A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER X.

MISS ROGERS OF DETROIT.

"What do you mean?" sprang from the lips of the startled girl he was addressing. He had frightened her and he had aroused her interest. That was what he sought, and he secretly smiled over his success. "I do not understand you. Police courts? Oh, who are you? Not a police officer, I hope."

"You might make a worse guess, Miss Rogers. I am a detective grown old in the service. But that need not alarm you, for my experiences have not made me either hard or pitiless. The gentleman you refer to is a rogue. That is why I am here and why I beg you to listen while I make clear to you the narrowness of your escape from a man without honor or respectability."

"Oh! Oh!" came in hurried pants from her white lips. Her face had lost its disdain, and the eyes she fixed upon his were wide open and pleading. There was no evil in them only the shame of a proud nature caught in an act of folly. "What are you telling me," she cried. "A rogue? I think you must be mistaken. I know a gentleman when I see him, and though I am only seventeen, I am not so childish as to be entirely deceived in those I meet. We are talking about different men or you are the victim of some mistake."

'We can easily determine that,' said he. 'What is the name of the gentleman of whom you are speaking?'

'I would rather not mention names.'

He was not looking at her; he never looked at any one; but for all that, his eyes had a peculiar expression, for which the pen wiper he was honoring with his gaze may have been responsible. But I doubt it.

'No names?' he replied. 'Very well, we will try to get at the truth in some other way, then.'

And taking a paper from his pocket, he opened it deliberately, then, laying it on his knee, put on a pair of glasses and observed:

"I am going to read to you a description, not of the gentleman in whom you have such confidence but of another, equally nameless, who has been seen flitting around a young lady of the same name as yourself, living, but a short time ago, in Fifty-sixth street."

And lifting the paper, he read aloud these words:

"According to the description given by such persons as have observed this gentleman, he is tall, well-formed, affable in manner and pleasing in address. His complexion is medium, his hair and mustache dark, and his eyes gray. He is what would be called by all persons a gentleman, and by most a handsome man. He is above all a strong character, bearing evidence in look and carriage of great force of disposition and a determined will."

The detective paused, folded the paper and laid it on a table near by. Miss Rogers was blushing.

"That as I have informed you," continued the other, "is what persons say of the man who paid court to, or at least, showed his interest in the young lady I have mentioned, by hovering about her steps and following her to church and other public places. She has since died, so I cannot get her description of him but must rely upon that of her friends. Did you ever see anyone like him?"

The abashed girl bowed her head. She was trembling in every limb but she did not choose to speak, and he did not urge her to do so.

"You will pardon me", he now pursued, "if I trouble you with a second description. This is of a gentleman who lately began the persecution of a young girl also bearing your name, but without the worldly advantages belonging to yourself or to the last-mentioned lady. She was a working-girl, but pretty, good, and, to all appearances, happy, till she came across this gentleman. He is said by those who have seen him, to be tall, handsome, prepossessing-looking, of age about thirty, complexion medium, hair dark, a large mustache and gray eyes. Did you ever see such a man as he?"

Don't ask me. You startle and surprise me beyond all endurance. What does it all mean, and what is there in the name of Rogers that only persons of that name should receive this man's attention?"

"It is not only the name of Rogers," remarked the detective, kindly. "Each one of these girls was a Jenny also."

"A Jenny? You frighten me, sir; or rather you awaken my suspicions as to your veracity. Is it truth you have been telling me? Have you not been amusing me with fairy-tales. I cannot believe—"

"Miss Rogers, you were sent into my presence by Miss Hadden. Had she possessed any doubt of my integrity, she would never have risked the displeasure of your guardian by encouraging this interview. You may trust me; all that I have told you is true."

"Then I have indeed been inveigled into a doubtful proceeding by a most despicable rogue. The description you have given of the man who followed the young lady who has since died, and who had begun to follow another—"

"Who has since died.'

"Sir?"

"The poor working-girl has suffered the same fate as that of the young lady of Thirty-sixth street," declared Mr. Gryce. "Neither was killed, yet both have perished; one from malignant fever, the other from over-excitment preying on an enfeebled "form."

"Oh, where is my guardian? I wish to go home. I am afraid of this horrible New York. It is full of deceit and shame and misery."

The detective saw she was on the verge of hysterics, and waited respectfully for her self-possession to return.

"I am sure," he observed at last, "that your guardian will be one of the first to urge your return, if he can be convinced that you are in any danger. If you will tell me just what has passed between you and this man—"

"Oh, very little; so very little that I am overwhelmed at the indiscretion which led me to leave the school just to see a person whose personal appearance and pretended admiration had attracted me. I do not understand now how I could have allowed myself to listen to him. I am horrified at myself, and I hate him so that—"

"That you are only anxious to see him punished. Is not that so, Miss Rogers?"

"Anxious? I would give hundreds of dollars—"

"Give me something less; give me your confidence. I will respect it, and only use such facts as will lead to his detection."

"Ah, that is what you want from me. Well, I am only too happy, only—"

She paused, clasping her hands in sudden confusion and dismay.

"What a scandal!" she exclaimed. "How can I bear the shame of it and all the talk? And the police courts—you spoke of them—Oh, do not tell me I shall have to go there. I should die of confusion and horror. My guardian—"

"Do not think of that. If you can be saved from publicity, you shall. At present, we want nothing more than a short account of what has occurred between you and this mysterious person in the short interval of time during which you were absent from the school. Did you succeed in meeting him? Was he at the place appointed? For I take it for granted he had entreated the honor of an interview."

"Yes, yes; but I am glad he failed to come. I went to Jersey City; I, who had never been in the streets before without a companion. He had written me a note—but you shall see it. I cannot keep this matter any longer to myself and you look so good, if you are a detective, that I cannot help but trust you. Besides, perhaps, when you see what tempted me, you will not think so harshly of my folly. I did not mean any great wrong; but was carried away by what seemed so like the romantic adventures of some of my favorite heroines. But then, in books, the lovers are always gentlemen, while mine— but here is the letter. Look for yourself, sir. It came by mail, the day before yesterday. Ah, how long ago it seems now."

She fumbled in her pocket and brought out a note. The detective's eyes glowed; he was attaining the object of his wishes with less difficulty than he had anticipated.

"All that had passed between this person and me, before I received this letter, was an interchanged glance or so. I had passed him in the street several times, and each time he had looked at me in what I thought was an unmistakable way; so I was not surprised at these words, monstrous as they seem to me now."

The detective, meanwhile, had read the effusion which had occasioned so much mischief. It ran thus:

"Dear and Beautiful Miss Rogers:—May an unfortunate, who is not permitted to enter within the charmed walls which at present hold you prisoner, utter one word against the tyranny of the fate which restricts him?

"I have seen you and I cannot be still. I have learned your name and it has become the lode-star of my life. Will you accept an homage that must be secret, and believe in the devotion of one who, if he may not approach you, here swears that he will approach no other woman while you remain unmarried.

"But I must live in darkness and never break the silence which has hitherto been maintained between us? Is there no hope for me, whose only thought is to make you the protecting angel of my life? May I not hope for one word, one look uninfluenced by the presence of others? If fate can be so kind and your heart so responsive to a noble passion, then remember that for three days I shall spend the hour between twelve and one in the depot at Jersey City. If you choose to pass through the place, you may be certain that one pair of eyes will follow you with a devotion little short of that which a saint casts upon his guardian angel.

"I have no fear that you will hesitate as to who has penned these lines. Have not our eyes told the mutual tale of love?"

'Isn't it dreadful?" cried the now thoroughly disillusioned heiress. "But when I received it, it seemed to me so beautiful and romantic that I was in ecstacies. I never for a minute doubted the writer, and as he had always looked so gentlemanly, I had not one fear of his proving himself other than the hero I have worshipped in my dreams. I decided to make the journey he suggested—it seemed a journey to me—and though to do it I should have to risk Miss Hadden's displeasure, I thought the satisfaction I should receive would make me ample amends for any unpleasantness which might follow. How I managed to obtain permission to go out, and how I contrived to elude the companion given me, will not interest you. I did go, and alone, but I did not find the satisfaction I was in search of. I got lost, went over the wrong ferry, had to inquire my way of policemen, and when, worn out and beraggled with dust and stifled with heat, I finally walked into the depot at Jersey City, it was to find by its dreadful staring clock, that I was a whole half hour later than the time he had set for leaving. Oh, it was a dreadful experience! and at first I was so discouraged that I sat down and cried; but afterward, I plucked up heart and began to think it was all my own fault, and that if I had not made so many foolish mistakes, I should have been in time to see him, and save him, perhaps, from a disappointment as cruel as my own. But I was late, and undoubtedly would be late if I tried the experiment again. The distance was too great, besides, I did not believe I could get another opportunity of slipping away, or if I did, that I should succeed in eluding my companion. If I wanted to keep my appointment I must stay in the vicinity, and to stay in the vicinity meant a whole night spent in a strange hotel. For a young girl who had never slept alone in her whole life, you will think it took courage to decide on such a step. But I was crazy, carried away by an idea. I did not give the man my right name—the hotelman, I mean—and I did not go down to the table. I stayed in my room all the time, and had my meals brought to me, and was dreadfully nervous and afraid; but all that was nothing after it was over. I did not care for that; all that I did care for was the fact that, though I sat in the depot punctually from twelve to one, no one approached me, nor did I see anyone that could in any way suggest the person who had haunted my steps and written me this note."

"Humph! And that was yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. You suffered a cruel mortification, for which you can now congratulate yourself?"

"O! yes, sir."

"I am glad you had the courage to return."

"Where else could I go?"

"And there is the whole story? You had no other experience, and have not heard from the man again.

"No, no. How shoul I, if he is the wooer of a dozen other girls? He has amused himself, and it is over; but my scorn and hatred are not over; and if ever I have the opportunity to face him, I will load him with such reproaches as will make even his wicked heart tremble."

To be continued.

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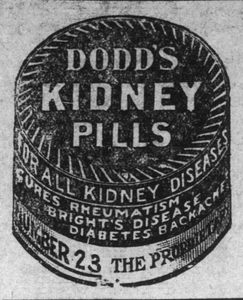

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G.P. to Nov.25th, 1911

A
Allen, Miss Hattie, Monkstown Road
Allen, Nellie (card), late Bonne Bay
Andrews, Master W. C., Hamilton Street
Anthoine, Mary Ann
Ashford, Miss Susie, card
Anthony, Jacob, card
Anthony, Joe, Springdale St.
Andrews, Jack, Catherine Street
B
Bradbury, Wm., late Ontario
Baggs, Mrs. Richard
Barnes, Alex., Allandale Road
Brown, Mrs. John, card
Brazil, John, card
Blanchard, J. W.
Byrne, Miss Alice, card
Bellwood, C., care Gen'l Delivery
Breen, Austin, care Smith Co.
Breene, Vincent, care Gen'l Delivery
Beddlecombe, Mr., Allandale Road
Bennett, Thomas
Brenan, L., Water St.
Bennett, Mrs. H. P., Gower Street
Bishop, Miss Mary, Springdale Street
Brown, Dr. A. S.
Bonaviskey, J., slip
Boohen, Mr. E.
Boone, Robert D., late Trepassey line
Blunden, Miss Sarah, New Gower Street
Butler, Esau, Nagle's Hill
Butler, James R.
Burden, Miss Carrie, care Joseph Peckford
Bailey, Eugene
Beddlescombe, R.
C
Chancey, A., card
Chancey, W. K.
Cranford, R. A., Springdale Street
Cantwell, John, care Miss M. Walsh, Duckworth Street
Carbray, Mrs. Lil, Water Street
Campbell, Mrs. Wm., LeMerchant Road
Caldwell, J., care G.P.O.
Chislett, Miss Jane, late Island Cove
Collins, Mrs. P., Prince's St.
Cook, Harvey E., St. John's
Colleymore, Walter, care F. B. Wood Co.
Coleburn, Geo. H., Water St.
Connelly, Mrs., Board of Trade Bldg.
Cole, E. J., late Grand Falls
Curtis, Jane
Carew, Miss Mary, Bond Street
Connell, Rose, Water St.
D
Davies, Wm.
Dawe, Mrs. E. A., card
Davis, Mrs. James, card
Devereaux, Patrick, late Broad Cove
Dicks, Samuel
Dicks, Mrs. George
Dooley, Richard
Dooley, Pat, card
Doody, Miss Mary, Circular Road
Davis, John C., Carter's Hill
Drover, Herbert
E
Edwards, Miss Jennie, Conception Bay
Eddy, George
Earl, Mrs. George
Edwards, Margaret W., card
Ennis, W., Freshwater Bay
Elliott, Miss Bertha
Edmonds, Miss Emily, card Queen's Road
F
Fane, Mrs. Jas., care Gen'l Delivery
Francis, R., care Anglo-American Tel. Co
Faucey, Miss Mary, card, care Miss H. Carter
Farrell, Miss Mary, card
Farrell, Miss Beatrice, Carter's Hill
Feans, Miss S., New Gower Street
Freeman, Violet
Featherstone, Miss Flo
Flegg, W. G., care G.P.O.
Feury, Miss Clara, Cabot Road
Fyme, Joseph, Fever Hospital
Field, Frank, card
Fitzgerald, Wm., card, Paradise, P.P.
Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Water St. West
Forsey, Mrs. Wm., Cabot House
Foote, Miss Florence, Quidi Vidi Road
Finlay, Joseph
G
Grant, Wm. H., card
Greene or Gunn, Miss N.
Geatherald, Miss Mary, Water Street
Greene, Harry Irving
Greene, Mrs. Samuel, card
Gilbert, John, George's St.
Goss, Jesse, care Gen'l Delivery
Gosse, Miss Eliza, care Gen'l P. O.
Gunnerson, Augustine, St. oJhn's
H
Hansen, Thomas, late Port au Port
Hargrave, Jercey, card
Hartery, Miss E.
Hanaford, Jack, 22 —— Street
Hann, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.
Harwood, James
Harris, Gorden
Hamlin, Mrs., care Mrs. Jack, St. John's
Hayese, Robert, late Quebec
Hewett, Mrs. L. D.
Hearn, Mrs. D., McFarlane Lane
Healey, John, late Grand Falls
Hitchem, M. H., care Post Office
Hinchey, Miss Mary, Allandale Road, care Mrs. Myers
Hines, Miss L.
Howell, Miss Laura, care Mr. McNeilly
Hooton, M. K.
Hooney, Miss Jonah, Water Street
Hogan, Miss Katie, Gen'l Hospital
Hubbell, E. S.
Huston, J. A.
Hurney, Mrs. Mary, card
Hunt, Miss Lizzie
Hustin, H.
Hutchings, John A., late Caplin Bay
Hussey, Julia, retd.
Hurley, Margaret, McFarlane St
Hinkson, James, care Baine Johnston & Co
Harris, Thomas
Hatland, Wm., Cabot St.
I
Ivany, Mr. M., St. John's
Irwin, J. C.
J
Jensen, Fannie, card, Duckworth St.
Johnston, E. S., card
Janes, Mrs. Frank
Jacobs, Susie, Fever Hospital
K
Kennedy, George
Kearsey, J., Pennywell Road
Kelly, Miss Gertie, Prince's St.
Kent, Mr., Crosbie Hotel
Kavanagh, Martin, Alexander Street
King, John J., card
L
Lane, Fred, Long's Hill
Lamb, Miss Polly, care Mrs. C. Connelly
Lambert, Miss Bessie
Lacey, Miss Irene, care Gen'l Delivery
Lacey, Mrs. M., Williams' Street
Le Grow, J.
Ledwell, Thos. M., care Mrs. Flynn
Learning, Miss M.
Lear, T., Job's Lane
Leary, John
LeDrew, Mrs. Wm. C.
Lynch, Mrs. C., Gower St.
Lilly, Miss Helen B.
Lock, Jesse, Cabot Street
Lloyd, Joseph, card
Lockyer, Eliza, LeMerchant Road
Long, Wm., Bond St.
M
March, Joseph
Martin, Wm.
Marshall, Mrs., late Hr. Main
Martin, Miss Mary
Martin, Arthur R., care Gen'l Delivery
Mercer, Miss Rachael, Water St. West
Mitchell, Mrs. K., Forest Rd.
Myrick, Mrs. John, Lime St.
Miller, N. F.
Miller, J.
Miller, Mary Jane
Moorse, Allan, Springdale St.
Moist, Mrs., Cornwall Avenue
Morris, W. L.
Moriarty, Miss Bride, Atlantic Avenue
Morgan, Wm., Lime St.
Moore, John, Blackhead
Morgan, E. J., card
Moores, Miss Jennie, Rocky Lane
Moulton, Rebecca, Victoria Street
Murphy, Patrick, late Salmon River
Mc
McLeen, J. W.
McChan, Bride, Duckworth St.
McCarthy, John, late Fermeuse
McQuinn, Henry
McGarry, Miss Jennie
McGrath, Matilda, card, Topsail Road
McCoubrey, Jas. R.
N
Newell, Miss Emma, College Square
Neill, Wm., Burke's Square
Noble, Mrs. G., late Grand Falls
Norman, Maud, card, Casey's Street
Norris, Edward
Nugent, Thomas, late Trepassey Railway
Nugent, Mamie, South Side
O
Oakley, Wm., late New York
O'Neill, J. H.
O'Dea, Mrs. M., Water St.
O'Brien, J., care Miss M. Lambert
O'Neill, Miss Mary, card
O'Neill, M. J.
O'Rourke, M., late Argentia
Oake, Raymond, late Fogo
P
Parsons, Miss V., —— Adelaide St.
Parsons, L., Henry St.
Parsons, Robert, card, care Gen'l Delivery
arsons, Maggie, cards
Peddle, Thomas, George's Street
Peach, Charlotte, Cornwall Road
Perkins, W. L., Water St.
Pike, Wm., Pennywell Road
Pike, R., Carter's Hill
Pike, F. Mark, McFarlane's Lane
Piercey, Jacob, Queen's St.
Powers, Miss B., Colonial Street
Powers, Miss M. J., Gower Street
Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill
Power, Annie, card, New Gower Street
Power, Edward, James St.
Pushie, Master Christopher
Pelly, Dan E.
Q
Quirk, Miss Maggie, late Bishop's Falls
R
Ractliffe, George, City Club
Ryan, Charles, New Gower St.
Ryan, Mrs. Catherine
Raciot, J. H.
Reardon, Miss Minnie, Conception Bay
Rose, Lilian
Roberts, L.
Rodgers, Miss K., New Gower Street
Rowsell, Miss Bessie, Theatre Hill
Rumsay, Sandy
Russell, Mrs. Catherine, Milliner
Ruggles, F. M., card
S
Sage, Charles, card, Badger Brook
Sheppard, S. L.
Sheppard, F. B.
Sheppard, S. L., Pennywell Road
Sweet, J. W.
Stewart, Capt. George, care F. McNamara
Sheehan, Edward, Royal Cove, St. John's
Smith, Peter, care Gen'l P. Office
Simmonds, E.
Smith, Miss M., Duckworth St.
Smith, Gordon, card, LeMerchant Road
Smythe, Hedley V., care Post Office
Smith, Thomas, care Mr. Watson
Smith, Jacob, Water St.
Smith, Mrs. Arthur
Smith, Miss E.
Snow, John, care L. Clarke
Snow, Mrs., Circular Road
Soper, Edward, Pennywell Road
Scott, Mrs. Francis, nee King, St. John's
Snow, Edward, late Western Bay
Sullivan, Miss Bridget, LeMerchant Road
T
Taylor, Edwin, Water St.
Tapper, Miss Bessie, late Petty Harbor
Tapper, Miss Janie
Temble, Mrs. Thos.
Tuloar, Ralph, care Knowling
Thistle, Mrs. Wm., Hamilton Street
Thurman, W. L.
Tobin, Mrs. Wm., Carew St.
Thorne, Robert, Lime St.
Tucker, Miss M. J., General Hospital
Taylor, George
V
Vey, Miss A., card, Lime Street
W
Wallace, G.
Ware, James, Allandale Road
Webber, Archibald, Pennywell Road
Whelan, J. J.
Whelan, Michael, Lime St.
Wells, William, care Gen'l P. Office
Whitan, Annie B.
Williams, Mr., Gear St.
Williams, Mrs. V., New Gower Street
Weir, E., Sand Pit
Williams, Mrs. F.
Y
Yetman, Michael, Water St.
Young, Jas., card, late Kelligrews
Yetman, Mrs., card, Gower Street
Yetman, May, card, George's Street
Young, S. J.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Rogers, Beskley, schr. Arnol.
Anstey, Richard, schr. A. Conquero.
B
Lodge, Capt. H., schr. Blue Jacket
C
Buckland, John, schr. Crona
Jacobs, James, schr. Cavol
D
Russell, Baxter, schr. Dioney
Hegdon, Charles H., schr. Duchess
E
Benson, R. G., schr. Empire
Rendell, Wm. C., schr. Ethel
Power, Patrick, schr. E. J. Reddy
Hearne, George, schr. Empire
F
Kirby Stanley, schr. Fannie Freema
G
Janson, Wm., schr. George Wheatle
Janes, James, schr. Gen. Falco
Bradbury, Jacob, schr. Gen
Adams, E. F., schr. Gladys Tucke
Parks, Chas., schr. Gigantic
H
Gushue, Stewart, schr Hilton
I
Hancook, H. E., s.s. Invermore
Kennedy, Capt. John, schr. Ida
Moore, James, s.s. Invermore
West, Capt. W. A., s.s. Isabelle
J
Mills, Albert, schr. J. A. Silver
Young, Michael, schr. J. A. Silver
Rogers, George, schr. J. A. Silver
Mills, Albert, schr. J. A. Silver
Perry, Master John, schr. Jennie Armstrong
Organ, Joseph, schr. Jewel
Greene, George, schr. Jewel
Lane, Clara, schr. J. S. D.
L
Moulton, Herbert, schr. Little Jewel
Misson, Capt. P. F., schr. Lady
Marshall, S. C., schr. Lady Napier
M
McCarthy, Michael, schr. Mistical Rose
Simmonds, W., schr. Mildred
Garland, Albert, schr. Mary G.
Currie, Emanuel, schr. M. Francis
Martin, D., schr. Minnie Strong
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O
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