
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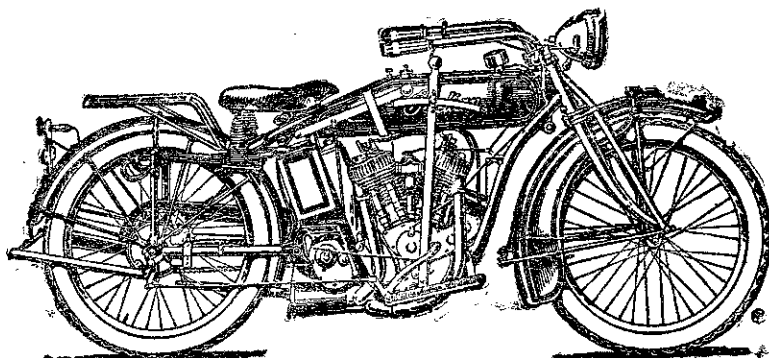
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