in Arthur's Ward: OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER-

Continued from 1st page.

"Softy, step-papa; one thing at a time am here because you are here." she said in a voice of unruffied calm "Who is teeping you a prisoner, you ask? I am" Once more he seemed on the point of riving way to a paroxysm of rage, but controlled himself and said, sullenly:—"I suppose I may thank you for my imprisonment from first to last"
"You may thank me if you choose, but it will be bestowing your gratitude upon the wrong party I did not lock you

"Why?" her voice rising in angry scorn, "Do you ask me why? Why did you make my mother almost a prisoner in her own home? Why did you crush her in life, and blaspheme her in death? Why did you drive her daughter from the home that was hers, to escape from your cruelty, your insults, your avarice? John Arthur, how dare you ask me why you are here?"

"First, you are to agree to resign the mardianship of my property Second, you are to leave Oakley forthwith and forever, not to keep ever and always away from an all that is mine."

"Bah" he cried, angrily, "do you that I am a fool? I won't resign my mardianship; the property is mine, not ours." Then I will choose a new guardian mediately. How ignorant of law you step-papa Don't you know that you legally dead? Don't you know that a tile can't hold property? Legally, I choose a guardian to-morrow."

Lou she devil But I am not a lunamere dhe.

Low obtuse you are, step-papa You

"Now she devil But I am not a luna," and are read he.
"How obtuse you are, step-pape You is lunatic; we have the certificates of for physicians, to that effect; and that all the law requires. Now, be reasonals; what can you do?"
"I'll get out, by heavens," he velled; and I'll put you in State's prison for its imprisonment."
She turned upon him with the utmost imposure. "My dear sir, you have not ne witness to prove that you are a same san. There are many to prove that you are a same as. There are many to prove that you are been subject to violent fits of mades."

She turned again, and he, no longer eking to control his rage, sprang to are here, uttering a volley of curses.

During this interview, Henry stood he a sentinel at the outer door of the namber of the prisoner shood wide open, the first accent of rage, he darted formed; and as the girl sprang away from me step-father, that gentleman felt him if selzed and hurled with scant ceretory to the middle of the room.
"Don't you try that, sir" cried Henry, high wrath. "You won't find me a lead, if you do."

"So," panted the old man, "this is see of your hirelings, is the And pray, "Then don't let him take the alarm It would hurt us. We can't would not scruple to make her his countegate. And in this she was quite right.

Again the man seemed to puzzle over some knotty, mental question. Then his acrose, and leaning against the window frame in a favorite attitude, glanced across at Percy and. the spinster as he asked, slowly: "Did she say anything about me?"

Cora looked up in genuine surprise. "About you? No; why should she?"

"No," shortly: "why should she?"

"No," shortly: "why should she?"

"No," shortly: "why should she? She never saw either of us until yesterday."

"It's easy enough to see why she came back. She has heard of the insanity of Mr Arthur, and has come, as she said, to take possession of her own."

Another pause; then Cora said: "Is the Professor 'up' to anything new?"

"The total the counter of the professor 'up' to anything the cause you to thin

"Don't you try that, are a high wrath. "You won't find me a riend, if you do."
"So," panted the old man, "this is one of your hirelings, is it? And pray, sir, what is this young fiend to pay you for your services?"
"That's my affair," responded the "That's my affair," responded the "You can't buy me off; "You can't buy me off; and graveled walk of Oakley, and s.id, and graveled walk of Oakley, and s.id, "Will we?"

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The astute Professor had taken in the full meaning of her words, which served to quiet the fears that had haunted him since the advent of Miss Payne; fears that the young lady would prove to be an enemy, and one keen enough to fathom the secret they were keeping hidden in the west wing.

He had seen that, for some reason, neither Cora not Davlin dared, or did, oppose her Now he fancied he understood the reason; it was because they did not fear her, for her interests were in common with thetrs

"He is certainly a dangerous man," said the Professor, gravely; "I will obey your instructions to the letter"

CHAPTER XL DAVLIN'S "POINTS."

Madeline having left the morningroom, accompanied by the too sheervant
Professor, Lucian saw at once his sopportunity for a few words with Cora. Without too great an appearance of haste, he
moved across the room, pausing before
the fire, in front of which Miss Arthur
was scated, and addressing to her a few
careless words Then he glanged at Percy,
who sat at the most remote corner of the
room, assuming to be much interested in
some geological specimens in a little cabinet

jailers, for she mentally acknowledged them as such
When Davlin at length crossed the room, and dropped carelessly down in the chair at her side, she lifted her eyes to his, and said, inquiringly: "Well?"
He looked at her keenly for a moment. Then, not to lose any time by useless words, came straight at the point.
"Time's precious, Co. We can't attract attention by a long dialogue, and yet we must talk things over. When can I find you alone?"

must talk things over. When can I find you alone?"

He sat like one stupefied At last he can't provide any and fairly yelled, "In the mid's name, explain this chicanery why a you here? Who is keeping me a prise, and wherefere? Is it you, you little any to be papa; one thing at a time any here because you are here," she said a voice of unruffied calm "Who is eping you a prisoner, you ask? I am" Once more he seemed on the point of ving way to a paroxysm of rage, but mirolled himself and said, sullenly:—"I suppose I may thank you for my prisonment from first to last" "You may thank me if you choose, it will be bestowing your gratitude on the wrong party I did not look you I simply permitted it?" "And why have you leagued with my fecurse here to shut me up like a left." "Why?" her voice rising in angry me, "Do you ask me why? Why did unake my mother almost a prisoner her own home? Why did you crush her life, and blasphame her in death? Why I you drive her shaughter from the left, your rankle with the saked: "Do you think there is any immediate danger—for us?" "As how?" "From him: Arthur."

Now came Cora's grand coup. She felt pretty sure that Lucian knew of her in
"He at tilk things over. When can I find you alone?"

"Why not?" elevating his eye-brows. Cora rested her head upon her hand in such a way as to conceal from those at the opposite end of the room, the expression of her face, and said:—

"He can talk without being observed. Miss Payne seems very friendly, and has given my release the opposite end of the room, the expression of her face, and said:—

"Who way to a paroxysm of rage, but in such a way as to conceal from those at the opposite end of the room, the expression of her face, and said:—

"Who way to a parisoner, you ask! I am" to a mission of her face, and said:—

"Why and way to a paroxysm of rage, but in such a way as to conceal from those at the opposite end of the room, the expression of her face, and said:—

"What have the a said way to a paroxysm of rage, but and the wow."

"Who a way as to a

in life, and blaspheme her in death? Why did you drive her daughter from the home that was hers, to escape from your cruelty, your insults, your avarice? John Arthur, how dare you ask me why you are here?"

Again the flashing eye, the ringing, wrathful voice, the white, uplifted hand They menaced him again, as on that June evening when she had defied him and then fied out into the darkness, not to return, save in dreams, until now.

Again he felt a thrill of terror, and he sate before her mute and cowering. At last he found voice to say: "Do you mean that you intend to keep me a prisoner?"

Her eyes met his full. They were cold as snow and resolute as fate: "You will nevêr leave these froms until you accede to the terms I have to propose?"

Her audacity fairly stunned him He fell back a pace as he said: "Whatterms?"

Cora uttered this combination of truth

but he is an object of positive hatred to her."

Cora uttered this combination of truth and falsehood without the least compunction. If she could have warned him of the danger hanging over them without jeopardizing herself, she would have done so. But that, she knew, was impossible.

He had planned this "game" which now bid fair to be such an utter failure, and if anyone must suffer, why let it be him. And then, too, she reasoned, she had not gathered from the words of Madeline that she suspected Mr. Davlin of duplicity of any kind. As for the Professor, Cora cared little what became of him. She could gain nothing and might, doubtless would, less much by warning him.

will take her orders before I get myself in too deep!" His "too deep" meant deep as the grave. And now Lucian had a new subject

deep as the grave.

And now Lucian had a new subject for conjecture. If Miss Payne proposed to appoint for herself a guardian, who would she select? Who had been caring for her during all these months? Was it man or woman?

The only information she had volunteered had been implied rather than spoken. In answer to Miss Arthur's rather abrupt query at the breakfast table, as to how she had managed to prosper so well in a strange city where she had no friends, the girl had replied, with a little laugh:—

"I suppose it has never occurred to either yourself or Mr. Arthur that I might have found out some of my mother's friends. I was put in possession of my mother's found out some of my mother's friends. I was put in possession of my mother's journal on the very day that I ran away from Oakley. I am not so friendless as you may think."

Lucian was again puzzled, but knowing the girl as he did, he was not prepared to believe that a guardian, in the form of a lover, would appear. He was now convinced that Cora, whom at first he had somewhat doubted, was not for some unknown reason attempting to deceive him.

The Professor's story had corroborated hers, and given him, as he expressed it, "a fresh point" in his game. But alas for Lucian! Every fancied discovery only beguiled him farther and farther from the truth, and rendered him more and more blind to the chains that were being forged about him.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DAYS PASS BY. Several days passed and still Lucian Davlin had not found the much wished for opportunity to converse with Madeline. Neither had he been able to find Cora alone. Visit her room when he would, there was the burly waitingmaid. Finally Cora had warned him, with some asperity, that his "actions looked rather suspicious," and then he obeyed her gentle hint and remained aloof.

Two days after the bestown of Strong.

dooked rather suispicious," and then he beyed her gentle hint and remained aloof.

Two days after the bestowal of Strong, the maid, upon the not-to-ograteful Cora, an angular, grenadier-looking female presented herself at the servants entrance, announcing that she was "the new maid;" and she was installed as high priestess of Madeline's apartments without loss of time. The servants below stairs made comments, as servants will. Even Miss Arthur, Percy, and Daylin agreed in calling the two maids, respectively, "Grenadier" and "Griffin."

But only Cora knew that the two were better learned in the art of spying than in matters of the tolict. She knew herself to be under continual surveillance. Above stairs or below, Madeline or Hagar, Strong or Joliffe were not far away. And yet she had not abandoned her plan of escaping Cora, looking from the window of her dressing-room, saw two One morning, Cora, looking from the window of her dressing-room, saw two One morning about in the grounds below. Upon commenting upon their presented. Even the contents, Strong had answered, readily—Law, Strong had answered, readily—Law, and the was nothing to the pain. When I took it of her cheek was red as fiannel, and she warked it put on again. She says it relaws. Strong had answered, readily—Law, and the same, "added Strong those codar trees, and they are to go to work immediately."

But a well in winter! They can't dig."

"Ut a well in winter! They can't dig."

"Ut a well in winter! They can't dig."

"Ut a not be the same of the same of the pain when he had so work immediately."

But still she did not abandon the thoughts of her own escape.

And now began a trial for poor Ellen Arthur. Madeline Payne, after studiously ignoring the two men for some days, began to unbend. She commenced by conversing with Percy, listening to his slow and stately sentences, smiling her approval, and completely captivating that susceptible gentleman. Then, by degrees, she drew Luclan into the conversation, and smile the province of the conversation, and s

one of them.

"Dr. Le Guise," calm as a summer morning, and taking more real case and comfort than all the others combined.

Hagar watchful and anxious.
The two new madds making themselves pepular in the kishen, and "sleeping with their eyes open."

And still no clew by which Maddline and her efficient aides de camp could unavel the web of doubt that still cinng about, and kept a prisoner, the long suffering Philip Girard.

CHAPTER XLII

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

After some days of outward caim, came a ripple upon the surface of events. It had been a dull, cloudy day, with cocasional gusts of wind and rain; wind that chilled to the very marrow, and rain that froze as it fall.

The three mea, Davlin, Percy and the Professor, had been constrained to abandon their custemary morning walk, with sigar accompaniment, up and down the barrace. And the well-borrers had been obliged to stop their work.

Mrs. Arthur had kept her room and her bed all day long, afflicted by a raging toothache. Strong was kept at her bed side almost constantly applying hot water, laudanum and various other local applications. As the day advanced, the sufferer seemed to grow worre; and when Maddline came in to administer consolation, and see if the woman were really ill, Core sent for Dr. Le Guise, vowing she would have the tooth out, and every other one in her head, if the pain did not stop. But when the Professor arrived, her courage falled her. She drew back at the sight of the formidable forceps, saying she would "try and endure it a little longer; it seemed as bit casier just then."

All this Madeline noted Retiring from the room she signalled to Strong to follow her out "What do you think of her' questioned Madeline of the latter, as the door closed between them and Cora Strong looked dublous "I'really don's throw what to think, Miss Payne," she said "If it is shamming, it is the best lever saw."

then"
All this Madeline noted Retiring from
the room she signalled to Strong to follow her out "What do you think of her?"
questioned Madeline of the latter, as the
door closed between them and Cora
Strong looked dubious "I really don't
know what to think, Miss Payne," she
said "If it is shamming, it is the best
I ever saw"

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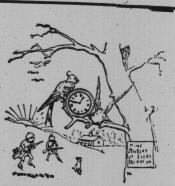
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