

A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER V.

AN IMPORTUNATE SUITOR.

"It makes me blush to tell you this, but Annetta felt powerless to refuse him. So merely eliciting from him the promise that he would leave me here- after undisturbed, she accepted from him the money which was necessary to robe the couch as he desired, and prepared to receive you, whom he designated as the artist he meant to employ. That I should wake, she knew; but she trusted that we should find you a gentleman, and we have, so much so that I do not believe you will betray us, even if this fanatic insists upon having a painting completed from this sketch."

"A painting? He shall never have the sketch even!" exclaimed young Degraw. "See your features in the grasp of a coarse man anxious to make money by exposing them to public view! Never! Not if I have to destroy!"

"Don't she cry, grasping his hand in hers, for he had made a movement as if to tear the drawing he had made. 'He is a dangerous man, Annetta says he is not to be trusted. If he detects the deception to which this old friend of mine has subjected him, what may we not expect in the way of persecution? Indeed, I dare not trust myself to this unknown man's mercies. I would rather he thought me dead till—'"

"Till what?"

"Till I can fly his reach or so merge myself in some other identity that he will never dare approach me again either as a lover or a friend."

"Pretty coward! And so you will not trust me to manage this man. I do not fear him."

"You are not a woman."

"True. Well, I will humor this whim. I will take the picture and tomorrow Annetta may send him to my studio. Meantime, may I hope that you will sleep sweetly, and without fear?"

"Oh," she murmured as she caught his look, so unmistakably full of suppressed love; "how can I thank you for your sympathy? How can I reward you for your goodness?"

"By such sleep," he answered. And taking her hand in his, he carried it to his lips, when, suddenly, from the doorway communicating with the room, a voice penetrated harshly through the apartment, crying, with a marked foreign accent:

"And who may you be, sir and what is your business here?"

"To the sound of a scream from the signorina's lips, young Degraw turned. Before him, in the doorway I have mentioned, he saw standing the slight, dark and unprepossessing figure of a man so evidently Italian in his appearance and bearing, that it did not need the hurried bound and startled exclamation of the Portuguese for him to recognise in his menacing intruder the Signor Montelli.

"So, so, we are to wind up with a scene," thought he; and instinctively stepped between this stranger and the shrinking figure of the Signorina. But the precaution seemed needless. At the first words uttered by the Portuguese, the Italian broke into a harsh laugh, and drawing the old crone after him, left the room and shut the door behind him. Mr. Degraw, surprised by this sudden departure, stood staring, while the signorina trembled so that she seemed in danger of falling.

"It is very strange," quoted the former, "He did not seem to notice that the couch was empty and that you stood living and breathing before him. The Portuguese cannot be as true to you as you thought. She must have told him that you would wake—"

"Oh! oh! hush!" broke from the young girl's lips, as the door opened

"I will be here at three," he murmured. And tearing his gaze away from her drooping face and figure, he dashed away from her drooping face and figure, he dashed across the threshold and out into the hall. As the door closed behind him her sob broke her bounds, and he distinctly heard her moan. But he dared not go back.

"This last mystery is worse than the first," so he commented, as he reached the street. "Is the Portuguese a demon, or—?" He did not complete his sentence, for just then he caught sight of the figure of a man going on before him toward the avenue, and convinced that it was that of the hated Montelli, he quickened his pace in the hope of overtaking him and coming to some sort of an explanation.

But as soon as his step rung faster than that of the man in front did the same, and though he hurried to the full extent which decency allowed, he did not reach the man nor even catch the car which the other managed to board as it rushed down the somewhat steep incline which marks the avenue at this point.

When he came to think of it, however, he was not sorry that he had missed an encounter with a man, of whose resources and intentions he could know so little. If the signorina was all he believed her, she would preserve herself in safety till the morning, while if she were not, the sooner he forgot the bewitching face and touching manner, the better. Till tomorrow, then, he would be patient meanwhile trusting that all good angels would guard the rest of her whom in his inmost heart he felt to be the one woman chosen by Providence to be the light and glory of his life.

His studio when he returned to it, struck him for the first time in his remembrance as cold and barren. Though the signs of ideal life were about him, and from every quarter of the great room shone images of beauty and the creations of art, he experienced a sensation of desolation and loneli-

ness, that should have warned him of the depth of the experience which he had undergone since he had passed out of this place four hours before. The picture of the fair beauty was the sole object which seemed to possess any interest for him, and struck again by the oddity of the coincidence which had brought him face to face with the woman who had unconsciously furnished him with the basis for this painting, he lit all the gas jets in the room, and sat down to study this work of his in the light of his late encounter.

It was like her and yet it was not like her. The features, the grace, the coloring were all there, but the humanity which made her countenance so engaging, was lacking from this dream-like face.

"I have a fairy here," he muttered, "but she is a woman. Would it have been better if I had left her such in the painting? No; or I should have had no 'Dream' to match my beautiful 'Reality.'"

And he tore from his portfolio the sketch which he had made of the signorina, and with a heart throbbing too fast for comfort, placed it beside the painting he had just been contemplating, and sat down again to study them and compare.

O the exquisite contrast between them! And O the touching grace of his new idol! Could any one see such a face and not love it? Hamilton Degraw could not. Without struggle, without fear, without any doubt of the wisdom of such an abandonment, he let his whole heart go in this hour of blent reverie, and it was not to the rich and gracious unknown that it led, but to the poor, the desolate and the menaced singer, with her woe-ful past and perished ambition.

At three o'clock the next day he stood again before her house. He had asked for Montelli all the morning; he had even vaguely expected the 'Portugese,' but his quiet had been undisturbed and his studio unvisited. It was, therefore, with faint apprehensions of possible evil that he rang the bell and waited for the answer, which was longer in coming to-day than it was yesterday.

At last, after two or three smart raps, the door swung back, and he saw the same inane-looking girl before him, backed by the same unfurnished and lonesome hall; but there was no loneliness there for him. She was within, and that would have made prison walls attractive.

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again and the old woman stepped in. "I am so bewildered, I do not know what to make of all this." And leaving him, she advanced toward the crone, who met her with a look that spoke of his surprise and her perplexity.

A short interchange of words followed, and then the old woman drew back and the signorina turned. But with what a different air and with what a different look. Young Degraw would hardly have known her face if he had not already seen it under the influence of various emotions, and when she opened her lips, she seemed to find it so hard to speak, that in mercy he was going to begin the conversation for her, when her troubled found a tongue and she exclaimed:

"I cannot endure any more tonight; you must go and let me find some rest. Perhaps, to-morrow—"

"But this wretch," he interposed. "Am I to leave you to his mercy?"

"He is gone and Annetta has locked the door. I do not fear him; he will trouble us no more."

"She looked so confident and yet so discouraged, that he did not know what to say. It seemed dreadful to leave her thus, and yet neither in look nor tone could he discover any inducement to stay. All the light had gone out of her face, and she seemed only a waiting image, eager for him to be gone.

He drew a deep breath and held it up to his hand. "To-morrow, then," said he.

She nodded, sighed, and something like a sob seemed to rise in her throat.

"Oh, go!" she cried, "go, go!" And she let her hand touch his before she pointed toward the door.

"I will be here at three," he murmured. And tearing his gaze away from her drooping face and figure, he dashed away from her drooping face and figure, he dashed across the threshold and out into the hall. As the door closed behind him her sob broke her bounds, and he distinctly heard her moan. But he dared not go back.

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"The Signorina Valdi?" he inquired. "Shall I find her in her rooms?" She went up, as if she did yesterday."

The girl stared, looked helpless, and made no response.

"She must be dead," he decided, and was pushing by her, when she caught him by the sleeve, violently shaking her head.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Is she not there? Shall I not find her?" The girl evidently did not comprehend him, but went on shaking her head, even after he, irritated and alarmed beyond endurance, tore his arm away and rushed up-stairs into the hall above. But he no longer busied himself about her. He was on the floor with the signorina, and bounding to the first door he saw, he vigorously rapped, and when he got no answer from within, passed to the next door, and so on till he reached the one by which he had entered the day before.

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Here he no longer hesitated, but turned the knob. The door opened without difficulty and at the first glimpse he got of the space within, young Degraw started back in dismay. The floor was bare, the walls denuded, the room unfurnished. Uttering a cry, he dashed around to the inner door in which he had last seen Montelli standing, and which, as you remember, communicated with the apartment where he had held his wonderful interview with the signorina. It was standing open, and beyond it all was empty and bare as the space in which he stood.

"Is she gone? Have I lost her?" was his cry, and he dashed from one end of the room to the other, searching for traces of an escape which her dangerous position with Montelli had doubtless prompted. But he found nothing, and, moved by a thousand emotions, he hastened back into the hall and up another flight of stairs, determined upon discovering some one who could explain this mystery to him.

To be continued.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Nov. 25th, 1911

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes entries like Allen, Miss Hattie; Allen, Nellie; Andrews, Master W. C.; Anthonie, Mary Ann; Ashford, Miss Susie; Anthony, Jacob; Anthony, Joe; Andrews, Jack; Bradbury, Wm.; Baggis, Mrs. Richard; Barnes, Alex.; Brown, Mrs. John; Brazil, John; Blanchard, J. W.; Byrne, Miss Alice; Bellwood, C.; Breen, Austin; Bredne, Vincent; Brede, Vincent; Bennett, Thomas; Brennan, L. Water; Bennett, Mrs. H. P.; Bishop, Eugene; Brown, Dr. A. S.; Bonavese, J. J.; Boothen, Mr. E.; Boone, Robert D.; Blunden, Miss Sarah; Butler, James R.; Butler, James R.; Burden, Miss Carrie; Bailey, Eugene; Beddiescombe, R.; Chancey, A. card; Chancey, W. L.; Cranford, R. A.; Cantwell, John; Carbray, Mrs. Lill; Campbell, Mrs. Wm.; Caldwell, J. card; Chislett, Miss Laura; Collins, Mrs. P.; Cook, Harvey E.; Colburne, Walter; Coleburn, W. B.; Connelly, Mrs.; Cole, E. J.; Carew, Miss Mary; Connell, Rose; Davies, Wm.; Daws, Mrs. E. A.; Davis, Mrs. James; Devereaux, Patrick; Dicks, Samuel; Dicks, Mrs. George; Dooley, Pat; Doody, Miss Mary; Davis, John C.; Droyer, Herbert; Edwards, Miss Jennie; Eddy, George; Earl, Mrs. George; Edwards, Margaret W.; Ennis, W.; Elliott, Miss Bertha; Edmonds, Miss Emily; Fane, Mrs. Jas.; Francis, H. card; Faunce, Miss Mary; Kirby Stanley; Rogers, Beskey; Anstey, Richard; Lodge, Capt. H.; Buckland, John; Jacobs, James; Russell, Baxter; Hegdon, Charles H.; Benson, R. G.; Power, Patrick; Hearne, George; Mills, Albert; Perry, Master John; Organ, Joseph; Greene, George; Lane, Clara; Moulton, Herbert; Mison, Capt. P. F.; Marshall, S. C.; McCarthy, Michael; Simmonds, W.; Garland, Albert; Currie, Emanuel; Martin, D.; Piercey, Newell; Keats, Stephen; Moulton, Herbert; Bennett, Walter; Evans, Henry; Lowen, Wm.; Darcey, Capt. Wm.; Baggs, John; Barrett, John; Francis, Benjamin; White, John; Wells, Capt. Philip; Keats, Stephen, schr. Maggie N; Moulton, Herbert, schr. Nina O; Bennett, Walter, schr. Oressa Bell P; Evans, Henry, schr. Pendragon R; Lowen, Wm., schr. Rose Darcey, Capt. Wm., schr. Rose S; Baggs, John, schr. Stella Barrett, John, schr. Clara T; Francis, Benjamin, schr. Tobiatie White, John, schr. Tobiatie V; Wells, Capt. Philip, schr. Vivian W.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes entries like Rogers, Beskey; Anstey, Richard; Lodge, Capt. H.; Buckland, John; Jacobs, James; Russell, Baxter; Hegdon, Charles H.; Benson, R. G.; Power, Patrick; Hearne, George; Mills, Albert; Perry, Master John; Organ, Joseph; Greene, George; Lane, Clara; Moulton, Herbert; Mison, Capt. P. F.; Marshall, S. C.; McCarthy, Michael; Simmonds, W.; Garland, Albert; Currie, Emanuel; Martin, D.; Piercey, Newell; Keats, Stephen, schr. Maggie N; Moulton, Herbert, schr. Nina O; Bennett, Walter, schr. Oressa Bell P; Evans, Henry, schr. Pendragon R; Lowen, Wm., schr. Rose Darcey, Capt. Wm., schr. Rose S; Baggs, John, schr. Stella Barrett, John, schr. Clara T; Francis, Benjamin, schr. Tobiatie White, John, schr. Tobiatie V; Wells, Capt. Philip, schr. Vivian W.

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Uncle THE POET P. In olden days they used to rack the may know how tough he'd feel, if he were, we may opture, he knew his trade. And yet he relied on brutal fill my victims' souls with grief. I'd til their joints began to crack and and smile, like everything and pink pains through my system w and when I paw around and swear tear my temper all to rags! There is a time for smiles and chers; mista gulah, then, those times betwist--do get your optimism mixed!

Note From "Curler." Editor Evening Telegram. Dear Sir--In your report of the Curler's meeting several errors have "crept in." First you state that Mr. Bennett was the unanimous choice of the meeting, while there was opposition, and healthy and strong, too. Next you say Mr. Berfeau and Mr. Lebesurior were "appointed" senior and junior Vice-Presidents. This is not correct. These gentlemen were elected to these positions. The Committee of Management was also "elected," not "appointed."

Whalers Gone Home. All the captains and crews of the whalers which work around our coasts left by the Carthaginian yesterday for their homes in Norway, with the exception of Capt. Davidson of the Hump, who goes to Vancouver. He will take charge of a whaler there which will prosecute the fishery in the seas of Japan. Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days. E. W. Groves on box 25c. Change of Captains. We understand that Capt. Burg has changed the command of the schr. Helen Steward, and will in future sail from New York. Capt. Jones, late of the schr. Success, which on several occasions took cargoes of fish from St. John's to Brazil, will succeed him.

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