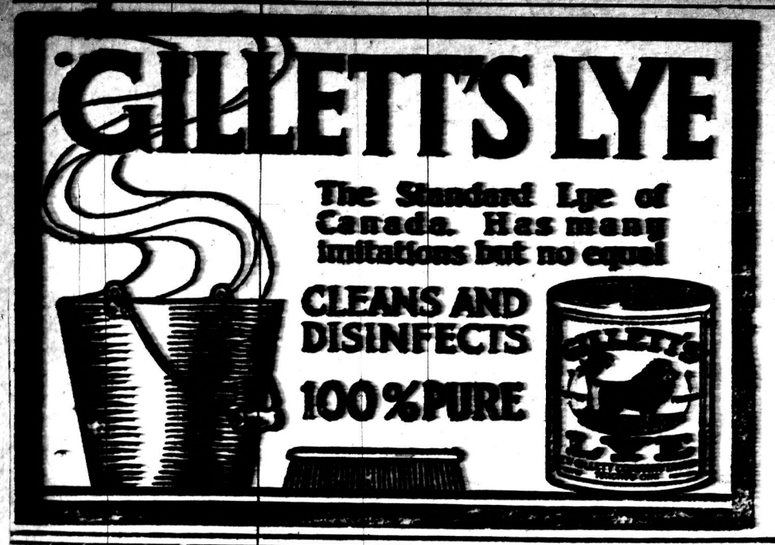

TRUE TO HIS RACE

Then the Honorable Stuart caught her around the waist, and laughing in a foolish, coaxing manner, attempted to take her back to the table.

Her brother also laughed.

Benjamin Hurst started forward, his usually gentle blue eyes blazing with wrath. But even before he could come to her rescue, Suzy had thrown her rude assailant off, and gained the door, where, standing for an instant, she said, with dignity:

"Benjamin Hurst, I charge you to see that gentleman out of the house, and attend him to his home. He is clearly not in a condition to take care of himself, any more than to be responsible for his ill-breeding."

And so saying, she passed out of sight.

"There !now you have done it! You see, you went too far! You were rude, you know," stuttered Mr. William.

"Rude! Really Indeed I should have been considered rude to a lady, I suppose; but is a gentleman expected to [illegible] ceremony with such as she?" inquired the Honorable Stuart, with a scornful laugh, for he was both very drunk and very angry.

"I say, look here, you know! What the deuce do you mean by that?" hiccoughed Mr. William, as he poured out and turned off another bumper of champagne.

"Come, sir!" said Benjamin Hurst, firmly. "Mademoiselle desired that I should see you safe out of this house, and into your room. I am ready to attend you."

"So am I ready!" laughed the infuriate, defiantly.

"But hold on! I say, look here, you [illegible]!" repeated Mr. William, in a [illegible] dignity. "What do you [illegible] you know?"

"[illegible] to go home, that's what I [illegible] Here, you fellow! show me to [illegible]," answered Mr. Stuart Fitzroy, with a reckless air.

Benjamin handed him his hat and gloves, and then took his arm to assist his rather uncertain steps.

James held open the room door, while Smith went before and opened the street door.

Benjamin Hurst took his charge out upon the sidewalk and began to lead him along, with the intention of hailing the first empty cab that passed.

The fresh air seemed to help the inebriated man, who walked somewhat more steadily.

Meanwhile, Mr. William sat over the wine at the deserted supper-table, pouring out and drinking champagne as freely as a thirsty man would drink water. And he brooded over the contemptuous words that Fitzroy had used in reference to his sister.

"What the devil did he mean by—by 'such's she?'" he inquired of himself. They he drank more wine and muttered:

"Meant something 'fensive, know he did. What dev'l was't?" And he drank still more wine,and grumbled:

"Ought to called—called 'm to 'count for 's words 'bout my sister." And again he drank yet more wine, and then he staggered to his feet, muttering:

"Do it yet. Do it, sure. Call 'm to 'count for 's 'sulting words 'bout my sister!"

And so, crazed with drink, he left the house and went in the direction taken by Benjamin Hurst and his charge.

The fresh air helped him also, and partly sobered him, so that he was able to walk steadily and quickly, and to overtake speedily the man he was pursuing.

"I say, look here, you know! Hold on! I want to speak to you!" he said, laying his hand on the shoulder of Fitzroy.

"Well, fellow! well, what do you want of me?" grandly inquired this [illegible] inebriate.

"Want t' know what dev'l you meant by the words y' used in reference t' my sister?"

"Meant what I said—that a gentleman needn't stand in ceremony with such as she," doggedly replied Fitzroy.

"Look here! I say, you know! What dev'l d' you mean by such 's she?" persisted William, following him up.

"I mean she's only a very common person! Now don't bore me about your worthless sister!" said Fitzroy, scornfully.

"You false-tongued base hound!" exclaimed William, in a fury. "You lie like——"

The words had scarcely left his lips when Fitzroy wheeled around, and struck him full upon the mouth, crying:

"Take that, you dog, for daring to insult a gentleman!"

The force of that blow drove the infuriated young man to the curb. He drew back for an instant, and threw himself with all his force upon his antagonist, striking him with his fist, and hurling him with violence to the ground.

Benjamin Hurst, hearing the loud voices and then took his stand by the curb

"Heaven and earth, here's been a murder! Secure that man!"

In an instant Sefton seized Benny, while White sprung his alarm rattle.

"You need not take so much trouble. I will go with you quietly, for I hae nothing to fear. I did not kill the man," said Benny.

"Then, of course, you'll be all right, you know. But we must take you, all the same, for by your own admission you saw him fall, for you know you told us he was drunk when he fell. Now, you see, he didn't fall. The marks on his face and throat prove that he was knocked down, either by you or someone in your presence. So you must go along with us, whether to be considered as a witness or a principal the magistrate will decide," said Sefton, keeping a firm hold of Benny's arm.

With a deep sigh, as though yielding to the inexorable fate that pursued him through all his life, Benny dropped his head upon his breast and was silent.

Meanwhile the alarm rattle was going at a startling rate; so that even at that most lonely hour of the morning in the streets, two o'clock after midnight, a small crowd began to collect, with excited faces and eager inquiries.

Policeman White told all he knew of the circumstances as briefly as possible, and they listened as well as they could in the tumult.

"It is the body of a gentleman," said one.

"Will we take it to the St. James?" inquired another.

"No," said Policeman White. "We will leave it just here as it lies, until we take this suspected person to the station house, and then we'll report the case to our sergeant and take his orders about where it is to be carried."

And then he beckoned two of his companions of the force, and ordered them to guard the body, while he and his comrade, Sefton, should take the prisoner to the station and report the murder.

And then Benjamin Hurst was marched off between two policemen to the station house on Little Vine street, where, in a close, ill-favored office, a sergeant sat at a desk, with three or four attendants around him.

The policeman led Benny up to the desk and related all the circumstances of his discovery of the dead body on the sidewalk in Piccadilly.

"What is your name, young man?" enquired the sergeant of Benny, when the officer had finished his story.

"Benjamin Hurst, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Now I warn you that you need not say a word to criminate yourself; but if you can say anything, and prove anything to clear yourself from suspicion, you had better do so at once."

"I thank you, sir," said Benny, with a slight bend of the head.

"Can you, then, tell us anything about this murder?"

"No, sir, I can tell you nothing about it except this—that I certainly did not kill the unfortunate man," said Benny, earnestly.

The sergeant of police listened to him, looked at him and believed him, but had to do his stern duty nevertheless.

"If you can prove that now!" he began.

"I cannot prove it, sir," answered Benny resignedly, as he recognized in all its horror the full import of the awful sacrifice he was about to make to save the life of Suzy's brother, and the peace of Suzy's mind.

"Can you not explain your presence on the premises at the time of the murder?"

"No, sir, I cannot."

"At least you can tell whether you were acquainted with the deceased?"

Benny reflected for a moment as to whether it might be safe to answer this simple question; and then still feeling doubtful on the subject, he answered civilly:

"If you please, sir, I prefer not to answer any more questions."

"You may be right. You are at least very discreet. Yet I am sorry for you, for we shall be obliged to lock you up. Officer, remove the prisoner," said the sergeant.

Policeman White took possession of Benny to lead him away, while Policeman Sefton, coming forward and touching his hat, enquired:

"If you please, sir, what is to be done with the body of the murdered man for the present? There's the St. James near at hand, and quite convenient, and there's——"

"Have the body brought here for the present. The inspector will be here soon. And the coroner must be notified immediately," said the sergeant.

And Policeman Sefton went out to obey these orders, while Policeman White conducted Benny to a lockup room occupied by five or six other prisoners, and secured him there for the night.

Very early in the morning Benjamin Hurst was brought from the station house to the police court for examination.

Each of the two policemen who had discovered the murdered man and arrested the supposed murderer, in turn gave in his report, and their reports corresponded accurately.

"What have you to say to this charge?" enquired the magistrate, sternly regarding the prisoner.

"Nothing, your worship, except that I did not kill the man," respectfully erplied Benny

"You were with him when he was killed; you saw him fall; you admitted as much to the policemen here."

"I said that he was drunk when he fell," Benny amended.

"Then you saw him fall, of course; and it appears from the marks of violence upon his fact and throat, testified to by both these officers, that he fell, not because he was drunk, but because he was murderously assaulted. Now then, if you yourself made the assault, you are not expected to criminate yourself here by any admission of the fact. If, on the other hand, you did not make it, but saw it made, you are strongly advised to tell all you know about it, and thus save yourself."

"I did not assault the man, your worship. That is all ql haev to say," replied Benny.

"Then I shall have to remand you to prison to await the issue of the coroner's inquest," said the magistrate.

And Benjamin Hurst was led away. [illegible] question was the great [illegible] which she knew of the

CHAPTER XXII.

He thought, with pity and horror, of the murdered man, with pity and terror, of Suzy's brother; with the deepest sorrow and anxiety, of Suzy herself; but he never once thought of the awful peril in which he placed his own life and liberty.

He turned to face the approaching footsteps.

Two policemen came around the corner and up to the fatal spot.

"Now, then, what have you been up to?" demanded the first one, stopping short, speaking to Benjamin, but looking down upon the fallen man.

Benny instantly took a firm resolution—to give no information that criminate Suzy's brother.

"What's all this, White? A man dead drunk?" demanded the second officer, coming nearer, and turning the bull's-eye of his lantern upon the face of the murdered man.

"He was certainly drunk when he fell," replie dBenjamin, truly but incautiously.

"Fell?" echoed the first man, whom his companion had addressed by the name of White. "Fell, do you say?" And he took the lantern from his comrade, and stooped and examined the body. "This man never fell of himself. Here are marks of violence on his face and throat. He has been knocked down and probably robbed, and seriously injured. Hold the lantern a moment, Sefton."

The second officer took the offered light and held it, while the first one knelt down to raise the head of the corpse; but he quickly withdrew his hand, gazed at it in curiously, and uttered an exclamation of consternation and horror.

THAT AWFUL ACHE OF LUMBAGO RUBBED AWAY FOR ALL TIME

Hooray! No More Suffering —Every Ache Goes Quick.

RUB ON NERVILINE

Lumbago is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins and back. At times its agony is intense. Severe spasms of pain shoot in all directions, and become more severe on stooping.

In treating lumbago or stitch in the back, it is necessary to keep warmly covered to prevent a sudden chill. Attend to this, and then apply Nerviline freely.

Almost instantly you feel its warm soothing action. Right through the cords and muscles the healing power of Nerviline penetrates.

Quick as a wink you feel the stiffness lessening. You realize that a powerful, pain-subsiding remedy is curing the pain, is easing your distress, is making you well again.

Nerviline quickly cures backache and lumbago because it has the strength, the power and penetrating force possessed by no other known remedy. Its amazing curative action is due to certain extracts and juices of rare herbs and roots, combined by a secret process, and forming a truly magical medical marvel.

Any sort of aches in the muscles and joints Nerviline will cure quickly. It eats the pain right up — relieves stiffness, restores the muscles to their wonted elasticity and vigor.

It's the quickest thing imaginable for rheumatism, sciatica or neuralgia.

As for earache, toothache, sprains or strains, nothing can excell good old Nerviline.

Get the large 50 cent family size bottle, it's the most economical; trial size, 25 cents. All dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

tragedy. She was called as a witness at the inquest and there she said all she could in favor of Benny; but the overwhelming evidence adduced was too great, and he was committed to Newgate prison to await trial for willful murder.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Mademoiselle Arielle" was never seen on the stage again.

The shock of Stuart Fitzroy's tragic death, and Benjamin Hurst's committal on the charge of murder, utterly prostrated her nervous system.

The Earl of Wellrose heard of the horrible murder of Mr. Stuart Fitzroy, in Pittadilly, as that unfortunate gentleman was returning from a little supper with Mademoiselle Arielle in Park Lane, and of the consequent illness and absence from her part, of the young prima donna.

And he called to make anxious inquiries about the singer's health.

He found Suzy reclining on the sofa, very pale, faint and tremulous.

She greeted him with gentle courtesy, and begged that he would sit down near her.

"But I am very much grieved to find you in so much sorrow," said his lordship, tenderly.

"It is for Benjamin Hurst! You know he was commited to Newgate on the charge of murder. And oh, Lord Wellrose, he never did it! Benny never, never did it!" she said, bursting into tears, and sobbing hysterically.

"My best beloved," said the young earl, gently, and all the more calmly because she was so much excited; "my own dearest Susan, you must not despair because a coroner's jury has brought in a evrdict against him. It was realy upon very insufficient evidence. And coroners, moreover, are mostly Dogberrys. A judge is another sort of man -- a man of superior learning and wisdom, who holds his high office in virtue of these qualities. Benjamin will have a fair trial. And as the evidence is really quite insufficient to convict him, he will be acquitted; and after his acquittal my dearest Suzy, it shall be my very first care to advance him in life."

"Oh, thanks! thanks! thanks! Oh! you give me hope! You think there's good ground for hope? You really do?" eagerly exclaimed Suzy.

"I know there is ground for hope, and none for fear. Benjamin's imprisonment and impending trial are misfortunes that we cannot prevent, but they will be the extent of his troubles, and we can mitigate them. I shall see to engaging the best counsel for him. It shall be my first business to do so to-day."

"Oh, I thank you so much! And you will go to see him in his cell to-day, and speak some kind words to him?—poor, friendless boy!"

"Indeed I will! And let me tell you, Susan, that there is something in the poor young man that interests me strangely."

"Oh, Lord Wellrose, forgive me for daring to hint it, but——" Susan hesitated, and her pale face flushed for an instant.

"But what, my dearest? Speak freely," said the young earl, gently.

"Oh, Lord Wellrose, there may be some deep reason in nature that you know not of, for this strange interest you feel in Benjamin Hurst," she said, and then again paused.

"Truly there are hidden things in nature, dearest Suzy," he said, soothingly, though he did not see the drift of her words.

"And that may give you the right to help Benny," she continued, and once more paused in embarrassment.

"I have the right to help him, and all who need my help, dearest Susan. But there is something you have to say to me and find difficulty in saying. Now, surely you may speak freely to me, my own," he said, gently pressing her hand, that he still held.

(To be Continued.)

Too Much Expense.

"Yes," said Mr. Tyte-Phist, "I was just stepping on the car when the conductor gave the motorman the signal to go ahead, and the car started. My foot went out from under me, and I sat down on the muddy crossing, ruining a twenty-two dollar suit of clothes."

"Then you sat there, swore like a trooper and gnashed your teeth in rage, I suppose," remarked the sympathetic listener.

"No,' said Mr. Tyte-Phist. "I may have sworn a little, but I didn't do any gnashing. My teeth are new and cost me $30."

CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

(Syracuse, N. Y., Herald)

According to Mr. Lloyd-George, England now has more than 2,000,000 men under arms. With the volunteer system of recruiting that prevails in that country, an army like that is something for England to be prouder of than all her memories or past greatness.

NOT DECADENT.

(London Advertiser.)

All of Henty's boyhood heroes might well doff their caps to the young Britons of to-day. Their courage was never put to a greater test, and the romance of their conduct will never die. Left there with half of a thousand British men their leader upon the death of the last officer

FARM AND GARDEN

THE ART OF CHURNING.

The flavor and aroma of butter depend very largely on the ripening of the cream. Ripening of cream also improves the churnability of the cream and increases the keeping quality of the butter. Ripening means souring or preparing the cream for churning. It is brought about by the development of lactic acid, which is a by-product resulting from the growth of certain species of bacteria, commonly called lactic acid bacteria. These bacteria are normal milk and cream, and their presence is necessary to the development of desirable flavors in butter, says W. S. Cunningham, of the New Mexico Agricultural Station.

The temperature at which cream ripens best is between 60 and 70 degrees Fahr. A lower temperature than this will produce a bitter cream, while higher temperatures are likely to produce foul flavors.

It is a common practice among farmers to use a little buttermilk from one churning as a starter for the next batch of cream. This is the easiest way of providing a starter, and if the buttermilk is good it is very satisfactory. However, if one is having trouble with poor flavors and difficult churning, a more satisfactory starter is to save four or five bottles of clean milk and allow them to sour naturally at 60 to 70 degrees Fahr., until firmly coagulated. Then taste the contents of each bottle and use that which has the cleanest and pleasantest acid flavor for a mother starter. By adding this starter to a large amount of milk, enough can be made to sour any amount of cream. A starter is simply a quantity of milk containing a preponderance of desirable germs. It should be added to cream at the rate of 5 to 10 per cent. of the cream, at least 12 hours before churning.

Stir cream frequently to insure even ripening, and to prevent the curd from settling to the bottom and becoming lumpy. Do not add fresh, warm cream to the older cream. Let it cool first. Sweet cream should not be added to sour cream less than 12 hours before churning, as it will not ripen even with the older cream, and will thus cause a large loss of butter fat in the buttermilk.

For making butter of good body or texture, a churn without any internal dashes or paddles should be used. The swing and barrel churns give good satisfaction. The churn should be scalded and cooled with water to prevent the cream from sticking to the sides.

The proper temperature for churning varies at different times of the year with character of feed, with period of lactation and breed of cows. As a rule, the temperature should be about 60 degrees in winter and 56 degrees in summer, and the cream should be held at these temperatures for at least an hour before churning. If the cream is too warm, the butter will come soft and salvy. It will have poor keeping quality and there will be a large loss of fat in the buttermilk. If the cream is too cold it will froth and stick to the churn. It is well to have the temperature so that churning may be accomplished in 25 to 30 minutes and the butter come in firm condition. A dairy thermometer should be used in controlling the temperature.

The cream should be strained into the churn to remove any hardened curd. Do not fill the churn more than one-third full, as more will lessen the agitation. If color is to be added, it should be put in the cream after it is in the churn and before the churn is started. The amount to add varies from none to about an ounce per hundred pounds of butter, depending on the market, season of the year and breed of cow. The churning should proceed in a manner to secure the greatest agitation. If a tight churn is used, it should be opened two or three times to allow the gas to escape. Stop the churn when the granules have reached the size of wheat grains. If the butter is churned into balls, buttermilk will be incorporated and the butter will deteriorate quickly.

Draw off the buttermilk and add as much water to the butter as there was cream to begin with. The wash water should be of about the same temperature as the buttermilk, although if the butter is soft, it may be cooler, to firm the butter. Revolve the churn a few times before removing the water. The purpose of the wash water is to remove the buttermilk and thereby improve the keeping quality of the butter.

Salt serves both to flavor and preserve the butter. Different markets require different amounts of salt. Under average conditions, six-tenths of an ounce of salt to a pound of butter should be used.

Butter is worked to distribute the salt uniformly, to remove excess buttermilk and water, and to give the better a compact, waxy body or texture. It may be worked in a bowl with a ladle or with one of the lever workers. Over-working causes it to have an oily or salvy texture and occasionally a fishy flavor. Under-working causes a leaky and mottled butter of loose texture. Butter should be cool at time of working.

Butter should be printed or molded, preferably in rectangular shape, and wrapped in parchment paper. If a fancy market is desired, it is well to put the butter in special cartons, which have printed on them the name of the farm or of the brand of butter, together with statements as to the purity of the product. The style or neatness of the package helps to sell the butter.

NOTES.

Dr. E. L. Volgenau, a successful veterinarian, says that equal parts of nitre, ether and laudanum, given in doses of one-half ounce to one ounce, is a good cure for colic in horses.

The difference between slop and swill for hog feed is mainly one of quality. Water polluted with unhealthy refuse is merely swill, but slop is a mixture of good feeds and good fluids free from putridity.

Many recommend sheep for feeding in orchards rather than swine. They leave no safe cover for insects to breed, and will keep the orchard healthy and the trees manured.

To toughen horses' shoulders it is advised to use two ounces of hemlock bark and two ounces of oak bark for one gallon of vinegar. Put it in the alum that will dissolve. Apply the solution to the horses's shoulders for four or five days before the work commences in the spring, and your horses will have no more sore shoulders, provided the collars are correctly fitted.

The difference between good farming and poor farming is demonstrated by the condition of the buildings. On the farms where the buildings are in good repair you will find good crops and choice herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

There have been various types of milking machines on the market for upward of 10 years; but they are far from coming into general use, even on up-to-date dairy farms. It is evident that the demand for a reliable economical mechanical milking machine is unfilled.

If every man would work his own farm as he has to work when helping the neighbor haying, the country would be a good deal neater, a good deal more tempting to all concerned. Work when work is called for; rest when it rains. Besides there is a Sunday every week.

An English breeder of registered cattle says that feeding whole oats to his youngest calves and letting them have continual access to rock salt and soft chalk has done away with scours in his herd.

Unit Forms of Armies

In order to inform the ordinary reader about the sizes of the various subdivisions of foreign armies such as corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, we present herewith a table, which gives as accurately as possible the number of men and the composition in such divisions:

GREAT BRITAIN.

Brigade of Infantry — Four battalions and administrative and medical units. Total, 4,000 men.

Cavalry Brigade—Two regiments of four squadrons each. Total, 800 men.

Brigade of Artillery—Three batteries, 18 guns; heavy artillery, 12 guns; field howitzers, 2 batteries; horse artillery, 2 batteries.

Battery—Six guns.

Division—Fifty-four guns, 12 howitzers and 4 heavy field guns; 15,000 combatants.

FRANCE.

Army Corps—Two infantry divisions, 1 brigade of cavalry, 1 brigade of horse and foot artillery, 1 engineers' battalion, 1 squadron of train. Total, 40,000 men.

Infantry Division—Two brigades of infantry, 1 squadron of cavalry, 12 batteries. Total, 12,000 men and 43 guns.

Brigade—Two regiments of 3 battalions each. Total, 6,000 men.

Regiment—Three battalions of four companies each. Total, 3,000 men.

Battalion—Four companies of 250 men each. Total, 1,000 men.

Cavalry Division—Two and sometimes three brigades; 3,200-4,800 men.

Brigade of Cavalry—Two regiments of 8 squadrons, with 2 batteries of artillery.

Regiment of Cavalry—Four squadrons; 800 men.

Squadron of Cavalry—Two hundred men.

Battery of Artillery—Six guns.

RUSSIA.

Battalion of Infantry—Eight hundred men.

Squadron of Cavalry—One hundred and twenty-five men.

Battery of Artillery—Eight guns.

GERMANY.

Army Corps—Its staff, 2 infantry divisions, 2 regiments of field artillery, 3 squadrons of cavalry, a company of pioneers, a bridge train, field bakeries, telegraph troops, field hospital, etc., one or two batteries of heavy field howitzers or mortars and a machine gun group. Total, 40,000 men.

Infantry Division — Two brigades. Total, 12,000 men

Brigade—Two regiments. Total, 6,000 men.

Regiment — Three battalions of 4 companies each. Total, 3,000 men.

Battalion—Four companies of 250 men each. Total, 1,000 men.

Regiment of Field Artillery— Nine batteries of field guns and 3 of field howitzers; 72 pieces.

Battery—Six guns.

Brigade of Cavalry—Two and occasionally three regiments. Total, 1,600 to 2,400 men.

Regiment of Cavalry—Four squadrons of 200 men each. Total, 800 men.

—Do not let the children play with matches.