

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 tell 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.

With a muttered oath, Beaumont Chase sprang to Kitty's side, and, flinging his arms about her, lifted her, lifted her bodily in his arms.

"Now drive on!" he said savagely, addressing the chauffeur of the judge's car.

It was at that moment that the chuck-cluck-clatter of a rapidly moving motor cycle was heard coming along the quiet country road.

The thing whirled round the bend and came upon the scene in a cloud of dust.

Outside the church it stopped, and a young man fell off.

He strode forward, wiping the sweat from his face with an oil-stained hand. It was Dick Foster.

DICK FOSTER'S WAY.

"What's the trouble?" Dick Foster's voice was calm, self-possessed, almost nonchalant.

Then, as he strode in among them all and looked about him, his gaze fell upon Kitty, struggling desperately in the arms of Beaumont Chase.

His eyes blazed with sudden fury, and in a single bound he had reached the millionaire and seized him roughly by the throat.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "What are you doing? Release Miss Millbank! Do you hear? Release her at once!"

Beaumont Chase obeyed the command with extraordinary rapidity, but he was induced to do so not so much by the words as by the violence of the young man's attack.

Dick's grip upon his throat was so savage that the millionaire had all he could do to defend himself.

Choking and gasping and mad with rage, he struggled helplessly in the other's grasp.

Then suddenly Dick flung him contemptuously aside, and turned to Kitty, who was standing, white and trembling, by the side of the judge's car.

"What is the matter, Miss Millbank?" he asked quietly.

The girl stared at him without speaking, a look of mortal agony in her soft blue eyes.

He did not know. Even yet he did not realise what had happened. And she—she must enlighten him—she must tell him the truth.

"Oh, Dick!" she faltered pitifully, while the big tears rolled down her cheeks, "you—you must not call me that any more. Oh, my poor Dick, forgive me! I had to. It was for Daddy—I—I—Dick! I am married."

She buried her face in her hands, and could say no more. Her frail, delicate form was shaken with sobs of hopelessness and despair.

The young man, who had been on the point of springing forward and taking her in his arms, fell back a pace, and then stood motionless, as though turned to stone.

"Married?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes, sir! Married; and to me!"

Beaumont Chase uttered the words in a tone shaken with passion.

But, in spite of his rage, he did not approach too near to Dick.

The latter turned his head slowly and gazed steadily at the millionaire.

"You have married this lady?" he said quietly.

"I have!"

There was a note of grim triumph in the reply.

"When?"

"The ceremony has just taken place, and I will trouble you, sir, to get out of my way and allow me and my wife to take our departure. This ridiculous scene has lasted long enough!"

Dick Foster bowed slightly.

"Of course, I shall not intrude where I am not wanted," he said gravely. "If—er—if Mrs Chase tells me to go, I shall obey her at once. I intend to do exactly what she wishes."

He fixed his gaze very steadily upon the millionaire as he uttered the last words, and for a moment the eyes of the two men met in a mortal challenge.

Then Dick again turned to Kitty.

Her hands had fallen from her tear-stained face, and she was looking at him,

and the expression in her eyes was one almost of desperation.

"Can I help you? Can I do anything—Kitty?"

Dick's voice was low and tremulous.

"Oh, Dick! I—"

"Hush, dear. Just tell me what I can do."

With an effort Kitty contrived to speak with some degree of calmness.

"Daddy is ill. He tried to stop the wedding. And when he found he was too late he had a stroke, and now he wants me. He wants me to go with him and nurse him. Oh, Dick, I must go! Don't let them stop me! Please, please let me go—"

"Isn't all this rather silly?"

Beaumont Chase had recovered himself somewhat, and his voice had resumed its characteristic drawl.

He now sauntered up, still keeping one watchful eye upon Dick, however.

"My wife, of course, cannot accompany Sir John. She is going to town with me, and to-morrow we leave England. I am sorry for you, Foster, but you must realise—"

"Get into the car, Kitty," interrupted Dick coolly. "Sir John needs you. Of course you must go with him! You will doubtless hear from your husband later. But for the moment—"

Kitty, as she scrambled into the car by her father's side, looked at Dick inquiringly.

"You can leave him to me!" he concluded calmly.

"How dare you? I—I forbid—" spluttered Beaumont Chase.

"Drive on!" said Dick curtly.

The great car began to move.

With a snarl of rage the humiliated husband leaped forward, but Dick stepped in front of him, and then seizing his arm, slipped it through his own.

"No good making a scene," he said in a low, significant voice. "Mrs Chase is going to London with her father. And what is more, you are not going to follow her!"

"What the—"

"Look!" interrupted Dick, at the same time pointing to a cloud of dust in the bend of the road.

He muttered a savage oath, and tried to release himself from the other's grasp.

Dick, however, retained a firm hold upon his arm.

"The best thing you can do, Mr Chase," said the young man coolly, "is to invite me home to your house. Let us go to Beaumont Hall together, and get away from these curious people."

"I'll see you hanged first!" cried the millionaire furiously. "Clear off, you meddling goal-bird, or I'll have you horse-whipped by my men, and flung into a ditch—"

"Nonsense! If you really care for Kitty you will do as I suggest, and invite me to your house to talk matters over."

Beaumont Chase stared at the speaker, impressed, in spite of himself, by the quiet significance of Dick's voice.

"What do you mean?" he demanded doubtfully.

"I mean, Mr Chase," replied Dick, gravely, "that it depends upon me entirely whether you ever see your wife again!"

Beaumont Chase stared harder, then tried to laugh, and made a failure of the attempt.

"You insolent young cub!" he said in a low voice. "You will explain exactly what you mean, or I shall at once summon the police and demand protection from a raving lunatic."

Dick inclined his head gravely.

"I will explain what I mean," he said.

"You are a rich man, Mr Chase. Are you anything else?"

"Oh?"

"What I mean is this. Are you simply a rich fool, and is your pursuit of Kitty merely the whim of a rich fool? Or is there some manhood in you? Do you love her, and are you prepared to devote your life to making her happy? You have won her by a trick—a mean, cowardly trick! But she does not love you. At the present moment she is nearer to hating you. You know that! Are you man enough to devote yourself to the task of winning her love? Will you wait? Do you love her enough for that?"

The earnest voice ceased, and Beaumont Chase gazed at the speaker with wonder in his eyes.

"You love her?" he said in a low voice.

"I love her," replied Dick.

"Love that?"

"Yes."

(Continued on page 6.)

FURNITURE!

WE HAVE THE STOCK IF YOU HAVE THE DESIRE, COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

IF WE HAVE NOT JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT WE CAN MAKE IT FOR YOU AS WELL AS ANY, AND CHEAPER THAN MOST.

GEO. MOIR & SON,

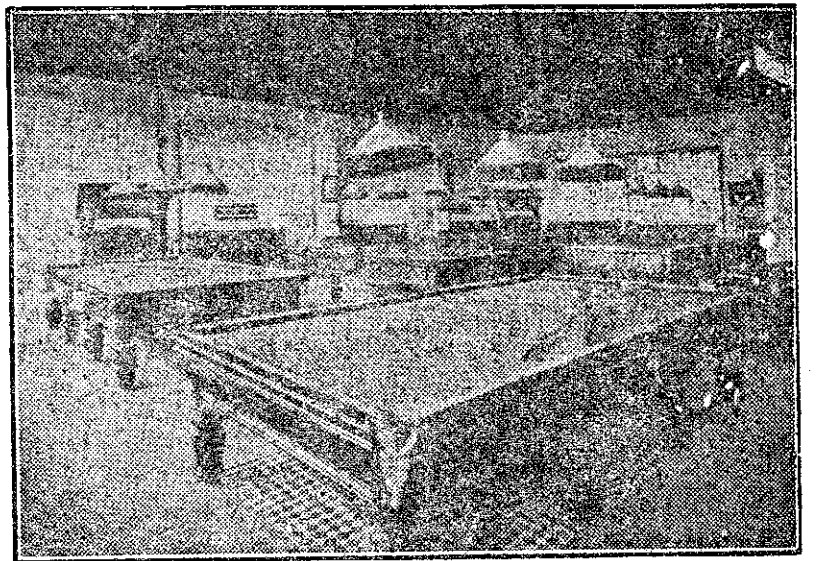
FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
72 and 74 TAY STREET. (Next Price and Bulleid.)

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

AN IN-OFF PLAYED WITH RUNNING SIDE.

A position from which the in-off should be played, by striking the cue-ball with plenty of left-hand side. In the first place, owing to the object-ball being so near the pocket, the top angle will not be touched by the cue-ball after contact with the object-ball, therefore, right-hand side would be of no assistance in taking it into the pocket.

And, secondly—and this is the chief point—owing to the comparatively large angle at which the cue-ball strikes the cushion, side very considerably alters the angle of reflection. In this position by the use of plenty of left-hand side (running side off the cushion) the cue-ball is thrown off the cushion at such an angle as allows it to get sufficiently behind the object ball to enable the in-off being made. Were the stroke played with right-hand side (check side off the cushion) so full on to the object-ball that the stroke would fail.

A DIFFICULT CUSHION IN-OFF.

An extreme kind of cushion in-off. In positions like this the in-off can only be made by the use of plenty of side. This very pretty stroke is a difficult one, for not only must the cue-ball be hit with as much side as possible, but the aim must be judged with the utmost nicety, as, though, of course, the cue-ball must not hit the object-ball until it rebounds from

the cushion, it must almost graze it as it passes it, otherwise it will strike the cushion just a little too low down to enable it on its rebound, even helped as it is by the side that it carries, to get sufficiently behind the object-ball to ensure the in-off being made. This missing of the object-ball by so little when first passing it is what makes the stroke so difficult, as in attempting this the object-ball will often be thinly struck, and when this happens the shot fails. Also, unless plenty of side be imparted to the cue-ball it will come off the cushion too full on to the object-ball to allow of the in-off being made. The nearer the two balls are to each other (the angle being the same) the less difficult does the stroke become, simply because it is easier to play what is really a fine shot when near the object-ball than when at a distance from it. Also, the farther down the table the cue-ball is, the easier the stroke becomes, and the higher up the table the more difficult, until a point is reached when the in-off is no longer possible by this kind of stroke. In playing this shot, I have stated that if the cue-ball touched the object-ball before hitting the cushion the stroke fails, and this is so in the generality of cases.

It will sometimes happen, however, that the object-ball is touched so very finely indeed that the cue-ball is not appreciably deflected thereby, and when such is the case the stroke may still be got. It is needless, however, to remark that the stroke is not to be played in this way. When the same shot is played into a baulk pocket a stroke ball out of baulk, especially if the cushions be fast.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Southland Floral, Plant,
and Seed Supply,

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.