

A Prince of Sinners

By Phillips Oppenheim.
Author of "A Lost Leader," "The
Mafeking," "A Makki," "The
History," etc.

"It's Wotton Hall," Mr. Bullsum remarked, impressively. "Nice old place. Dare say you remember it?"

"Remember it? Of course, I do," Brooks answered. "How do the young ladies like it?"

Mr. Bullsum laid hold of the strap of the carriage. The road was rough, the horses were fresh, and Mr. Bullsum's head had felt steady.

"Well," Mr. Bullsum said, "you'd think to hear 'em we'd stepped straight into heaven. We're close to the barracks, you know, and I'm best if half the officers haven't 'sincerely' already."

They drop in to luncheon, or dinner, or whatever's going on, in the most friendly way, just as they used to, you know, when Sir Henry lived there, him as took wine with me, you remember, Lord, you should hear Selina on the military. 'Can't say I take to 'em much myself. I'll be sure to be one or two of them hanging about the place to-night, Pheew!"

Mr. Bullsum mopped his forehead again. The carriage had turned, and the drive, and he glanced towards Brooks a little uneasily.

"Do I look as though I'd been going it a bit?" he asked, looking at his face. "You see, I'm a bit of a young man hanging around here, she's a mighty particular."

Brooks leaned forward and rescued Mr. Bullsum's tie from underneath his ear.

"You're all right," he said, reassuringly. "You mustn't let the girls bully you, you know."

Mr. Bullsum sat bolt upright. "You are quite right, Brooks," he declared. "I've been a bit of a look on the servants here as well, and they're a bit strange to me. After all, though, I'm the boss. I'll let 'em know it, too."

A footman threw open the door and took Brooks' dressing-case. A butler, hurrying up from the background, ushered them into the drawing-room. Mr. Bullsum pulled down his waistcoat and marched in, whistling softly a popular tune. Selina and Louise, in elaborate evening gowns, were playing bridge with two young men.

Selina rose and held out her hand to Brooks a little languidly.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Brooks," she declared. "Let me introduce Mr. Suppeton, Captain Meyton."

The two young men were good enough to acknowledge the introduction, and Brooks shook hands with Louise. Selina was surveying her father with uplifted eyebrows.

"Why, father, where on earth have you been?" she exclaimed. "I never saw anybody such a sight. You look like a rag, and your collar, too."

"Never you mind me, Selina," Mr. Bullsum answered firmly. "As to where I've been, you know quite well. Political dinners may be bad for your linen, and there may be more health in a drink than in a cigarette, but a member of Parliament has to do things as he finds 'em. Don't let us interrupt your game. Brooks and I are going to have a game at billiards."

One of the young men laid down his cards.

"Can't we join you?" he suggested. "We might have a game of pool, if it isn't too late."

"You are soon tired of bridge," Selina remarked, reproachfully. "Very well, we will all go into the billiard-room. The men played a four-handed game between the shots Selina talked to Brooks."

"Were you surprised?" she asked. "Had you heard?"

"Not a word. I was astonished," he answered.

"You hadn't seen it in the papers, either? Most of them mentioned it—in the county notes."

"I so seldom read the newspapers," he said. "You like it, of course?"

Selina was bereft of words.

"How we ever existed in that hateful suburb," she whispered under her breath. "And the people round here, too, are so sociable. Then the barracks—Isn't it delightful having them going on. The fact is always something about him about this time a sense of loneliness to which he was sometimes subject. He fought it with hard work—early and late, till the color left his cheeks, and quick lines bordering his eyes. He was tired to take a holiday, but he steadily declined. Mr. Bullsum wrote begging him to spend a day at least at Wotton Hall. He refused this and all other invitations."

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alive, because she can't sit at the windows and see the tradesmen's carts and her neighbors go by. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Brooks hesitated.

"I suppose so," he answered. "Your mother can have her friends out here, though. It really is only a short drive to Medchester. It was most awkward."

"She won't have them often, but I can help," Selina declared, doggedly. "Old Mrs. Mason called the other day when Captain Meyton and Mrs. Maley were here. It was most awkward."

"I don't know why I tell you all these things," she declared, abruptly. "Somehow I always feel that you are 'quite an old friend'."

Selina's languishing glance was intercepted by one of her admirers from the barracks, as she had intended it to be. Brooks went on to play his shot and returned smiling.

"I am only too happy that you should feel so," he declared. "Your father was very kind to me."

"Isn't it almost a pity that you did not stay in Medchester, Mr. Brooks?" Selina remarked, with a faint note of patronage in her tone. "Fapa is so much more influential now, you know, and he was always so fond of you."

"It is rather a pity," Brooks remarked, with twinkling eyes. "Fapa is so much more influential now, you know, and he was always so fond of you."

Selina felt it time to bestow her attention elsewhere, and the game soon came to an end. She glanced at the clock and reluctantly withdrew.

"Remember, Miss Bullsum, that we are relying upon you tomorrow," the younger of the two officers remarked, as he opened the door. "Two o'clock sharp—but you lunch with Mrs. Maley first, don't you?"

"We shall be there," Selina assured him, graciously. "Good-night."

The two young men left soon afterwards. Mr. Bullsum mixed himself a whiskey-and-soda, and stood for a few minutes on the hearth before retiring.

"You're not up to the mark, Brooks," my boy," said, kindly.

Brooks shrugged his shoulders. "I am about as usual," he answered.

Mr. Bullsum set down his glass. "Look here, Brooks," he said, "you've given me many a useful piece of advice, even when you used to charge me with it. I'm going to turn the tables, and I don't need to look at you twice to see that things aren't going altogether as they should do with you. See here! Are you sure that you're not cutting off your nose to spite your face, eh?"

"Perhaps I am," Brooks answered. "It is too late to draw back now."

"It is never too late," Mr. Bullsum declared, vigorously. "I've no fancy for weathercocks, but I haven't a word of respect for a man who ain't smart enough to outstep when he's made a mistake, and who isn't willing to start again on a fresh page. You my advice, Brooks. Be reconciled with your father, and let 'em all know you are. I've seen a bit of Lord Arrammore, and I'll stake my last shilling that he's not a bad 'un at heart. You make it up with him, Brooks. Come, that's a straight tip, and it's a good one."

Brooks threw away his cigarette and held out his hand.

"It is very good advice, Mr. Bullsum," he said, "under ordinary circumstances. I wish I could take it. Good-night."

Mr. Bullsum grasped his hand. "You're not offended, my boy?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, I'm not," Brooks answered, heartily. "I'm not such an idiot."

"I don't want to take any liberties," Brooks said, "and I'm afraid I forget sometimes who you are, but that's your fault, seeing that you will call yourself only Mr. Kingston Brooks when you're by rights a lord. But if you want the Prince of Wales I'd still say that my advice was good. Forgive your father anything you've got against him, and start afresh."

"Well, I'll think about it," Brooks promised.

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DEVELOPMENT OF THE SILVER FIELDS

Wonderful Evolution of the Districts of Gowganda and Bartlett.

Toronto, July 28.—The statements made last week by a number of men identified with the development of the silver fields of Northern Ontario has thrown a great deal of light on the rapid evolution of new districts that were not marked on the map a year ago.

The people in older Ontario, who had for years accustomed themselves to believe that the C. P. R. main line marked the very end of the habitable earth, are not easily relieved of their long-standing prejudices. And yet the unfolding of this great new country is the greatest social and industrial marvel of the year in Canada. One realizes the remarkable change in sentiment when a game little French-Canadian prospector shoulders his pack and strikes off for new frontiers with new hopes, with a wave of the hand, and the gleam of his gun.

Inside this district, with the T. and N. O. Railway as the backbone, a great internal traffic has developed. Steamers ply up and down Lake Temiskaming and the Montreal River. Horses are busy hauling freight over the Long Portage, and a flotilla of freight canoes and a little army of men are handling business down the east branch. Prone to the west comes the C. P. R., slashing its way through from Bisco. Thirty-four miles from Gowganda the Canadian Northern grading awaits the steel, and it will have a tip-top road with one-day service with the advent of winter. The government has cleared and stumped, graded and things are taking shape amid all the rush and bustle. Men are not all fools exactly, and all this is not going on for the fun of the thing.

From South Lorrain on Lake Temiskaming, where the Keeley and Weller launders are drilling into the earth, to Gowganda, where mines such as the Bartlett, Reeve, Mann and Boyd-Gordon are working all the hours of daylight with first-class steam plants, is a distance of a hundred miles.

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