## JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD:

OR THE DETETIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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

Claire found herself thinking that Doctor Vaughan was a noble-looking man: not alluringly handsome, as was Edward Percy; not possessing the magnetic fascination that Madeline had described as belonging to Lucian Davlin. But he had a fine face, nay, a grand face, full of strength and sweetness; not devoid of beauty, but having in it something infinitely better, truer, and more godlike than mere physical beauty can impart to any face.

Then she thought of Madeline, of her loneliness, her sorrow, and her need of just such a strong, gentle nature to lean upon, to look up to, and to obey. "She would obey him," quoth Claire to herself.

Next she fell to watching Madeline, through half-closed evelashes. She saw how the girl listened to his every word: how, when his eyes were not upon her, she seemed to devour him with a hungry, longing, sorrowful gaze.

'As if she were taking leave of him forever," thought Claire. And that is what Madeline was doing. When she came to the city, it was with the determination to win the love of this man, if it could be won; to let nothing stand between herself and the fulfilment of that purpose. But all this had been changed, and seeing how bravely Claire bore the shock of her lover's baseness, how proudly, how nobly, she commanded herself, Madeline had abandoned her pur-

"I am not worthy of him, and she is, she told herself. When she declared that Claire should be happy, she bade farewell to her own hope of future happiness. She would help him to win the girl he loved, and

then she would be content to die; aye, more than content. To-night, therefore, she was saying in "but you can be yourself, and that will her heart a farewell to this man, who make us happy. was so dear to her. She had almost hoped that she should not meet him again for the present, and yet she was so glad to have seen him once more. She was glad of his presence, yet fearful lest her good resolution might be shaken. She would not let him be too kind to her, rather let

"Shall you not come back to the city soon, Miss Payne? Surely your old home can not be the most charming place in your eyes," questioned Clarence, after a

him think her ungrateful, anything-

what could it matter now?

"I don't intend returning to the city -at least not for some time, Doctor Vaughan.' Clarence looked perplexed.

To break the silence that ensued, Claire crossed to the piano and began playing soft, dreamy fragments of melody. Presently Olive took up the conversation, and when Madeline again turned her face toward him, he was listening to Olive and looking at Claire. It was the same look, yearning, tender Claire, all unconscious of his gaze, was

looking at Madeline, as she played softly As Olive and Clarence talked, Claire

light, and gradually there crept upon her the world." Her voice was low, by the remembrance that she had seen that firm, dogged almost, in its tone.; same look, only not so woeful, in the eye of Clarence Vaughan; that same look fixed upon herself, Involuntarily her fingers slipped from the keys, and she turned from the instrument to encounter the same gaze fastened upon her now; ardent, tender, longing eyes they were, and her own fell before them. Claire Keith was troubled. She wanted

to be alone, to think. She murmured an excuse; her head ached; she would retire. Clarence had noted an unusual brightness in her eye, and a feverish flush upon her cheek. Now, however, she was quite pale, and as she extended her hand to him with a strange, new sensation of diffidence and consciousness, he clasped it for a moment in his own, and said, earnestly: "You do not look at all well, Miss Keith; you are sure it is only a headache?" "Quite sure," smiling faintly.

"Then good-night. I shall inquire after your head to-morrow.' 'Thank you," she murmured.

Then nodding to her sister and Madeline, she glided from the room. It had all come upon her at once. Edward Percy was an imposter; Edward Percy, as she believed in him, had never existed. The love that she had believed

hers was hers no longer, or, if it were, she no longer desired it. Almost simultaneously with this knowledge, came the unspoken assurance that she was the possessor of a worthier love, a manlier heart. She could not feel glad to know this, yet she was not sorry. Somehow it soothed her to know that she was not a forsation, loveless maiden. It was something to possess the love of so good a man, even

if she could make it no return. But Madeline. Poor Madeline; she loved this man; she needed his love, she Claire pulled back the curtains from

her window, and gazed out into the starlit night. "She needs this love," the girl murmured. "Clarence Vaughan shall learn to love her, if I can bring it about. Yes, even if I loved him, I would give

#### CHAPTER XX.-STRUGGLING AGAINST FATE.

When Claire left the drawing room, Madeline had started up as if to follow her. Recalling herself, she sat down again, keeping, as before, near to Olive, and taking as little share in the conversation as was possible. She dared not trust herself too much; her good resolves were strong, but not stronger than was the charm of his voice and presence. "Let them think me uncivil," she murmured to herself; "what does it mat-

Ciarence had held frequent council together concerning the wayward girl, and how they could best influence her aright without breaking the letter or spirit of their promise to her. And the absence of C'aire added to their freedom of speech. O ive had intimated to Doctor Vaughan that Madeline had taken some, perhaps, unsafe, steps in the pursuit of her enemies. He, understanding the impetuosity of the girl, as well as her reckless fearlessness, could not conceal the

Acting under an impulse of disinterested kindness, Clarance Vaughan crossed the room and sat down by Madeline's

"Miss Madeline," he said, as respectfully as if to an empress, "we, Mrs. Girard and myself, cannot get rid of the idea that somehow you partly belong to us; that we ought to be given a little, just a very little, authority over you," There was a shade of bitterness in the

girl's answer. "You have the right to exercise authority over me, if you choose to do so. You are my benefactors." They felt the reproof of her words. This keen-witted, uncontrollable girl, was putting up barrier upon barrier between herself and their desire to serve her. Very

quietly he answered her. "You do us an injustice, when you suggest that we claim your confidence on the score of any indebtedness on your part. It has been our happiness to serve you. If we have not your esteem, if we may not

stand toward you in the light of a brother and sister, anxious only for your welfare and happiness, then we have no claim upon you."
"My happiness!" The face was averted, but the lips were pale and drawn, and the words came

through them like a moan. Olive stirred uneasily. She could see that the girl was suffering, although she

did not guess at the cause. "Yes." continued Clarence, laying his hand gently upon hers; "Madeline-will you let me call you Madeline?-will you let me be your brother? I have no sister. simost no kin; I won't be an exacting brother," smilingly. "I won't overstep the limits you set me, but we must have done with this nonsense about benefactors, and gratitude, and all that." No answer, eyes down dropped, face

still half-averted, and looking as if harden-"What is my fate?" still holding her hand. "Can you accept so unworthy a

"Yes." in such a cold. far-away tone.

He lifted the hand to his lips. "Thank Madeline." he said, as if she had

done him high honor. Madeline felt her courage failing her. How could she listen to him, talk to him. with anything like sisterly freedom, and not prove false to her resolve to further his cause with Claire? And yet how could she refuse him the trust he asked

It was very pleasant to know that he was thus interested in her; she felt herself slipping quickly into a day-dream in which nothing was distinct save that there existed a bond between them, that he had claimed the right to exercise authority over her, and that she was very, very glad even to be his slave. Listening to his voice, a smile crept to her lips, and

"The eyes smiled too. But 'twas as if remembering they had And knowing they would some day weep

"I don't intend to give up my claims upon Madeline; I elected her my sister. when I brought her home with me. And I had been flattering myself that I was to have a companion, but I am afraid she will run away from me. She ought to take Claire's place in my home, ought she Claire is with me so little, "said Olive.

Madeline smiled sadly. "I could never do that," she said; "I could no more fill Claire's place than I could substitute myself for the rays of the sun." "Claire would laugh at you for that

speech," said Olive. "But it is true; is it not?" appealing to Doctor Vaughan. He colored slightly under her gaze, 'We don't want two Claires, he said:

The girl let her eyes fall, and rest upon "I would like to make you happy, she "Really?

"Really," lifting her eyes to his face. "Then, promise us that you will let us help to right your wrongs, and that you will come back, like a good sister, and stay with Mrs. Girard.

Her face hardened. "I can not, she said, briefly. "You will not, seriously." No answer.

"Madeline, what is it you wish to do?" "What I wish to do, I can not. I can tell you what I intend to do." sitting very "Then what do you intend?"

"I intend," turning her eyes away from them both, and fixing them moodily upon the fire, "to follow up the path in which I have set my feet. I intend to oust a base adventuress from the home that was my mother's: to wrest the fortune that was mine from the grasp of a bad old man, and make him suffer for the wrong he did my mother. I intend to laugh at Lucian Davlin, when he is safe behind prison bars; to hunt down and saw the face of the girl grow dark; she frustrate an imposter, and by so doing, saw her eyes full of a hungry, despairing clear the name of Philip Girard before all the world." Her voice was low, but very He turned a perplexed face toward

> "What does it all mean ?" he asked. "What she says," replied Mrs. Girard. flushing with suppressed excitement. "She has found a clue that may lead to

> Philip's release." He moved nearer to the girl, and taking her hand, drew her toward him, until she faced him.

"Madeline, is this true?" "And you will hold me to a promise not to lift a hand to help clear the name of my friend?" reproachfully.

"Yes," unflinchingly. "Are you doing right, my sister?" She attempted to draw away her hand. "Child, what can you do?" She turned her eyes toward Olive. "She

will tell you what I have done. I can do much more." Olive came suddenly to her side. "Oh, Madeline!" she said, "let him take all this into his hands, It is not fit work for you. It will harden you, make you bitter,

Madeline wrested her hand away and sprang up, standing before them flushed and goaded into bitterness. "Yes," she cried, wildly, "I know; you her moud of dreamy happiness.

need not say it. It will harden me; it has already. It will make me bitter and bad, freshed, and quice mistress of herself. unfit for your society, unworthy of your friendship. I shall be a liar, a spy, a hpyocrite—but I shall succeed. You see, you were wrong in offering me your he: e.r: friendship, Doctor Vaugahn. I shall not be worthy to be called your sister, but," man happy. Let his love atone to you brokenly, "you need not have feared. I for this present bicterness. God biess never intended to presume upon your you both! friendship; I never intended to trouble you after—after my work is done. Ah! how Madeline turned her back upon the pretty dared I think to become one of you-I, villa, and was driven swiftly to the ran whom you rescued from a gambler's den; roat depot, she wondered why Claire I who go about disguised, and play the servant to people whom you would not

touch. You are right; after this I will go my way alone. Her voice became inarticulate, the last word was a sob, and she turned swiftly

Olive sprang forward with a remorseful cry, but Clarence Vaughan motioned her back, and with a quick stride was at the door, one hand upon it, the other firmly clasping the wrist of the now sobbing girl. Closing the door, which she had partially opened, he led her back, very gently, but firmly, and placing her in a chair, stood beside her until the sobs ceased. Then he drew a chair close to her

These are your own morbid fancies. Because you are playing the part of amateur detective, you are not necessarily cut off from all your friends. We would not doubt as she would Claire Keith stoutly give you up so easily, and there is too defended every act, and averred that much that is good and noble in you to render your position so very dangerous to from that hour, Claire began to plot your womanhood. You have grieved Mrs. Girard deeply by imputing any such meaning to her words. Can't you understand, child, that it is because we care for and was closeted with Olive a very long you, because we want to shield you from the hardships you must of necessity this young lady had surprised her sister undergo, that we wish you to let us work

Madeline shivered and gave a long sob-He took both listless hands bing sigh. "Now, sister mine, won't you make me a promise, just one?"

Her hands trembled under his. How could she resist him when his strong, sed, Doctor Vaughan addressed himself firm clasp was upon her; when he was to Claire: "Miss Keith, you have been a looking into her eyes pleadingly, even good listener. Won't you give us your tenderly; when his breath was on her cheek, and his voice murmured in her little friend?" ear? She sat before him, contrite, conquered, strangely happy; conscious of nothing save a wish that she might die ment: "First, let me make the amende then and there, with her hands in his. | honorable, Doctor Vaughan. I presented She was afraid to speak and break the myself at this interview with the full inspell. He had said that he cared for her, tention, and for the express purpose, of

was not that enough? "Tell me, Madeline." "Yes." she breathed, rather than ut-"Thank you. Now, sister, we are go-

ing to trust to your sagacity in this mat- judged you. I did not think you would ter. But you must promise me, as your so heartily approve of Madeline's course, brother, who is bound to look after your and I was bristling with bayonets to dewelfare, that you will take no decisive | fend her." steps without first informing us, and "I must own to being of Claire's that as soon as the work becomes too opinion," interposed Olive, looking someheavy for your hands, you will call upon me to help you. My sister will surely do nothing that her brother cannot sanc-

She dropped her eyes and said, simply: "I will do what you wish me to." "You will give me your confidence,

that has happened thus far from Mrs. | and delicacy. But we must consider that

"And, after hearing it, may I communicate with you?" She glanced up in surprise. "Or," continued he; "better still, may

over with you, should I deem it advisable?" "If you wish;" looking glad.
"Mind, I don't want to intrude; I will not come if you dent desire it; but I shall wish to come. And you may manage our tive, Mrs. Girard; in the hands of the interviews as you see fit. I will do noth- shrewdest and ablest little detective that ing to compromise you in the eyes of could, by any possibility, have been the people you are among. May I come?" found. Why, Madeline has accomplished,

under his hand. "Then we will say no more about all this to-night. You have already abused your strength, and if you don't get rest and sleep we shall have you ill again, and then what would become of our little detective?" Olive came forward with outstretched

"Yes;" very softly, and trembling

hands and pleading eyes. "I can't wait any longer to be forgiven for my thoughtless words," she said. "Madeline you will forgive me?" "Of course Madeline will," replied Clarence "Now you had better forgive Madeline for putting such a perverse construction upon your words, and then we will send her away to get the rest she

must have." "I was abominable, Olive," said the girl, so ruefully that Clarence laughed outright, "Of course, I know you are too kind to say a cruel thing. I-1 be-

"Of course you were trying to quarrel with us; and I haven't a bit of faith in your penitence now, young lady," said Clarence, rising and smiling. "I can't believe in you until I am assured that you will go to bed straightway, and swallow every drop of the wine i shall send up to you.

"With something nice in it," suggested "With something very nice in it, of course. Now, will you obey so tyrannical a brother, and swallow his first brotherly prescription without making a face?" All his kindness and care for her comfort brought a thrill of gladness to the girl's heart, and some of the old debonnaire, half-defiant light back to her eyes, as she replied, while rising from her chair, in obedience to a gesture of playful

referring to the wine: "Is it very bitter?" "Not very; but you must swallow every "And I will order the wine," said Olive, touching the bell. "You know, Dr. Vaughan, that Madeline leaves us

authority from Clarence, "Will I accept

Then making a wry face and evidently

a scolding and go to bed, that means "

in the morning?" "No?" in surprise. "Must you go "Yes," demurely, "unless I am for-"We are too wise to forbid you to do anything you have set your heart on.

Then I must bid you good-by here and now, for a little time." "Or a long one," gravely. "Not for a long one. 'If the mountain won't come,' you know-well, if I don't get very satisfactory reports from you.

look out for me.' "You can't get at me," wickedly. "Can't I? Wait and see. I'll come your grandfather, or your maiden aunt. "Please don't," laughing, "one spinster is enough.

"Well, I won't, then; I think I'll come as your tather confessor." At this Olive joined in the laugh. "Good-night, Dr. Vaughan." "Good night, Miss Payne," with exaggerated emphasis and dignity, but

holding fast to her hand. She looked at the hand doubtfully. then up into his face. "Good-nightbrother," with pretty shyness. "That is better," releasing the little hand. "Good night, sister mine. Mind you drink every drop of the wine." will!" quite seriously. "Good night, Olive."

Olive stooped and kissed her cheek Good night, dear," she said, "and happy Dr. Vaughan opened the door for her. and smiled after her as she looked back from the foot of the stairs. Then closing the door he came back, and stood on the

hearth-rug looking thoughtful. "It is a difficult nature to deal with, and in her present mood, a dangerous one. She is painfully sensitive, and posses ses an exceedingly nervous temperament Then, that episode with Davlin was very humiliating to her, and it is constantly in her mind. Evidently she has lately been under much excitemenet, and she is hardly berself to-night. I think, however, if I were you, I would make no further effort to dissuade her from her purpose.

It will do no good, and harm m ght come "Indeed, I will not." said Olive. "How thankful I am that you were here; your carmne's and tact has saved us something not pleasant. I don't think could have managed her myself." · Probably not; and now I will prepare soothing and sleeping draught, and then, as it is late, will detain you no longer. Perhaps you had better see that

the draught is administered Olive gladly accepted the charge, an shortly after Doctor Vaughan took in departure, wise and yet blind; blind ato the true cause of Made! n s outbreak and subsequent submissiveness. Made ine obeyed to the letter the in structions of Doct r Vaughan. As a re sult, she fell aslee, almost immediataly

before calm thought had come to di pe in the morning she awoke quieted, re-

"Dear Claire, you can make a no le

had respon ed to it only with a pass...n-

ate kiss and with tears in her beautigi And Claire, having seen her driven from the door, fled recipitately to her room. Looking herself in, she fell upon her anees beside a low chair. Burying her face in her hands she wept bitteriynot for herseif, but for the girl who was

so heroically resigning to another the man she loved; who was going for h aione, to encounter hardship, perh per danger, to fight single handed, not only her own battles, but those of her triends "And I dared to judge her." said the girl indignantly. "I presumed to c.101cise the delicacy of this grand, brave

"My little sister, we never meant this. nature! Why, I ought to be proud to claim her friendship, and I am!' From that hour, let Madeline's course seem ever so doubtul, let Olive fear and Madeline could do nothing wrong. And upon her own responsibility.

In due course Doctor Vaughan called, time-rather, with Olive and Claire, for by expressing a desire to hear what Doctor Vaughan would say of Madeline's adventures. To tell the truth, Claire had fancied that Clarence would criticise more or less, and it was in the capacity of champion .o. the absent that sue appeared at the interview.

After the matter had been fully discusopinion as to the achievements of our

Claire came forward, with a charming mixture of frankness and embarrasswaging war upon you both, it necessary, and I had no doubt that it would be." Doctor Vaughan looked much aston-

"But," pursued Claire, "I have mis-

what amused. Clarence smiled and then looked thoughtful. "I can easily understand." he said.

seriously, "how you ladies might have looked upon the course Miss Payne has taken, as an objectionable, even an improper, one. The position in which she has placed herself is, certainly, an unusual, "Am I to hear a complete history of all startling one for a woman of retinement the occasion is also an unusual one, and ordinary measures will not apply sucthe impropriety, no one need fear to trust his or her honor in the keeping of a

woman as brave and noble as Madeline I come down to Bellair and talk things | Payne is proving herself." "Then you do not censure Madeline for refusing to trust the matter in the hands of a detective?" questioned Olive. . The matter is in the hands of a detecin a short time, what the best uctue ives on our regular force might ave aborel at for a year, and then failed Caire threw a look of tri 1 101 15 av

sister "Oh, how gail am 60 hear you

say all this, and now got Mulcline

would be," Then she checket herself "I can suggest but one improvement upon the present state of things," said Clarence, after a mount's relection. That is, if we can pecsuate Maledine to permit it, and I think we can; we should set two men at work, neither one to be aware of the emplo; ment of the other. One to trace ous as much of the past of this man P. ray, as may be. The other to perform the same office for Davin. Of course, they would not be advised of the actual reason for these re-

searches, and so their investigations would in no way interfere with Madelieve I was trying to quarrel with you all; line s pursuit of the game at wakley. 1 don't think we could improve upon the present arrangement there." "And how do you propose to bring this about? ' questioned Oliva. By going down to Bellair, as soon as I

can get the necessary permission from our little generalissimo and talking the mas ter over with her. I think she will see the propriety of the move, don't you? appealing to Claire. 'I think she will follow your advice.

"I hope she will," said Olive. "I know she will do exactly light, asserted Claire, so positively that they both smiled. "I think I may venture to agree with you, Mis Keith," said Dr. Vaughan. "You had better, both of you, where Madeline is concerned, looking ferocious. "I begin to think that valor is infec

tious," laughed Olive, and Clarence

joined in the laugh. Altogether the result of their counci was pleasing to each of the three. Olive ever with generous Claire; and she was dear lady." pleased with his feank admiration of Madeline's courage, and full of hope for Madeline's future

"He admires her now. He will love

her by and by," she assured herself. CHAPTER XXI. -HAGAR AND CORA.

Meanwhile, Lucian Davlin had hastened to Bellair in response to Cora's summons, full of conjectures as to what had pretty face going to and fro through the

"turned up." When the noon train from the city puffed up to the little platform, Lucian Davlin was among the arrivals and at the end of the depot platform stood the dainty phaeton of Mrs. John Arthur. That lady herself reined in her prancing ponies, and the whole formed an object of admiration for the few depot loungers. As Lucian Davlin crossed the platform and took his seat beside the lady, an old woman hobbled across the track. Casting a furtive glance in the direction the

ponies were taking, she hobbled away toward the wood. Miss Arthur's maid had surmised aright. It was no part of Cora's plan to permit the inmates of Oakley a view of Mr. Davlin on this occasion. So the ponies were driven briskly away from the own, and when that was left behind, permitted to walk through the almost leafless woods while Cora revealed to Lucian the extent of the fresh calamity that had befallen them in the advent of Mr. Percy. "Well, what have you to say to all this?" demanded the lady, pettishly, after she had disburdened herself of the story, with its most minute particulars. "This is a pretty state of affairs, is it not? I am worn out. I wish Oakley

and the whole tribe were at the bottom of the sea!" "Stuff!" with much coolness; then taking a flask containing some amber liquid from a breast pocket he held it between his eyes and the light for critical examination.

"Stuff? where? In that flask?" "No, in your words. This," shaking ASK FOR the amber liquid, is simon pure; best French. Have some? I felt as if I needed a 'bracer' this morning." "Up all night, I presume," eyeing him

take acy? Then, here's confusion to Percy," and he took a long draught.

(Now, then," pocketing the brandy and lot lot.

(Now, then," pocketing the brandy and lot. this fellow pounce down upon us like this? I thought he was safe in Cuba?" "He will never be safe anywhere, until he gets to-"

"Heaven," suggested he. "I suppose it was stupid," she went on, gloomily. "But when Ellen Arthur raved of her dear friend Mr. Percy, how was I to imagine that among all the Percys on earth, this especial and particular one should be the Percy. I wrote you that she had a lover of that name: did it occur to you that it might be he?"

maliciously. "Well, candidly, it did not." "We were a pair of stupid fools, and we are finely caught for our pains.' "First statement correct," composedly; don't agree with the last, however."

"Why not?" "Does he know I am on deck?" "Didn't inquire after me, or say any thing about the documents?"

"No special inquiries."

"Well, then, where is the great danger?" "Where?" much astonished. 'Yes, where! If you told me all the ruth concerning yourself ten years ago, Dunlap, McKim & Downs. we can make him play into our hands.

"Don't go too fast. When you told me that he believed you to have left home because of an unkind step-mother, was "It was true. I did leave home and

come to the city when I was but sixteen, because my father was a drunkard and my step-mother abusive, and we were poor and I was proud." Don't doubt that fact;" with an out ward gesture of the supple hand. "But

you told him that you had two big step-Cora laughed. "A big brother is an excellent weapon to hold over the heads of some men," she suggested. "True," with an amused look.

"Why didn't you brandish one over "Over you?" laughing again "You and Percy were two different men." "Much obliged." lifting his hat with mock gravity. "Well, we are 'two different men,' still; just let your pretty little head rest, and leave Percy to me." "I wish to heaven you had made an

"'Ah-h-h I have sighed to rest me," warbled Davlin. "Cora, my love, never put your foot on too dangerous groun !. "Well, I do wish so, all the same," said she, with feminine pertinacity. "Now, tell me what your plan is. We

want to understand each other, and have no more bungling." "All you will have to do will be to keep quiet and follow my cue. When I come down, we must manage it that I meet Percy in Miss Arthur's absence. The rest is easy; this Mr. Percy will not find his path free from obstacles, I think."

"What game will you play?" "Precisely what I am playing now. am your brother. That will explain some things that puzzled him some time ago,' dryly. "I am your sole protector, saving the old chap, don't you see?" The woman pondered a moment. "I think it will answer," she said, at last "At any rate, it is the best we can do

A little more conversation, and Cora was quite satisfied with that and other arrangements. Then the ponies were head ed toward the village, and driven at a brisk pace, thus enabling Mr. Davlin to catch the afternoon train back to the city. No one at Oakley was any the wiser for his visit. It was no uncommon thing for Cora to drive out unattended, and she returned to the manor in a very good humor, considering the situa-

Gora's drive had given her an appetite, and she had partaken of no luncheon. She therefore ordered a very bounteous one to be served in the red parlor. Mr. Arthur was enjoying his usual afternoon siesta; Miss Arthur was invisible, for which Cora felt duly thankful; and so she settled herself down to solitude, cold chicken and other edibles, and her own Ever and anon she gazed listlessly from the window, letting her eyes rove from the terrace to the hedgerow walk, the woods beyond, and back again to the ter-

race. Suddenly she bent forward, and looked earnestly at some object, moving toward the stile from the grove beyond, A moment later, it appeared in the gap of the hedge. Cora leaned back in her chair, still observant, muttering: "I thought so. It is that ugly old

woman. Now, what in the world does she want here, for-yes, she is entering the grounds, coming up the terrace " True enough, old Hagar was coming BATH GLOVES slowly along the terrace, taking a leisurely survey of the window facing that

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walk, as she did so. Casting her eyes upward, they met the gaze of Mrs. Arthur. SPONGES Then, much to the surprise of that lady. she paused and executed a brief pantomime, as grotesque as it was mysterious, Cora drew back in some astonishment, TOILET SOAPS pondering as to whether or no the oll woman might not be partially insane. when Susan, the maid of the romantic mind, appeared before her, and announced that the object of her thoughts was in the JUST ARRIVED kitchen, and begged that Mrs. Arthur would permit her an interview. Cora was still more surprised, "What

Mackenzie's Medical Hall, can she possibly want with me?" she asked herself, quite audibly. "If you please, ma'am," volunteered Susan, she said that it was something important; and that she never would have May 18, 1896. put her foot inside this house, begging your pardon, only for you. ' Flattering though this statement might

be, it did not enlighten her much. So, after a moment's reflection, Mrs. Arthur bade the girl, "show the old person up." Accordingly, in another moment almost, old Hagar was bowing very

The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general humbly before the lady with the silken Tinsmith and Iron Worker flounces. Susan retired reluctantly, deeply regretting that she could find no time to stop up the keyhole with her ear, thus rendering it impossible for prying eyes to peep through that orifice. "Well, old woman," began Cora,

rather inelegantly, it must be confessed, RE - LINING STOVE - OVENS "what on earth were you making such a fuss about, down on the terrace? And what do you want with me?' DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM A close observer of the human counat the same price as the usual single plate is put in

tenance divine would never have judged, from the small amount of expression that was manifest in the face of Hagar, was hopeful; Clarence was full of en- that her reply would have been such a thusiasm, and more deeply in love than very humble one. "I want to serve you, The "dear lady" pursed up her lips in

surprise. "You-want-"

one to warn you but me.'

"To warn you, madame." Cora was dumb with astonishment, not unmingled with apprehension. What had broken loose now? "I am only a poor old woman, lady, Agricultural Machinery and and nobody thinks that old Hagar has a heart for the wrongs of others. I said that I would never cross John Arthur's Hardwick Village, Bay du Vin threshold again; but I have seen your

"Oh, you did," remarked Cora, not knowing whether to be alarmed or amused, at the old woman's earnestness. "Well, old-what's your name?" "Hagar, lady." "Well, old Hagar, do you mean to tell me that I am in any particular danger

village streets, and I knew there was no

just at present?" "Is the dove in danger when it is in the nest of the hawk?" said Hagar, closing her eyes tight as she uttered the word, but looking otherwise very tragical. Cora laughed musically. "Good gracious, old lady!" She was modifying

her titles somewhat, probably under the influence of Hagar's flatteries. "You mean to compare me to a dove," laughing afresh, "in-a hawk's nest? Oh. dear! oh, dear!" wiping her eyes. "Now, then, please introduce me to the wicked Hagar was getting tired of her part and she made a direct rush at the point of the business and with very good

dramatic effect. "I mean your husband'

she said vehemently. "I mean John

Arthur. He is a bad man. If he has not

done it already he will make you miser-

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