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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 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," stammered Mr. William.

"Rude! Really! Indeed! I should have been considered rude to a lady, I suppose; but is a gentleman expected to go on up to a woman's no puns on her?" 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?" hiccupped 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 inebriate, defiantly.

"But hold on! I say, look here, you know!" repeated Mr. William, in a half-muddled dignity. "What do you mean, you know?"

"I mean to go home, that's what I mean. Here, you fellow! show me to the door," 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.

Jones 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 'such's she'?" he inquired of self. They he drank more wine muttering:

"Meant something 'fensive, kno'ed. What dev'l was't?" At drank still more wine, and grun-

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

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

And so, crazed with wine, he took the house and went in, taken by Benjamin Hurst's charge.

The fresh air helped him also, 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 last 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 insulting a gentleman!"

The sting of that blow already infuriated young man into a perfect frenzy. He drew back instantly, and threw himself with force upon his assailant, seizing by the throat, and hurling violence to the ground.

Fitzroy fell heavily, struck of his head against the sh-

of a curbstone, quivered for a few seconds, and then lay perfectly still.

And all this happened with the rapidity of lightning, so that Benjamin Hurst could not, if he would, have interfered to prevent the catastrophe.

"Come! I say! Get up and have it out like a man!" said Mr. William, half fearfully, half recklessly.

Benjamin Hurst stooped down, and passed his hand under the back of the man's head to raise it from the curbstone, but quickly withdrew his hand, and gazed upon his fingers in consternation and sickening horror.

"Come! up with you, if you've as much heart as a hare, and have it out with me here and now!" repeated Mr. William, bending over the fallen man, and speaking, half in dread and half in defiance.

"Mr. William—oh, my Lord!—he will never get up any more," said Benjamin, in awe.

"Never get—What the devil do you mean?" inquired the young man, almost sobered.

"He is dead, sir," solemnly answered Benny.

"Dead!"

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"He was certain fell," replied Benjamin cautiously.

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