JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

OR THEDETETIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Woman's rime," "The Missing Diamond."

ceilne departed, smilling and out itsies on the subject of Ma Percy's visit.

Cora was at last fully satisfied that, for some reason, Miss Arthur had aroused image, and shaking her head at it, murmured:

"Well, the heroic brother will refuse to for some reason, Miss Arthur had aroused a feeling of antagonism in the breast. She resolved to profit by this state of affairs. Accordingly, a few moments later, Celine Leroque flitted man of medicine to remain and minister unto the sick. The good doctor of her maid. She resolved to profit by this state of affairs. Accordingly, a few moments later, Celine Leroque flitted man of medicine to remain and minister unto the sick. The good doctor of the maid the thread that will unravel this mixture of mystery, and when the reckoning comes, it will not be you that falls."

Thoughtfully she paced the little apartment. By and by she threw herself upon the bed and closed her eyes, still thinking. If she could only know just how these two had separated—Edward Percy and Cora Arthur, and what part Lucian Davilin.

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Did Cora know Lucian ten years ago—did Percy know him for his rival? Suddenly the girl sprang up, and smiting her two palms together, exclaimed:

"If these two men were rivals, then we may yet find a reason why Lucian Davilin."

"So," uttered Miss Arthur's maid as, fillinging away the match, she convulted he accounted to a convulted her will remain an invalid and a prisoner! It will be said in the village that the fever should be a proposed to profit by this state of

"'Gome down to-morrow without fail. It is important."

"If these two men were rivals, then we may yet find a reason why Lucian Davlin should attempt the life of Edward Percy!"

And now what should she do?

Claire Keith's bright face rose before her as she asked herself the question. Claire must be warned and saved; but how? The girl's brow darkened.

"She will scorn the man," she muttered, between pale lips, "and then she will learn to value that other. She will grieve for a time perhaps, but not for long, then—then she will become his wife, while I—What right has she to all the blessings?"

The girl stood motionless, with hands tightly elasped. The conflict lasted but a moment when, in a firm, clear voice she continued:

"If would be base not to save her from this wretch—and save her I will; and I will restore to Olive Girard her husband; is that not payment enough for all they have done for me? But he, Clarence, my hero—why must I yield him up, without a struggle? She does not love him; she

weary, unrefreshed.
"I will save Claire Keith from the suffering that befell me," she said. "But she shall not have all the good things of shis life, and I none."

CHAPTER XV.-CORA AND THE FRENCH MAID MEASURE SWORDS nicated to her maid the fact that Mr. Percy would remain in Bellair for the present. He was going away for a day on business; then he would return and take

Then, as mademoiselle would not es Then, as mademoiselle would not especially need her, would she graciously give her the day? Her sister had just returned from Paris, and would very soon leave the city en route for Washington. Her sister was in the service of Mrs. General Delonne—of course mademoiselle had heard of Madanne Delonne; knew her, perhaps. Cs.ine much desired to see this sister, and expected to get some valuable hints from her regarding the very latest French confleurs, etc., etc. In short, could mademoiselle spare her to-morrow.

Mademoiselle, after due deliberation, perhaps in consideration of the new colffeurs, graciously consented. This matter was settled while the dinner toilet of the lady was in progress; and Celine spared no pains to make her mistress satisfied with herself and all about her.

ing found her lover so cosily tete-a-tete with her fascinating sister-in-law,
"Oh, a very short time, my lady—I
mean mademoiselle."

"And how did he meet Mrs. Arthur?" anxlously.

"Madame was just entering from the terrace; they met in the hall," glibly.

"And did they meet like old friends,

Mr. Percy had many questions yet to propound to his newly-found wife as he called her, and she, knowing him so well, felt a trille more uneasy than was comfortable, wondering what use, if any, he intended to make of the small amount of power he still possessed over her. She must held another interview with him and that soon. Meantime, she left him to the tonder receives of the happy, with ster it was late in the evening when she at least found a convenient opportunity.

and crossed the hall in the direction of Miss Arthur's dressing-room. She was about to open the door and enter, when her movement was anticipated by Celine, who appeared upon the threshold in hat and shawl.

Mrs. Arthur seemed not at all abashed, but pushing the girl leaned suddenly forward and looked closely into the old woman's face, "I want you to gome back to Oakley."

Hagar started back as if struck by a kinfe. She was about to open her lip, and set free a torrent of indignant pretest, when the girl life of the rhand, into the structure of the structure of the contraction of the cont

Mrs. Arthur seemed not at all abashed, but pushing the girl back into the room, stepped in herself and closed the door. "You were going out, Celine?"

"Certainly, madame. I have leave to go and see my sister to morrow. I am going to telegraph her that she may ex-

pect me, Can I serve madame? fadame pendered a moment.

Celine," she said, abruptly. "Why did you pretend to answer a ring this

"I trust madame was not offended,"

deprecatingly.

"No, no," impatiently; "but I want to understand you."

"Madame shall. Madame must knew that my mistress is not always smooth in temper?"

"Yesjerlay Miss Arthur sent yillaze to purchate some trifling articles for the adornment of her precious person. Returning through the woods. I came upon Mr Daviln engl his sister, conversing very carnestly, just at the longerow still the state of the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the conversion of the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow still the terrace I arrivel at the hodgerow "This morning she bade me admit the goldenness of the goldenness o

this explanation seem a quite probable one; and as Miss Arthur ortainly had no desire to drive Mr. Percy from Oakley, she assured her "kind, thoughtful Cora" that she would be very guarded and never once mention Mr. Davlin's name in his enemy's presence.

Of this fact, of course, Celine was in total ignorance, as she proceeded on her way, which was not to the telegraph office; at least not yet.

Hurrying through Oakley wood in the opposite direction from the village she crossed the meadow and approached the cottage of Nurse Hagar. A light was dimly visible through the paper curtains, but no sound was heard within The girl listened at the door a moment, and then tapped softly. "No."
"No? Well, so much the better!"

turning her inscrutable old face upon the girl, she said, quite calmiy:
"Why should not others measure out to
John Arthur the same bitter draught that
he filled for your mother, years ago? Bah! it is only retribution! "True," said the girl, sternly. Then in a guarded tone: "And you would make no attempt to overturn their finely laid

Exactly; that is all I wish to know

crossing the uncarpeted noor, and a key creaked in its lock, after which the door opened, a yery little way, and the old woman's face peered cautiously out into the night. Then she hastilyopened the door wide and admitted the visitor. "Is it you, dearie?" she saked, rather unnecessarily, surveying her critically by the light of a flaring tallow candle.

"No, Aunt Hagar, it's not I," laugh ed the girl; "it's Miss Arthur's Frencl maid that you see before you. And don't drop that tallow on her devoted head," lifting a deprecating hand.

"Umph! we seen in great spirits tonight," leading the way back to the fireplace, beside which stood her easy splint-bottomed shale,

"So we are," seented the girl "and why shouldn't we be, pray? Aren't we a very happy French maid, and a very skilfd one and a very lucky one?"

"How should I know?" grumbled the old woman; "what do I know? I'm only old Hagar; don't mind explaining anything to me!" By which you mean, beware of you

en, auntity?

Hagar mumbled something, not exactly intended to be a speech but simply a small growl, illustrative of her mood. Then, as if her dignity had been sufficiently asserted, she relaxed her grimness, and, looking down upon the girl and pushing her toward the big chair, said.

eh, auntio?

ment, and then tapped softly.

Presently sllp-shod feet could be heard crossing the uncarpeted floor, and a key creaked in its lock, after which the

"Oh, no! mademoiable; quite formally. At first I fanoled he was really displeased at meeting her—but of course mademoiable knew the reason for that," slyly.

"Hush, you foolish girl," said the flattered spinster; "it's all right, of course." And she relapsed into reverie.

Miss Arthur had exhausted her pattenes waiting for her tardy admirer, and, finding her own apartments dull, had ome down to the parior, thus interrupting the interview, to the disgust of more than one of those interested.

"mood. Then, as if her dignity had been unflichently asserted, she relaxed her grimness, and, looking down upon the girl and pushing her toward the big chair, said.

"But law! child, you look fagged out. Sit down, and don't mind an old woman's grumbling."

"Did I ever?" lauxhed the girl, sinking into the big chair as if indeed willing to rest, "But I gon't sit here long, nursie; my day's work is not yet finished!"

"Not yet? Oh, Misdeline, my little."

interview, to the disgust of microscot.

Mr. Percy had many questions yet to propound to his newly-found wife as he called her, and she, knowing him so well, felt a trille more uneasy than was comfortable, wondering what use, if any, he intended to make of the small amount of power he still possessed over her. She power he still possessed over her. She them into the net; they are tumbling in headlong—all of them. They are helping me, with all their might, to bring about their own downfall, Hagar," and the girl leaned suddenly forward and looked classly into the old woman's face, "I want you ko come back to

way. "Wajt until I explain, auntia. I want "Wait until I explain, auntie. I wan you to go to Oakley to-morrow, at the hour when Mr. John Arshur is always sippised to be taking his after-dinner nap. Just after dinner I want you to see Madama Cora; manage it in your own way, but see her you must."
"I won't?" broke in the old woman.
"You will," said the gir!, quietly, "when I have told you why."
Drawing her chair ei one to that occupied by her companion she resumed in a low voice:

"Yesterlay Miss Arthur sen"

"And then!" echoed her companion, bending forward and resting her hand upon the old woman's wrist; "and then madame will recover—but John Arthur will remain an invalid and a prisoner! It will be said in the village that the fever has affected his brain, and his unpopularity, arising from the fact that he has always shunned and soorned the village folk, will insure them against intrusive investigators. Auntia thuy have hathed

Hagar arose, pushed back her chair, crossed the room, and, pulling back the purtain, looked out into the night. Then

"I? No!" flercely. "You? I thought you wanted revenge."
"And so I do—and will have it."
"How, then?"
"Will you go to Madame Arthur?"

"Ah, now you reason. I will tell you."
Hurriedly she unfolded her plan; and
after some differences of opinion, Dame
Hagar agreed to play her part in the coming drama. Having finally arranged Hag are role to their mutual satisfaction, Celine hurriedly recounted her day's adventures, saying, by way of finale: "So you see, nursie, I must hasten and send madame's message on its way. I shall depend upon you to tell me if Mr. Davlin

comes to Bellair to-morrow, for I have a fancy that madame will manage, in some way, to prevent his coming to the house, as it was fully settled that he was not to appear at Oakley until summoned to his sister's sick-fed. "I can easily learn if he appears at the

Now I must go and waylay Mr. Percy So good night, auntle, and cheer up; our The girl turned upon her swiftly, with fashing eyes. "Are you afraid? Do you want to give it up?"
"I am afraid for you. But give it up

now; never!" 'Brave old nursie!" "Brave old nursie!"
The girl flung both arms about the old woman, and kissed her withered cheeks.
"Never fear for me; my star is rising.
Don't forget your mission, auntie; good-

night."
The "good-night" came back over her
The "good-night" came back over her shoulder, as the girl was hurrying down the cottage steps, and Hagar closed the door behind her retreating figure. CHAPTER XVI.-FACE TO FACE.

shall quarrel. I wish to know what you shall quarrel. I wish to know what you want with Eilen Arthur."

It is surprising to note how many pretexts a resolute, hishad-hunting spin ster can find for keeping a victim at her side, long after his soul has left her, and gone forth with yearning for a downy couch, a fragrant cheroot, or a fairer face. Edward Percy could be agreeable, for a reasonable length of time, to a yery ugly woman. But even he felt himself an injured man when, at a late hour, he said good-night for the eleventh time to his fair enslaver—literally an enslaver, he thought. As the door of Oakley manor actually and audibly closed behind him, thought. As the door of Oakley manor actually and audibly closed behind him, he heaved a sigh of gratification, and strode rapidly down the winding avenue. When the first group of trees had sheltered him from the yluw of the infatuated spinster, should she still be gazing after him, Mg. Percy paused, and standing in the shadow, produced a cigar, and was proceeding to light it, when a hand fell lightly upon his arm, and he turned with a confused idea that she had followed him, and was about to lead him back a prisoner. But the figure that he dimly saw was pertainly not that of Miss

saw was pertainly not that of Miss Arshur. "Pardon, monsieur! but I have a message for you."
"Ye gods!" ejaculated the aggrieved

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the aggrieved man.

Evidently the girl interpreted his thoughts, for she stifled a laugh as she said quickly: "Not from Miss Arthur, monsieur; but from madame."

"Oh, from madame," drawing a long breath. "Well, even madame will be a blessed relief; out with it, girl."

"Madame will be grateful, I am sure." said the girl, mockingly. "Madame desires a word with yell—now, to-night will you follow me?"

"Where?"

"To madame; she will be in the terrore "To madame; she will be in the terrace arbor directly."

"Oh, very well," peplaqing his olgar in his pocket; "lead on, then."

"Cora pondered. "I don't see but the you are right," she said, at last "it c: tainly will not be to your interest to ac-

turned quickly, and without noise crossed the stile, followed them on the opposite side of the hodge and listened."

Here the speaker paused and looked up, but her auditor was gazing moodily nto the fire, and never stirred nor spoke.

"Madame was saying," resumed the narrator, "that she was heartily weary of the part she was playing; that this monotory sickened her; that they had secured the victims, and fate kad been kind enough to remove the only stumbling-block in their path, save the old man himself; that she considered my very sensible demise a direct answer to her pious prayers"

The old woman shuddered and cast a look of horror upon the speaker.

"They had evidently discussed this matter before, and partially settled their plan, only the man seemed to think it was too alon to begin to act. But madame declared that she should do worse if they did not commeance operations at once, and finally she overruled him."

"Of course," Well, I now lost a little of their conversation, but I kept is the thread of it. You see, I had to move very cautiously, and sometimes fall behind them a bit, when the leafage became less thick."

Had Mr. Percy been able to follow the retreating footsteps of the objectionable French maid, however, he might have found cocasion to change his too change his optical many in the path and the path that a sham along the path and the path that a sham along the path and the path that a sham along the many time that the same beautiful one, and the path of the foundation of the house, and the path shad the protocol and the protocol and the path shad the path shad the protocol and the path shad the

The she half to setting the prolimination of the second of sings again the harm of Minde accounts of the second of sings again the harm of Minde accounts of the second of

solitude and disgust, but heartly, not-withstanding, having just put off her very elaborate, but rather uncomfortable even-ing dress and donned a silken gown, act-

ing as her own maid.

Then she fidgeted herself into a most horrible temper, and sat deliberately down before the grate in a capacious dressing chair, determined to wait until the girl came, and deliver a most severe and the large of the deliver as the construction of the large came, and deliver a most severe and stately reprimand, the exact words of which she had already determined upon. The lady, sitting thus with her feet on the fender, her hands comfortably clasp-ing the big arms of the dressing chair, and her head lolling rather ungracefully over its back, fell into slumber.

Claire must be warned and saved; but how fire girls brow darkened.

"She will scorn the man," she mutter-dip entering a strong and the strong

"Spare me!"
He held up both hands in mock depr

cation; then, dropping his bantering tone, said, as he puffed at his cigar:
"But now to business. You did not come out here in such bewitching tollette to tell me that my charmer eats?"

you," coolly.
"As how?" in the same tone.
"As to our future standing with each

"I thought that was settled to-day?"

led."
"Well, what remains, fair Alice?"

what are we to be henceforth?

Mrs. -a-Arthur.

singular.

"Will you drop that name?"
"For the present, yes; but with reluct-

"Friends, of course," knocking the ashes off his cigar.

"You and I may be allies; we can never be friends," she said, scornfully.

"Don't trouble yourself to be insulting,

I have hated you!"
"Have you really hated me? How

singular."
"Very!" sarcastically; then: "If you don't drop that disagreeable tone we shall quarrel. I wish to know what you want with Ellen Arthur."

"First, what position do you intend to take towards me?"
"That depends upon yourself."
On conditions?"

'Next on are to do all in your powe to further my suit with Miss—you know.'

"That's an easy tack."

"Lastly, you are to promise me net now or at any future time, to declare to any one aught you may know that might

"That is to say, I am not to tell Eller

"Softly; one, my dear, one Mrs

alone are left. You see, Alice, my dear the thing is reversed. You have two hus-bands now, while !—''
"Will have two wives as soon as you

"And what guarantee have I that you

will not betray me to Mr. Arthur?"
"The very best in t e world; mutua

"On conditions."

can get them!'

"Then don't make me remember how

come to an understanding with

'Hardly,' with a pretty shrug.

"For what, then?"

Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N. B. "I am almost angry at you for being so beautiful, after having taken yourself to other lovers, Ma bells." The woman smiled triumphantly as she threw herself into an easy chair and said in her softest, sweetest tone: "And did you expect me to go mourning for you all these years alw?"

these years, sir?"
"I don't think you were ever the woman to do that;" dropping lazily into a custic seat near her. "M·y I smoke?" Cora nodded. "Are you sure we are quite safe here?" TWEEDIE & BENNETT hatham, 27th July, 1894. looking about him. "Somehow I am suspicious of that sharp French maid." "Quite sure," nodding again. "Mr. Arthur was in bed before I came out; Miss Arthur was ordering up lunch to her room, and the French maid must needs be

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON in attendance for an hour or more; and SHIP BROKERS AND CUMMISSION besides, I know she is not at all danger-ous. None of the other servants ever have occasion to come here, and most of MERCHANTS, "So your charming sister-in-law eats, does she? After parting from me, too; Spruce Lumber. Laths and Anthracite Coa ugh!"
"Eats? I should think so," laughing
softly; "in her own room, when her stays
are not too tight."

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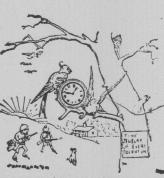
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