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

A
Abbott, Miss Olive, Allandale Road

B
Baird, Samuel
Braddle, John, Carter's Hill
Barnes, Michael, Lime St.
Beddlecombe, Samuel, Allandale Road
Brentnall, R., James St.
Bell, James, Nagle's Hill
Boone, Michael, card, care Gen'l P. Office
Bowen, Mr.
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

C
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., Merrymeeting Road
Crew, Reuben, care G.P.O.
Cliffff, Robert, care G.P.O.
Cole, E. J., late Grand Falls
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Cooper, Samuel, late Dildo
Cotton, Mrs. M. M.
Colford, Wm.
Coal, Herbert, Middle Cove
Coady, Miss May A., Balsam House
Collins, Miss B. M.
Cleary, Miss Bride

D
Day, Miss D., card, Bond St.
Davis, Mrs. John
Dahal, Mrs., card
Dyke, Miss Sophie
Dyke, Garfield,
Delaney, Miss L., late Goulds
Diamond, Mrs. Wm., card, Cabot Street
Dickson, T. W.
Docon, 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
Freak, Uriah
Fagen, Miss Mary, Pennywell Road
Flemming, Miss, care Royal Stores
Feiltham, Dorcas
Fitzgerald, Thomas, Boncloddy St
Ford, Mrs. Albert, Colman's Lane
Fowler, Mrs. Bridget
Fowler, Mrs. James
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
Godfrey, George, care G. P. O.
Gordon, J. W.
Griffin, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Chaplin, Water St. West
Gillingham, Jessie, care Salvation Shelter
Greening, Miss G., Long's Hill

H
Hanlen, Mrs., care Mrs. Jack
Hapgood, Wm.
Harvey, Wm.
Haddon, Aug.
Heales, Mrs. Jas., Merrymeeting Rd.
Heller, J. S., care Gen'l Delivery
Hellier, Joe
Helmens, John, LeMerchant Road
Hitchen, M. H., care Post Office
Hickman, Miss Annie, New Gower Street
Hodge, Bert, care G.P.O.
Hoddson, 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.
Janes, Gordon, British House
Jancion, Miss D. J., care W. H. Jackman

K
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, rtd
Kelly, John J., retd.

L
Lees, Wm.
LeDrew, Miss Annie
Lynch, John, late Trepassey railway
Lefellier, 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. Fiona
Morgan, Mrs. Henry D., Gear Street
Moore, Wm., James' St.
Murphy, Walter F., care Gen'l Delivery
Murphy, Miss Katie, Cookstown Road
Moore, Daniel, Topsail Rd.
Mullowney, Miss Annie, Water Street
Mahoney, Miss Winnie, Church Hill

Mc
McPherson, Mrs. Magt.
McDonald, A. H.
McNeill, Allan, No. 7 —— Street
McCarthy, Mrs. T. P., late Placentia
McCarthy, Thos., King's Rd
McNeill, A. Water St. West

N
Noseworthy, Sarah, retd.
Noseworthy, John
Norris, Absaloem J.
Norman, Miss Edith, Gilbert Street
Noseworthy, J., Pleasant St.

O
Oake, Miss Agnes, Hotel Royal
Oldford, Samson, care G. P. O.
O'Neill, John W., tailor

P
Parsons, Violet, card, Bond Street
Parsons, Eli, Crosbie Hotel
Pelly, R.
Pearcey, Albert, Allandale Road
Pendergrast, Miss Maggie, Cook's St.
Pelley, Jennie, Water St.
Perkins, W. L., Water St.
Pendergrast, 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 Lilian
Piercey, John, retd
Pinston, James, Hamilton Street
Pynn, Josiah M., late Conche
Pilgrim, Thomas B., care G. P. O.
Power, Master J. A., retd.

R
Ryan, Joseph, care G.P.O.
Ryan, James, late s.s. Ethie
Ryan, J. B.
Raines, A. C., retd.
Rennie, Mrs. C. M., retd.
Riche, Nellie, New Gower Street
Reid, Julia, retd.
Rose, Tippett
Robinson, Wm.
Roberts, L.
Rose, John, late Arnold's Cove
Russell, Mrs., Barter's Hill
Rumsey, 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.
Soher, Miss Alice, Water Street
Stowe, John
Summers, Wm., Water St.
Sullivan, Mrs. John, Gen'l Hospital

T
Ttempleman, 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, Hesekiah
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, W., care G. P. O.
Windsor, Wm., St. John's
Willis, W.
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. Celia

D
Russell, Baxter, schr. Diona
Higdon, Chas. H., schr. Duchess
Apgood, 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. Florizel

G
Janes, James, schr. Ger Falcon
Moors, C., schr. Gertie Moors

H
Weathers, Nicholas, schr. Hearo
Gerhardt, Capt. Eber, schr. H. R. Silver

L
Priddle, Joseph, card schr. Leapir
Hanamer, Levi, schr. Lament
Gibbons, Thos., schr. Lady
Butler, Samuel, schr. Lord of Avon

M
Sarty, Ermon, schr. Milfred M.
Wiseman, Edgar, schr. Mary F.
Martin, D., schr. Minnie Strong
schr. Mabel Churchill, Capt. James,

N
May, James, schr. Northern Light

P
Braddon, Capt. R., schr. Perseverance

S
Parsons, Wesley, s.s. Stella Maris

T
Petite, Capt. Henry, schr. Tobiatic
Savory, Wm., schr. Tasmana

U
Gardner, Alex., schr. Uronick

V
Hobbs, Capt. R. J., schr. Vandeulil.

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A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT THE RECEPTION.

(Continued.)

But no, there was hope still. Hilary had a dress almost exactly like hers; she would put it on and snatch happiness before it left her forever. Filled with renewed joy, bright with pure purpose, she grasped the pitcher before her, and with one quick movement turned its contents over the front of her rich dress. Exclaiming with well simulated dismay, she rushed from the alcove, and bewailing her plight, worked her way to a certain little dressing-room, where she knew that Hilary kept her dresses. Choosing one most like the discarded one, she put it on, knowing that her friend would forgive her; ah, too readily forgive her, if she knew the cause of her action. Then she went out and turned her steps again toward the crowd, moving toward the stairs. As she did so she felt her shoulder touched. A hand reached through the mass and thrust a minute roll of paper into her hand. She saw, or thought she saw, the face of one of her own servants, but she was not sure. Frightened, she knew not why, she unrolled the paper and read, with staring eyes and hair raising on her forehead, a few mysterious words. Merciful heaven! What did they mean? Where did they come from? How did they come here? Recoiling for a second time from the head of the staircase, she dashed toward that part of the house into which a messenger, such as she imagined herself to have seen, would be likely to disappear. She sought, she inquired, and found, not one of her own maids, but the jolly little French girl who had taken her hairdresser's place that day.

The sight overwhelmed her.

'Did you bring this?' she asked.

'Yes, mademoiselle; and I ask your pardon. I was told to give it to you when I had finished dressing your hair, but I forgot, and so had to inquire where you had gone, and came after you; for I dared not go back without fulfilling my mission.'

'And who made you—who gave you this for me—your employer, Madame——'

'Oui, mademoiselle; who else? I assure you I carried it quite joyfully, and only regret I had to interrupt mademoiselle's pleasure—'

But mademoiselle had turned her back.

'The Portugese!' she murmured, 'the Portugese!' And she grew quite white and stole away into Hilary's dressing-room for a second time, and mechanically took down a large silk cloak that she wrapp d about her, thus hiding her gown, and making of her appearance a mystery, which might and might not be penetrated by a watchful lover's eye.

Thus enshrouded, she descended. From step to step her small feet went to the throbs of a heart whose beating almost suffocated her. Was he near? Was he watching? Would he see and wonder what her noncommittal costume meant? Of all the agitations of the day this was the worst. She dared not look up, she dared not search the crowd, she hardly dared move forward. Yet she must; a pressure was upon her. Besides, it was getting late, and Hilary would wonder; and he—Ah! was that his voice she heard? No—yes—he must be almost at her back. He must be near enough to see what dress she wore, if so much as a thread of her dress was visible above the neck of her cloak. Was he looking? She would not turn to see; she would only hurry forward and greet Hilary while she had yet the strength to do so.

Miss Aspinwall, meantime, was awaiting her friend's tardy approach with secret impatience. She had become so attached to her former protegee that she was no longer perfectly at her ease except when Jenny was near her. Through all the greetings and handshakings and congratulations upon having returned to town which she received she kept Jenny in her thoughts, and brightened visibly when she at last beheld her coming toward her through the throng. Contrary to Mr. Degraw's suggestions, she had not been taken into Miss Rogers' confidence, and knew nothing of the importance of the hour to the two hearts dearest to her. Yet she felt vaguely uneasy, especially after she saw Jenny's face, and could not prevent a wondering glance as she noticed that her friend was wrapped in one of her own cloaks.

'I have had an accident—spilled lemonade or something all over the front of my dress,' whispered Jenny, as she observed this look, and her friend's wonder and astonishment.

There was not time for more; a dozen ladies were behind her. Miss Rogers passed on, but she felt her heart unaccountably lightened. She always did when she looked in Hilary's pure face.

Her next care was to seek out a place where she would not be too visible, but where she could herself see the persons about her. For now she began to feel an impatience to meet the eye she had hitherto shrunk from, and by one look determine what conclusions he had drawn from her nondescript costume. So finding a vacant spot near a lofty palm, she turned her face slowly toward the crowd and at last ventured to lift her eyes. He was there. She saw him but he was not looking her way. Nor did he look her way, though her whole soul summoned him through her eager glance.

What did it mean? Did he consider the dark cloak a cowardly subterfuge? Was he disappointed in her and ready to disdain what a week before he had so wildly worshiped. She grew sick at heart and did not even hear the voices murmuring about her; did not even note the hands outstretched to give her a welcome, or pay any attention to greetings that would once have filled her with pride. Hamilton Degraw was in the same room with her and allowed himself to be absorbed by another. What if that other were a man! It did not ease her heart to know that any one could draw his eyes away from her, especially when she stood ready to give him smile for smile. Ah, why had she come at all? Why not have left him in an uncertainty as horrible now as her own? That would have been the wise course; that would have made it impossible for him to take the steamer, if, as she still believed, he yet loved her. But now— Well what was this? A hand was pushing against her own and would not be denied. It was a gentleman's hand; a very fine and courtly gentleman's hand. She noted that before she had taken in his face. When she did, she turned scarlet. It was Mr. Byrd who stood before her, and he was looking at her with very searching eyes.

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said he. "I am not an invited guest in this assemblage, but I have a bit of news to impart to you that will, I think, excuse my presence, both in your eyes and in those of your amiable hostess. The woman who has dressed your hair for the last three months is dead. You see, this is the second time I have had to be a harbinger of good news to you."

"Good news?" she faintly repeated.

"Yes. Did you not know who this woman was? I have been told you greatly feared the Portuguese—"

A waiter with a tray full of ices pushed his way at this instant directly between them. When he had passed, Miss Rogers was gone, and the detective, astonished and not a little chagrined, looked about him for some minutes before he saw her again. Then he perceived that she had thrown off the long cloak that had seemed so out of place in this brilliant throng, and stood, beaming and beautiful, near a piano, where some one was just beginning to play.

Hilary saw her, too, at this minute, and asked herself what her wonderful look meant; for, while Jenny Rogers' eye burned steadily in one direction, it was acquiring a purpose, the determination of which Hilary could see but not explain. And she felt that it needed explanation, and left her place to join her young friend, and succeeded in doing this just as Miss Rogers said, in low tones, to the person at the piano:

"I will sing 'Robert, toi que j'aime.'"

Miss Aspinwall, who would have been less surprised if a flash of lightning had suddenly shot from door to door of her great house, leaned forward and took Jenny by the hand.

"Dear friend, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"Sing."

"Sing!—before this crowd?"

"Yes."

"And you can?"

"I can."

"Without fear of failure?"

"Without fear of failure."

Hilary, who was used to her friend's tones, saw that there was something deeper than caprice in this.

"It will be a noble kindness on your part if you will," said she, "but you look so excited, and you tremble so, you make me feel that there is something at stake which I do not understand."

"There is, Hilary; my whole life's happiness. Hamilton Degraw is here; he loves me, and told me if I returned his love to wear a cloth dress today. I have on the dress; I am ready to stand by what it means; but he will not look this way. I wore a velvet one when I came, and perhaps he saw me then, or saw the cloak with which I at first tried to hide the change I had made; and now nothing can make him glance away from the man he is conversing with; and presently he will go, and his going means an endless separation between us, for, Hilary, he has engaged passage in the Etruria, and she sails to-night, you know."

To be continued.

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