Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

"I forgot. A little sign of content. "You told me that before.You haven't any children of your real own, have you?"

"No dear."

"I'm glad of that." ...

She sighed in the same way again. Pillowed her head more deeply on his arm; inquired suddenly—

"God has a Child of his real own, hasn't He?"

"Yes, love,"

"A little boy?"

"Was a little boy; yes, darling."

"I know. Because we keep His borthday; same as we keep mine. Only mine comes with the roses,His with the holly. You know—it is on Christmas day."

"Yes; we all of use keep it,dear."

"Prince Charlie?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Do you know any stories about God's Little Boy?"

"Yes, dear, some."

"Tell me—a nice story about Him—will you? No giants or bears in it, because I feel so sleepy—and I am too tired.....So tired——I would like to go to sleep—just like this—in your arms."

He bent his head. Kissed the flushed sweet little face he was cradling in the hollow of his arm. Then told the story of the birth of God's little boy; in a manner adapted to the little ears listening to it.

Her sleepiness grew; the blue eyes opened each time more reluctantly. As the little body lost its stiffness, he blue-pencilled the story down to the stage where God's Little Boy was lying asleep in the manger. And the watching angels—even as the narrator was—were continually saying—

"Hush-s-h!"

The fact that he repeated this part of the story again and again to bring in the soothing "Hus-s-sh" passed unnoticed by Gracie. Her eyes had closed; she was asleep. The doctor had said sleep would be her salvation.

The crucial time—midnight—and she slept!

CHAPTER XVII.

The Passing of the Night.

The tone of the story-teller's voice had grown softer and softer; had dropped lower and lower; then stopped altogether.

The silence caused the woman, whose pent-up emotion had been finding vent in silent tears, to uplift her head. Her very soul was gladdened by the picture upon which her eyes rested.

The man had drawn the coverlet up so that it shielded the wearied little eyes from the light. Her child was asleep! Peacefully sleeping in the arms of Prince Charlie.

She had been kneeling with her face buried in her hands on the same side of the bed as he sat. Now she had but to bend to reach the disengaged hand. The burning feverish lips were pressed to it, with all the heartfelt fervour inspired by a mother's gratitude: surely the strongest inspiration in the world.

Ere she took her lips away he felt, drop—drop—drop. Three tears on his hand! Tears from the eyes of the woman to whom, in her grief, his heart opened. Despite the fact that he had thought it closed against her for ever.

His heart was very full just then. A veritable agony of love was in his eyes as he looked at her. Passionate words were framed in his thoughts; rose to his lips and were choked

Except for that strained expression in his eyes, his face was calm as stone; the pallor likened it to marble But the woman's head was bent; his suffering was unseen by her.

It pained him—her gratitude. He had done so little to deserve it. Indeed would have been a brute had he done. No thanks were due to him; acceptance of them made him feel himself in a false position. But he could do nothing to restrain her—for fear of waking Gracie.

She moved a little away, glancing again at the sleeping child with a deep sigh of thankfulness. A slight movement of his head, a look in his eyes, beckoned her to come closer.

She understood. Noiselessly walked behind him; stood so, leaning over the bed rail. Her head was close to his, as he asked in an undertone—

"The medicine?"

"She should take it in two hours."

"She must."

He said that in a whisper, with a meaning glance at the child's flushed face.

"Will it be wise to awaken her?"

"Distinctly; in case of fever. Besides, at this stage, the more she sleeps the more easily she will go to sleep again. Poor little mite! This is not half so comfortable a position for her as if she were lying down, but I can't move her till the slumber feeling gets a tighter hold on her. I shall awaken her at medicine time,and she will go to sleep quickly enough by then in any position. Drink?"

"Milk. There is some."

She pointed to a jug standing on a table near by. His eyes followed the direction of her hand; he nodded.

"Good. Now, lie you down on the sofa. Try and get some sleep yourself."

She drew back in astonishment at his suggestion. Shook her head; then expostulated—

"I could not!"

"You must!"

"I cou——"

"You don't want to annoy—to seriously annoy me, do you?"

The voice was very earnest; that voice which she found so wonderfully deep and thrilling. Even in its whisper there was, for her, all the power of great music, even in the lightest words he spoke.

She brushed a tear from her eyes. Once more bent and kissed the hand which was resting on the rail. He whispered—

"Let me ask you to lie down—to oblige me. Will you do that? You have not slept for long. I, as you know, am a veritable owl; a complete night-bird. My consumption of midnight oil is a standing joke. It is easier for me to keep awake than to go to sleep—oblige me."

All the boy in him had departed for the time. Yet there was no effort, no conscious assumption of manly dignity. On the contrary it suited him well. Seemed merely another phase of his character.

Her answer was in as earnest a tone as he himself used; strangely earnest considering the smallness of his request; she said—

"I would do anything—anything in the world you asked me."

"Then lie down. Remember that the greatest pleasure you can give me will be to see you sleep. That is not very complimentary to you,is it?"

That was said in an endeavor to make her smile. He was sorry he had spoken so when he saw how the lips curved. Sad smiles are not pretty things; he continued—

"And you may sleep in peace. Your fears may be at rest; Gracie is doing well. Short as has been her sleep, so far, I feel the temperature is lower—her breathing to be more regular. Now go."

Dutifully, obediently, she went. There are some men who must be obeyed without question. Masters was one of those—when he chose. That was not often. He was of so kindly a nature that he never cared to press his authority; unless occasion rendered that course absolutely necessary.

The sofa was on the other side of the room. He furtively watched her for a long time, as she lay there with her eyes wide open. Watching her unavailing fight against sleep; smiled when at last she succumbed, when Nature conquered. She went to sleep: a sound sleep bred of that previous wakefulness and anxiety.

Time passed. The hands of the clock on the mantel crept round slowly minute by minute, twice. Then very quietly, very gently, he woke the child. She was so sleepy and drowsy that his heart smote him; it seemed almost cruel to do so.

The eyes opened widely for a minute in surprise at seeing him there. Then she remembered; the lids half closed again. She stretched her hands a little further up his shoulder and said—

"You're still here, Prince Charlie."

"Yes, darling. I am going to stop all night. We must not speak loudly; mamma is asleep; and she is so tired."

"So am I, Prince Charlie. Peepy and thirsty. Will you give me some milk?"

"After this medicine, dear—.—.—. There. Now the milk—.—.—.My! What a thirsty little girlie. What? More! . . . We shall have to buy another cow!"

He smoothed her pillow, laid her comfortably down and stroked her brow! Was glad to note how fast the feverishness was leaving her; she was distinctly cooler. In less than a minute she was peacefully asleep again.

A good nurse, was Masters. Many trained to the calling might have taken hints from him. Some men are born that way.

He had in his composition just the right proportions of firmness, kindness, and that constant thoughtfulness for others which go to make up the ideal attendant.

Moreover, he had a way, through some subtle influence of his personality, of making his will felt without irritating by its actual expression. He rarely raised opposition; rather it fell away before him.

Gracie was not the only being who succumbed to this man's latent force of character. Most people with whom he came in contact felt its power, wholly unaware of it as he was himself.

Yet another satisfied glance at the sleeping figure, then he made preparations for the night. Quietly drawing off his boots, walked arross the room to the fireplace. Converted his fingers into tongs, and so from the coalbox noiselessly replenished the fire. Then he sat down to watch; to watch and think.

For hours he sat there without stirring. Made no movement lest he should disturb the sleepers. He was over anxious perhaps—afraid to make the smallest sound.

His reflections were not altogether in the groove they had followed hitherto. He had felt certainty where now he felt doubt. There were, too, throbbing moments when he doubted not the woman, but himself.

But ever the truth, the bitter truth, rose up before him, like a great black veil. In it was no loophole for charity. Besides, love asks for love—not for compassion. Could she know what was in his mind, she would scornfully refuse his pity. He knew that; had no doubt of it, low as he deemed her to have fallen.

(To be continued.)

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This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

STUDENT ACQUITTED.

Savannah, Feb. 16.—Sam Bowan, a 17 year old negro, student of the Georgia State College for colored youths, at college G. A., was found not guilty last night of the charge of murder of Prof. E. Cotton, a member of the Faculty whom he killed with a brick on Feb. 2. The professor had ejected Bowan from a class room after an altercation. He followed the boy out, threatening him with a stick when Bowan hurled a brick, striking Cotton on the head. Several hours later Cotton died in a hospital in this city.

A BANKER IN TROUBLE.

Chicago, Feb. 16.—President W. H. Hunt, of the defunct Pan-American Bank, arrived in Chicago late last night in charge of an officer and was given a cell in the county jail. He would not talk, declaring that he was tired and cold. The banker was indicted on four charges of receiving money, knowing his bank to be insolvent.

A GASOLENE EXPLOSION.

Queenstown, Ire., Feb. 16.—An explosion of gasoline occurred on board the new sub-marine boat "A 5", this morning while the officers and crew of eleven men were engaged in charging the tanks. The crew were hurled in all directions. Nine of them were picked up by boats and taken to the hospital two are missing.

DEFECTS IN FOG SIGNALLING.

(Electrical Review.)

The present arrangements for fog signalling are antiquated and out of touch with the requirements of the times. While perfectly satisfactory for the more leisurely working of railways prevalent during the seventies of last century, they are not adapted to the ideas of working and timekeeping held by the business departments of railways, or by passengers, at the present time. Their defects are numerous.

TO SELL HIS CHURCH.

Furniture Firm Becomes Owner of the First Baptist Church Montreal.

The movement in real estate on St. Catherine Street, continues to be very active and the announcement was made to-day that a deal was being completed by which Messrs. James Wilder & Company wi,l become the proprietors of the site of the First Baptist Church on the northwest corner of St. Catherine Street and City Councillors. The property has a frontage of eighty feet on St. Catherine Street and 130 feet on City Councillor Street and the price at which it is being sold is said to be between $40,000 and $50,000, including the building material contained in the church.

Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor of the church, said that arrangements were under way with the Wilder Company, but the trustees of the church would not look for a new site until after March 1. (Montreal Herald.)

The Rev. J. A. Gordon referred to is well known in St. John. He was formerly pastor of Main Street Baptist Church.

A London judge learned the other day that policemen with a black eye "felt a delicacy" about doing day duty, and, until the eye got well, always did night duty.

The Bad Cold of To-day May Be Pneumonia Tomorrow.

The Sore Throat or Tickling Cough that, to the careless, seems but a temporary and trivial annoyance, may develop into Bronchitis.

Every hour delayed in curing a cold is dangerous.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup,

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, and all throat and lung troubles. Miss Bertha E. Craig, Almont, Ont., says: "Last fall, for over two months, I had a very bad cold, and although I tried several remedies, it seemed as if I was getting worse instead of better. While looking over the Burdock Blood Bitters Almanac, I read about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and decided to give it a trial. When I had used about half a bottle, I found it was doing me good, so kept on until I had taken two bottles. It is the best cure for a cold I ever heard of."

Price 25 cents per Bottle.

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Absolutely no reserve and no two prices.

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