JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

OR THE DETETIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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

natural 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 | language. unnecessarily; "all because I think she is too young, and too pretty, to be sacrificed like the others-'

"Like the others? What 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-"

"Now, you fear he will make an end of me?" briskly "Sit down, old lady." becoming a Ill more affable. "So Mr. Arthur ill-used his first wife, my predecessor?" "Thank you, dear lady; you are very kind to a poor old woman," seating her- surely relieved of one fear."

self gingerly on the edge of a chair opposite Cora. "Yes, nd ed, he did ill-use her. She was my mistress, and I shall always hate him for it." Cora mused. Here was an old servant

she not prove useful after a time? At any | more." 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 sweet and good, was my poor mis-

tress Oh, he is a bad, bad man, madaine, and you suraly cannot be very happy with him." "And he was unkind to his stepdaughter, too?" ignoring the last sup-

position. "Unkind? He was a wretch. Oh, 1 could almost murder him for his cruelty to that poor dead lassie" fiercely. 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. have a little home where he can't avoid seeing me sometimes. I believe if I kept always appearing before him, he would go raving mad, he hates me to that ex-

"Um-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?" 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." Cora started. "Well Hagar," she said, sweetly, "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 "Well," laughing, "I'll try and not let

him lock me up, at any rate. Now, is there anything I can do for you?" "Oh, no, lady. You looked so pretty. and so good that I wanted to warn you; that is all. I should be glad if I could serve you, too, but I could never serve him. I don't want for anything, dear lady. Now the old woman will go." "I won a forget you, Hagar, if I ever

need a friend." Hagar turned toward her "If you ever want to make him feel what it is to make others suffer, Hagar will help

There was a vindictive light in the old woman's eyes, and she hobbled out of the room, looking as if she meant all she had

Cora sat, for a time, pon lering over the interview, and trying to trace out some motive for insincerity on the old woman's part. But she could see none. She resolved to investigate a little, and all that evening was the most attentive and agreeable of wives. Abundant and versatile was her conversation. Deftly she led the talk up to the proper point, and then said, carelessly:

priving through the village to-day I passed that queer old woman-Hagar, do they call her? She glared at me, on! so savagely."

"She is an old hag!" Mr. Arthur answered, with unnessary fierceness "I don't see what Satan has been about all these years that he's not taken her away to her proper atmosphere.'

"Why," in pretty surprise, "I thought she used to be one of your servants?" "She was a servant to my first wife, moodily. "I got rid of the baggage quick enough when Mrs. Arthur died. She is an old viper, and put more disobedience into that girl Madeline's head than I erer could get out." "What a horrid old wretch she must

be!" shuddering. Then the conversation dropped, and Cora was satisfied. "The old woman shall be my tool, she thought, triumphantly.

CHAPTER XXII.-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 took the path through the woods. When she had traversed it half way, she came upon old Hagar, who was seated upon a fallen log awaiting her. Looking cautiously about to assure herself that the interview would have 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

Expressing herself fully satisfied with what she heard, Celine made the old woman acquainted with the result of her visit to the city, or as much of it as was necessary and expedient. Then, after some words of mutual council, 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 held high place in the affections of Miss Arthur, truth to tell, since her astonish. ing discovery of Mr. Edward Percy, in the character of young Romeo, promenading within sight of his lady's window.

"Celine," simpered Miss Arthur, while the damsel addressed was brushing out her mistress's hair, preparatory to building it 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

"Oh, mademoiselle, I could never do that!" cooed the girl, with wicked double meaning. "And,"

pursued Miss Arthur. graciously, "you are really quite a sagacious and discreet young person. "Thanks, miladi." Then, as if recollect-

ing herself, Pardon mademoiselle, but

you are so like her ladyship, Madame Le Baronne De Orun, my very first mis-"Oh, I don't mind it at all, Celine.

As 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 Merci! no; my lady. Madame Le Bar-

French ladies, oui, mademoiselle, always | Claire's. At sight of the third, her heart put confidence in their maids. And a gave a great bound, and then almost maid will die rather than betray a good stood still. It was superscribed in a firm,

"Exactly, Celine-are you going to put my hair so high?"

'Very high, miladi." well; will it be becoming?

comme il faut! Chere amie, le-chef-Miss Arthur collapsed, and Celine continued to build up an atrociously unbecoming pile of puffs and curls in trium-Celine never indulged in her native

tongue so she assured her mistress, ex-

Cora drew herself up and tried to look | cept when carried away by momentary "Old lady" she said with super- enthusiasm, or unwonted emotion. It was bad taste, she averred, and she de-

sired to cultivate the beautiful American Presently Miss Arthur made another venture, feeling quite justified in following in the footsteps of so august a personage as Madame Le Baronne. "Did you see Mr. Percy after you left

Bellair? "No, mademoiselle." Did you observe if he returned in the same train with yourself?" No. mademoiselie." Then, with

meaning little laugh: "Monsieur will not remain long from Oakley." Miss Arthur tried to look unconscious and succeeded in looking idiotic. "Pardon, mademoiselle, but I can' forget that night. Mademoiselle is

"What is that?" "The fear of being wooed because o her wealth." Miss Arthur started, then said: "There may be something in that, Celine; and who hated the master of Oakley; might | 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.' "Yes; and then she rewards my brother

for all his kindness by running away." "Merci, mademoiselle!" suddenly re-"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 "What a very wicked young person

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 "But," pursued Miss Arthur, "when she died, my brother acquired uncon-ditional 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

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

Celine was now surprised in earnest. Miss Arthur had spoken the truth. With shrewd foresight she had made John Arthur sign certain papers two years before, in consideration of sundry loans from her. And of this state of affairs every one, except their two selves and the necessary lawyer, had remained

The girl's eyes gleamed. This was still better. It would make her vengeance more complete.

And now Miss Arthur was thrown into a state of girlish agitation by the appearance of Susan, who announced that Mr. Percy was in the drawing-room, awaiting the pleasure of his inamorata. She bade Celine make haste with her complexion and, after the lapse of something like half an hour, swept down to welcome her lover, with a great many silk amber flounces following in her wake. Celine Leroque gazed after her for a moment and then closed the door. Flinging herself down "at ease" in the

spinster's luxurious dressing chair, she pulled off the blue glasses and let tire malicious trimuph dance in her eyes as much as it would. "Oh, you are a precious pair, you two, brother and sister. The one a knave, the

other a fool! It is really pathetic to se how you mourn my loss. I have a great Here something seemed to occur to her that checked her mutterings, and sent her

off into deep meditation. After a long stillness she uttered a low, mocking laugh that had, too, a tinge of mischief Rising slowly from the dressing chair, she said, as she nodded significantly to her image reflected back from Miss Arthur's drossing glass:

"I'll put that idea into execution some nice night, and then won't there be a of herfriends-of all save Doctor Vaugh row in the castle? Ah! my charming an. She would not mention him mistress, if you had spoken one kind or regretful word for poor Madeline, it lightly; so she would say of him nothing John A would have been better for you!'

What was the girl meditating now? What did she mean? I'll take a little private amusement out | read this letter she smiled and said: "The of you all, while I feel quite in the mood. | dear little hypocrite! As if she could I won't be too partial.'

Then she betook herself to her own neglect. Oh! you proud, stiff-necked, room and let her thoughts fly back to little detective!" Olive and Claire and-Clarence. Presently, for she was very weary, spite of the previous night's repose, she fell

Late that evening she flitted through the woods and across the meadow to the cottage of old Hagar. Sleep had refreshed her and she had dreamed pleasant

Old Hagar was overjoyed to see a smile n her nursling's face, and to hear, at times, a laugh low and sweet, reminding her of olden days. The garl remained with her old nurse for nearly an hour. When they parted there was a perfect understanding between them, in regard to future movements and plans.

Not one at Oakley was aware of Lucian Davlin's flying visit; thus much Celine knew. But of the purport and result of that visit she knew nothing. Nor could she guess. She must bide her time, for there seemed just now little to disturb the monotony of waiting.

One thing was, however, necessary. Wh n the time came for Miss Arthur to leave Oakley, Celine must remain. To that end she must contrive to fall out with the spinster, and "fall in" with Madame Cora. If that lady could not be beguiled into retaining her at Oaklev. she must resort to a more hazardous scheme. She had already taken a step toward in-gratiating herself with Mrs. Arthur, and with tolerable success. She was matur ing her plans and waiting for an oppor-

tunity to put them into action. No doubt but that by the time she had accomplished her object, if it could be accomplished, the opposite forces would come into conflict

CHAPTER XXIII.—SETTING SOME

SNARES. Three days had now passed since Madeline's return from the city. On the morning of the fourth day, she saized the first jeisure moment for a visit to the post-

office. Instead of the single letter from Olive that she had expected, she found They were enclosed in one wrapper. This she removed on her way back to Oakley, and found the first, as was the wrapper, addresed in Olive's hand The penmanship of the second was fairy-like and often deigned to ask my advice. But and beautiful, and she recognized it as

manly hand, and was, it must be, from Dr. Vaughan.

Once securely locked in her room, come to her dressing room and do her Madeline opened the first of her letters hair for dinner-after she was done wit with eager fingers. Yes, Olive's first. Miss Arthur, of course. "Oui; La mode la Francaise," relaps. The desire to see what he had said was ing into ecstacy and French. "Le coiffeur strong in her heart, but she had decided not to humor her heart. She held his letter caressingly for a moment and then CHAPTER XXIV,-A VERITABLE patting it beside Claire's opened and read Olive Girard's letter.

It was like Olive's self; sweet, womanly, hopeful, yet sad:

What a day of glory it lal been to the spinster, this day on which Madeline Dear Madeline-I am only now begi had read her three letters, and Cora

ning 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 you; for you and for Philip!

grant Doctor Vaughan's request, and

may God aid you in all that you do.

Then she opened Claire's letter.

lifted them from the perusal of this let-

all, I have betrayed myself to her?"

naking that discovery now.

almost dreading to break the seal.

My Brave Little Sister-You perceive,

have commenced my tyranny. And in-

stead of being able to grant favors to my

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

that. 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 sug-

gestion that has occurred to me since

hearing of your marvelous detective

Believe me, I cannot express the ad

miration I feel for your daring and tact.

I have no longer the faintest scruple as

to trusting this issue, so important to all

of us, in your hands. And I am more

May I come to Bellair, say on Monday

next? I will stop at the little station a

few miles this side of the village, and

Madeline's cheeks were flushed, he

"How they all trust me!" she ejaculat

ed; "and they always shall. I will never

She re-read all her letters, but would

not allow herself to linger too long over

that of Clarence Vaughan. She had re

solved to have no more weakness, no

more outbreaks of passion She was very

stern with herself. Even as a friend and

brother, she would not allow her thought

to dwell too much upon him, until she

grew stronger, and more perfect in her

table, and answered her letters.

Then she sat down at her humble little

To Olive she wrote a sweet, cheery

note, telling of her gratitude, her affec

tion, her hope for the fu:u:e; and then

she added a womanlike P. S. as follows:

Please say to Doctor Vaughan that

will be at Hagar's cottage on Monday

evening, but can't tell the precise time

may be able to appear. If he follows

the main road through the village unti

he has passed the grounds of O kley, he

will have no difficulty in finding the cot tage. It stands alone, almost in the

middle of a field, facing the waste and

"I cannot write to him," she said; "a

Then she wrote Claire a long, cheery

letter, saying little of herself, and much

But if Madeline was astute, Claire,

too, was beginning to develop that

deceive me by this 'evidently studied

And their game of cross purposes

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, motion-

less, listening intently. Pre-ently the sound was repeated, and then a look of

"Some one is in the deserted rooms,"

There was but one way to approach

A few paces beyond her door, the hall

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 cau-

tiously, having first donned her not

very becoming walking attire. Then she

took up her position 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

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 Enlgish, expressive of her

contrition and horror at having "al-

most overturned madama," and wound

up by saying, "Madame has been to my

room? Madame has desired some ser-

vice, perhaps? If so, she has only to

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

"Yes, Celine, I wanted you to de

Madame was collecting her thoughts.

"I-I wanted to ask if you could find

time to come to my room and try and

do something with my hair. Your hair-

dre-sing is perfect, and I am so tired

Celine would be only too happy.

Should she come now? She had just re

turned from the village; she would put

off her hat and te at malame's disposal,

But madame was not i clined to be

manipulated jast then Celina migh

So they se parated, mutually satisfied.

GHOST.

something for me, if you will."

"Anything, madame."

rallied her forces.

of my own.'

the closed-up rooms, and that way led

she thought. And she abandoned for

intelligence passed over the girl's face.

the present her purpose of going out.

past the door of Madeline's room.

the first habitation after Oakley.

be false to their friendship; no, not if to

serve them my heart's blood must be

come worm wood and gall."

C. E. VAUGHAN.

than proud of such a sister.

eyes shining.

renunciation.

at all.

went on.

to end, her face flushing and paling.

your cause is mine.

poor Philip, it is you.

ter, and she started:

had explored the shut-up wing. And what a day of torture to fastili- what is it?" ous Edward Perce, who would have welcomed any third presence, even Cora or John Ar hur-any one, anything, was better than that long slavery at scanty drapery. Again and again I implore you to the feet of a painted and too-visibly pardon me for ever doubting your wisdom ancient mistress. But even the longest or strength. If at any time I can aid you days have an end. At lass he was set CHAPTER XXV.-SOME DAYS OF -such poor aid--my purse is yours, as at liberty, and he hur iel back to the little inn literally kicking his way Claire and Doctor Vaughan will speak for themselves. And as I dare make no through the autumn darkness

The old house of Oakley stood, with more suggestions to so wise a woman, I its last light extinguished, tall, and only put in a faint little plea. Do, pray, somber, against a back-ground of black sky and blacker trees. At last every soul under its roof was asleep-all but one. That one was very wide awake and "Doctor Vaughan's request!" repeated Intent on mischief.

the girl. "Would that I could grant him Love-making, dear reader, although not only all his requests, but all his rou may not know it, is a wearisome business, even if ever so agreeable. Especially is it wearisome to those like Miss Arthur-maidens whose waists are My Grand Madeline-How proud I am too tight, whose compl xions will illto claim you for my friend! I shall endure lip service, and whose tresss are never again conduct myself with any liable to become not only dishevelled degree of meekness toward people who but dislocated. Therefore, when Miss have not the happiness of knowing you. Arthur had dismissed her lover, with a And you should hear Doctor Vaughan sigh of regret, she lost no time in extol you! He says you are wiser and doffing her glories with a sigh of relief. braver than any detective That he would Even a very rich and hearty luncheon. trust you in any emergency That if any which her maid had provided, was one can lift the cloud that hangs over gormandized rather than enjoyed, so tempting did her couch look to the My heart tells me that you will yet

worn-out damsel. prove the good angel of Philip and Olive. Miss Arthur had refreshed herself with as already you have been mine; and soon, an hour's uninterrupted repose, and I pray, you will become that and more was revelling in a dreamy Arcadia, hand to Doctor Vaughan; you must and shall. in hand with her beloved, when some-I shall have no wish ungratified when I thing cold falling on her cheek dispelled can see your trials at an end; and yourself, her visions. She started broad awake. surrounded by us who love you, happy and face to face with a horrible reality. at last. Don't let all these other claim-The moon was pouring a flood of ants push me out of your heart; always silvery light in through the two winkeep one little place for your loving dows, facing the south, whose curtains were drawn back, making the room al-

most as light as at mid-day. Madeline's eyes were moist when she And there, near her bed, almost in reach of her hand, stood Madeline Payne. "Bright, beauitful, brave Claire," she all swarthed in white clinging cerymurmured; "who could help loving ber?" ments, ghastly as a corps, holloweyed and awful, but, nevertheless, Then her eyes fell again upon the let-Madeline Payne! Over her white temples "'You will become that and more to dropped rings of curly, yellow hair, and Doctor Vaughan,' " she read. "What can across the pale lips a mocking smile was

she mean? Can it be possible that, after flitting. Miss Arthur gasped and closed her eyes very tight, but they would not stay She re-read the letter from beginning c osed. They flew open again to behold "Oh!" she whispered softly, "she has the vision still there. The spinster was read my heart, and we are playing at transfixed with horror. Cold drops of cross puprose ! What a queer rivalry." perspiration oozad out upon her forethe girl actually laughed; "a rivalry of head and trickled down her nose. She renunciation. Does she yet know how he clutched at the bed-clothes convulsively, loves her, I wonder?" Then, her face and gazed and gazed,

growing graver, "she won't be long in | Wider and wider stared her eyes, but so sound escaped her lips. She gazed She took up Clarence Vaughan's letter, and gazed, but the specter would not vanish. 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. new sister, I am reduced to the necessity 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 ave minutes, began to find it manaton-

> Slowly, slowly from among the snowy drapery came forth a white hand, that pointed at the occupant of the bed with silent menace. The spell was broken. The lips of

Miss Arthur were unclosed, and shrieks. one following the other in rapid succession, resounded in the ears of even the most remote sleepers. With the utterance of her first yell, Miss Arthur had made a desperate

plunge to the further side of her bed,

away from the specter: and, turning her face to the wall, shut out thus the appalwalk or drive over, and find my way to ling white vision. the cottage of your old nurse where you Having once found her voice, Miss can meet me, unless you have a better place to suggest. I shall anxiously Arthur continued to clutch at the bed await your answer, and am your brother clothes, glare at the wall, and shriek spasmodically, even after her "inner consciousness" must have assured her that the room now held others beside

herself and the ghost, supposing it to be still on the opposite side of the bed. Cora, in a state of wild deshabille; John Arthus, ditto, and armed with a cane; Susan and Mary, half in the room and half out; then Celine Leroque,

Nothing was amiss in the room; it could not have been a burglar. The night 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 access through the closed, but unbolted After a time, a long time, during which Cora and Celine administered sal volatile and other restoratives, Mr. Arthur 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

Cors only laughed, and Coline, glascing significantly at the lunch table, said, with a slight smile: "Mademoiselle has nerves, and she may have lunched heartily before re-

John Arthur strode across the room and viewed the debris of luncheon "Humph!' he grunted. "Oysters and salads, potted meat and pastry, strong "Yes, good people at Oakley, I believe quality. So when the latter young lady coffee and lemon syllabub with brandy. Good Lorl, I don't know what should have k pt the con ents of an entire cemetery from sweeping down upon your slumbers, you female gourmand Ghosts indeed!

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

Cora glanced up as the door banged after her lord and master, and ordered 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. Arthur. Celi ie smiled again: "Mademoiselle dismissed me before she had finis ed her luncheon. I had disrobed her previou: ly, and she said she should retire as soon as she drank her coffee. She may have forgotten the door." Cora turned toward the bed. "Die you lock your door, Ellen?" But Ellen did not know; she could not remember if she had or had not.

Then Cora said to Celine: "I am glad to find you so sensible. We shall have hard work now to convince those ridiculous servants that there is not a ghost in every corner." "I do not think that graves 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. Mis Arthur would not be left alone again. No argument could convince her that the specier was born of her imagination, and therefore not likely to return, So Cora bade Celine prepare to spend the remainder of the night in Miss Arthur's dressing room. Accordingly, Celine withdrew to her

own apartment, where her preparations

were made as follows :--First, she shook out the folds of a sheet that hung over a chair, and rastored it to its proper place on the bed. Then she removed from her dressing stand a box of white powder, and brushed away all traces of said powder from her garments and the floor. Nex', she carefully hid away a key that had fallen to the floor and lay near the classically folded sheet. These things accomplished she made a few additions to her toilet, extinguished 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 by the spinster's bed, and beginning to shiver in her somewhat scanty drapery. As the night wore on, and Miss Arthur became calmed and quiet, the girl lay back in the big dressing chair gazing into the grate and thinking. Her thoughts were sometimes of Claire, sometimes of Chironce, of the Girards,

cess as a ghostess, and at this she would almost laugh. But from every subject her mind would turn again and again to one ques.ion, that repea ed itself until it took the form of a gob. in and danced through ner dreams, when at last she slept, whispering over and over :--"What is is that Cora Arthur carries

and of Edward Percy; then of her suc-

in a belt about her waist? what is it? For the girl had made a strange discovery while Cora was sitting beside Miss Arthur's bed, clad only in night's

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WAITINO. Doctor Vaughan had written that he could find his way with ease to Nurse Hagar's cottage, and he did. Swinging himself down upon the dark end of the platform, when the evening train puffed into Bellair village, he crossed the track, and walked rapidly along the path that led in the direction of the cottage. He strods on until the light from the cottage window gleamed out upon the night, and his way led over the field. Half way between the stile and the cottage a ferm, evidently that of a woman, appeared before him, and

coming in his direction. The figure came nearer, and a voice, that was certainly not Madeline's, said: "Is the gentleman going to old Hagar's cottage?" "Are you Hagar?" replie! Clarence, Yankee fashio1. "I am Higar; and you are?"

"Then pass on, sir; the one you seek And the old woman waved her hand toward the light and hobbled on. Clarence stared after her for a moment; but the darkness had devoured her, and he resumed his way toward the cottage. In hastening to meet a friend we naturally have, in our mind, a pic ture. Our friend will look so, or so.

"Doctor Vaughan."

Thus with Clarence Vaughan. Expect ing to meet a pair of deep, s d, Leautiful eyes, lifted to his own; to tehold a fair forehead shadowet by soft, shiping curls; juige of Clarence's surprice when the opened door revealed to bin 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 unearthly, staring blue glasses. Madeline hat chosen to appear "in character" as this later law. She intended to keen her own personality one of sight, and she felt that she needed

SUMMER MILLINERY

the ald and concealment that her dis-

guise would afford. She would give

(To be continued.)

Claire's scheme; no vinage ground.



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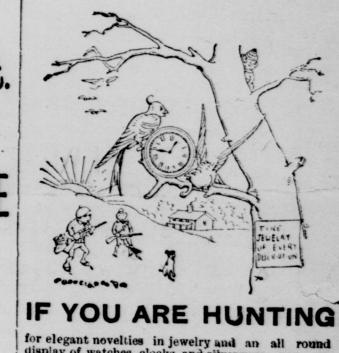
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