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A Prince of Sinners
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Author of "The Tilters," "The Sinner," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.
(Continued.)

Their entrance together seemed to cause the little family party a certain amount of disturbed surprise. The girls greeted Brooks with a great show of pleasure, but they looked doubtfully at Mary.

"Did you meet at the front door?" Selina asked. "I thought I heard voices."

Brooks was a little surprised. "Your cousin brought her class of factory girls to my lecture tonight at the Secular Hall."

Selina's eyes narrowed a little, and she was silent for a moment. Then she turned to her cousin.

"You might have told us, Mary," she exclaimed, reproachfully. "We should so much have liked to come, shouldn't we, Louise?"

"Of course we should," Louise answered, snappishly. "I can't think why Mary should go off without saying a word."

Mary looked at them both and laughed.

"Well," she said, "I have left the house at precisely the same time on Wednesday evenings all through the winter, and neither of you have said anything about coming with me."

"This is quite different," Selina answered, cuttingly. "We should very much have enjoyed Mr. Brooks' lecture. Do tell us what it was about."

"Don't you be bothered, Brooks," Mr. Bullsum exclaimed, hospitably. "Sit down and try one of these cigars. We've had supper, but if you'd like anything—"

"Nothing to eat, thank you," Brooks protested. "I'll have a cigar if I may."

"And a whisky-and-soda, then," Mr. Bullsum insisted. "Sissy when!"

Brooks turned to Selina. Mary had left the room.

"You were asking about the lecture," he said. "Really, it was only a very unpretentious affair, and to tell you the truth, only intended for people whose opportunities for reading have not been great. I am quite sure it would not have been worth your while to come down. We just read a chapter or so from A Tale of Two Cities and talked about it."

"We should have liked it very much," Selina declared. "Do tell us when there is another one, will you?"

"With pleasure," he answered. "I warn you, though, that you will be disappointed."

"We will risk that," Selina declared, with a smile. "Have you been to Eton this week?"

"I was there on Sunday," he answered.

"And is that beautiful girl, Lady Sybil Caroom, still staying there?"

"Yes," he answered. "Is she very beautiful, by the bye?"

"Well, I thought men would think so," Selina said, hastily. "I think that she is just a little loud, don't you, Louise?"

Louise admitted that the idea had occurred to her.

"And her hair— isn't it badly dyed?" Selina remarked. "Such a pity. It's all in patches."

"I think girls ought not to make up in the street, either," Louise remarked, primly. "A little powder in the house is all very well"—(Louise had a nose which gave her trouble)—"but I really don't think it looks respectable in the street."

"I suppose," Selina remarked, "you men admire all that sort of thing, don't you?"

"I hadn't noticed it with Lady Sybil," Brooks admitted.

Selina sighed.

"Men are so blind," she remarked. "You watch next time you are close to her, Mr. Brooks."

"I will," he promised. "I'll get her between me and a window in a strong north light."

Selina laughed.

"Don't be too unkind," she said. "That's the worst of you men. When you do find anything out you are always so severe."

"After all, though," Louise remarked, with a side-long glance, "it must be very interesting to meet these sort of people, even if one doesn't quite belong to their set. I should think you must find every one else quite tame, Mr. Brooks."

"I can assure you I don't," he answered, coolly. "This evening has provided me with quite as pleasant society as ever I should wish for."

Selina beamed upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Brooks, you are terrible. You do say such things!" she declared archly.

Louise laughed a little hardily.

"We mustn't take too much to our-

CHAPTER XV.
A Supper-Party at the "Queen's."
Brooks was shown into a private room at the Queen's Hotel and he certainly had no cause to complain of the warmth of his apartment. Lady Sybil, in fact, made room for him by her side, and he fancied that there was a gleam of approval in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"Is Medchester really so large a place that one can get lost in it?" she asked. "Lord Arranmore has been sending messengers in every direction ever since we decided upon our little excursion."

"I telephoned to your office, sent a groom to your rooms and to the club, and at last we had given you up," Lord Arranmore remarked.

"And I," Sybil murmured, "was in a shocking bad temper."

"It is very good of you all," Brooks remarked, cheerfully. "I left the office rather early, and have been giving a sort of lecture tonight at the Secular Hall. Then I went up to have a game of billiards with Mr. Bullsum. Your telephone message found me there. You must remember that even if Medchester is not a very large place I am a very important person."

"Dear me, what modesty!" Lady Caroom remarked, laughing. "To us, however, you happened to be very important. I have a party of three."

Brooks helped himself to a quail, and remembered that he was hungry. "This is a very unusual dissipation, isn't it?" he asked. "I never dreamed that you would be likely to come into our little theatre."

"It was Sybil's doings," Lady Caroom answered. "She declared that she was dull, and that she had never seen the Message from Mars. I think that all that serious talk the other evening gave her the blues."

"I am always dull in the winter when there is no hunting," Sybil remarked. "This frost is abominable. I feel positively wicked every time I slip champagne."

"Our young philanthropist will reassure you," Arranmore remarked, deily.

Lady Caroom sighed.

"I wonder how it is," she murmured, "that one's conscience and one's digestion both grow weaker as one grows old. You and I, Arranmore, are content to accept the good things of the earth as they come to us."

"With me," he answered, "is the philosophy of approaching old age, but you have no such excuse. With you it must be sheer callousness. You are in an evil way, Lady Caroom. Do have another glass of champagne."

"You are very kind," she answered, "and extremely inappreciative. But I will have another glass."

"I do not want to destroy your appetite, Mr. Brooks," Lady Sybil said, "but this is—if not a farewell feast, something like it."

He looked at her, with sudden interest.

"You are going away?" he exclaimed.

"Very soon," she assented. "We were so comfortable at Eton, and the hunting has been so good, that we cut out one of our visits. Mamma developed a convenient attack of influenza. But the next one is very near now, and our host is almost tired of us."

Lord Arranmore was for a moment silent.

"You have made Eton," he said, "intolerable for a solitary man. When you go I go."

"I wish you could say whither instead of when," Lady Caroom answered. "How bored you would be at Redcliffe. It is really the most outlandish place we go to."

"Why ever do we accept, mamma?" Sybil asked. "Last year I nearly cried my eyes out, it was so dull. Not a man fit to talk to, or a horse fit to ride. The girls, bicycle, and Lord Redcliffe breeds cattle and talks turkeys."

"And they all drink port after dinner," Lady Caroom moaned; "but we have to go dear. We must live rent free somewhere during these months to get through the season."

Sybil looked at Brooks with laughter in her eyes.

"Aren't you terrible people?" she whispered. "You are by way of being literary, aren't you? You should write an article on the shifts of the aristocracy. Mamma and I could supply you with all the material. The real trouble, of course, is that I don't marry."

"Fancy gloating in your failure," Lady Caroom said, complacently. "Three seasons, Arranmore, have I had to drag that girl around. I've washed my hands of her now. She must look after herself. A girl who refuses one of the richest young men in England because she didn't like his collars is incorrigible."

"It was not his collars, mother," Sybil objected. "It was his neck. He was always called 'the Giraffe.' He had no head and all neck—the most fatuous person, too. I hate fools."

"That is where you lack education, dear," Lady Caroom answered. "A fool is the most useful person for a husband."

Sybil glanced towards Brooks with a little sigh, and, catching a glimpse of his expression, burst out laughing.

"Mother, you must really not let your tongue run away with you. Mr. Brooks is believing every word you say. You needn't," she murmured in a discreet undertone. "Mother and I chaff one another terribly, but we're really very nicely-behaved persons on our station in life."

"Lady Caroom has such a delightful easy way of romancing," Brooks said.

Sybil nodded.

"It's quite true," she answered. "She ought to write the prospectuses for gold mines and things."

Arranmore smiled across the table at Brooks.

"This," he said, "is what I have had to endure for the last six weeks. Do you wonder that I am getting bolder, or that I set all my people to work to-night in the tree and find some one to suffer with me?"

"Hell be so dull when we're gone," Lady Caroom sighed.

"You've no idea how we've improved here," Sybil murmured. "He used to read Owen Meredith after dinner, and go to sleep. By the bye, where are you going when we leave Eton?"

Lord Arranmore hesitated.

"Well, I really am not sure," he said. "You have alarmed me. Don't go."

Lady Caroom laughed.

"My dear man," she said, "we mustn't offend the Redcliffe's. He's my trustee, and he'll never let me overdraw a penny unless my civil list allows. If I were you I should go to the Riviera. We'll lend you our cottage at Eugenio. It has been empty for a year."

"Come and be hostess," he said. "I promise you that I will not hesitate then."

Sybil shook her head towards Brooks.

"How can I marry that down there?" she demanded. "No young men who are really respectable go abroad at this time of the year. They are all hunting or shooting. The Riviera is thronged with robes and invalids and adventurers and we don't want any of them. Dear me, what an idea of carrying out his pledges to you. You will have to take up politics, Brooks."

He laughed—a little consciously.

"Some day," he said, "the opportunity may come. I will confess that it is amongst my ambitions. But I have many years' work before me yet."

Lord Arranmore paid the bill, and they joined the woman. As Brooks stood bareheaded upon the pavement Arranmore turned towards him.

"We must have a farewell dinner," he said. "How would tomorrow suit you—or Sunday?"

"I should like to walk over on Sunday, if I might," Brooks answered, promptly.

"We shall expect you to lunch. Good-night."

The carriage drove off. Brooks walked thoughtfully through the silent streets to his rooms.

(To be Continued.)

Business. I have no friends much, and those whom I have are Medchester people. You see I am scarcely in a position to offer him my society. But all the same, I will take every opportunity I can of going to Eton if he remains there."

She thanked him, silently. Lady Caroom was on her feet, and Sybil and she went out for their wraps. Lord Arranmore lit a fresh cigarette and sent for his bill.

"By the bye, Brooks," he remarked, "one doesn't hear much of your man Henslow."

"Mr. Bullsum and I were talking about it this evening," Brooks answered. "We are getting a little anxious. You have had seven years of him. You ought to know what to expect."

"The war has blocked all legislative measures which we are anxious about more harm than good if he had tried to force them upon the land. But now it is different. We are writing to him. If nothing comes of it, Mr. Bullsum and I are going up to see him."

Arranmore smiled.

"You are young to politics, Brooks," he remarked, "yet I should scarcely have thought that you would have been imposed upon by such a man as Henslow. He is an absolute fraud. I heard him speak once, and I read two of his speeches. It was sufficient. The man is not in earnest. He has some reason, I suppose, for wishing to write M.P. after his name, but I am perfectly certain that he has not the slightest idea of carrying out his pledges to you. You will have to take up politics, Brooks."

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(To be Continued.)

Six Girls and Two Boys Drowned Through Carelessness—Sad Accident in An American Community.

Willebarre, Penn., May 12.—Rocking a boat to frighten the girls caused the drowning of six girls and two boys out of a party of twelve on an old mill dam at Huntington Mills, a country village, 15 miles from here this afternoon. The four who escaped are boys, and they got to the shore exhausted after a vain effort to save the girls. All of the party were members of the graduating or junior classes of the high school at Huntington Mills and were out for a frolic during the lunch hour. They were all between the ages of 16 and 18.

As at most country high schools, the public pupils carry their luncheon. The twelve had finished their luncheon and started for a walk. As they constituted the older set none of the other pupils went with them. They were laughing and chatting merrily as they went up the road. Some little distance from the school and not far from the roadside, but hidden from view by a fringe of trees, is the mill pond, a favorite resort for fishing and boating. The merry party went to the pond and embarked in two boats.

No one saw what followed except those in the ill-fated boats. There was no one in or about the mill and a stiff wind blowing up the valley carried the cries for help away from the little village instead of to it.

The story told by the survivors, George Dobson, Ulrich Westell, J. Koons and Harold Bell, all of Huntington Mills, boys between 16 and 18 years of age, is somewhat confused. It seems that in one of the boats a couple of the boys and girls tried to change their seats. Some one or two stood up and the boat, being overcrowded, was shipping some water. Some of the girls becoming frightened at this jumped up, and the next moment the boat upset and all were thrown into the water.

They arose to the surface after the first plunge, shrieking and screaming, both of the boys and girls, and they in their endeavor to save their lives. The boat filled and sank quickly. Immediately following the upsetting of the first boat, the six in the second were intensely excited, and in the efforts to rescue those in the water, the girls became excited and dragged their would-be rescuers down. The boys who escaped say they were dragged down by the weight of the girls who clung to their bodies or their legs, grasping whatever they could, and they had to fight hard to escape. They got to the surface finally and made for the shore. The bodies were all recovered, the boys each clasped tightly in a death embrace by a girl, the other girls tight in each other's arms.

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FRENCH'S VISIT.
The Great British Cavalry Leader Will Be in Regina in June.
Ottawa, May 12.—Contrary to reports which have been given circulation in a section of the Press, the visit of General Sir John French to Canada will not be delayed on account of the death of King Edward.
General French will arrive in Canada on May 20th, the date of the funeral of the late King. He will spend some time in consultation with the authorities at Ottawa, after which his itinerary will be as follows: He arrives at Halifax on June 7th, and will spend a few days there and at St. John, which place he will leave on June 15th. After inspecting troops at Montreal on June 14th, he will proceed to Toronto and inspect the forces of the Niagara peninsula during the next four days. He will visit Hamilton, Welland and Niagara Falls and take his way to Petawawa on June 18th.
He will remain two days at Petawawa, where he will take place the largest gathering of troops that has ever been collected there. He is due to carry out an inspection of troops at Calgary on June 24th. He will arrive there the evening before and will leave on the 25th. He will carry out inspections at Laggan on the 25th, Banff the 26th, Regina the 28th, Selkirk the 30th, and will return to Winnipeg on July 1st. He will not visit the coast. The inspection of troops at Winnipeg will take place on July 2nd. On his return trip he will again visit Petawawa camp remaining there two days, from July 4th to July 6th. He will go from there direct to Montreal where there will be another inspection. The last point of the tour will be Quebec, from which port he will sail for home about July 15th.
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