

## 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. Dick arrives at the residence of

CLARA CLARKE, a clever actress and a friend of Kitty's. With the aid of grease-paints she transforms Dick to a life-like representation of her father. Just at this moment Pelham Webb arrives and insists upon interviewing Dick alone. Dick realises that the detective has discovered his identity, and decides to make a fight for it. However, the detective explains that he has come to befriend him, and Dick, believing his story, accompanies him to the residence of Beaumont Chase, where he is installed as gardener. Sir John Millbank and Kitty arrive at Beaumont Hall, and Beaumont Chase loses no time in asking Sir John for the hand of his adopted daughter. Sir John consents. That night Kitty receives a note which is thrown through her window. It reads: "Be brave. I can't speak, but I am watching over you. God bless you!"

## WHO WAS THE MESSENGER.

Kitty, with startled eyes, stared at the scrap of paper she held in her trembling hand.

The brief message bore no signature, but to the girl that mattered nothing at all. The handwriting was Dick Foster's. With a wild hope leaping up in her heart, she darted to the open window and leaned out. She almost expected to see her lover, like another Romeo, climbing up to her balcony.

But outside all was still and silent save for the faint murmur of the night wind among the trees.

Eagerly the girl's eyes scanned the moon-lit grounds for some sign of movement, but she could see none.

"Who is there?" she demanded, in an eager but cautious whisper.

It was with mingled fear and hope that she awaited a response, but none came.

Then, with a sigh of disappointment, she withdrew once more into the room and examined again the mysterious message.

Yes, it had been written by Dick. She was sure of that. But when? And where?

A new and more plausible explanation occurred to her. Dick had sent her this word of hope and encouragement by the hand of a messenger.

How foolish she had been to think that Dick himself was here, close at hand, ready to help her in her need. He was away on the high seas, or perhaps already in a foreign land.

"And I am glad!"

She repeated this again and again, as though to convince herself that she spoke the truth.

"I am glad! Of course I am glad! He is safe, and so long as I am brave, so long as I do not seek to find him or to call him back to me, no harm can come to him. Oh, Heaven, give me strength! Help me to let him go!"

She fell upon her knees by the bedside trying to pray, trying to choke back her sobs.

Then her thoughts turned to the messenger who had brought this precious note from her beloved. Who could it be? Would he ever reveal himself? Would he be able to give her news of Dick?

In the morning perhaps she would meet him. She would surely be able to find out if any stranger had entered the grounds. Her heart beat wildly at the thought. She had determined to give up Dick finally, but her heart yearned for some news of him.

Some true and faithful friend of his must have brought that message and thrown it in at her window. One who could do so much would do more.

In the morning she would find him and talk to him—talk to him of Dick.

With this hope in her heart she fell asleep, clasping to her bosom the precious scrap of paper which had come to her so mysteriously out of the silence and the darkness.

## AN OLD MAN'S TYRANNY.

"You are more to me than a daughter, Kitty. I love you very dearly. For many years—ever since you came into my house a poor and friendless child—I have indulged you in every possible way. I have surrounded you with luxury and wealth, and have striven to give you everything a girl could desire. Under these circumstances, don't you think you are a little unkind, a little inconsiderate, to me now that I am an old and broken man?"

Sir John Millbank and Kitty were alone together in the library of Beaumont Hall.

Three days had passed since Kitty had received the message from her lover, and no further communication had reached her.

Sir John had had a relapse, and had kept to his room for two days, but now he was a little better, and this afternoon he had sent for Kitty.

The old man looked very frail, and there was the querulous look of an invalid on his drawn haggard face as he addressed the girl.

Kitty dropped on her knees at his feet and looked up at him tenderly.

"Dear daddy," she said earnestly. "I know you love me, and I love you, never can I forget what I owe you. You don't need to remind me, I shall never be able to repay you, but I do so want to make you happy if I can."

"And yet when I make known my wishes you raise a foolish and unreasonable objection! It is so absurd. Can't you see I am thinking of you and your happiness? Mr Chase has made you an offer of marriage. He is enormously wealthy. He is a fine fellow. You admit that. You raise no objection to him as a husband. Why should you? He can give you what I have striven to win for you and failed. Wealth, position, power, social standing—all will be yours as his wife. And yet you want to postpone the marriage. Why? He wants to marry you next month. You want to postpone it for a year. Was there ever anything so foolish, so unreasonable?"

A look of desperation came into the girl's face.

She did not know what to do. The pressure that was being brought to bear upon her was almost more than she could fight against.

"A little while ago I gave a promise to Mr Chase which I will keep," she said unsteadily. "But in return he gave me a promise. He said I should have a year of freedom."

"Freedom! Nonsense! You will have more freedom as his wife than you have ever had in your life!" snapped the old man irritably. "Besides, what may not happen in a year? I may be dead."

"Daddy!"

"Well, well, who knows? I seem fated to meet with ingratitude and to have my hopes destroyed. I once had a son. He disappointed me cruelly. Then I adopted you. I grew to love you, and once more all my efforts to achieve fame and fortune seemed worth while. Again things went wrong. My health broke down, but still I hoped through my efforts that you might make a brilliant marriage. The affair with Haverham came to a tragic end, and it seemed as though my own life would end in failure and defeat. And now comes this chance—this splendid chance—and you want to fling it away and disappoint me once again."

He was almost whimpering as he concluded. The once clear and powerful intellect was clouded and weakened by illness, and in this hour of bitterness the famous judge was little more than a querulous child.

"I don't want to disappoint you, daddy. I don't want to make you unhappy. You are all I have in the world now," said poor Kitty pitifully. "I want to make you happy. But Mr Chase told me I need not marry for a year. I cannot believe he has changed his mind."

"Well, he has. He has made his feelings quite clear to me. You will marry him at once—that is, early next month, or there will be no marriage. You may take my word for that. If you refuse him he has some other plans in his mind. I don't know what, but I have spent my life in reading men's minds, and I tell you that Beaumont Chase will be your friend or your enemy. It is for you to choose. But enough! I am tired. He is in the next room. Go to him and settle it between you. If you have any consideration for me—not to speak of your own happiness—you will do as he wishes."

## THE PROMISE AND THE ACCIDENT.

Kitty did not speak a word in reply, but with bowed head passed out of the room.

In the big drawing-room overlooking the terrace she found Beaumont Chase awaiting her.

He came to meet her as she entered, and she stood before him erect and deathly white.

"Your father has spoken to you?" he said.

"Yes."

"You think me cruel, child, but, believe me, I have my reasons. And is there really any need for delay? You do not dislike me. You have consented to marry me. Why should we put off our happiness?"

A look almost of scorn appeared on the girl's face, but she answered quite calmly.

(Continued on page 6.)

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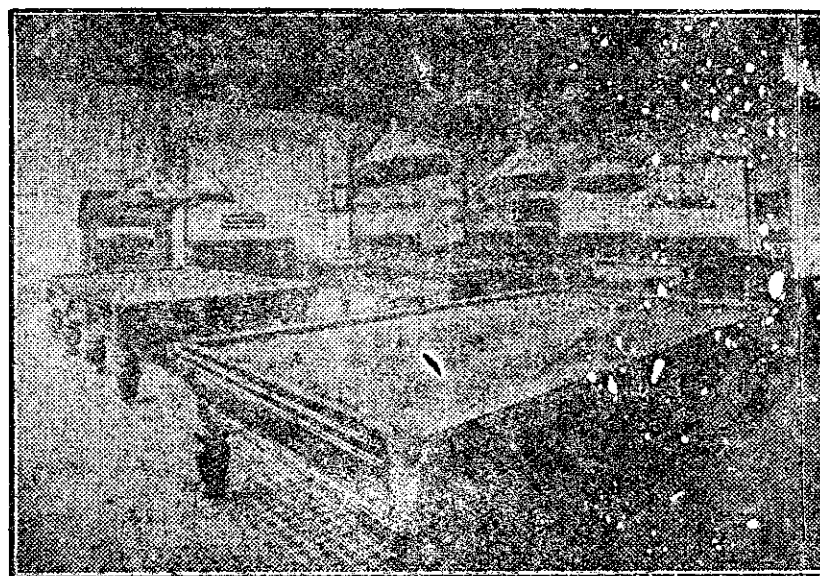
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## BILLIARD NOTES.

## VARIOUS IN-OFFS.

## CHIEFLY WITH THE WHITE AS THE OBJECT BALL.

When the in-off from the cushion is played with right-hand side, which is running side off the cushion, the ball must go clean into the pocket, for if the angle of the side cushion be touched, the side on the ball, which is here cheek side, will tend to keep the ball out of the pocket. When the stroke is played with right-hand side (running side off the top cushion) the cushion must be struck farther away from the ball than when played with left-hand side, and it is perhaps easier to judge the angle in the former case than in the latter; but the left-hand side has the advantage off the opposing angle. Of course, the stroke could also be played without side at all. The stroke is also on when the object-ball is considerably nearer the top cushion than shown in the diagram. All in-offs of the nature just described are, however, always more or less difficult, and some practise of them is very advisable.

## A DIFFICULT CUSHION IN-OFF.

An example of an in-off that is often on, and while strokes of this nature are always difficult owing to the great judgment required as to where the cushion must be hit (a very slight error will cause the stroke to fail), they are not quite so difficult as they no doubt appear to the majority of players.

The white ball over a top pocket, and it is intended to be in such a position that, whilst a ball held in one fingers could be

passed into the pocket, touching the bed of the table, without disturbing the other ball, there is barely 1-16 of an inch to spare—that is, about 1-32 on each side as the ball is passed through. In playing an in-off with the white ball so located, especially when striking from a position a considerable distance away from the pocket the safest way of getting the stroke is to aim straight at the pocket, as though playing to give a three miss. The reason for this is that from a distance it would be very difficult indeed to give a three miss even if facing the pocket as the ball would have to go into the pocket just missing both the side cushion and the object-ball by 1-32 of an inch. If it travelled only a shade to one side of this three-miss path it would either graze the side cushion and then graze the ball, or else finely touch the pocket. If any player doubt this, let him try this stroke a dozen times, playing from a distance, and see how often he can give a three miss, and he will be surprised at the result. If, on the other hand, a player tried to play such a stroke by first striking the cushion, there would always be a probability of the in-off being missed owing to the object-ball being struck too full.

## Grand Billiard Saloon.

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