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A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FINAL WORDS.

(Concluded.)

'Do you wish to terrify me?' she said, with a frightened look.

'No, no; how can you think it? I only wish to warn you, so that if you ever have reason to think he is in any way engaged in doing you harm, you will notify the police, and procure a guardian to watch over your safety. I cannot rest in peace unless you promise me this. Will you? Otherwise I shall not be able to sleep at night.'

She smiled. It was almost a sad smile; it certainly was an appealing one. But he had fixed the boundaries to his sympathy, and would not overstep them.

'Promise me,' he persisted.

'To take care of yourself?' she queried. 'Ah! it is easy to do that. I am too anxious to show the world and you that I can bear the honors of my position and not forget my old friends.'

It was charmingly said; it came like dew to his thirsty and longing heart. He caught her hand in his and pressed it with more than friendly warmth, but in that act drew back and made his final bow. 'You make it too hard for me,' he remonstrated. 'To behold Para-

dise so near, and yet to feel one is restrained from enjoying it by the most solemn of secret oaths, is torture to such an impetuous nature as mine. I shall therefore turn my back upon the gates I may not enter and not until three months have elapsed will you see me again. Good-bye, dearest of women, good-bye.'

And he was gone.

For a moment she stood in that lower of greenery where he had left her, courageously smiling as long as he was in sight and liable to turn his face for a farewell look; but when the trees had quite hidden him, and his quick step was no longer to be heard on the gravelled walk, then her lovely countenance fell, and a startled look of care took the place of her former expression of triumph. While this was still visible on her face, and before she had reached the door which led into the house, a young man stepped out of this same door and confronted her? It was Mr. Byrd.

For an instant she seemed as if she did not know him, for though she paused, she did not speak. But as he bowed with great respect, her smiles came back, and she greeted him cordially.

'Ah!' said she, 'I was hoping for an opportunity to express my obligation to you. From what have you not saved me?'

'From more than you think,' was his somewhat enigmatical reply. 'I have news to give you, Miss Rogers. The man who made the attempt upon your life last night is dead.'

'What news?' she asked.

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She recoiled as if he had struck her. 'Dead?' she repeated, in incredulous tones; then, as she saw that she had not mistaken his words; and that he meant what he said, she suddenly flushed with an overwhelming and uncontrollable joy, as unmistakable as it was apparently unconscious.

The detective watched her curiously. 'How did it happen?' she now cried. 'When? Where?'

'He tried to escape from us at the depot. He fell under the cars. You need never fear anything from him again.'

She turned her face away. Her eyes were not lacking from this day of triumph, and yet this horror robbed her of a nameless dread.

'You are very kind to come and tell me,' she gratefully declared.

'I regret to be obliged to,' he replied. 'The man was merely acting for another. The other we know but cannot find. We had hoped to accomplish his apprehension would lead ultimately to the discovery of her whereabouts; but his death robs us effectually of this hope.'

'To whom do you allude?' asked Miss Rogers.

'To the woman of your name in New York in behalf of whom this watch has worked—an adventuress; the most unhappy and least respectable of any who bear your name.'

The fair and brilliant woman before him shuddered.

'Leave her in peace,' she pleaded. 'Do not try to extort anything from her. She will be unhappy enough at the failure of her scheme. It is not for me, in the enjoyment of my good fortune, to wish punishment to those less fortunate than myself.'

The bow which Mr. Byrd made, in his sympathy and admiration, was as elegant as if made by either of the Degraws.

'You are generous,' said he, and said no more.

She gave him a quick look. She was evidently surprised to see such manners in a man belonging to the police.

'Have you any commands?' he now asked.

'No,' she returned, 'no commands, but you will hear from me again.' And with a smile that suggested future benefits, she turned to go, but was stopped by a final entreaty.

'I hope,' said he, very gravely, 'that you will not consider any service which I may have done you deserving of any further recognition than your thanks. I was working in the way of my duty, and shall consider it a favor if you will let the matter drop.'

'Then I will,' she frankly rejoined. 'But it is a pity that you will not allow me to inaugurate my good fortune by a gift which any one would regard as only a proper recognition of a service without which I might not now be standing here.'

'I am paid,' said he, 'I am paid.'

He was such a gentleman that she found it impossible to contradict him or to press the matter further. She, therefore, smiled once more and vanished.

He stood a long time looking in the direction she had gone.

That night she received the following note:

'I bid good-bye to Great Barrington, to-day. Mr. Gryce tells me that the valet was killed this morning while trying to escape. So one serious danger is out of your path. But remember the Portuguese. She may take up his vengeance and seek to carry it through. If she ever comes before your eyes, notify me, or, what is better, telegraph to Mr. Byrd at police headquarters. She is now your evil genius. I gather so much from Mr. Degraw's description of the woman who kept the house where Mr. Delancy died. It is identical with my remembrance of this attendant of yours, only the Cleveland woman could speak English, as I have no doubt the New York woman could have done if she had been forced to it. So, if your memory of her does not extend beyond last October (the time Mr. Delancy died), be sure she is this same woman.'

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CHA TER XXXII. The seed is now. The summer has passed and autumn has come. As Hamilton De Graw sits in his studio, the brilliant light of an exquisite September day shines on his last great effort and brings out its many beauties to the observant eye.

It is the picture of a young girl lying asleep upon a couch draped with white and gold. The sketch of it we have seen, but this is the finished painting.

'How beautiful!' This is the remark of Mr. Byrd, who is looking over the artist's shoulder.

Mr. DeGraw sighed; it was the first time he had let any other eyes than his own rest upon this canvas.

'But does it not possess too strong a resemblance to the original to be exhibited. 'It is destined for my own house and my own pleasure,' returned Mr. Degraw. 'I have let you see it, but I shall not show it to many eyes. The man who saved her life is almost a brother to me; that is the reason I make an exception in your favor.'

'I understand and appreciate your confidence. It is not misplaced, but will you pardon me if I ask if you intend to marry Miss Rogers. 'Will she marry me? That is the question, Byrd.'

The detective, shifting his position into one that commanded a view of the other's face, closely scrutinized it before replying.

'It is then a vital thing with you; you really want her for your wife? 'More than I want anything; more than I want fame. I cannot imagine my life without her. Had I not been occupied with this picture, I could not have lived a summer without a sight of her face.'

'I am sorry,' Byrd began, weighing his words very carefully, 'that she is—so rich—a woman. 'But it is a pity that you will not allow me to inaugurate my good fortune by a gift which any one would regard as only a proper recognition of a service without which I might not now be standing here.'

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Jan. 18th, 1912.

- A Abbott, Miss Olive, Allandale Road. B Baird, Samuel, Priddle, John, Carter's Hill. Barnes, Michael, Lime St. Beddiecombe, Samuel, Allandale Road. Brentnall, R. James St. Bell, James, Nagle's Hill. Boone, Michael, card. Bowen, Mr., care Gen'l P. Office. Brophy, Mrs. P., Water St. West. Brown, Elijah, Oke's Factory. Brown, Eli, card. Water St. Boone, Miss Emma, Spencer College. Bursell, Miss Bertha, care D. Morison. Butler, Thos. J., Crosbie Hotel. Buchanan, Ralph, Bulger, Robert, care Gen'l Delivery. Burns, Joe, Butler, J., care Bishop & Sons. Caldwell, W. T., slip. Clarke, Robert, care Gen'l Delivery. Clarke, John W., care Gen'l Delivery. Chapman, Colin, O'Dwyer's Cove. Clarke, Miss S., Merrymount Road. Crew, Reuben, care G.P.O. Cliff, Robert, care G.P.O. Cole, E. J., late Grand Falls. Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill. Cooper, Samuel, late Grand Falls. Cotton, Mrs. M., late Dildo. Colford, Wm., Coal, Herbert, Middle Cove. Coady, Miss Mary A., New Gower Street. Collins, Miss B. M., Balm House. Cleary, Miss Bride. Day, Miss D., card, Bond St. Davis, Mrs. John, Dahl, Mrs., card. Dyke, Miss Sophie. Delaney, Miss L., late Goulds. Diamond, Mrs. Wm., card. Dickson, T., Cabot Street. Doonan, Ernest, care W. D. Woods. Dooley, Miss Josephine, King's Bridge. Donovan, Herbert, care Gen'l Delivery. E Elmsley, R. S., Crosbie Hotel. Edwards, F. J., Elliott, Miss Bertha. F Freen, Miss Mary. G Gagnon, Miss Mary, Pennywell Road. Fleming, Miss, care Royal Stores. Feltham, Dorcas, Allandale Road. Fitzgerald, Thomas, Bonclody St. Ford, Mrs. Albert, Colman's Lane. Fowler, Mrs. Bridget, care Mrs. Budden. Foley, Michael, late Norris' Arm. Fraser, Alex., retd. G Garnier, Louis, Garrett, Henry. Garland, Jos., Water St. Greeley, Wm. John, Gillett, Mrs. A., Cabot St. Gibbons, Miss Gertrude, care G. P. O. Gordon, J. W., Griffie, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Chaplin. Gillingham, Jessie, care Water St. West. Greening, Miss G., Long's Hill. H Hanlan, Mrs., care Mrs. Jack. Haggood, Wm., Haddon, Aug. Heales, Mrs. Jas., Merrymount Rd. Heller, J. S., care Gen'l Delivery. Heller, Joe, Helms, John, LeMerchant Road. Hitchen, M. H., care Post Office. Hickman, Miss Annie, New Gower Street. Hodges, Bert, care G.P.O. Hodson, A., Hobkirk, J. C., Holley, Alfred, LeMerchant Road. Hutchings, Mrs. Mary, 23 — Street. Hurley, Joe, Carter's Hill. Hines, Jas., care P. Coady, Flower Hill. J Jaynes, Miss Nellie, Jermigan, Miss L. V. James, Gordon, British House. Jancion, Miss D. J., care W. H. Jackman. Kehoe, Fannie, Barnes' Rd. Kennedy, Miss Beatrice, 36 — Street. Kennedy, John, New Gower Street. Keefe, Martin, George's Street. Kennedy, Beatrice, Cabot St. Kavanagh, Miss Maggie, rd Kelly, John J., retd. Lees, Wm., LeDrew, Miss Annie. Lynch, John, late Trepassy railway. Lufell, J. B. E., Lush, Miss Lizzie, care Mrs. Budden. M Maddox, Miss Annie, Carter's Hill. Martin, James, Mathison, Miss Nora, Matthews, Miss Norman, Martin, James, Cabot St. Mercer, Wm. Jas., late s.s. Piona. Morgan, Mrs. Henry D., Gear Street. Moore, Wm., James St. Murphy, Walter F., care Gen'l Delivery. Murphy, Miss Katie, Cookstown Rd. Moore, Daniel, Topsall Rd. Mulowney, Miss Annie, Water Street. Mahoney, Miss Winnie, Church Hill. McPherson, Mrs. Magt., McDonald, A. H., McNeill, Allan, No. 7 — Street. McCarthy, Mrs. T. P., late Placinta. McCarthy, Thos., King's Rd. McNeill, A., Water St. West. N Nosworthy, Sarah, retd. Nosworthy, John, Norris, Absalom J., Norman, Miss Edith, Gilbert Street. Nosworthy, J., Pleasant St. O O'Neill, John W., tailor. Parsons, Violet, card. Parsons, Violet, card. Parsons, E.H., Crosbie Hotel. Pelly, R., care P. Coady, Flower Hill. Pendergast, Miss Maggie, Cook's St. Pelley, Jennie, Water St. Perkins, W. L., Water St. Pendergast, Mgt., late Avondale. Peddle, Gladys, Water St. Penney, Mrs. Mgt., George's Street. Pretty, Chas., care G.P.O. Pike, Miss Ethel, Alexander Street. Pynn, Miss Lillian, New Gower Street. Piercey, John, retd. Pinston, James, Hamilton Street. Pynn, Josiah M., late Conche Pilgrim, Thomas B., care G. P. O. Power, Master J. A., retd. Ryan, Joseph, care G.P.O. Ryan, James, late s.s. Ethlie. Raines, J. B., retd. Rennie, Mrs. C. M., retd. Riche, Nellie, New Gower Street. Reid, Julia, retd. Rose, Tippett, Robinson, Wm., Roberts, L., late Arnold's Cove. Russell, Mrs. Bart's Hill. Runney, Harry, Barter's Hill. S Sparks, Mrs. S., Notre Dame Street. Sheppard, Nathaniel, care G. P. O. Smith, T. D., Long's Hill. Smith, Peter, Scott, Miss Anna, Scott, A., Sober, Miss Alice, Water Street. Stowe, John, Summers, Wm., Water St. Sullivan, Mrs. John, Gen'l Hospital. T Templeman, P., Cabot St. Thistle, Edward, Wickford Street. Thistle, Ambrose, Casey's Street. Thomas, Miss Mgt., card, Water Street. V Verge, Charles C., Vatus, Miss R., retd. W Wrap, Mrs., Water St. Way, Heckkiah, Waddleton, Wm., Duggan Street. West, Joseph, late Norris' Arm. Wells, Mrs. Samuel, care Gen'l P. Office. Weir, James, Newtown Road. Webber, A., Pennywell Road. Wright, Wm., care G. P. O. Willis, W., St. John's. Williams, Charles, Allandale Road. Willer, George, care Bishop & Sons. Y Young, G. W., care G. P. O. Yetman, Dorcas, Circular Rd. Power, Miss Katie, Henry Street.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

- A Rose, Frank, schr. Arnold. Warren, Augustine, schr. Arnold. Grandy, Capt. George, schr. Arnold. Greene, Hugh A., s.s. Athenion. B Chapman, Dan, s.s. Buardeora. Martin H., schr. Rose Bella. C Gunnery, Capt. Thos., schr. Cella. D Russell, Baxter, schr. Diana. Higdon, Chas. H., schr. Duchess. Appgood, George H., schr. Lucy Ann. E Sheppard, Walter, schr. Ettamay. Sheppard, D., schr. Ettamay. F Batstone, Corbett, schr. Fannie W. Freeman. Kelloway, Wm., s.s. Florize. G James, James, schr. Ger Falcon. Moors, C., schr. Gertie Moors. H Weathers, Nicholas, schr. Hearo. Gerhardt, Capt. Eber, schr. H. R. Silver. I Priddle, Joseph, card, schr. Leampir. Hanamer, Levi, schr. Lament. Gibbons, Thos., schr. Lady. Butler, Samuel, schr. Lord of Avon. M Sarty, Ermon, schr. Miffred M. Wiseman, Edgar, schr. Mary F. N May, James, schr. Northern Light. P Braddon, Capt. R., schr. Perseverance. S Parsons, Wesley, s.s. Stella Maris. T Pettie, Capt. Henry, schr. Tobiatic. Savory, Wm., schr. Tasmana. U Gardner, Alex., schr. Unicorn. V Hobbs, Capt. R. J., schr. Vandoulla. Churchhill, Capt. James.

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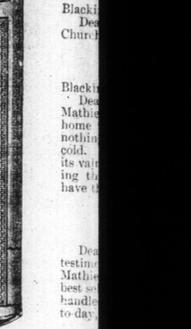
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Uncl THE POET

The old man sits in his figure's shade, and he smokes his pipe as a baseball score. He OLD MAN just leans back in his chair with a cheerful smile. The plan he work like a bald-faced horse; he he knuckled down at the blacksmith field or town, a part of his roubles spendthrift men, and took to the their money as though with fire; now he sits in his figure's shade, and people smile as they look at him. And where are the fellows who do bygone age? Do they lean back in and free from cares? Have they the figures and stuff to eat? Oh, ask copper who walks your beat.

Storm

For wet, slushy days, greatest foot protection. Foot