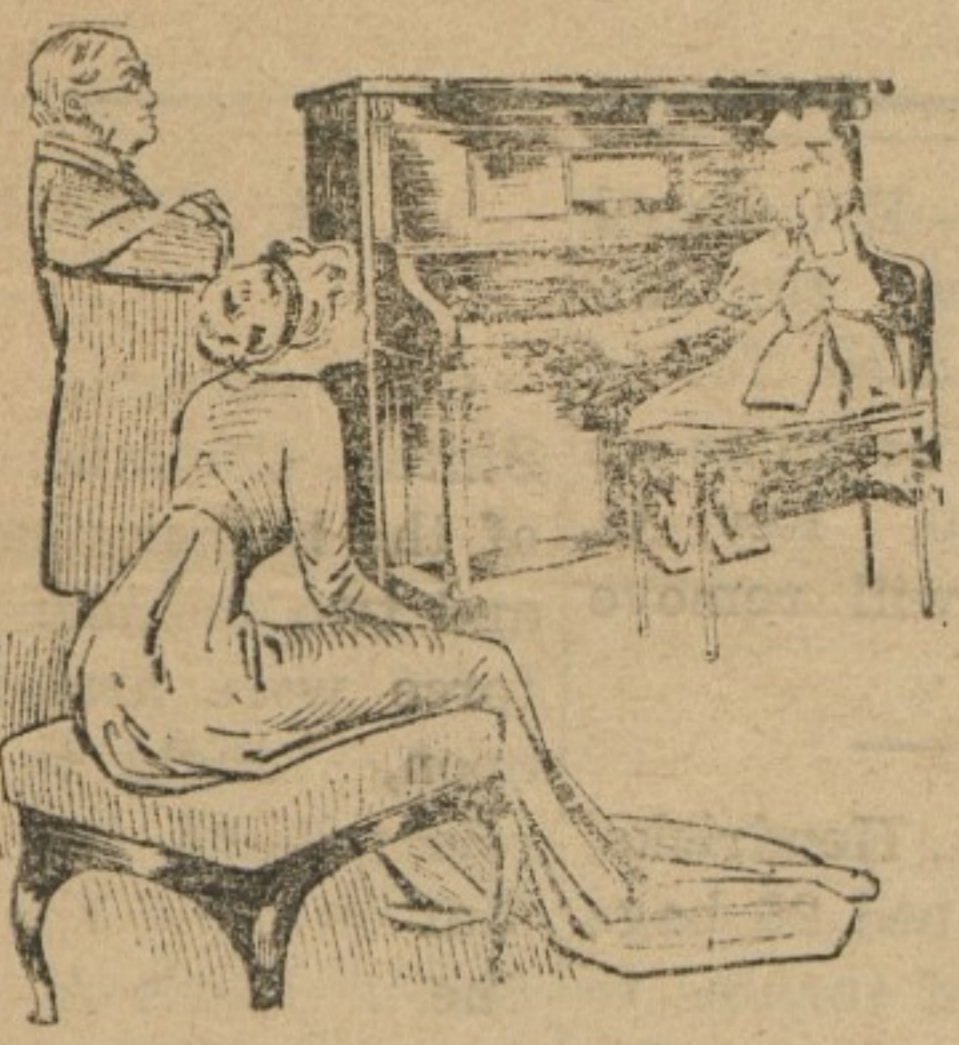


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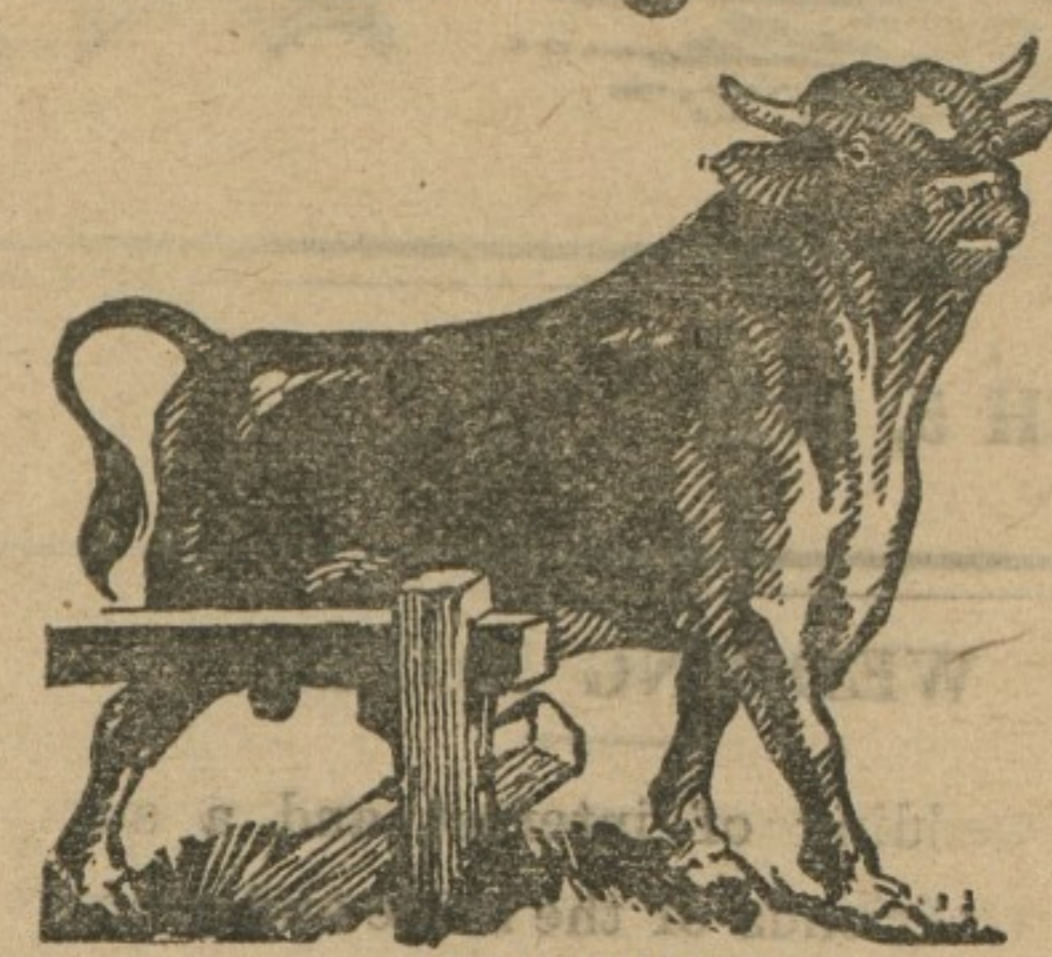
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Applications for insurance may be made to F. E. Thomas, Stevensville; E. S. Valliant, Church Hill; E. C. Bowers, Lynch, Md.; Joseph Downey, Rock Hall; Barclay Kilbourn, Fairlee; R. Wesley Moffett, Millington; Charles H. Jefferson, Chestertown; Frank H. Ruth, Galena; G. W. Owens, Betterton; Allan S. Walls, Sudlersville; Howard Turner, Betterton.

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## Stam Drug Co

THE PRESCRIPTION STORE

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration c. t. a. on the personal estate of

MARTHA ELIZABETH SKIRVEN late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of August, 1921, otherwise they may be lawfully excluded from all benefits of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under our hands this 8th day of February, 1921.

GEORGE S. DIEHL, RICHARD S. DIEHL, Administrators c. t. a.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ADOLPH DROLL late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of August, 1921, otherwise they may be lawfully excluded from all benefits of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under our hands this 4th day of February, 1921.

MARY ANNE DROLL, JOSEPH DROLL, Executors.

## TRAGEDY OF STATEROOM 49

By T. W. McKAIL

(Copyright)

It was dark on board the Canada. All lights were turned out in the cabins and saloons, the deck was deserted and the smoking room empty when the passengers were supposed to be asleep. I had not yet turned in, but was about to do so, and had taken off my coat, opened the door of my cabin, and was stepping across the threshold for a breath of cooler air (for it was a hot August night), when the sound of angry voices attracted my attention. "You cut!" exclaimed someone in a tone of suppressed fury. "If you were a man you would have it out with me here and now."

"Let me pass," returned a second voice. "You've had my last word on the subject. Now I'm going down to bed."

Hasty footsteps moved across the deck, and I could hear the clatter of shoes. I did not like the quarreling on board my ship but I considered it no affair of mine. I returned to my cabin, the parties. The belligerents had gone below. I thought, as I stood still in my cabin door, when suddenly a man walked rapidly by, his face showing clearly for an instant in the lights from within.

I had not recognized the voice when raised in anger, but now I knew the young fellow, and was sure that in the short conversation I had overheard he had been the first speaker. He was one of a party who had come on board the day before, when we had sailed from New York. He was a Canadian by the name of Sevier, shared a stateroom with a Mr. Trefusis who was apparently engaged to a very pretty girl—a cousin of both the young men—on board with her mother and a little sister.

"Mr. Sevier?" I said, as he went past. He turned without seeing me. He turned short around. It must have been a surprise to him, thus abruptly to be accosted, but he answered by immediately plunging into a subject which had my appearance on the scene no doubt suggested.

"Captain Bruce," he exclaimed, still with the suppressed quiver of concentrated rage in his voice, "is there an empty stateroom on board that I can occupy after this?"

"Why? Is there anything wrong with No. 49?"

"The only thing which is wrong is that I can't possibly share it with Mr. Trefusis," he said. "We have had a very serious disagreement."

He was off like a shot. A few minutes I waited, expecting him back; but he did not come. Perhaps, after all, he had been struck down and pitched upon his doorstep, I concluded.

How long I slept I did not know. It might have been, as far as I could tell, two minutes or two hours.

"For Heaven's sake," Captain Bruce, open the door," said a man's voice. It was Sevier back again.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Sevier?" I inquired impatiently.

"Murder's the matter," he answered in a strange, cold voice. "What do you mean?" I sternly demanded.

"I mean that Arthur Trefusis has been murdered. He's lying dead in our—his stateroom."

I started toward the door, and Sevier followed, then stopped abruptly. I knew his thought and answered it. "I must ask you to remain here," I said, "until the first officer, for whom I shall now send, while I go below."

Within the space of three or four minutes I had Hamilton with him, but given a word or two of explanation, and had myself been pitched upon their doorstep, the ship's doctor.

Together we went to the stateroom, No. 49. Face downward on the lower berth Trefusis was lying.

Beckmyre at once began his examination, while I stood by. The poor fellow was quite dead, and must have been for nearly an hour. There could be no question of suicide, as the blow had been struck from behind, and with such sudden force as in all probability to fling him forward into his present position. Altogether appearances were very black against Sevier.

He started up at our entrance. "Trefusis is dead, I suppose? There's no doubt of that?" he exclaimed, his eyes on the doctor.

"He is dead," answered Beckmyre. "Tell me exactly what happened after you went below, Mr. Sevier," I demanded.

"Nothing happened," he answered, after a moment's pause, "except that I went to the stateroom, found the door closed, and walked in without knocking. I wasn't excited in the mood for ceremony. There was a light in the room, and I saw Trefusis lying on his berth with most of his clothes on. He didn't move or look up, and I didn't speak to him."

It was not until I discovered that the thing that I had gone into the stateroom to get wasn't to be found, that I spoke to him. Still he was silent, and I then pulled the curtain of the berth aside to look in, and I touched him on the back. What I saw I don't need to tell you. I fell against the door in a sort of daze.

"What you tell me what was the object which you went to the stateroom to reclaim?"

"No," he said flushing. "I won't tell you or any one that. I deny your right to ask the question."

"I have the right of a magistrate," I returned. "Every captain of a ship is a magistrate as well, and I assure you it will be greatly to your advantage to answer questions and have as much light thrown upon the matter as possible."

On the morning after the murder a dreary task was mine. I had to be the one to break the news of what had happened to Mrs. Ransome and her daughter before they should have time to hear of it in some even more startling way.

Mrs. Ransome at once broke out into a horrified condemnation of Sevier, who, as well as Trefusis, was a cousin of her own. "Wretched boy!" she cried. "I knew his feeling—we all knew his jealousy of Arthur, but who could have dreamed it would lead him to this!"

"Don't, mother, I beg," implored the girl whom Sevier had called Moyra. "He can't be guilty. And whatever may be the truth, it is cruel of you to prejudice the Captain against him."

Mrs. Ransome flashed a reproach at her. "It is you who are cruel to defend Arthur's murderer," she exclaimed. "Listen, Captain Bruce," she impetuously went on. "Anthony Sevier inherited Arthur's money, should Arthur die unmarried. The fortune was left in that way by their uncle—Anthony himself got a bare pittance. Besides (yes, I will tell, Moyra—it is my duty to speak), Arthur Trefusis and my daughter were to have been married a month from now in England at the house of that uncle's sister, who promised to leave more money to him if the wedding should take place at her home."

"As for Anthony, he has always cared for Moyra; though it was impossible I should ever have allowed her to become the wife of such a heartless fellow."

Late in the afternoon I went to the stateroom where the murdered man lay, and shut myself in. Locking the door, I turned on the electric light, which illuminated every corner of the room.

As I questioned myself, I lifted the bath-robes with the other clothing on the wall and put myself behind them. At once a faint but agreeable perfume was perceptible to my nostrils.

Slowly I took down the garments which seemed more strongly saturated with the perfume than the others, and then—suddenly I gave vent to a slight exclamation. A hairpin was sliding in the loosely woven meshes of the Turkish towel of which the robe was made, as though it had, in close contact, been dragged from a woman's hair.

Miss Ransome's hair was brown. We carried two stewardesses on the Canada, and I lost no time, on leaving the room of the dead, in going first to one, and then to the other.

After dinner the stewardess came to me in my cabin. There was a long array of hairpins arranged according to my order.

I could hardly control my excitement as my eye lighted on the mate to the hairpin I had concealed in my pocket. I drew it from the paper. It, too, was scented.

"No 51," I read aloud from the card underneath.

"You can go, and let me impress it upon you again that not a whisper is to go around about this, on pain of instant dismissal," I said.

In a moment I was alone. In another I had found the name of the woman who occupied No. 51. It was the next stateroom but one to that in which the murder had been committed, and the name of its inmate was Mrs. Rochester, of Quebec. The Ransomes, Trefusis and Sevier had all come from Montreal. A daring plan entered my head.

I went out on deck. I had the good luck to find Mrs. Rochester alone. She started and looked around as I approached and took up a position beside her.

"Will you allow me to offer you a penny for your thoughts?" I inquired. "They are worth more than that," she answered in a low voice.

"You are right, Mrs. Rochester," I said, "but I believe that I can guess that you are thinking of last night; living over again the time when you stole into stateroom 49, picked up a knife which lay there, hid behind the clothing hanging on the wall, waited for Mr. Arthur Trefusis to come in, and then when you saw him at your mercy, struck—"

"For Heaven's sake!" she uttered thickly. "For Heaven's sake!"

Her voice broke, she reeled, and would have fallen in a dead faint had I not caught her across my arm.

Later I had all the truth from her and from Anthony Sevier, who would not have spoken out his suspicions (had she not been detected) for fear of screening himself by wronging the innocent.

Trefusis had known her in Quebec, wrecked her life and married happiness, and promised to marry her if her husband should die. She had heard of his approaching union with his cousin, and had followed him on board the Canada.

The rest was easy to understand. The unfortunate and guilty woman vowed to me that, rather than see Sevier convicted, she would have confessed everything. But perhaps it was as well she was not subjected to further temptation. At all events, it was Mrs. Rochester who was handed over to the police in Glasgow. She received only a sentence of imprisonment for the term of her natural life. She was too handsome, too young and the preservation of the great for the imposition of the death penalty.

As for Miss Moyra Ransome and Sevier, I have just had a letter with the announcement of their marriage.

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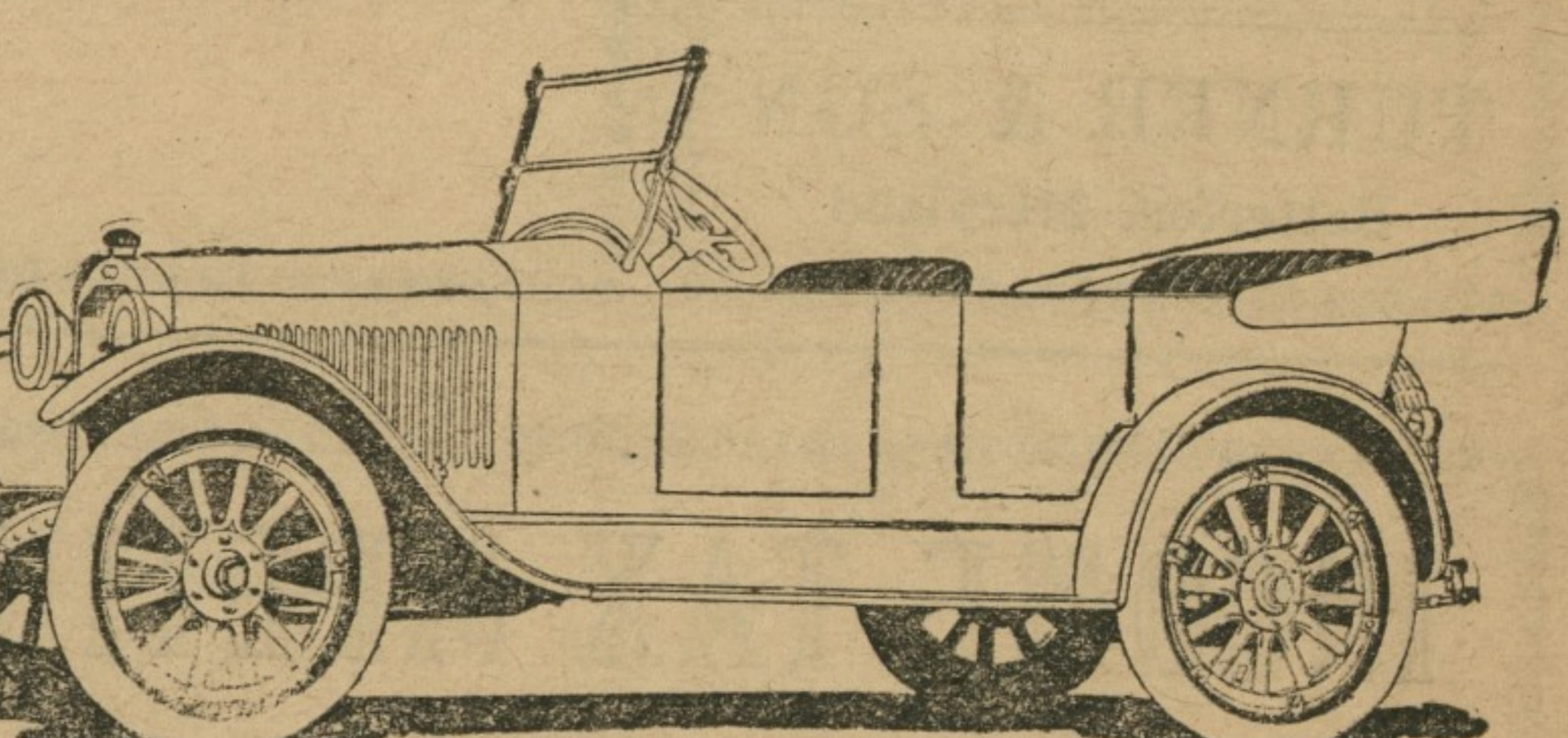
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