

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. "Will you prove to me that you will not follow Dick Foster if I send him to a place of safety?" he asks. "Prove it," asks Kitty. "How can I prove it, Mr Chase?" "Will you consent to marry someone else?" he says in a low tone.

PELHAM WEBB ARRIVES.

Kitty started, not comprehending. "I do not understand," she said. "I shall never marry."

"It is hard to believe that, Miss Millbank," replied the man significantly, his ardent gaze fixed upon her fair face.

"But it is true," she returned gravely. "Mr Foster is all the world to me. There can never be room in my heart for anyone else, even though I never see him again. I would lay down my life for him."

She spoke sadly, but with a frank simplicity that was indescribably girlish. Even Beaumont Chase was moved, but he was not turned from his purpose.

Indeed, this girl, so different from the other women he had met in his varied career, attracted him more than ever.

"You would lay down your life for Dick Foster?" he said quietly. "Is that just a fashion of speech, or do you mean it?"

"I mean it," answered Kitty, meeting his gaze without flinching.

"I may remind you of that before the day is out," said the millionaire. "It is not likely that you will be asked to give up your life, but there are other more reasonable sacrifices you may be called upon to make if you are really serious in your desire to help young Foster."

"Oh, sir!" cried Kitty with sudden im-

petuosity, "you will save him! You have the power and you will use it. You will not let this cruel and unjust plot succeed. Dick is innocent. He is good and true and brave. You will not let his wicked enemies triumph over him. You will save him, Mr Chase! Promise me you will save him."

"Have no fear, Miss Millbank," said the millionaire quietly, "we will save him together, you and I!"

There was an odd significance in his tone. The girl was conscious of it, though she did not understand it.

"What can I do?" she cried passionately. "I am helpless, helpless."

The millionaire smiled mysteriously.

"That remains to be seen, Miss Millbank," he said softly. "It is possible, my dear young lady, that you do not know your power even yet. In a little time—"

He stopped abruptly, becoming aware that a servant, unseen and unheard, had approached across the lawn from the house and now stood at his elbow.

"Well?" he said curtly.

"There is a person just arrived, sir, who insists upon seeing you. He gives the name of Pelham Webb."

Beaumont Chase smiled and gave a quick glance at Kitty.

"It is the man I told you about," he said.

"Very well," he added, again addressing the servant, "show him into the library—no! not the library, into the Green Hall."

As he made the correction, a faint smile appeared upon his lips.

The servant hurried away to carry out his instructions, and the millionaire turned again to Kitty.

"This is the detective man who has been dogging me. Of course, he is really after you and young Foster. I will hear what he has to say and find out what he knows. I want you to overhear our interview. You know the conservatory which communicates with the Green Hall?"

"Yes."

"I want you to conceal yourself there and keep quite quiet. I will bring the man near enough for you to overhear everything that passes between us."

The girl looked at him, puzzled. She felt he must have some motive for this rather curious proposal, but she could not guess what it was.

"Very well," she said slowly, "if you think it best."

"I do," he answered. "I want you to learn from this man's own lips just what he knows and what he is prepared to do. Then perhaps you and I will be able to devise some plan for outwitting him."

They parted on the terrace and entered the house by different doors.

THE PRICE.

The Green Hall was a very noble reception-room at the south-western extremity of the castle-like building.

At one end was a conservatory filled with ferns and palms and costly flowers. Sliding glass doors enabled the conservatory to be shut off from the Green Hall, but these were now open.

Beaumont Chase entering the room from the other end found awaiting him a sharp-featured little man of about forty.

"Mr Pelham Webb, I think?" he said pleasantly.

The man bowed.

"You want to see me on business?"

"Yes, sir, rather serious business."

"All business is serious to a man of pleasure such as I am, Mr Webb," replied the millionaire genially. "However, we won't be unduly mournful over it will we?"

He rang a bell and to the servant who almost instantly appeared he said:

"Whisky and soda, and cigars."

Then he led his visitor down the speci-

ous apartment to a little table which stood near the entrance to the conservatory.

He dropped into a chair and nodded towards another.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr Webb," he said.

The detective seated himself, but with deliberation. His manner was of one who is very much on his guard.

"You have heard of me, Mr Chase?" he inquired.

"Who has not?" replied the other politely. "Pelham Webb, the friend of justice, the righter of wrongs and the terror of evil-doers."

The little man bowed stiffly.

"You know the object of my visit here to-day?" he remarked.

"I can guess something of it," replied the millionaire, "but I should prefer you to state it in your own words. Just tell me what you want, and if I can help you, I will."

There was a brief interruption to the conversation owing to the arrival of a servant with the whisky and cigars.

When the man had departed, and they were once more alone together, the detective was the first to speak.

"If you mean what you say, Mr Chase, you will save me and others a great deal of trouble," he said.

"I always mean what I say," retorted the millionaire with his half-mocking smile.

The detective had an uneasy feeling that he was being played with, and an ugly look came into his little eyes.

Nevertheless he kept calm.

"You will not deny that a young woman and a young man arrived here a few nights ago by motor car, and that you gave them shelter?" he said.

"Deny it? Why should I deny it? It is perfectly true."

"The young lady was running away from home; the man was a fugitive from justice. You understand that by assisting them you render yourself liable."

"One minute," interposed Beaumont Chase from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke, "who are you acting for?"

"The friends of the young lady."

"I see. Then you are not interested in what becomes of the man."

"On the contrary, I am very much interested. I intend to seize him and hand him over to the regular police."

"You think you can do that?"

"Yes."

"You know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"On board your steam yacht, the 'Flying Spray,' now lying off a certain little fishing village on the Suffolk coast."

The millionaire smiled.

"You have been busy, Mr Webb," he said pleasantly. "I compliment you. But, having discovered so much by your own genius, why do you come to me?"

"I will be frank, Mr Chase," said the little man, leaning forward confidentially. "The family to which the young girl belongs is a very distinguished family, and they wish to avoid any scandal."

"Quite so, but you are not instructed by Mr Justice Millbank."

"I am instructed by those who are acting for him. And they are naturally very anxious that Miss Millbank should return home at once."

"Naturally, and I think I can help you there. I will do my best to persuade her to return. Now as to the man, you are determined to have him?"

"Yes."

"I can't persuade you to drop that side of the case? Why not let the lad have a dash for liberty?"

"That is quite impossible."

"And you want me to hand him over?"

"Yes."

"If I refuse?"

"It will make no difference to him. We shall act without you; but in that case, it will be difficult to keep the affair out of the papers. We wish to avoid that for the sake of the foolish young girl."

"I see. Does anyone besides yourself know where Dick Foster is hiding?"

"Not yet. For the present I am keeping to myself all the information I have acquired."

"Good. Now look here, Webb. You are a clever fellow. You are just the man I want. How would you like to become my own private inquiry agent at a fixed salary?"

"I am not seeking a situation, thank you, Mr Chase," said the little man stiffly.

Mr Beaumont Chase, leaning back in his chair, took his cigar from his lips and watched the blue smoke coiling from its tip. (Continued on page 6.)

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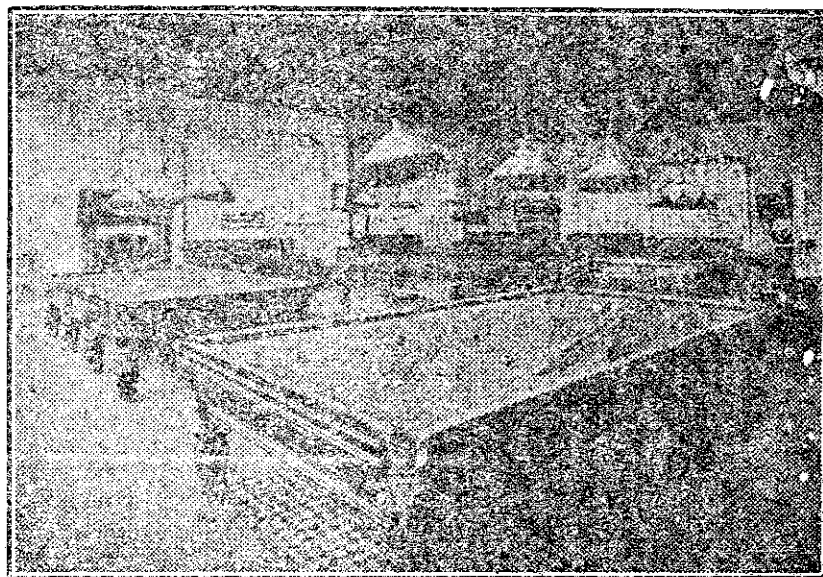
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BILLIARD NOTES.

BRINGING THE WHITE OUT OF BAULK.

As it is not nearly so bad to have the white in baulk as to have the red there when ball in hand, a player so placed that he has only a choice between a difficult in-off from the white and a difficult in-off from the red, and aware that it is beyond his ability to get either stroke without leaving the object-ball in baulk, should always play the in-off from the white, whenever the red is in such a position that an in-off or a pot would be on from baulk.

A cannon would be a difficult shot to get, and the in-offs are both of a similar nature. Whilst not exactly easy, neither in-off is—for a fair player—too difficult just as a stroke. Of course, I don't mean for a moment to suggest that a really good player could not go in off either ball by means of a slow screw without sending the object ball into baulk. At the same time, such a stroke requires very clever handling, and is certainly quite beyond the compass of ordinary players. Placed as the balls are, most players, after having had a look at both the in-offs, and finds nothing to choose between them, would play at the red simply because the stroke counts more, and perhaps also on the off-chance of the red being doubled into some pocket—which one they are not at all particular.

If the in-off from the white be played and the ball remains in baulk, by all means keep it out if possible, or drive it in and out—the red is in good position for an in-off from baulk, and therefore there is always the possibility of getting the red into a favourable position for such a pot as will leave the cue ball well situated for an in-off from the white, thus bringing that ball into play again.

AN IN-OFF FROM THE RED IN PREFERENCE TO AN EASIER IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE

A position with the two object balls in baulk. The location of the balls is such that the in-off from the white is an ab-

solutely easy shot, but the in-off from the red is rather more difficult. In cases like this, it is certainly a better game to play the more difficult in-off from the red, on the principle that it is better to leave the white in baulk than the red.

It will often happen that both the object balls are inside the baulk-line, and the striker's ball is so placed—in baulk or otherwise—that whereas there is an easy in-off from the red, the cannon is an uncertain stroke. Many players have a very mistaken notion that, under these conditions, they should always play the cannon, in order not to be ball in hand with one of the balls in baulk, and they contend that they are thereby playing what they call the game. But they forget that what may be the game for one player is often certainly not the game for a less able player.

Under such conditions, with the cannon very uncertain, the striker should play the in-off from the red, trying to leave the red in position for another in-off, for by being able to continue playing at the red there is always the possibility of working it into a favourable position for a pot, should this be desirable by reason of the white in baulk being well located for an in-off. Besides, if this desired position does not come off, there will always be a cannon of some kind or another to fall back upon, and, if the worst come to the worst, and a very difficult one present itself, it may not be much more difficult than the first cannon that the striker would not tackle, and, in the meantime, a nice few may have been scored off the red.

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