

He Fell Among Thieves

Morton obeyed as quickly as his shaking legs allowed, and Harry, in the effort to follow, felt his left leg collapse beneath him, and rolled over. The tumult of laughter was still going on, but Hamill dismounted, and caught him by the arm.

"You are hurt?" he said. "You are hit?"

"No," he answered, "my horse fell with me. My leg is numb, that is all."

Hamill helped him into the hut, and set a brace of malcontent ruffians at the door. These gentry, robbed of the pleasure of murder, sat growling, but did not dare disobey.

Morton, finding himself in safety, began to gather courage, and at first vapoured tremendously about his own coolness under trying circumstances. By and by he grew collected enough to see that silence was his best stronghold, and so took refuge in it.

When he had altogether recovered his wits he began to think about his prisoner, whom he thanked fluently.

"Let us have a look at things," said Harry. "I'm afraid something's broken. Help me off with my boots."

Morton helped him, delicately and carefully, but the operation caused excruciating pain. So far as they could discover nothing was broken, but the limb was already puffed and swollen, and at the best that could be hoped for there was no movement possible for some weeks.

The infernal noise outside had died away, and except for an occasional wail of woe, and a shout from one comrade to another, the darkness of the night was as quiet as a tomb. Morton, who had been dimly dismounted at the door of the hut, and entered. He knelt down and examined the injured limb with a skillful and practiced touch.

"I am afraid you're on your back for a month, my young friend," he said when he had completed his examination. "You have a severe sprain, and I should say the coating of the muscle is broken."

He left the hut, and returned in a minute or two with a garment of white linen. He tore it into strips, soaked them in cold water, and bandaged the injured limb.

"We shall be at Orkney this afternoon," he said. "Shall I send a letter for you?"

The patient groaned at the fancy.

"Leave me for a day or two," he said. "I shouldn't care about being moved just yet. I don't think I could stand it."

"If I leave you for a day or two," said Hamill, "I may leave you for good until the campaign is over. We are going northward."

Even this prospect did not persuade Harry to allow himself to be moved. After the scene of that morning, in the midst of which he still lay, his desire for a career of glory in company with the Tobinians had undergone serious modification. He was as willing to fight as ever, but he had had visions of warfare, and he did not include the wholesale murder of women and children.

"You had better leave me here," he said. "I would rather not be moved."

"You will have a crowd of Bulgarian dogs here when we have gone away," said Hamill, "and it may be badly with you."

"I am friendly with the people," said Morton. "They know me. I speak their language. There will be no danger."

"You, sir?" replied the Circassian, "appear courageous in danger's absence."

Morton accepted this sneer in silence. After what he had seen that morning, a Circassian officer with his men behind him was the last man in the world on whom to retaliate for a mere insult.

The men were marshalling outside, and were getting ready to renew their march. Hamill went outside for a moment, and hastily returning with arms and with the news that both Wynd's horse and Morton's were safely tethered at the door, shook hands, kissed his young friend on both cheeks, and went his way.

"If there should be a doctor at Orkney," he said, turning at the door, "I will send him to you. When you recover, follow us. I will leave word of our route at every halting place along the line. Good-by, and God be with you."

All on a sudden there was a mighty clatter outside, and the regiment moved away. The two men listened in silence. The noise increased farther and farther, growing fainter and more faint, until at last it died.

Harry's first sentiments towards his newly recovered acquaintance were not favorable. Being himself endowed with courage it came natural to him to despise cowardice, and he felt that for the sake of his own internal sense of dignity he would face the inevitable with it should come his way in a more manly fashion than Morton had adopted.

But if Morton were a poor warrior he turned out to be a most kindly and indefatigable nurse, and it is no easy task on despising a man who is doing you monetary kindnesses. He seemed to know by instinct when the patient wanted easing by a change of posture, and the movement was always so delicately effected that it caused no pain. It appeared that Morton had lived the hut he lived in, and had been there long enough to surround himself with a fair imitation of home comforts. He had all manner of tinned and bottled provisions and conserves, and stores of bottles containing different sorts of beverages, from the fiery mastic to the harmless vishnap, the syrup of sour wild cherry. This last was an excellent blood drink, and it was so kindly proffered that Harry could not do less than feel thankful for it. Then Morton had such winning, caressing and feminine ways that seemed unfair to expect courage from him. Before the day was over the two were on intimate terms, and Harry had begun to feel quite kindly towards the graceful-looking young life he had saved. On his side the weakling was not deficient in acknowledgment, and his assiduity and tenderness as a nurse would have been notable under any conditions.

When all had been quiet for three or four hours Morton found courage to steal outside, and searched the deserted houses for milk and eggs. He returned laden, and brought dreadful news of the scene the village street displayed. There were 100 bodies there, he declared, all horribly mutilated. His staring eyes and blanched face gave emphasis to his narrative, but he felt the danger over, and busying himself over a little cooking apparatus, heated by a spirit lamp he seemed rapidly to recover his nervous tone. He made a capital omelette, and Harry ate his share of it with a fair appetite. His limb pained him constantly, and wore him with fatigue, so that an hour after his meal he fell unwearyingly asleep.

Morton, for an hour, sat watching by him, rolling and smoking cigarettes, and sipping a cup of Turkish coffee with a sybaritic air. He looked a full score of times at his companion to assure himself of the soundness of his slumber, and at length crossing the room on tip-toe, opened a canvas bag which lay in one corner of the room, and drew from it an English newspaper which he unfolded with a rustling caution. He hunted here and there among its columns for a special paragraph, and read with frequent glances towards the sleeper. The paragraph was headed: "A United Career," and ran thus:

"The whole country will have learned with regret of the disgrace which has been brought upon one of the most ancient and honorable of the great families of England by the folly and extravagance of its youngest member. Mr. Harry Wynd, the great grandson of the venerable Earl of Bridgewater, is still supposed to be abroad in hiding. His family are unaware of his whereabouts, and the warrant for his apprehension at the instance of Mr. Butterfield the well-known jeweler of Conduit street, remains unexecuted. The last trace of the culprit was at Monte Carlo, where he committed a wanton and outrageous assault upon Mr. Herbert White, a gentleman well-known in sporting circles, whose only concern in the matter was, that he was expected to give evidence with regard to some of the youthful criminal's misdoings. It is now reported that the culprit in the least degree that Mr. Wynd will present himself to answer the charges that are made against him. It would be obviously unjust to assume his guilt as a certainty, but it is evident also that only the darkest construction can be put upon his continued evasion of justice."

Morton having read this thrice over, put the journal back into its old place and sat musing.

"He would be very useful," so his thoughts ran. "The rest are such hunking blackguards. Such clumsy imitations of the finger-tips. He has courage, too, and one super advantage. He looks as straight as a die. You would almost have to believe him if he lied to you, even though you knew it. That's a valuable characteristic. He mightn't want to join at first. It's pretty certain he wouldn't. He has come out here to get knocked on the head, and put an end to his disgrace that way; but a month with that leg may do something towards taming him. I must try him gradually. I want a trustworthy helper pretty badly. I think he'll do, and besides that, I like the lad."

(To be Continued.)

THE TRAVELING DAIRY.

Successful Meetings at Tottenham and at Notaw.

NOTTAW, July 11.—Farmers and storekeepers who deal in butter are taking a great interest in the movements of the traveling dairy. At every village where a meeting is held those attending always express themselves as well pleased with what they see and hear. Many inquiries are made as to where the different utensils can be procured, and the women are especially anxious to have better apparatus to make their butter with. The Babcock milk tester is also of great practical benefit to the farmers generally. By seeing the different samples of milk tested at these meetings they can readily understand the difference in the quality of milk given by different cows and thus see the folly of keeping poor cows. The milk from some cows gives 54 per cent. fat, showing that over 50 pounds of butter can be made from 100 pounds of the milk. The milk from others gives only 3 per cent. fat, about 3 pounds butter from 100 pounds milk.

The meetings held at Tottenham and at Notaw were largely attended by prominent farmers and others. Tottenham is a town of about 800 inhabitants in the county of Simcoe. The farmers about here have up to this year been growing large quantities of wheat and barley and also giving a good deal of attention to the breeding of heavy-draught horses, but they are now giving more attention to dairying. Some of those present at this meeting were: W. H. Hammett, M.P.P., and wife; Mr. and Mrs. John Sample, R. W. Lowrie, James Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Callahan, Mr. J. Cassil, Thos. J. Greenway, and wife; Frank Porter and wife, Wm. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Atchison, Mr. McDermet, Geo. Taggart, Frank McCarthy, Mrs. Hindle, Mrs. John Greenway, Mrs. Williams, T. J. Wolfe, J. W. Milligan, Mr. Cassery.

Mr. Hammett, on being appointed chairman, opened the meeting with a short address from which Prof. Dear said that fully into the care of milk and cream for butter making.

Q.—Why do you require to let the gas escape from your churn during the churning?—Because hydrogen and carbonic acid gas are generated and must be liberated.

Q.—Why is it that butter takes so long to make sometimes? A.—The cream may have been kept too long, the temperature may be too high or too low, or the cream from some cows' milk takes longer to churn than that from others.

Q.—What does a Babcock milk tester cost suitable for the average farmer to use? A.—You can get one for \$10, with which you can do eight tests at a time at a cost of 2 cents each.

Q.—Would you advise using salt-petre to prevent the butter from spoiling? A.—No, unless absolutely necessary.

Q.—Would you advise the use of butter color? A.—Yes, if the market demands it. The milk tests at this meeting showed: 1—45 per cent. 4—3.6 per cent. (No. 2 watered). 2—20 per cent. 3—4.3 per cent. (No. 2 watered). 3—4.1 per cent. 6—4.3 per cent. fat.

The butter made at this meeting was at once sold by Mrs. Greenway (who supplied the cream) to an hotelkeeper at a high price, who would have taken a large quantity of it.

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Mr. Lawrence took a prominent part at this meeting, giving out some valuable points in his opening address. Mr. W. J. Palmer then spoke on the feeding and care of the dairy cow, advising the farmer to feed ensilage in winter and grow green crops for summer feed, thus lessening the cost of production. At the same time weed out all the poor cows and breed only from the best.

Q.—Why do you add salt to the cream before commencing to churn? A.—To make the butter come quicker.

Q.—What are the best qualities of corn for green ensilage? A.—It depends upon the situation. Red corn, ensilage, mammoth southern, sweet, Pearl's prolific, are good varieties.

Q.—Do you advocate steaming food for cattle? A.—No, as experiments have proven that it does not pay to do so.

Q.—Is it wise to allow cows to have free access to salt? A.—Yes; if they have salt before them all the time they will not take too much. Cows not salted will give 15 per cent. less milk, and their milk will not keep so long.

Q.—Why do you milk by set in deep cans immediately after milking? A.—Set cans at once in cold water, or if the milk is allowed to cool, warm up to 90 or 95 degrees before setting.

Twelve samples of milk were brought for testing, but as some of them were partially churned on the road an accurate test could not be made, while others were abnormally high in their percentage of fat, showing that an accurate sample was not taken.

Fun, Facts and Fiction.

The older a man grows the wiser he usually becomes, unless he happens to marry a young wife.

Hair Magic.

Is a good name of Dr. Dorenwanda's German preparation for the hair. It really works like magic. All who have used it pronounce it to be the most successful remedy for the loss of the hair, restoring gray hair, removing dandruff, and making the hair grow again. It is first-class. All druggists sell it.

The young couple who are in love have a pressing engagement to meet every night.

Currier Little Liver Pills are not to be confused with common Cathartic. Purgative Pills as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

WILL YOU SUFFER WITH DYSPYPSIA or Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

The new kind of tableware is called "The Record." The new kind of tableware will probably break it at the first opportunity.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's cure. We guarantee it. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

The man who loves a lingering kiss should marry a Hamilton girl. A slow town produces many good things.

Shiloh's Cure is a most miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

A good national flower for some of the foreign gentlemen who reach this country would be a merry gold.

CATHARTIC CURE for health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Cathartic Remedy. Prices 50 cents. Naal Injector, free. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

Ant Betsy thinks it is a shame that with so many unemployed men in the country the great manufacturing corporations should employ male spinners.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous and with Catarrh of the bladder, cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

"Thus are the mighty overthrown," said the favorite baseball folder when the fly ball went over his head.

The stomach performs important functions and should not be allowed to become fouled and clogged. B. B. B. aids digestion and cleanses the food stomach.

"Though I speak but one language, I am familiar with many tongues," said a physician.

A Connecticut woman named her girl "Darkness," because "men love darkness."

"I had a rash all over my body, arising from bad blood," says Mr. Nathan Knight of Morris, N.Y., and was entirely cured by less than one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the American whistler, has returned from her four months' trip in Russia, after a highly successful tour. She will give one concert in London and then go for an extended trip on the Continent. In the fall she will return to Russia for four months by way of Constantinople, where she will appear before the Sultan.

A clean white skin may be secured and rashes, pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., cured by the use of nature's remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Where you named after your father?" "Certainly. Didn't suppose I was named before him, did you?"—Detroit Free Press.

HAPPY EYE.—Persian Lotion preserves the same brilliancy and velvet appearance of the eye as of youth, and cures the complexion at twenty years of age. It also prevents pimples and all eruptions.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

L. A. Adams, M.D.,
151 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Lillies Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

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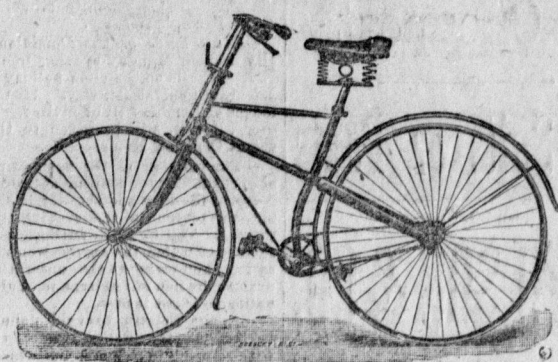
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ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

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Repairing a Specialty.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CONSOLIDATED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
London	Thames

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
American Express (except Monday)	9:30 a.m.	11:15 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
East except Sunday	9:30 a.m.	3:15 p.m.
Limited Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	2:05 a.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	5:55 p.m.
Accom'd except Sunday	9:30 p.m.	1:00 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	7:25 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Chicago (M. & E. Exp. daily)	9:30 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
American Express (except Monday)	9:30 a.m.	1:35 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	2:20 p.m.
East except Sunday	9:30 a.m.	4:25 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	5:45 p.m.
Accom'd except Sunday	9:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sunday.)

Joint Part, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 255 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (a)	8:35 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:35 a.m.
Atlantic Express (a)	1:00 p.m.
Day Express	1:00 p.m.
St. Louis Express (a)	4:00 p.m.
Mixed—No. 28 Freight (a)	6:15 p.m.
Eric Limited (a)	11:20 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (a)	5:10 a.m.
West End Mixed	6:15 a.m.
Eric Limited (a)	11:20 a.m.
St. Louis Express (a)	11:20 a.m.
Accommodation	1:40 p.m.