

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 recognizes 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 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. 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 readers' memories.

"Too late!" cried the judge furiously. "What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I mean, Sir John, that a father's authority over a daughter ceases at the hour she becomes a wife."

"A wife! Bah! She is no wife! I forbid the marriage, it cannot take place!"

"You are mistaken, Sir John," replied the clergyman gravely; "the marriage has already been solemnised. That man and that woman are now man and wife, and no power on earth can put them asunder."

THE MAN ON THE MOTOR CYCLE.

There were few people in the church to witness that tragic and dramatic scene, but all such as were present turned their gaze upon the old judge.

His tall, commanding figure, and above all, the expression on his stern old face, compelled the attention of all.

Even the young bride was for the moment forgotten.

At the priest's solemn words Sir John Millbank flung up his hands, and an inarticulate cry broke from his lips.

Then he stood motionless, only the muscles of his face working convulsively, a stark look of horror in his eyes.

For a moment or so he remained in that attitude, his hands upraised, and then suddenly the tall figure lurched forward and fell with a heavy thud to the floor of the church.

Several persons sprang forward to the assistance of the stricken man, but the first to reach his side was the young girl who had just been made a wife.

Beaumont Chase, at the first interruption of the proceedings, had put his arm firmly round Kitty, and there had come a fighting look into his somewhat drowsy eyes.

He had the air of one who means to defend what belongs to him.

He was still holding resolutely the trembling form of his young wife when Sir John fell.

But instantly she broke from him, and, dashing past the clergyman, who was standing bewildered, utterly at a loss to know what to do, she fell on her knees by the old man's side.

"Daddy!" she cried pitifully. "Daddy! Oh, what can I do?"

All was bustle and confusion. Other persons hurried into the church. Among these was Mr Frank Montague, the judge's private secretary.

"Oh, Monty!" cried Kitty, immensely relieved to see him. "Daddy is ill. What are we to do?"

Mr Montague, in his quiet way, took command of the proceedings without fuss. The stricken man was lifted tenderly and carried into the vestry. Then a doctor was sent for.

While they were waiting for the arrival of the medical man, the old judge reclined in a chair, breathing heavily.

His head leaned back, and his face seemed to have altered. All the power and strength had gone from it, and it wore an expression of vacancy which was pitiful to witness.

Kitty knelt by his side, holding his hand.

A little apart, Beaumont Chase stood watching her. His usually smooth brow was wrinkled into a frown of annoyance.

He was vexed beyond measure by this unfortunate incident. He had arranged his plans so carefully, but one thing he had forgotten. He ought to have taken steps to have Judge Millbank's movements more closely watched. The judge's early departure for London had put him off his guard. He thought the old man had lost his nerve had had decided on flight. Why had he gone to London? And above all, why had he returned at such an inconvenient moment?

He could not answer either of these questions, and Mr Chase was always irritated by anything he could not understand.

His sole desire now was to get away with his wife as quickly as possible, but he feared a scene with Kitty if he suggested their departure before the doctor had given his verdict.

So he waited, growing more and more impatient every moment.

Suddenly he turned abruptly to Mr

Frank Montague, who had been conversing in low tones with the clergyman.

"You came down with Sir John from London?" he observed.

The private secretary nodded.

"By road?"

"Yes; our car is outside."

"Can you suggest any explanation for this sudden seizure?"

Mr Montague looked grave, and did not answer for some moments.

"Sir John has been very excited all day," he said at length. "After his interview with the Home Secretary this morning—"

"The Home Secretary?" exclaimed the millionaire, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Yes; the interview took place quite early this morning. You are no doubt aware that Sir John has never really been himself since the trial, some months ago, when a young Australian soldier was convicted of murder."

"Oh, yes," replied Chase, concealing his interest as well as he could. "A man named Foster, wasn't it? Sir John told me all about it. I have his full confidence. He has been staying at my house, you know."

The private secretary bowed.

Chase, after a pause, spoke again.

"I knew he was interested in the case, but I did not know he was seeing the Home Secretary."

"Yes; the interview lasted nearly two hours. Sir John made a statement—it must have been a very important statement with fresh evidence."

"Why?"

"I judge by the result."

"And what is it?" said the millionaire, giving the other a quick glance.

"Richard Foster has received the Royal Pardon, and he is to be liberated at once," said Mr Montague quietly.

Beaumont Chase's hands gave a nervous twitch, and a gleam of fire came and went in his slumberous eyes, but in no other way did he betray his emotion or the secret thought which leapt to his mind.

"The Royal Pardon! Foster released! There could be only one explanation of that—Sir John Millbank had confessed."

As this conviction came home to him, Beaumont Chase drew a deep breath.

"Jove!" he muttered to himself. "The old boy has got it. I thought I had him in my power. I thought I could make him do anything I wanted. I pictured him broken and shivering with fear lest I should raise my fingers and condemn. And all the time he was fighting! He did the one thing that could beat me. Had he been five minutes earlier at the church he would have won. It has been a deuce of a near thing! And now to get Kitty away."

He had scarcely formed this resolution when the doctor arrived.

The medical man announced that the judge had had a stroke, and prescribed that he should be taken to his home as speedily and as quietly as possible.

Beaumont Chase at once offered the loan of his house, but at this point Mr Frank Montague intervened.

"Would it not be best if he went to his own home in London? The car is ready, and the journey could be accomplished with comfort and speed."

The medical man assented.

"It is certainly advisable that as soon as possible he should be in his own home, in the midst of familiar surroundings. He is now suffering from the shock occasioned by the partial loss of his mental faculties. But, if kept quiet and tended by those he cares for, he will probably recover to a considerable extent."

Mr Montague, therefore, had his way, and the judge was led carefully out of the church.

He was able to walk now, though unsteadily and leaning heavily on the arm of his private secretary; but his once fine old face still wore that pitifully vacant expression.

Kitty kept close to him, and he retained a tight grip on her hand during the short journey from the church to the car.

When the judge was seated, Kitty stepped forward as though to take the place by his side.

Immediately a hand from behind closed firmly on her arm and held her back.

She turned and looked up with a startled glance, and then she stared at him as though at a stranger.

"Let me go!" she said breathlessly. "Don't you see? Daddy wants me. I must go with him."

A wave of anger swept through the man, but he kept his temper, and when he spoke his voice was quiet and gentle.

(Continued on page 6.)

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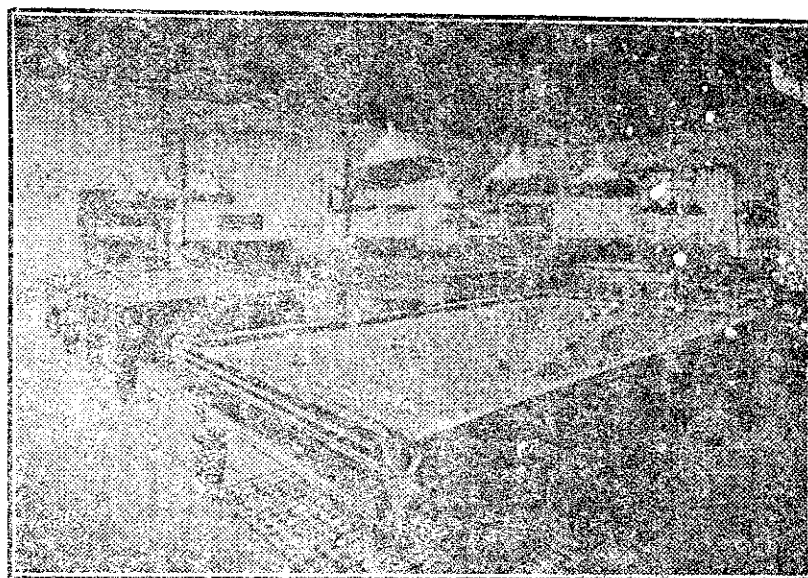
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CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

WHEN THE REST IS USED.

When the balls are close to the right top cushion, the stroke becomes far more difficult, as the rest must be used. With a left-hander, of course, the stroke necessitates the use of the rest. For the same reason, when the stroke is played into a baulk pocket down either side cushion, one pocket will be the easy one, and the other the difficult one. When the stroke is played along the top cushion, the balls can be got at quite easily and the rest is never required.

A further variation of these in-offs, which are made by getting the object-ball out of the way by the assistance afforded by the angles of a pocket. The balls are so located that a line passing through their centres would, if continued, meet the angle of the side cushion at a point near the fall of the slate. A full contact will cause the object-ball to strike both the angles. The cue-ball, following on, will also strike the opposing angle, but instead of being also thrown on to the upper angle, the side with which it is laden, and which has been strongly developed by reason of the full contact between the balls, will carry it into the pocket.

A KISS IN-OFF.

A position for a kiss in-off. The cue-ball should be struck above the centre and with plenty of right-hand side, running side off the cushion, and a fullish contact should be made with the object-ball, after gently rebounding from the top cushion, will meet the cue-ball which is running up to the top cushion after having hit the side cushion. In order that the shot

may be successful, the kiss between the two balls, which takes place more or less in the jaws of the pocket, must be a very thin one. A very slight kiss will cause the cue-ball to fall into the pocket, but should the kiss be at all pronounced, the stroke will fail. As a rule, one-eighth of a ball contact, and sometimes even less, will spoil the shot, and herein lies the difficulty with strokes of this nature; for whereas it is necessary for a kiss to take place, only a very thin kiss will send the cue-ball into the pocket. The size of the pocket has a very great bearing on this delicate little shot, and some kiss in-offs that, comparatively speaking, are easy enough on tables with big pockets are very difficult indeed on tables with very tight pockets.

AN IN-OFF PLAYING ACROSS THE TABLE.

An in-off made by playing across the table. Although a stroke of this nature requires some judgment in aiming, there are often two chances of getting the shot, as in many positions it may be by the cue-ball, striking the object-ball either in a direct line after rebounding from the side cushion, or via the top cushion.

A similar shot is also on when the cue and object-balls are in a like position on the top cushion instead of the side cushion. In this case the in-off can be made by playing down the table and up again. This stroke is, however, far more difficult than the one across the table, for, owing to the greater distance the ball has to travel, a greater nicety of judgment and correctness of striking is demanded.

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