

A Prince of Sinners

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Trailers," "The Secretive," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Who the Devil is Brooks?
 "To be tired," declared Sydney Molyneux, sinking into a low couch, "is to be downright dead dog-tired is the most delightful thing in the world. Will some one give me some tea?"
 Brooks laughed softly from his place in front of the open fire. A long day in the fresh north wind had driven the cobwebs from his brain, and had brought the burning colour to his cheeks. His eyes were bright, and his laughter was like music.
 "And you," he exclaimed, "are fresh from electioneering. Why, fatigue like this is a luxury."
 Molyneux lit a cigarette and looked longingly at the tea-tray set out in the middle of the hall.
 "That is all very well," he said, "but there is a wide difference between the two forms of exercise. In electioneering one can use one's brain, and my brain is never weary. It is capable of the most stupendous exertions. It is my legs that fail me sometimes. Here comes Lady Caroom at last. Why does she look as though she had seen a ghost?"

That great staircase at Enton came right into the hall. A few steps from the bottom Lady Caroom had halted, and her appearance was certainly a little unusual. Every vestige of colour had left her cheeks. Her right hand was clutching the oak banisters, her eyes were fixed upon Brooks. He was for a moment embarrassed, but he stepped forward to meet her.
 "How do you do, Lady Caroom?" he said. "We are all in the shadows here, and Mr. Molyneux is crying out for his tea."
 She resumed her progress and greeted Brooks graciously. Almost at the same moment a footman brought lamps, and the tea was served. Lady Caroom glanced again with a sort of curious nervousness at the young man who stood by her side.
 "You are a little earlier than we expected," she remarked, seating herself before the tea-tray. "Here comes Sybil. She is trying to congratulate you, Mr. Brooks. Is Arranmore here?"
 "We left him in the gun-room," Molyneux answered. "He is coming directly."
 Sybil Caroom, in a short skirt and a jaunty hat, came towards Brooks with outstretched hand.
 "Delightful!" she exclaimed. "I only wish that it had been nine thousand instead of nine hundred. You deserve it."
 Brooks laughed heartily.
 "Well, we were satisfied to win the seat," he declared.
 Molyneux leaned forward tea-cup in hand.
 "Well, you deserved it," he remarked. "Our old man opened his mouth a bit, but yours knocked him silly. Upon my word, I didn't think that any one man had cheek stupendous enough to humbug a constituency like Henslow did. It took my breath away to read this speeches."
 "Do you really mean that?" asked Brooks.
 "Mean it? Of course I do. What I can't understand is how people can swallow such stuff, election after election. Doesn't every Radical candidate get up and talk in the same maudlin way—hasn't he done so for the last fifty years? And when he gets into Parliament is there a more Conservative person on the face of the earth than the Radical member pledged to social reform? It's the same with your man Henslow. He'll do nothing! He'll attempt nothing! Silly farce, politics, I think."

"I have never heard you so eloquent in my life, Sydney," she exclaimed. "Do go on. It is most entertaining. When you have quite finished I can see that Mr. Brooks is getting ready to pulverize you."
 Brooks shook his head.
 "Lady Sybil tells me that Mr. Molyneux is not to be taken seriously," he answered.
 Molyneux brought up his cup for some more tea.
 "Don't you listen to Lady Sybil, Brooks," he retorted. "She's annoyed with me because I have been spoken of as a future Prime Minister, and she rather fancies her cousin for the post. Two knobs, please, and plenty of cream. As a matter of fact, I am in serious and downright earnest. I say that Henslow won his seat by kidding the working classes. He promised them a sort of political Arabian Nights. He'll go up to Westminster, and I'm open to bet what you like that he makes not one serious practical effort to push forward one of the startling measures he talked about so glibly. I will trouble you for the toast, Brooks. Thanks!"
 "He is always cynical like this," Sybil murmured, "when his party has lost a seat. Don't take any notice of him, Mr. Brooks. I have great faith in Mr. Henslow, and I believe that he will do his best."
 Molyneux smiled.
 "Henslow is a politician," he remarked, "a professional politician. What you Radicals want is Englishmen who are interested in politics. Henslow knows how to get votes. He's got his seat, and he'll keep it—till the next election."
 Brooks shook his head.
 "Henslow has rather a platform manner," he said, "but he is sound

enough. I believe that we are on the eve of important changes in our social legislation, and I believe that Henslow will have much to say about them. At any rate, he is not a rank hypocrite. We have shown him things in Medchester which he can scarcely forget in a hurry. He will go to Westminster with the memory of these things before him, with such a cry in his ears as no man can stifle. He might forget if he would—but he never will. We have shown him things which men may not forget."
 Lord Arranmore, who had now joined the party, leaned forward with his arm resting lightly upon Lady Caroom's shoulder. An uneasy light flashed in his eyes.
 "There are men," he said, "whom you can never reach, genial men with a ready smile and a prompt cheque book, whose selfishness is an armour more potent than the armour of any forerunner there, Sir Ronald Kingston of Arranmore. And, after all, why not? The thoroughly selfish man is the only person logically who has the slightest chance of happiness."
 "It is true," Molyneux murmured. "Delightfully true."
 "Lord Arranmore is always either cynical or paradoxical," Sybil Caroom declared. "He really says the most unpleasant things with the greatest appearance of truth of any man I know."
 "This company," Lord Arranmore remarked lightly, "is hostile to me. Let us go and play pool."
 Lady Caroom rose up promptly. Molyneux groaned audibly.
 "You shall play me at billiards instead," she declared. "I used to give you a good game once, and I have played a great deal lately. Ring for Annetie, will you, Sybil? She has my cue."
 Sybil Caroom made room for Brooks by her side.
 "Do sit down and tell me more about the election," she said. "Sydney is sure to go to sleep. He always does after shooting."
 "You shall ask me questions," he suggested. "I scarcely know what part of it would interest you."
 They talked together lightly at first, then more seriously. From the other end of the hall came the occasional click of billiard balls. Lady Caroom and her host were playing a leisurely game interspersed with conversation.
 "Who is this young Mr. Brooks?" she asked, pushing to shank her cue.
 "A solicitor from Medchester," he answered. "He was parliamentary agent for Henslow, and I am going to give him management of my estates."
 "He is quite a boy," she remarked. "Twenty-six or seven," he answered.
 "How well you play those cannons," "I ought to. I had lessons for years. He is a native of Medchester."
 Lord Arranmore was blandly puzzled. She finished her stroke and turned towards him.
 "Mr. Brooks, you know. We were talking of his."
 "Of course we were," he answered. "I do not think so. He is an orphan. I met his father in Canada."
 "He reminds me of some one," she remarked, in a puzzled tone. "Just now, as I was coming downstairs it was almost startling. He is a good-looking boy."
 "Be careful not to foul," he admonished her. "You should have the spider-vest."
 Lady Caroom made a delicate canon from an awkward place, and concluded her break in silence. Then she leaned with her back against the table, chalking her cue. Her figure was still the figure of a girl—she was a remarkably pretty woman. She laid her slim white fingers upon his coat sleeve.
 "I wonder," she said, softly, "whether or you will ever tell me."
 "If you look at me like that," he answered, smiling, "I shall tell you a great many things."
 Her eyes fell. It was too absurd at her age, but her cheeks were burning.
 "You don't improve a bit," she declared. "You were always too apt with your tongue."
 "I practised in a good school," he answered.
 "Dear me," she sighed. "For elderly people what a lot of rubbish we talk."
 He shivered.
 "What a hideous word," he remarked. "You make me feel that my chest is padded and my hair dyed. It is to talk sense is a sign of youth, let us do it."
 "By all means. When are you going to find me a husband for Sybil?"
 "Well—is there any hurry?" he asked.
 "Lots! We are going to Fernhirst next week, and the place is always full of young men. If you have anything really good in your mind I don't want to miss it."
 He took up his cue and scored an excellent break. She followed suit, and he broke down on an easy cannon. Then he came over to her side.
 "How do you like Mr. Brooks?" he asked, quietly.
 "He seems a nice boy," she answered, lightly.
 He remained silent. Suddenly she looked up into his face, and clutched the sides of the table.
 "You—you don't mean that?" she

murmured, suddenly pale to the lips. He led her to a chair. The game was over.
 "Some day," he whispered, "I will tell you the whole story."
 "Even to think of these things," Sybil said, softly, "makes us feel very selfish."
 "No one is ever hopelessly selfish who is conscious of it," he answered, smiling. "And, after all, it would not do for every one to be always brooding upon the darker side of life."
 "In another minute," Molyneux exclaimed, winking with a start, "I should have been asleep. Whatever have you two been talking about? It was the most soothing hum I ever heard in my life."
 "Mr. Brooks was telling me of some new phases of life," she answered. "It is very interesting, even if it is a little sad."
 Molyneux eyed them both for a moment in thoughtful silence.
 "H'm!" he remarked. "Dinner is the next phase of life which will interest me. Has the dressing bell gone yet?"
 "You gross person," she exclaimed. "You ate so much tea you had to go to sleep."
 "It was the exercise," he insisted. "You have been standing about all day. I heard you ask for a place without any walking, and where as few people as possible could see you miss your birds."
 "Your ears are a great deal too sharp," he said. "It was the wind, then."
 "Never mind what it was," she answered, laughing. "You can go to sleep again if you like."
 Molyneux put up his eyeglass and looked from one to the other. He saw that Sybil's interest in her companion's conversation was not assumed, and for the first time he appreciated Brooks' good looks. He shook off his sleepiness at once and stood by Sybil's side.
 "Have you been trying to convert Lady Sybil?" he asked.
 "It is unnecessary," she answered, quickly. "Mr. Brooks and I are on the same side."
 He laughed softly and strolled away. Lord Arranmore was standing thoughtfully before the marking board. He laid his hand upon his arm.
 "I say, Arranmore," he asked, "who the devil is Brooks?"

CHAPTER XII.
 Mr. Bullsum Gives a Dinner Party
 "Go bless my soul!" Mr. Bullsum exclaimed. "Listen to this."
 Mrs. Bullsum, in a resplendent new dress, looking shinier and fatter than ever, was prepared to listen to anything which might relieve the tension of the moment. For it was the evening of the dinner party, and within ten minutes of the appointed time, Mr. Bullsum stood under the incandescent light and read aloud—
 "The shooting party at Enton yesterday consisted of the Marquis of Arranmore, the Hon. Sydney Molyneux, Mr. Hennibul, K.C., and Mr. Kingston Brooks. Notwithstanding the high wind an excellent bag was obtained."
 "Well! One Mr. Kingston Brooks?" Sybil exclaimed.
 "It's Brooks, right enough," Mr. Bullsum exclaimed. "I called at his office yesterday, and they told me that he was out for the day. Well, that licks me."
 Mrs. Bullsum was reading a magazine in a secluded corner, looked up.
 "I saw Mr. Brooks in the morning," she remarked. "He told me that he was going to Enton to dine and sleep."
 Sybil looked at her cousin sharply.
 "You saw Mr. Brooks?" she repeated. "Where?"
 "I met him," Mary answered, coolly. "He told me that Lord Arranmore had been very kind to him."
 "Why didn't you tell us?" Louise asked.
 "I really didn't think of it," Mary answered. "It didn't strike me as being anything extraordinary."
 "Not when he's coming here to dine tonight," Sybil repeated. "And even a friend of papa's! Why, Mary, what nonsense."
 "I really don't see anything to make a fuss about," Mary said, going back to her magazine.
 Mr. Bullsum drew himself up, and laid down the paper with the paragraph uppermost.
 "Well, it is most gratifying to think that I gave that young man his first start," he remarked. "I believe, too, that he is not likely to forget it."
 "The bell!" Mrs. Bullsum exclaimed, with a little gasp. "Some one has come."
 "Well, if they have, there's nothing to be frightened about," Mr. Bullsum retorted. "Ain't we expecting them to come? Don't look so scared, Sarah! Take up a book, or something. Why bless my soul, you're all of a tremble."
 "I can't help it, Peter," Mrs. Bullsum replied, nervously. "I don't know these people scarcely a bit, and I'm sure I shall do something foolish. Sybil, be sure you look at me when I'm to come away, and—"
 "Mr. Kingston Brooks?"
 Brooks, ushered in by a neighboring greengrocer, entered upon a scene of unexpected splendor. Sybil and her sister were gorgeous in green and pink respectively. Mr. Bullsum's shirt front was a thing to wonder at. There was an air of repressed excitement about everybody, except Mary, who welcomed him with a quiet smile.
 "I am not much too early, I hope," Brooks remarked.
 "You're in the nick of time," Mr. Bullsum assured him.
 Brooks endeavored to secure a chair near Mary, which attempt Sybil admantly foiled.
 "We've been reading all about your grandeur, Mr. Brooks," she exclaimed.

"What a beautiful day you must have had at Enton."
 Brooks looked puzzled.
 "It was very enjoyable," he declared. "I wanted to see you, Miss Scott," he added, turning to Mary. "I think that we can arrange that date for the lecture now. How would Wednesday week do?"
 "Admirably!" Mary answered. "Do you know whom you take in, Mr. Brooks?" Sybil interrupted.
 Brooks glanced at the card in his hand.
 "Mrs. Severnton," he said. "Yes, thanks."
 Sybil looked up at him with an arch smile.
 "Mrs. Severnton is most dreadfully proper," she said. "You will have to be on your best behavior. Oh, here comes some one. What a bother!"
 There was an influx of guests. Mrs. Bullsum, reduced to a state of chronic nervousness, was pushed as far into the background as possible by her daughters, and Mr. Bullsum, banished from the hearth where he felt surest of himself, plunged into a conversation with Mr. Severnton on the weather.
 Brooks leaned over towards Mary. "Brooks replied, without any overplus of graciousness."
 Sybil looked at him in some dismay.
 "But you met her at Enton, didn't you?" she asked.
 "Oh, yes, I met her there," Brooks answered, impatiently. "But I certainly don't know enough of her to discuss her with Mrs. Huntington. I rather wanted to speak to your cousin."
 "Not now," she interposed. "You know these people, don't you, and the Huntingtons? Go and talk to them, please."
 Brooks laughed, and went to the rescue. He won Mrs. Bullsum's eternal gratitude by diverting Mrs. Severnton's attention from her, and thereby relieving her a moment or two to reconvert herself. Somehow or other a buzz of conversation was kept up until the solemn announcement of Brooks' return. And when she was finally seated in her place, and saw a couple of nimble waiters, with the greengrocer in the back, looking cool and capable, she felt that the worst was over.
 The solemn process of sampling doubtful looking entrees and eating saddle of mutton to the tune of a forced conversation was got through without disaster. Mrs. Bullsum felt her fat face break out into smiles. Mr. Bullsum thought he would like to have a little rest, but he was not to be so easily satisfied. He had already recited the story of Kingston Brooks' greatness to both of his immediate neighbors, and in a casual way mentioned his early patronage of that remarkable young man. And once meeting his eye he raised his glass.
 "Not quite up to the Enton vintage, Brooks, eh? But all right, I hope."
 Brooks nodded back, and resumed his conversation. Sybil took the opportunity to mention casually to her neighbor, Mr. Huntington, that Mr. Brooks was a great friend of Lord Arranmore's, and Louise, on her side of the table, took care also to disseminate the same information. Every body was properly impressed. Mr. Bullsum was to double the green. The shooting party at Enton yesterday consisted of the Marquis of Arranmore, the Hon. Sydney Molyneux, Mr. Hennibul, K.C., and Mr. Kingston Brooks. Notwithstanding the high wind an excellent bag was obtained.
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 "Oh, yes, I met her there," Brooks answered, impatiently. "But I certainly don't know enough of her to discuss her with Mrs. Huntington. I rather wanted to speak to your cousin."
 "Not now," she interposed. "You know these people, don't you, and the Huntingtons? Go and talk to them, please."
 Brooks laughed, and went to the rescue. He won Mrs. Bullsum's eternal gratitude by diverting Mrs. Severnton's attention from her, and thereby relieving her a moment or two to reconvert herself. Somehow or other a buzz of conversation was kept up until the solemn announcement of Brooks' return. And when she was finally seated in her place, and saw a couple of nimble waiters, with the greengrocer in the back, looking cool and capable, she felt that the worst was over.
 The solemn process of sampling doubtful looking entrees and eating saddle of mutton to the tune of a forced conversation was got through without disaster. Mrs. Bullsum felt her fat face break out into smiles. Mr. Bullsum thought he would like to have a little rest, but he was not to be so easily satisfied. He had already recited the story of Kingston Brooks' greatness to both of his immediate neighbors, and in a casual way mentioned his early patronage of that remarkable young man. And once meeting his eye he raised his glass.
 "Not quite up to the Enton vintage, Brooks, eh? But all right, I hope."
 Brooks nodded back, and resumed his conversation. Sybil took the opportunity to mention casually to her neighbor, Mr. Huntington, that Mr. Brooks was a great friend of Lord Arranmore's, and Louise, on her side of the table, took care also to disseminate the same information. Every body was properly impressed. Mr. Bullsum was to double the green. The shooting party at Enton yesterday consisted of the Marquis of Arranmore, the Hon. Sydney Molyneux, Mr. Hennibul, K.C., and Mr. Kingston Brooks. Notwithstanding the high wind an excellent bag was obtained.
 "Well! One Mr. Kingston Brooks?" Sybil exclaimed.
 "It's Brooks, right enough," Mr. Bullsum exclaimed. "I called at his office yesterday, and they told me that he was out for the day. Well, that licks me."
 Mrs. Bullsum was reading a magazine in a secluded corner, looked up.
 "I saw Mr. Brooks in the morning," she remarked. "He told me that he was going to Enton to dine and sleep."
 Sybil looked at her cousin sharply.
 "You saw Mr. Brooks?" she repeated. "Where?"
 "I met him," Mary answered, coolly. "He told me that Lord Arranmore had been very kind to him."
 "Why didn't you tell us?" Louise asked.
 "I really didn't think of it," Mary answered. "It didn't strike me as being anything extraordinary."
 "Not when he's coming here to dine tonight," Sybil repeated. "And even a friend of papa's! Why, Mary, what nonsense."
 "I really don't see anything to make a fuss about," Mary said, going back to her magazine.
 Mr. Bullsum drew himself up, and laid down the paper with the paragraph uppermost.
 "Well, it is most gratifying to think that I gave that young man his first start," he remarked. "I believe, too, that he is not likely to forget it."
 "The bell!" Mrs. Bullsum exclaimed, with a little gasp. "Some one has come."
 "Well, if they have, there's nothing to be frightened about," Mr. Bullsum retorted. "Ain't we expecting them to come? Don't look so scared, Sarah! Take up a book, or something. Why bless my soul, you're all of a tremble."
 "I can't help it, Peter," Mrs. Bullsum replied, nervously. "I don't know these people scarcely a bit, and I'm sure I shall do something foolish. Sybil, be sure you look at me when I'm to come away, and—"
 "Mr. Kingston Brooks?"
 Brooks, ushered in by a neighboring greengrocer, entered upon a scene of unexpected splendor. Sybil and her sister were gorgeous in green and pink respectively. Mr. Bullsum's shirt front was a thing to wonder at. There was an air of repressed excitement about everybody, except Mary, who welcomed him with a quiet smile.
 "I am not much too early, I hope," Brooks remarked.
 "You're in the nick of time," Mr. Bullsum assured him.
 Brooks endeavored to secure a chair near Mary, which attempt Sybil admantly foiled.
 "We've been reading all about your grandeur, Mr. Brooks," she exclaimed.

It is foolish of me," she remarked. "You will think so too, when I tell you that my only reason is because of a likeness."
 "A likeness?" he repeated.
 "He is exactly like a man who was once a friend of my father's, and who did him a great deal of harm. My father was much to blame, I know, but this man had a great influence over him, and a most unfortunate one. Now don't you think I'm absurd."
 "I think it is a little rough on Lord Arranmore," he answered, "don't you?"
 "It would be if my likes or dislikes made the slightest difference to him," she answered. "As it is, I don't suppose it matters."
 "Was this in England?" he asked. She shook her head.
 "No, it was abroad—in Montreal. I really must go to Mrs. Severnton. She looks terribly bored."
 Brooks made no effort to detain her. He was looking intently at a certain spot in the carpet. The coincidence—it was nothing more, of course—was curious.
 (To be Continued.)

THE KANSAS CITY TRIAL

Doctor is Committed For Trial in Famous Poisoning Case — The Most Exciting Case in Recent Years.

Kansas City, Mo., April 27. — Dr. Bennet Clarke Hyde is a prisoner and is spending the night in jail. The physician was deprived of his liberty that he has enjoyed ever since the indictments charging him with a series of almost unparalleled crimes were returned by the grand jury on the order of Judge Latslaw in the criminal court of Jackson county just before the adjournment of court this evening.
 The remanding of Dr. Hyde to the custody of the court marshal came after a day in court that was replete with sensations.
 The jury had filed out in solemn order. Judge Latslaw shifted unobtrusively in his seat on the bench. He called the marshal before him, then he said: "In view of the testimony thus far given in this trial the court is constrained to say that it amounts to a presumption of guilt that under the law deprives the defendant of the right to go on bond and he is hereby and for that reason remanded to the custody of the marshal."
 Hyde had started from his seat. He did not seem to comprehend the import of the Judge's words. But his wife did.
 "Oh, my God!" she cried. She threw her arms around the accused man's neck, laid her head upon his shoulder and wept bitterly.
 Dr. Hyde retained his composure. He turned to the weeping woman and spoke a few words of comfort. Then with a smile on his face he asked the waiting marshal to allow his wife to compose herself somewhat before he was taken into custody.
 "Just when I need you the most, dearie," his wife sobbed; "just when I need you the most, to think that you must be taken from me. Isn't there some way that it can be fixed up?"
 Hyde merely smiled again. Later he was allowed a private interview with his wife and then he was led off to jail. He will remain in the custody of the marshal until the jury shall have pronounced him guilty or innocent of the murder of Col. Thos. H. Swope, or until they have announced that they are unable to arrive at a verdict.
 It was a pathetic scene that was enacted in the court room. Dr. Hyde's aged father, white haired, white bearded, stood in the centre of the room while the tears rolled down his cheeks and his whole body quivered; the doctor's two sisters, Mrs. Hoskins and Miss Laura Hyde, were in tears, but always the pathetic figure was the sobbing little wife.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

Headquarters of Heinous Occupation in Minneapolis
 St. Paul, Minn., May 1.—The United States and the Canadian Governments have sent agents to International Falls, Minn., to investigate the alleged headquarters of white slave traffic operating in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys to supply girls for immoral purposes to resorts in the Canadian west. About a mile east of International Falls, a sixteen room house of elaborate fittings had been located for two years, and is presumed to be the market where sellers and buyers meet to bargain.
 Miss Lillian Numan, 19 years old, Appleton, Wis., and Miss Sylvia Graham, 17 years old, of Nelsonville, Ohio, two girls recently lured from Appleton by an unknown gray-haired woman and man, were taken from this house yesterday by the local police, and are being held for the arrival of relatives who have been searching for them for several days. They say they thought the place was a first-class hotel or country residence. Nearly a score of men and women occupied the building, and treated them very nicely. They were kept in the front of the house, and were not permitted to penetrate to rooms in the rear, where the rest of the inmates seemed to live. The house has, however, borne an evil reputation both locally and among government immigration officials since its erection. It is surrounded by high fences, but is kept up by gardeners. It is owned, or at least managed, by a woman formerly located in Winnipeg. It is averred.
 That the house has supplied girls to many points in Canada's west has long been known to the authorities on both sides of the line, but the origin of the supply in this country was never clear before. Although the house has often been raided by the government authorities, no tangible evidence of legal wrong-doing had been discovered. The government officials have never been able to secure any co-operation with the local authorities, although they have asked for it. For the last two or three days only two or three inmates have appeared about the house, the others having disappeared.

CORNWALL FIRE.

Twelve People Lose Their Lives in Disastrous Hotel Blaze.
 Cornwall, Ont., April 29.—A disastrous fire broke out in the Rossmore hotel this morning and before the flames were quenched nine lives were lost and property valued at a quarter of a million was destroyed. The victims were all sleeping in the hotel.
 The missing are C. A. Gray, Montreal; his wife and two children; W. Hulme, porter; E. Bullen, bellboy; Mrs. Taylor, Archibald; Charles Gagnier, waiter in the Sterling Bank; Ben Fielding, accountant at the Bank of Montreal.
 Flames jumped across the street and destroyed the Colquhoun Block. Had it not been for the coolness and presence of mind of William Fitzgibbon, the well-known president of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club, several more would have perished.
 Fitzgibbon woke Fielding, who in the smoke must have become confused and made for the regular exit, which was cut off. Fitzgibbon then rescued three dining-room girls by getting them out on the roof through the skylight. The fire got no great headway before it was noticed. Judge O'Reilly, with his wife and son, had a narrow escape. Mrs. Gray was a delicate woman and in trying to save her husband perished. Major Beatty, M. P., London, had a narrow escape. Wakening at three o'clock with a choking sensation he threw his clothes out of the window and valuable horses and eight cattle destroyed by fire yesterday. Mrs. Rintoul's clothing was burned off, and her body frightfully disfigured. Doctors have slight hopes of her recovery.

Used Razor

Fort William, Ont., May 1.—As the result of a row at the back of Peter Ballose's bakery last night, Archie Titenall lies in the McKellar hospital with a cut on the left side of the face, which required fifty stitches. According to the story of the wounded man, he and his brother were in the back of the shop when five or six Italians rushed in on them. The brothers turned to defend themselves, and one of