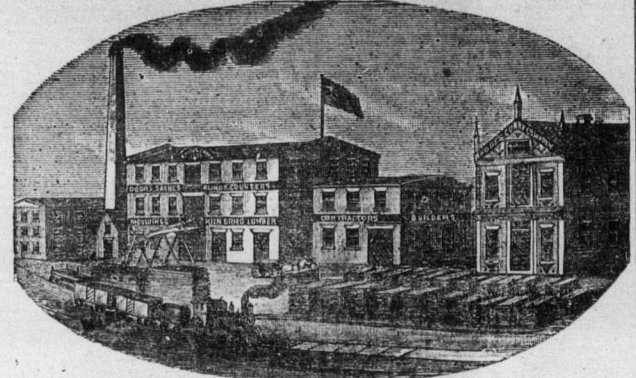


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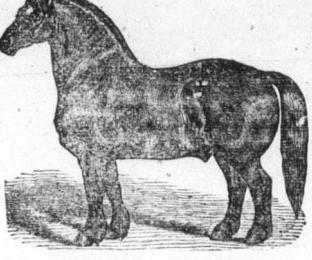
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11100, will put in the season of '91

as follows:

Voltaire 11100, will put in the season of '91

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## A STRANGE PASSENGER.

(New York Press.)

When my packet ship the *Hermione*

was preparing to sail from Liverpool

for New York I was warned to take

precautions against receiving as

passenger a certain Mary Youngton,

who, while nursing her sick husband—

a man considerably her senior—had

poisoned him to death, laid hold of all

the money and valuables she could get

and then had made off. It was

thought that she would try to leave

England on some outward bound ship—

most likely for America, where she

had friends—and therefore I sharply

scrutinized the passengers, eight in

number, who went through to my

vessel in a tender.

As they stepped aboard I was re-

lieved to perceive that none of them

tallied with the description I had ob-

tained of Mrs. Youngton, who, I was

told, was a beautiful woman, over

thirty-five years of age, about 5 feet 6

inches in height and very slender,

with brown hair, dark eyes, and a

clear complexion. She had been

born and educated abroad, but her

father had been an Englishman, and

an amateur actor, from whom she had

inherited a remarkable capacity for

deceiving people as to her character.

Two of the female passengers who

now came aboard were married ladies,

and of dark complexion. They were

also two young women, one of whom

was a Miss Lorton, plain and

stout; the other, Miss Merwin,

slender and tall, apparently not less

than 5 feet 9 inches, with the most

childish, innocent innocent looking

face, for one of her age. That I even

saw her I had to thank the fact that

she had brown hair and eyes, and

small, babylike features, and smooth,

glowing cheeks, which were constantly

dimpled with smiles. As she

slightly lifted her skirt we saw that

instead of a dress or boots she wore

ornamented stockings of some kind of

soft leather, which made no noise

when she walked. Afterwards we

heard that she wore them because she

had lately sprained her feet and could

not bear harder leather.

From the first I could see that my

son Tom, a young man of twenty-five,

and chief officer, was greatly impressed

by her girl.

He had always liked tall women,

and anything 'babyish' in their looks

or manners particularly pleased him.

Still, I was surprised at the end of one

short week after we sailed to learn

that he had actually proposed to her

and been accepted.

She is so artless, so ingenious, so

free from guile of any kind, said he,

that you can read her heart at a glance.

We are to be married on coming back

to Liverpool at the house of her aunt,

who is expecting her. With her

usual childish frankness she informed

me that, although having a small for-

have been all along in the stateroom

next to Miss Merwin's, with my cap-

bag. Had you looked in the room

you would have seen me, but you

probably missed the key, or thought

it was lost."

"That's true; but—"

"Here's my warrant," he interrupted,

handing me a paper, which on read-

ing it by the lantern's light, I per-

ceived was a signed document, appar-

ently from the proper authorities, in-

structing John Cleve, the bearer, a

detective, to conceal himself aboard the

*Hermione* and act as he might see

fit in his endeavor to detect the mur-

deress, Mrs. Youngton, who it was

suspected was a passenger in disguise

aboard the vessel.

"She is here," was his confident re-

ply. When I remarked that there

must be some mistake, "I have not

watched through the hole I boared in

the partition for nothing."

"Why, man! I cried, aghast, "she

cannot be the guilty one. She is in-

nocent itself—as artless as a child.

Besides she is very tall and young,

whereas I have been told that the

murderess was much shorter and

nearly twice as old."

He laughed in a way which to me

was indecisibly disagreeable.

"It is not Miss Merwin I allude to,"

he said. "You will remember that the

stateroom of Miss Lorton is also

next to mine."

"What?" I exclaimed, almost as

much surprised as before, "you sus-

pect that stout young lady whom I

know her to be the criminal?"

"But she is young, plain and stout,"

the accused woman was denier. "Dis-

guise! That will explain all. It is

easy for a woman of that kind to make

herself look younger and stouter than

she really is. Should we fall in a

good Liverpool-bound ship she shall

board of it with me. I will go with

my room now. You may or may

not see me again before we sight a

home bound craft."

With that he glided like a shadow

into the cabin.

"Now, then, I had something to

keep me awake, to drive all thoughts

of turning in from my mind. So after

all, that woman, the terrible murder-

ess, was aboard my ship!"

I commenced to look at the deck in

the pleasant frame of mind, and the

morning light stole around me before

I was aware that the hour was so late.

When breakfast was ready in the

cabin Miss Merwin was absent from

her accustomed place at the table.

During the progress of the meal I

looked more than once at Miss Lor-

ton—the stout young lady who, the

detective had positively asserted, was

Mary Youngton, the poisoner.

The quiet dignity and composure

of her manner, the frank, honest ex-

pression of her face, and its undeniable

plainness, seemed to be so natural,

moment he cried out: "Father I be-

lieve that man is a humbug! But

whether he be a detective or not, I

now suspect that he is a thief and a

murderer; that he knew of Miss

Merwin's having that \$5,000 bond,

and that in order to possess himself

of it he has killed her and thrown

her body overboard!"

I stared at him in amazement, and

told him I feared that his grief had

disturbed his reason. How was it

possible, I asked him, that the man

could have got the body overboard

without our knowing of it?

"He could have choked her to

death, carried her to one of the open

cabin windows, and dropped her

through that, he replied.

"Impossible," I answered, "without

the splash being overheard by the

man at the man at the wheel, or by

some one on deck. Besides, I doubt

if he could have squeezed the body

through either of our cabin win-

dows, which you know are very small."

Tom, however, seemed to think it

could have been done, owing to

Miss Merwin being so slender, and

in spite of all my efforts, I could

not entirely rid his mind of that

horrible idea.

Days passed, for we had head

winds, which kept us off our course;

but as yet the detective had nothing

to tell me, though he said he soon

might be able to explain the whole

affair.

A strange affair enough. Never

before had I such an experience, or

anything approaching to it, in any

craft I commanded. The passengers

were equally puzzled; it was the talk

of all aboard the ship. As for Tom

he grew paler, thinner, wilder every

day. At last, one afternoon, when

we had entered St. George's Channel,

he came up to me and said, in a husky

voice: "It is as I thought! Quick! I

have something to show you! Make

noise!"

I followed him. We both wore

light slippers, and with out noise

entered the room Miss Merwin occu-

pied. He pointed to a crevice, which

he had evidently made in the partition

between either of our cabins and the

stateroom, and looking through it I

saw the next apartment, kneel-

ing by his open carpet bag, from

which Miss Merwin had just spread

out before me a \$5,000 bond. I

was evidently the one which my son

had given to the young lady!

"You see," he whispered, "was I

not right? He has murdered and rob-

bed here!"