### JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD

OR THE DETETIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond." Etc., Etc.

Cora drew herself up and tried to look severe. "Old lady" she said with supernatural gravity "don-t you know that it is very improper for you to come and talk to me like this about my husband?" "Just hear her!" sniffed Hagar, rather unnecessarily; "all because I think she is too young, and too pretty, to be sacrificed like the others."

"Like the others?" "Like his first wife. She was young like you, and a lovely lady. His cruelty was her death. And then he must worry and abuse her poor daughter until she runs away and comes to an untimely end. And now."

"On mademoiselle." Then, with a

ow, you fear be will make an end of

ne?" briskly "Sit down, old lady," seeming a fil more affable. "So Mr. Archur ill-used his first wife, my pre-

decessor?"

"Thank you, dear lady; you are very kind to a poor old woman," seating herself gingerly on the edge of a chair opposite. Cora. "Yes, nd ed, he did lil-use her. She was my mistress, and I shall always hate him for it."

Cora mused. Here was an old servant who hated the master of Oakley; might she not prove useful after a time? At any rate it would be well to sound her.
"You were very much attached to the lady, no doubt?" insinuatingly.

"Yes; and who would not be? She was very ewest and good, was my poor mis-

sweet and good, was my poor mis-Oh, he is a bad, bad man, madaine, and you suraly cannot be very happy

daughter, too?" ignoring the last supposition.
"Unkind? He was a wretch. Oh, I could almost murder him for his crueity to that poor dead lassie" fistrely.

Perhaps he was none too kind to you," suggested Cora.
"Oh, he never treated me like a human being. He hated me because I tried to stand between her and harm. But he could not get rid of the sight of me. I have a little home where he can't avoid accing me sometimes. I believe if I kept always appearing before him, he would go raving mad, he hates me to that extent."

"I'm-m! Is that so?"
"Yes, indeed. Why, lady, if I were without house or home and you, out of the kindness of your heart, were to take me into your employment as the very humblest of your servants, I believe he would kill us both."
"You think he would?"
Core actually seemed to encourage the

Cora actually seemed to encourage the old woman in her garrulity.

"Oh, I know it. It's not much in the way of charity, or kindness, you will be able to do in this house. If he don't imprison you in one of these old closed-up musty rooms, you will be lucky. He is very dangerous. Sometimes I used to think he must be insane."

'Ora started. "Well Hagar," she said, sweety, "it's very good of you to take so much interest in me. He is very cross sometimes, but, perhaps, it won't be so bad as you fear."

'I hope it wont," rising to go and shaking her head dubiously; "but I am afraid for you."

observe that you never presume in the least—"

No do:not but the the object, if it could be accomplished, the opposite forces would "Oh, mademoiselle, I would never do that!" cooed the girl, with wicked double

my hair so high?"
"Very high, miladi."

"Ou; La mode la Francaise," relapsing into ecstacy and French. "Le coffeur comme il faut! Chere amie, le-chefdeuvre!"

Miss Arthur collapsed, and Celine con-tinued to build up an atroclously unbe-coming pile of puffs and curls in trium-phant silence.

Celine never indulged in her native tangue so she assured her mistrees, ex-

Bellair?"

'No, mademoiselle."

Did you obse ve if he returned in the same train with yourself?"

No, mademoiselle." Then, with a meaning little laugh: "Monsieur will not remain long from Oakley."

Miss Arthur tried to look unconscious, and snoesded in looking idiotic. and succeeded in looking idiotic.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but I can't forget that night. Mademoiselle is forget that night. Mademoiselle is surely relieved of one fear."
"What is that?"
"The fear of being wooed because of

Miss Arthur started, then said: "There my be something in that, Celine; and it is not impossible that I may inherit

"Ah?" inquiringly. "Yes. Possibly you have learned from the servants that Mr. Arthur lost a young step-daughter not long ago; just before you came, in fact."
"I don't remember. Did she die,

mademoiselle?"

'Yes. She was a very wild, unruly child, a regular little heathen—oh!"

"Pardon, oh, pardon, did it hurt?' removing a long, spiky hair pin, with much apparent solicitude.

"A—a little; yes. As I was saying, this ridiculous girl was sent to school and no expense spared to make a lady of her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes: and then she rawards my hother." "Yes: and then she rewards my brother

for all his kindness by running away."
"Merci, mademoiselle!" suddenly recalling her French.
"And then she died among strangers, just as provokingly as she had lived. She must even run away to die, to make it seem as if her home was not a happy one "What a very wicked young person;

"What a very wicked young persin; how you must have been annoyed."
"We were all deeply grieved."
"And I don't suppose that dead young woman was even grateful for that."
"Oh, there was no gratitude in her."
"Of course not! Now, mademoiselle, let me do your eyebrows," turning her about.

Chapter XII.—To Be, To Do, To SUFFER.

On the day that followed the events last related Madeline Payne returned to Oakley to resume her self-imposed task. Leaving the train, the girl book the path through the woods. When she had traversed the half way, she came upon old Hagar, who was seated upon a failen log awaiting her. Leoking cautiously about to assure herself that the interview would hay no spectators, Madeline, or Celine as we must now call her, seated herself to listen to the report of Davlin's visit, and the success of Hagar's interview with Cora.

Expressing herself fully satisfied with what she heard, Celine made the old woman acquainted with the result of her risit to the city, or as much of it see was necessary and expedient. Then, after some words of mutual souncil, and a promise to visit her that evening if possible, the girl lost no time in making her way to the manor, and straight into the presence of her mistress.

Considering that her maid was—her maid, Miss Arthur welcomed her with an almost rapturous outburst. Celine had hid high place in the affections of Miss Arthur, truth to tell, since her astonishing discovery of Mr. Edward Percy, in the character of young Romeo, promenading within sight of his lady's window.

"Celline," aimpered Miss Arthur, while the damael addressed was brushing out with the spinster, and "fall in" with the mistress"s hair, preparatory to building its into a French wonder: "Celine, I may be wrong in talking so freely to you about myself and my—my friends, but I observe that you never presume in the least—"

"Oh, mademoiselle, I sould never do

meaning.

"And," pursued Miss Arthur, graciously, "you are really quite a sagacious and discreet young person."

"Thanks, miladi." Then, as if recollecting herself, Pardon mademoiselle, but you are so like her ladyship, Madame Le Baronne De Orun, my very first mistress—"

"And it at all, Celine, the fourth day, she saized the first isisure moment for a visit to the post-office. Instead of the single letter from Olive that she had expected, she found three.

"Oh, I don't mind it at all, Celine.
At I was saying, you seem quite a superior young person, and no doubt I am not the first who has made you a sort of confidanta."

Merol! no; my lady. Madame Le Barzonne used to trust me with everything, and often deigned to ask my advice. But French ladies, oul, mademoiselle, always put confidence in their maids. And a maid will die rather than betray a good mistrees—"

"Exactly, Celine—ars you going to put my hair so high?"

Olive that she had expected, she found three.

They were enclosed in one wyapper.

This she removed on her way back to Oatley, and found the first, as was the wyapper, addressed in Olive's hand The penmanship of the second was fairy-like and beautiful, and she recognized it as Claire's. At sight of the third, her heapp gave a great bound, and then almost gave a great bound, and then almost maily hand, and was, it must be, from Dr. Vaughan.

Olive that she had expected. She found three.

Dr. Vaughan.

Once securely locked in her room,
Madeline opened the first of her letters
with sager fingers. Yes, Olive's first.
The desire to see what he had said was
strong in her heart, but she had decided
not to humor her heart. She held his
latter caressingly for a moment and then
patting it beside Claire's opened and read
Olive Girard's letter.

ly, hopeful, yet sad:

grateful

Madeline's eyes were moist when she lifted them from the perusal of this letter.

"Bright, beauitful, brave Claire," she murmured: "who could help loving ber?"
Then her eyes fell again upon the letter, and she started:

"You will become that and more to Doctor Vaughan," she read. "What can she mean? Can it be possible that, after all, I have betrayed myself to her?"

Sho re-read the letter from beginning to end, her face finghing and paling.
"Oh!" she whispered softly, "she has read my heart, and we are playing at cross puprose! What a queer rivalry," the girl actually laughed; "a rivalry of renunciation. Does she yet know how he loves her, I wonder?" Then, her face growing graver, "she won't be long in Wider and wider stared har eyes, but growing graver, "she won't be long in making that discovery now." She took up Clarence Vaughan's letter, almost dreading to break the seal.

almost dreading to break the seal.

My Brave Little Sister—You perceive, I have commenced my tyranny. And instead of being able to grant favors to my new sister, I am feduced to the necessity of begging them at her hands. In a word, I want to come to Bellair. Not to be a meddlesome adviser: I am too firmly a convert to your method of procedure for thata, Besides, I should have to declar war upon Miss Keith if I presumed thus far. But I do desire to further your plans, and to this end would make a suggestion that has contrad to me since hearing of your marvelous detective work.

let me do your eyebrows," turning her about.

"But," pursued Miss Arthur, "when she died, my brother acquired unconditional control of a large fortune, and you must see that my brother is getting rather old. Well, in case of his death, a part, at least, of this fortune will become mine."

"Yes, madame."

"Yes, madame."

"My brother is too much afraid to face thought of fleath and make a new will, and papers are in existence that will give me the larger portion of his fortune. Of course, Mrs. Arthur will get her third."

Celine was now surprised in earnest. Miss Arthur had spoken the truth. With shrewd foresight she had made to have the foresight she had made to have to beliate, and tact. I have no longer the faintest scruple as to trusting this issue, to important to all of us, in your hands. And I am more than proud of such a sister.

May I come to Beliatr, and fore the foresig

sast groms, you will be lucky. He is say dangerous. Sometimes I used to sink he must be insans."

''yes, madame."

''yes, madame."

''yes, madame."

''t's wery good of you to take so unch interest in me. He is very cross comstimes, but, perhaps, it won't be sometimes, but the structure of such a state.

I have no longer the laintees of the plant and mote than made and except and to trusting this issue, so important to all of the perhaps with and made a desperate with set of the but, it will to the structure of the perhaps w

Madeline had sealed her letters, and

was about to reach for her hat prepara-tory to hastening with them to the post-office, when her attention was arrested by a sound, slight but unusual, and not far away. She stood erect, silent, motionless, listening intently. Pre-ently the sound was repeated, and then a look of intelligence passed ever the girl's face.

"Some one is in the deserted rooms," she thought. And she abandoned for the present her purpose of going out. There was but one way to approach the closed-up rooms, and that way led past the door of Madeline's room.

A few paces beyond her door, the hall connecting the west wing with the more modern portion, made a sharp curve and by a sound, slight but unusual, and not

connecting the west wing with the more modern portion, made a sharp curve and opened into the main hall of that floor. Celine Leroque opened her door cautiously, having first donned her not very becoming walking attire. Then she took up her polition just outside the angle of the western hall, and so close to it that if an approach was made from below, she could easily retire behind the angle.

sangle.

She had grown heartily tired of her sentinel task when, at last, a soft rustle was heard near at hand. Celine turned so quickly into the narrower hall that she fairly ran upon and stopped—Mrs. John Arthur! who uttered a sharp ex-clamation expressive of surprise and an

Celine poured forth a mixture of French and Enigish, expressive of her contrition and horror at having "almost overturned madama," and wound

time to come to my room and try and do something with my hair. Your hairof my own."

Celine would be only too happy.

Celine would be only too happy. Should she come now? She had jut returned from the village; she would put off her hat and be at makinne's disposal. But madame was not it clied to be manipulated jut then Celina migh come to her dressing room and do her hair for dinner—after she was done with Miss Arthur, of course. So they separated, mutually satisfied. So they separated, mutually satisfied.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A VERITABLE

GHOST.

What a day of glory it lalbeen to the splinter, this day on which Madeline had read beer three letters, and Cora

What is it was the content of the splinter, this day on which Madeline had read her three letters, and Cora

What is it that Cora Arthur carries

ming to realize the new life and hope you have put into my heart. As I think again of what you have done and are doing, I cannot but feel faith in your success. Oh, if I could but work with your feer you and again I implore you to park on the park of the par

and gazed and gazed.
Wider and wider stared her eyes, but no sound escaped her lips. She gazed and gazed, but the specter would not vanish. Poor Miss Arthur was terrorvanish. Poor Miss Arthur was terrorstricken almost to the verge of catalepsy.
In consideration of the persistence
with which they return again and
again, according to [good authority,
ghosts in general must be endowed with
much patience. Be this as it may of the
average ghost, certain it is that this
particular apparition, after glaring immovably at the spinster for the space of
five minutes, began to find it monotonous.

The spell was broken. The lips of Miss Arthur were unclosed, and shrick, one following the other in rapid succession, resounded in the ears of even the

could not have been a burglar. The nigh' lamp was burning 'dimly bahind its heavy shade; on the table were the fragments of Miss Arthur's lunch; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur had found easy scess through the closed, but unbolted

which Cora and Celine administ sal volatile and other restoratives, Mr. Arihur douched her with oaths and ice water, and the servants whispered in a group, the maiden found voice. It was a very feeble voice, and it conveyed to her audience the astounding intelligence that she had seen a ghost—Madeline Payne's ghost.

Upon hearing the story, John Arthur seemed at first a little startled, But Cora only laughed, and Osline, plancing significantly at the lunch table, said, with a lig it smile: "Mademoiselle has nerves, and she may have unched heartily before re-

may have tunched heartily before retiring."

John Arthur strode across the room and viewed the deurs of luncheon. "Humph!' he gruined. "Oysters and salads, potted meat and pastry, strong coffee and lemon syllabub with brandy. Good Lori, I don't know what should have k pt the con ents of an entire connetery from sweeping down upon your slumbers, you female gournand your slumbers, you female gourmand Ghosts indeed!"

Ghosts indeed!"

And he stimped out of the room in high tudgeon. His ticade was wholly lost upon his sister, however, for that lady was whimpering comfortably and lady was whimpering comfortably and putting all her feeble energy into the effort.

Cora glanced up as the door banged after her lord and master, and ordered the servants back to bed. Then she

the servants back to bed. Then she turned toward Celine, saying:

"That door was cerainly not locked when we came to it, for I was here sooner even than Mr. Arihur,"

Celine smiled again: "Mademoiselle di-missed me befors she had finis...ed her luncheon. I had disrobed her proviously, and she said she should retire as soon as the drank her college." soon as she drank her coffee. She may have forgotten the door."

Cora turned toward the bed. "Did you look your door, Ellen?"

But Ellen did not know; she could not remember if she had or had not.
Then Cora said to Celine: "I sm glad
to find you so sensible. We shall have
hard work now to convince those ridicul-

ous servants that there is not a ghost in every corner."
"I do not think that grayes open," replied the girl, seriously.

Then she gave her undivided attention to her mistress, who bade fair to be hysterical for the rest of the night.

Mi-s Arthur would not be left alone again. No argument equil convince her that the specier was born of her imagination, and therefore not likely to return. So Cora bade Celine pre-pare to spend the remainder of the night in Miss Arthur's dressing room.

Accordingly, Celine withdraw to her

own apartment, where her preparation own apartment, where her preparations were made as follows:—
vice, perinaps? If so, she has only to command."

Cora drew a breath of relief, having sufficiently recovered from the collision and accompanying confusion, to draw a breath of any kind, and at once rallief her forces. a breath of any kind, and at once ralliel her forces.

"Yes, Celine, I wanted you to do something for me, if you will."

"Auything, madame."

Madame was collecting her-thoughts.
"I—I wanted to ask if you could find time to come to me, roun and any mean additions to her toilet, extinguished the light, locked her door carefully. the light, locked her door carefully, trying it afterward to make assurance doubly sure, and retraced her steps to relieve Cora, who was dutifully sitting

cess as a ghostess, and at this she would almost inigh. But from every subject her mind would

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tiful eyes, lifted to his own; to lehold a fair forehead shadowed by soft, shining curls; judgs of Clarence's surprise when the opened door revealed to sha a small being of no shape in particular; a very black head of hair, surmounted by an ugly maid's cap; and a p ir of un-earthly, staring blue glasses. Madeline hat chosen to appear "in character" as this intercient the ald and concoalment that her guise would afford. She would give Claire's schame (To be continued.)



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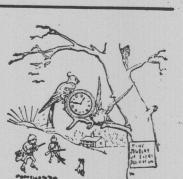
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