

"You lie, and you know that you lie! Answer me; who—"
 "If you did not, I don't know who did."
 "Did you shoot him?"
 She bent forward a little as she asked the question, and it seemed as though sparks of fire blazed from her eyes to scorch the truth from the man before her.
 "I?"
 "Yes, you! You will deny it, of course, but I believe that you are the one who shot him. Did I but know it, you would never breathe again!"
 "What have you done with the wench, Ruth?"
 "I threw my coffee in her face; then, before she could recover, I choked her into insensibility. These weapons are yours. I found them here and waited for you to come. I am going from here to the police station, and you are going with me."
 "Certainly, Ruth, certainly. I haven't the slightest objection except on your own account. Shall we go now?"
 "Yes."

Derrington turned about and took one big stride towards the door by which he had just entered. Then, as though impelled by some mighty, unseen force, he leaped to one side, turned and sprang back again towards the girl. There was a flash and a loud report, closely followed by Derrington's low laugh.
 "I dodged you that time, Ruth," he cried.
 She tried to use the other weapon, to fire again with the one she had already used, but the gambler was too quick for her.

In an instant he had seized her by her wrists, and the next he had forced her upon her knees before him, while the weapons dropped from her nerveless grasp to the floor.
 "We won't go to the police station just yet," he said, coolly; "we'll go up and revive Virginia instead, and tomorrow we'll have that little wedding ceremony performed."

Ruth did not speak a word, but the fury in her face had become transformed into blank despair.
 As soon as the weapons dropped from her hands, Derrington kicked them under the sofa. Then he released her. Everything happened much quicker than I have told it and I had remained a silent and motionless observer of the scene, with every muscle in my body contracted in preparation for the struggle which I knew must soon come.

As Derrington released the girl she settled helplessly down upon the floor in a position of utter despondency. She had made a brave struggle for freedom and she had been defeated. Knowing so well the character of the man with whom she had to deal, she felt that hope was dead.
 "Come, get up, Ruth," said the gambler. "You have made a brave fight for it, my girl, and it's tough to have to knock under. By Heaven! if I loved you less I'd let you go, just for your pluck! Get up, Ruth, and let me introduce my friend."

He grasped her gently by one arm and raised her to her feet.
 "There, there!" he exclaimed, "you had got enough a moment ago—where has it gone? Say, Ruth, would you shoot me if I should hand you one of the guns?"
 "Like a dog," she hissed, and her eyes flashed full of returning fury. She took one step towards him with her right arm extended and the index finger of her hand pointed straight at the gambler's heart. It seemed like a weapon far more deadly than the six-shooter she had held but a few moments before.

Derrington started back a little, while a shade of pallor swept over his face. Then he laughed lightly.
 "You are like a tragic queen, Ruth," he said. "Honestly, I feel in more danger now than when that hand held a weapon."
 "Jack Derrington," said the girl, slowly, "I give you warning! You are the victor now, and you will find means to pursue you conquest to the end. But the moment will come when this hand shall hold a weapon, and that moment shall be your last. Whether you shot my father or not, you have wronged me, and I swear that some day I will kill you!"

Suddenly her eyes dilated. Her face flushed red and then grew as white as death itself.
 "With a low cry she leaped forward, full at the gambler's throat.
 He sought to dodge her; to ward off the effort she made to seize him, but Ruth was too quick—too impetuous.
 "The proof! the proof!" she cried, and before Dare-Devil-Jack could prevent the act she had thrust her hand into the breast pocket of his coat. Then, like a flash, she leaped away from him again.

In her hand she held a small wallet, and she was about to open it when the gambler leaped towards her to take it away.

All of his gallantry was gone. Fear, anger, dismay, all were expressed upon his handsome features.
 "With a muttered oath he seized her, but even as he did so she threw the wallet with all her remaining strength straight at Sergeant Williams.
 "If you have a man's honour, deliver that to the police!" she cried. "It will prove this man to be a mur—"
 Derrington's hand was upon her throat, and the last word she would have uttered was partially lost.

He thrust it into my pocket just as Dare-Devil-Jack released his hold upon Ruth and turned towards me.
 He stretched out his hand and said coolly:
 "An easy victory, eh, Billy? Give me the wallet, please."

"I will keep it Jack," I replied, as coolly as he.
 "Eh! What! Don't joke, pard; I'm in no mood for it now. The wallet, please."
 "I will keep the wallet," Jack repeated.

"D— you, give me that wallet!" and the gambler's hand dropped to the pocket where he carried a weapon.
 "Don't draw, Jack. I have you covered through my pocket just as I had Black Bob. I can't trust you, and if you move I'll kill you!"

He knew that I meant what I said, but he was game. He had been in many a tight place before and had escaped. His face grew deathly with rage. He realised that he was to take his chances against my weapon. Like a flash he saw through my true character, and knew that I had tracked him down.

Like lightning he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew his weapon. Quicker than thought he raised it.
 There was a double flash, a double report, but Ruth Hutton had saved us both.

With a bound she struck the arm of Dare-Devil Jack

just as he raised it to fire. The blow destroyed his own aim and mine, and both of us escaped unharmed.

But Derrington was not to be taken without a struggle.
 He swung his right hand around and with the back of it knocked Ruth senseless upon the floor. Then he leaped towards me.

But the instant's delay was fatal. I leaped upon him. My fist flew out and the gambler staggered back, stunned and dazed by the shock of the blow he had received. The weapon fell from his hand to the floor and I quickly raised my own. It would not work and so I threw it with all my force straight at the gambler's head.

He dodged it. Then he laughed.
 "Billy," he said, coolly, "it is your life or mine now, and we're both unarmed. You were a fool to throw away your gun. A fool, for it has cost you your life. Eh! Did I say unarmed? No. I have this," and he drew a small bowie knife from his pocket.

"Ready, Billy?" and he laughed again.
 "Then, like a tiger, he sprang towards me with the bowie knife brandished in his hand.

He had nearly reached me when I took one backward leap. Then with all my force I raised my right foot.
 It struck Derrington upon the wrist and brought forth a sound like that made by the back of an axe against a tree in frosty weather.

The knife flew clattering to the other side of the room, while the hand that had held it fell limp and nerveless to the gambler's side.
 Derrington's wrist was broken, but he was still game, and the next instant he seized me around the neck with his left arm and we rolled upon the floor together.

Blow after blow fell upon the gambler's face from my fists, but Dare-Devil Jack never once slackened his hold.
 Tighter and tighter he squeezed until his arm was like the coil of a python about my neck, choking me slowly but surely into insensibility.

I sought to tear the arm away, but it was locked there in a tension which could not be broken. Always a giant in strength, the gambler was rendered thrice powerful by his desperation and despair.
 I was gasping. I felt that an end to the struggle must be quickly reached.

My senses began to whirl; I felt that I was losing consciousness. The room swam about me. The floor seemed to heave as upon watery billows. Myriads of bright specks danced before my vision, when suddenly the tightening arm around my neck relaxed and fell from me.

With a new lease of life I shook him free, and Derrington rolled to the floor insensible, seemingly dead.
 "It was discovered that the wallet was one which had belonged to the murdered man, and it contained strong circumstantial evidence that Derrington was the criminal. The negro Virginia was found in the room above and confessed that she had been a witness to the crime. She saw Derrington shoot down his victim. He had then gone to Hutton's house and by sheer force had conveyed Ruth to his apartments from whence it was his intention to release her only as his wife. In that he had a double purpose. To gratify his passion for her and to become the possessor of her great wealth.

Derrington was never executed. He throttled the turnkey of the goal one day and made good his escape to the mountains, where he flourished for several years as a "Road Agent," until at last he was killed by a passenger in an overland coach that he had halted in White Rock Canyon.

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Lands and Survey Department, Auckland, October 4, 1882.

IT is hereby notified that the Lands enumerated in the Schedule hereunder, being Immigrant and Military Land Order Selections, having by virtue of non-compliance with the conditions of the Acts under which the selections were made, reverted to the Crown, will, unless claimed within 30 days from the date hereof (i.e., 2nd November), be offered for sale or selection at this office, on a date due notice of which will be given by public notification.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

SCHEDULE. RODNEY COUNTY. PARISH OF PARIHI.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
A1 joining Pa 52	40	Emily Prentice	April 24, 1888
Pa 50	80	Jas. Ch. Harding & Lullus Reade	June 8, 1857

PARISH OF OMAHA.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
Pa 110	69	Jas. Stewart	Mar 28, 1864

PARISH OF MATAKANA.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
100	40	D. Dunningham	Jan 28, 1863

PARISH OF AHUROA.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
N pn 9	12	James Kells	April 27, 1863
S pn 11	28	James Kells	April 27, 1863
SF pn 13	40	E. H. O'Connell	Dec 19, 1859
Pa 19	80	Joseph Argot	
W pn 27	40	Huntell	Sep 21, 1859
E pn 26	20	Jane Murray	Dec 27, 1863
M pn 28	40	Hr. Woolcock	Jan 31, 1857
W pn 29	60	George Storey	May 22, 1867
N pn 41	64	John Wheeler	May 23, 1867
		Itch, and Annie Papworth	Feb 23, 1863
S pn 42	16	Rich. and Annie Papworth	Feb 23, 1863
W pn 46	20	Wm. Ch. Barber	Nov 8, 1858
N pn 59	40	Wm. McDonald	Oct 13, 1862
S pn 61	34	Daniel Irwin	June 30, 1863
S pn 62	6	Daniel Irwin	June 30, 1863
NE pn 63	37	Jas. Walker	Feb 4, 1865

PARISH OF KOKOKOKI.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
M pn 61	40	Wm. Ar. Nalder	Oct 28, 1864
Pa 24	40	Wm. Cannell	Oct 24, 1864
S pn 38	37	Cath. Redmayne	Oct 26, 1864
Pa 57	101	Wm. Thomson & Aug. Schmidt	Oct 24, 1864
M pn 71	41	Anna Maria Wrentmore	Nov 1, 1869
Pa 78	14	Edwin Banbury	May 12, 1865

PARISH OF PUHOI.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
NW pn 49	40	Ch. G. Andrews	Mar 30, 1864
SE pn 50	40	Henderson Jas. Twigg	Mar 30, 1864
	113	60 James Prall	Sep 11, 1865

WAITEMATA COUNTY. PARISH OF MAKARAU.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
W pn 117	40	Chas. Franklin	Nov 23, 1867
SW pn 125	40	Patrick Quinn	Mar 1, 1865
E pn 136	4	John Burke	Mar 7, 1866
NW pn 137	56	John Burke	Mar 7, 1866
M pn 147	60	Thos. McGullion	Mar 8, 1866
N pn 158	40	Robert Campbell	July 31, 1865

WHANGREI COUNTY. PARISH OF WAIPU.

Section	Area Acres	Selectors.	Date of Selection.
104	60	Margaret and Anne McLeod	Mar 30, 1869
175	80	Donald McLeod	Mar 30, 1869



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