

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1905.

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER VI.
A Strange Request.

As a weather prophet Masters proved more reliable than those who fill the mansion on the daily papers. It rained heavily all the afternoon. His handily when she brought in his tea, remarked that it was pouring and dogs—the latter, presumably of the Skye terrier breed.

A temporary clearance of the weather came about in the evening. Masters was glad; he went to Ivy Cottage. The bungalow-like building was curiously situated in its own square piece of grass land, fronting the sea. The back of the house looked on to the road leading to the railway station a little distance away. The house agent had described it as possessing advantages not to be missed over lightly. There was one—unappreciated convenience in the matter of not missing a train—that certainly was undeniably and evident. So close was the back of the house to the railway that from the windows an approaching train could be seen in time enough to allow of easy waiting to catch it. Masters walked up the gravel path to the front door. The house agent entrusted with the selling of the place had described it as possessing advantages not to be missed over lightly. There was one—unappreciated convenience in the matter of not missing a train—that certainly was undeniably and evident. So close was the back of the house to the railway that from the windows an approaching train could be seen in time enough to allow of easy waiting to catch it. Masters walked up the gravel path to the front door. The house agent entrusted with the selling of the place had described it as possessing advantages not to be missed over lightly. There was one—unappreciated convenience in the matter of not missing a train—that certainly was undeniably and evident. So close was the back of the house to the railway that from the windows an approaching train could be seen in time enough to allow of easy waiting to catch it. Masters walked up the gravel path to the front door.

not have looked more hurt. His hyper-sensitive nature was suffering. That laughter acted on Masters as if the ceiling had opened and a shower of cold water had fallen—his face showed it. To be the subject of such a novelty to him. He was glad that that was so. For that it was not a pleasant sensation to experience. That a very little of it went an extremely long way.

She flushed with annoyance at her own rudeness, with shame for having wounded the feelings of her visitor. He had not the faintest idea why she laughed; of course, want of knowledge so often leads to misunderstanding. She said hurriedly—

"I hope you do not—oh, how can I explain what I was laughing at? Mr. Masters, don't pray don't—beg of you—think I was rude—intended to be rude—or that I was laughing at anything even remotely connected with these books which, believe me, I shall always value, always prize."

That earnest humble little speech of hers did not sponge away the look from his face. In her eagerness to acquit herself she placed her hand on his arm—it was for the second time that day. It was a habit of hers when moved. Was quite an innocent gesture, but there was—in his estimation, anyway—a distinct piquancy about it.

"Oh—Mr. Masters?"

She got as far as that. Then stood at a loss for words. She had spoken in such dead earnest tones that it would have been absurd to think her lying. Finding her tongue again, she continued—

"Pray, pray believe me I was stupid, I know, but don't be so hard as to think me capable of insulting you. Don't! Please, don't!"

His forgiveness was hers that moment. The wonder remained—what she could have laughed at—but all else was forgotten. She had looked into his eyes, a pretty woman's trick, mostly always successful. When performed with such eyes as Miss Mivvins' failure was absolutely impossible.

"I don't think you rude. Don't think you insulting. I could not think any ill thing of you if I tried."

She had badly wanted to hear some such thing. But there was that in the tone in which he spoke it that made her flush again. She knew in her breast she was a little.

"I am so glad!"

Miss Mivvins spoke impulsively—personally. She is nervous. And that, too, in speaking to such a boyish, ingenious individual as was Masters? It was quite too absurd! She continued—

"I should not like you to think badly of me."

She was obviously ill at ease—the obviousness was the worst part of it. She knew that herself; knew quite well. It was because he believed in her. Because he trusted her so implicitly; had an almost childlike faith in her.

With all the other men she had known, on whom she had exerted the power of her fascination, her woman's ways and wiles seemed fair and fitting. They were part of the game and understood by both sides of it. The men had been men of the world—her world—armed and armored against her coquetry and charms.

Filirtation in those instances had been carried to the point of a fine art—it was part of the life she lived. But it had been filirtation, pure and simple. Though it was amusing enough, while it lasted, it had been fencing with blunt points.

No one had any wounds—not a scratch. Experience had taught them all to play the game skilfully. No one had been deceived into taking things seriously. No soul was a scrap the worse.

But Masters was of another world than hers. Superficiality seemed unknown to him; he put his heart into what he said and did. Playing with him was evidently a think unknown to her. He was in earnest; always would be; that was his temperament. Honest himself, he believed her to be likewise.

"What a character! Of course it appealed to her—she would not have been a woman if it had not. He would face her woman's weapons—her most innocent little deception—unsuspecting, unarmed. To shower on him the full force of her artillery would be grossly unfair."

She was constrained to throw off the conventional. To den the mantle of guilelessness—such as he wore himself. He made it impossible for her to act otherwise. But the experience was quite a new one to her; it was the novelty that made her nervous. To be trusted—implicitly—was delightfully disconcerting.

Her manner filled Masters with wonder. The key to the mysterious nervousness was not in his possession. Again there fitted across his mind the idea that it arose from his visit to her employer's house.

His resolution to stay but a little time occurred to him. It would be best to go. Yet he abhorred the idea of a speedy parting; if only he could—He paused. Thought. The rain has ceased. It is damp below but bright above.

A pause. His reference to the weather seemed out of place. She did not know the difficulty he was experiencing in screwing his courage to the sticking place. He continued—

"I am walking to the end of the parade and back."

Having voiced as much, his talking works seemed to run down. He some-

how hoped that she would suggest joining him in his walk. That his ignorance of women was of vast magnitude was evidenced by the nature of that hope.

He was very transparent—so much so that there was no difficulty in guessing his thoughts; she smiled. Ingenueness was scarcely the word for him! He should have known the impossibility of her offering to accompany him—however much she might desire to do so. As she did not speak he went even further, saying, with nervous awkwardness—

"It is a warm evening—will you walk with me?"

The smile left her face and her eyes opened wide. She was startled at the suddenness of his request. Still more at the nature of it. Then remembered the nature of the man. For him! He should have known the impossibility of her offering to accompany him—however much she might desire to do so. As she did not speak he went even further, saying, with nervous awkwardness—

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"It is a warm evening—will you walk with me?"



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MAY BE ANOTHER WAR.
Roumanian Prince Predicts Doings Among Albanians—Says Great Britain May Take a Hand.

Rome, Feb. 4.—Prince Ghika, of Roumania, who was elected by the Albanian committee "supreme head for Albanian independence," when interviewed here yesterday regarding the plans and purposes of the committee said his election meant the inauguration of a general revolution in Albania and a bitter struggle to achieve the liberty of that country. He said he would in person assume command of the Albanian forces which he asserted would be reinforced by 10,000 European volunteers. The committee, Prince Ghika further stated, have at their command all the means necessary for the prosecution of the war for independence and only ask to be left free in the fight for liberty. Those enlisted in the movement, he added, are determined to achieve their purpose, or die to the last man.

"Should Austria intervene to prevent the execution of the committee plans, he declared she would be opposed by Italy, Russia and Great Britain."

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MR. JOHNSTON'S JOBS.

James Johnston, who was recently removed from the position of foreman of the I. C. R. round house at Campbellton, and transferred to Moncton, has been in the city the past two or three days but has not yet gone to work. It is said Mr. Johnston has been offered Nos. 1 and 2 between St. John and Moncton if he desires to go back driving, but it is understood he would prefer not to go out driving again, after being off the road for so long. He would much prefer to remain in Campbellton, where he has lived for many years, if that could be arranged. It is difficult to say at present what position Mr. Johnston will be given.—Moncton Times.

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