

# THE LOWELL LEDGER.

INDEPENDENT—NOT NEUTRAL.

X, NO. 37.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 26, 1903

FIVE CENTS.

## MONEY TO LOAN

We wish to make a few more mortgage loans. The property offered must be first-class and located in this vicinity.

Terms are Liberal.

Y BANK, HILL, WATTS & CO.

## SUGAR MAKERS' SUPPLIES.

We will offer you while they last a No. 1, 12 quart Tin Sap Bucket at \$12.25 per 100. Syrup Cans correspondingly cheap.

We have a few Heaters left at cost. Now is the time to buy.

Yours Respectfully,

R. B. Boylan.

## MUSIC

Is the fourth great material want of our nature—first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.—Bovee.

### Lyon & Healey's Celebrated Washburn Guitars and Mandolins

and others of lower grade and cheaper prices, also

### Violin Strings and Trimmings, Harmonicas, Auto Harps, Victor Talking Machines and Records,

Columbian Zithers, Harmonicas, and Metallochords, all sold at FACTORY PRICES, saving the transportation charges to customers.

A. D. OLIVER,

WATCHES, GLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

## Lent is Here



and we are ready for it with a full supply of all kinds of Fresh, Smoked and Salted Fish.

### OYSTERS Baltimores in Bulk. Selects in Cans.

We carry a full line of all Fresh, Smoked, Salted and Cooked MEATS at all times. Our own make of Lard is fine.

A. L. WEYRICK.

## THE END IS NEAR

### OF THE MERRITT-KEREKES POISONING CASE.

Much Contradictory Testimony. Question of Hand-Writing.

Special to The Lowell Ledger.

IONIA, February 26, 12 M.—The people closed their testimony in their case against Bailey Kerekes of Lowell Tuesday. They had evidently placed great stress on the allegation that Kerekes was and is a quarrelsome, turbulent citizen and also on the alleged striking similarity of his known handwriting to that of Merritt, claiming that Kerekes addressed to Merritt the envelope said to have contained the poison. Experts from Grand Rapids, Detroit and Greenville testified for the people, stating that in their opinion the handwriting on the envelope was that of Kerekes. The testimonies of Chapman and Gates seem to be contradictory. Craft contradicts Merritt and Klumpp in some of the important particulars, which contradictions will probably have an important bearing on the case. Mrs. Kerekes, Bessie and Willie also contradict the sheriff and deputies as well as Witness Toner, in important matters, principally about spelling, and also Hall of Grand Rapids. Several Lowell business men have testified favorably as to Kerekes' standing in Lowell. Cashier Burletson of Ionia County Savings bank, a handwriting expert, testified that Merritt is the man that wrote the address on the envelope, a very clever analysis of the hand-writing submitted.

Hon. A. A. Ellis is now testifying as an expert for defense. He gives it as his unqualified opinion that the hand writing is not that of Kerekes. It created considerable amusement when asked whether he knew defendant. He had taken Henry W. Booth as defendant up to last night.

Deputy Sheriff Morse has served subpoenas on the following Lowell citizens who have testified or will testify for the defense: Floyd Lang, Benj. Morse, A. J. Howk, Rudolph VanDyke, Wm. Pullen, Jr., Ruben Quick, L. H. Hunt, W. J. Atkins.

The defense say they will get their case in today, and tomorrow will be occupied by the prosecution in rebuttal testimony. It is now hoped that the arguments will be begun Saturday. In any event the case can hardly get to the jury before next week.

### NEW DAM AND POWER PLANT.

Edison Company Preparing to Start work on Flat River.

Grand Rapids Herald.

The Grand Rapids Edison company is getting ready to make an early start on a new dam across Flat river and power station near Lowell. The new dam will be constructed about a mile above the present dam. It will have a fall of 30 feet and a capacity of 1,500 horse power, or about four times the power of the present dam. The new power station will be constructed of cement, after the style of the storage plant in this city. Direct power will be transmitted to the generators by connection with the water wheels and the generated current conveyed to the Edison plant in this city. It is expected that the construction of the new Flat river power plant will take most of the coming summer to complete. The present Lowell plant will not be abandoned, but will continue to add its electric fluid to the Edison system.

Ladies of the Aid society of the M. E. church, numbering over forty, with an occasional gentleman escort, took a sleighride to the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Joseph, in Keene, yesterday. The day was delightful in every respect, a fine dinner was spread by the hostess and the society voted the gathering one of the gayest in its history.

The McCarty meat market is resplendent in a handsome linoleum floor covering; and is in all respects a model market.

Taggart Family show, at opera house Friday eve. Feb. 27. Bene fit Lowell Maccabees. Admission 10c. and 20c. Turn out.

The Journal has two or three "editorials" this week that were not written in Washington. If we have any time for light amusement next week, we may pay some attention to the "amoozin cuss."

## VILLAGE ELECTION.

### PRESIDENT, FOUR TRUSTEES, TREASURER, CLERK AND ASSESSOR

To Be Elected Monday, March 9. Caucus March 2.

The annual election of the Village of Lowell will be held in the Hiler building, Monday, March 9, at which time a successor will be chosen to President R. VanDyke, Trustees Nicholson, Lee and White, whose terms expire, and to Trustee Watts, resigned, also a clerk in place of T. A. Murphy, and treasurer and assessor to succeed Clyde Collar and J. B. Yeiter respectively.

We understand that Mr. VanDyke will refuse a renomination. Mr. Watts has resigned as trustee and insists upon devoting his time to private duties. While Trustees Nicholson, White and Lee would doubtless like to be relieved, they can doubtless probably be prevailed upon to remain another term. Treasurer Collar has served two terms and is ineligible for re-election. The only name we have heard suggested as his successor is that of U. B. Williams. U. B. is all right, if he will take it. Our present efficient clerk, T. A. Murphy, is willing to do it again, if the people want him. Don't think there is any question about it. As for the assessors, J. B. Yeiter says if it should be passed around on a gold platter he might take another slice.

The board of registration meet at the Council room Saturday, March 7, from 9, a. m., to 8, p. m., to register names of qualified voters.

A village caucus is called for Monday, March 2, at 7, p. m., to nominate a ticket.

### ISN'T THIS NICE?

#### PROPOSITION TO DETACH TOWNSHIPS FROM CITY

And Call it Roosevelt County. A Good Bill to Burn.

Some people in Grand Rapids seem to be troubled with indigestion. They complain that the city is overtaxed and that the country supervisors are to blame. They propose to have the city made a county by itself and to let the country go it alone, gosh! Not satisfied with taxing Lowell for the Ada bridge they want to build a bridge to accommodate the West Michigan fair at Grand Rapids and tax the county for that, too; and as if that Senator Weekes didn't see it. How would it do to add a rider to that bill providing that the county shall reimburse the township of Lowell for two iron bridges built by it over Grand river? There are two sides to this taxation question; and we think the city has no reason to find fault. Property owners say taxes are higher in Lowell than in Grand Rapids; and the county supervisors claim that the city property is assessed ridiculously low, while in Lowell many cases can be cited where property is assessed for more than it was sold for. In spite of all this, THE LEDGER doubts the wisdom of divorcing the city from the county and of the proposed Roosevelt county. While the city and townships are competent to care for themselves, the expenses attached to a change, the double set of officeholders and the disturbing of the old relations, should cause a pause in the divorce proceedings. Let us settle our difficulties amicably and bide a wee.

#### They Earned the Dollars.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid society held their experience social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCarty last evening and it was largely attended.

The following enjoyable program was rendered:

Flute solo, Arthur Sherman. Vocal solo, Miss Alice Griffith. Recitation, Miss Maude McKee. Mandolin duet, Mr. and Mrs. David Maage.

Violin solo, Miss Griffith. Vocal solo, Mrs. Norton Henry. Miss Pearl Keene acted as accompanist.

After the program, the ladies related their experiences as they passed in their dollars. Coffee and doughnuts were served. Proceeds, \$24.80.

R. J. Flanagan has sold the B. C. Smith property, on Monroe street to M. VanArsdale, who will make it his home.

## The LAMB WIRE FENCE

is made of the best quality of galvanized hard steel wire and is the most durable and efficient wire fence on the market—a trial will convince you.)

## THE PRICE IS LOW

at present, but as the prices on the raw material is advancing, so must it on the fence very soon. Take advantage of this opportunity and order now.

## SCOTT & WINEGAR,

Successors to Scott & Cambell.

Special prices on the celebrated WASHBURN

## Guitars and Mandolins

Be sure and get my prices before purchasing.

### Stocking's Music Store,

Lowell, Mich.

## 200 Pairs

...OF...

## MISSES' AND CHILDS' SHOES,

# 98c.

# 98c.

This Offer Ends March 1st.

D. F. BUTTS.

### New Dress Ginghams, White Waists, Dress Trimmings, Dress

### Percales, Dress Prints.

A lot of REMNANTS of DRESS GOODS and SILKS left from our SALE to close out at cost.

New Idea Patterns, 10c.

J. B. NICHOLSON, LOWELL, MICH.







From Our Point of View.

SENATOR WEEKES IS ALL RIGHT.

Senator Weekes' refusal to be coerced or coerced into voting to confirm Governor Bliss' appointment of Tom Navin as a member of the Jackson prison board, is just what his constituents expected of him.

TOLSTOI SAYS: "BACK TO THE LAND."

Tolstoi, the aged Russian author and philanthropist, in a letter to the working men of the world announces that his days are numbered, and that this message contains his best hope for laboring humanity.

While no such wretched condition of the poor obtains as yet in great extent in blessed America, there are millions here who might profit by the old Russian's advice to flee from the crowded and unwholesome tenements and factories of the great cities to the cheap homes and lands of the country.

Just as long as a majority of the people of Michigan prefer voting for bad Republicans to good Democrats, just that long they may expect rottenness in official life, and just that long they deserve it.

A NORTHWESTERN University professor is in disgrace for poor spelling. "Government" and "monopoly" are the words he failed on, but perhaps the poor fellow couldn't spell Rockefeller either.

The Grand Rapids Herald says the responsibility for Tom Navin's appointment rests with Governor Bliss. Beg to differ. It's on men who persisted in electing Bliss when they knew the manner of man he was.

A MOST distressing accident is that described by our Seeley Corners correspondent, yet one so common that the warning should be heeded by other mothers whose babes are still safe.

The building of a new war college and President Roosevelt's speech in favor of teaching the art of war is rather discouraging to those who hoped that the world was to witness universal peace in the twentieth century.

As WILL be seen by the report on page three, the Village paid \$150.87 rebate to property owners last year for the building of cement sidewalks. The amount of sidewalk built during the season was 2494 feet, linear measure.

GOVERNOR BLISS is pleased with the confirmation of his appointee, Tom Navin, who for five years was a convict in Jackson prison. He says: "I believe that this action will be of material benefit to the state prison in more ways than one."

THE attention of LEDGER advertisers and readers is respectfully and modestly invited to the efforts making for the improvement of this paper.

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FIRST-CLASS BAKERY

It is we claim to have. Our goods are always fresh and the best at our materials, combined with the baker's skill, can produce OUB BREAD you will find always uniform in quality.

WELDON SMITH, THE BAKER.

IN SOCIAL CIRCLES.

SCIENCE CLUB MEETS WITH DR. AND MRS. CARRELL.

M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL ON A LAKE. Robeka Ladies Party. Baptist Men's Supper.

The Science Club was entertained Friday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Carrell. In Pedro the first prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hakes, and the consolation prizes by Mrs. L. T. M. Foster and W. S. Godfrey.

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Methodist. The general theme for this month's (March) lessons in the Epworth League Sunday evening meeting is, "The Young Christian's Standing Ground."

Baptist. Subjects for Sunday—morning, at 10:30: "The Mount of Transfiguration"; evening, at 7:30: "Scriptural Baptism."

Vergennes-Keeze M. E. Notes. In connection with regular services at the Keeze church every Sunday, the regular monthly missionary exercises will be held, beginning at 9 o'clock.

Socialists. The Clover Leaf Club will meet with Mrs. Maynard, Tuesday, March 3rd.

Episcopal. The Thursday Club will meet at the home of Mrs. W. A. Watts, March 3rd.

Episcopal. The Kittle Lee will entertain Band No. 3 of the Congregational church at supper, Friday, Feb. 27.

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RED BLOOD.

Healthy blood is always a bright red color and its tint is reflected in the face. Pallor means impure or impoverished blood, and this is a condition best with iron. The healthy hue of the blood is due to the iron it contains.

Standard Beef, Iron and Wine

is the remedy to use. It supplies the form of iron needed. It is taken up without any tax on digestion and its work is supplemented by the beef and wine. It is good to take, and results are as gratifying as the taste.

Per Pint, 50 Cents.

LOOK'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

WHO does Lowell any more good than McCarty? He never runs the town down. How much harm will it do the town to have a man like McCarty take hold of a

Good Meat Market

and run it right? With 1000 acres of pasture he can buy all the stock the farmers can raise, pay the cash, and have a little to loan on the side, or say eight or ten carloads of CATTLE, SHEEP and HOGS to ship every other week, if he can get them, and buy everything else in proportion.

Chas. McCarty & Co. Meat Market.

First door west of State Bank. Citizens' Phone No. 211. Orders delivered within city limits. Dinner orders ought to be in by 10 a. m.

WE ARE NOT IN THE COAL TRUST.

Our business is to furnish to the good people, first-class coal at reasonable prices. Fresh goods, prompt and courteous service are winning us a good business.

GROCERIES

at reasonable prices. Fresh goods, prompt and courteous service are winning us a good business.

GEO. W. MCKEE,

Quick Delivery to all parts of city. Both Phones.

NO CURE NO PAY

Dr. W. W. WOODS, M. D., D. D. S. the eminent specialist and consulting physician of the Detroit Medical and Surgical Institute, can name and locate any disease or weakness without asking questions.

WE CURE Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Phlegm, Eczema, Piles, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Tumors, Cancer, Scapular, Varicose, Erysipelas, Pityriasis, Herpes, Lymph, Skin, Blood, Kidney, Bladder, and PRIVATE DISEASES, etc., of Men and Women.

NO CURE NO PAY. It is not possible to call and see DR. WOODS, write us enclosing stamp for information, circulars, testimonials, etc. Address the president, DR. W. W. WOODS, of Detroit Medical and Surgical Institute, 252 WEST WASHINGTON, St. of Men and Women.

LOWELL—Hotel Waverly, 10 a. m. to 7 p. m., Wednesday, March 4th. SARANAC—Commercial Hotel, Thursday, March 5th.

CREAM OF WHEAT FLOUR

Sold at the new feed mill and store; a nice article. Whole wheat for chicken feed. Feed ground on short notice, and for sale.

COLLAR'S MD-WINTER CLEARING SALE.

Having just completed our inventory, we find many goods that we must clear out and make room for the new Spring Goods. We have been in business a good many years, and no matter how hard we try to keep the stock clean there are always sure to be left over broken lines and sizes—these will be closed out at an

AMAZING SACRIFICE—The Slaughter is Terrific. 75 c. Waistings go at 40 c. 50 c. Waistings go at 25 c. 25 c. Waistings go at 15 c. 1 Lot Dollar Corsets, 69c. Hosiery, two pair for about the price of one.

Many other Bargains too numerous to mention. One consolation is, our customers get a benefit; so "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Our Country Cousins.

THE ALTO NEWS. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhill visited his sick mother Sunday. She is better and doing well, all things considered.

There was a special company with a moving picture outfit at the Alto opera house Saturday night. A large crowd attended.

Miss Mies Fairchild has returned from a visit to the city and presided at the Alto church Sunday.

Miss Underhill of Grand Rapids visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Konkle. The special meetings in the Alto church are growing in interest.

Special meetings will be held, beginning Monday evening and continuing through the week, every evening except Saturday.

Quarterly conference at home of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Westbrook, in Lowell, Saturday, March 7th, at 8 o'clock.

Regular services at Vergennes church Sunday morning at 10:30.

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# THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A TALE OF WALL STREET AND THE TROPICS

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS.

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—The sensational news of the disappearance of four of New York's wealthiest millionaires appears in the New York Record and statistics that city.

**CHAPTER II.**—Robert Van Horne is owner of the Record and William Chalmers is his managing editor. Mr. Hestor, a young millionaire friend of Van Horne, has a hobby for journalism and offers his services gratis. Hestor has made a world-wide reputation as a reporter, and is constantly planning some great coup that will immortalize his name.

**CHAPTER III.**—Hestor arranges a meeting with P. J. Morton, financier and railroad magnate, and states his plans for the formation of a newspaper trust.

**CHAPTER IV.**—R. J. Kent, the famous board of trade operator, stampsedes the stock market, forcing many small firms to the wall.

**CHAPTER V.**—One morning Andrus Carmody, Palmer J. Morton, R. J. Kent and Simon Pence, millionaires, cannot be found and the stock exchange is paralyzed as a result.

**CHAPTER VI.**—No clue to whereabouts of men can be discovered but next day letters are received from them saying they are all safe. L. Sylvester Vincent, a Chicago promoter, has also disappeared.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Miss Helen Carmody, daughter of Andrus Carmody, calls on Chalmers and arranges for payment of a large reward through the Record for rescue of the millionaires and arrest of the abductors.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Chalmers sends every effort to work of rescue, greatly for Helen's sake. Seymour, a reporter at Chicago, telegraphs that Vincent is the abductor. Chalmers endeavors to learn of Hestor's whereabouts; latter had reported he was about to leave on a trip to Europe in his usual manner.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Circumstantial evidence is unearthed pointing to Hestor as the abductor. Chalmers and Helen Carmody become quite friendly while waiting for the news.

**CHAPTER X.**—Seymour goes to New Orleans and learns that Hestor had had a house built for him recently somewhere in the tropics.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Hestor has invited millionaires to take a short cruise in his yacht and discuss his newspaper trust scheme. They had accepted and when out of the harbor he told them they were all to be his guests for some time as he had intended to learn if the universe would continue to run in their names. They are all thunderstruck at the information. Vincent, the promoter, makes his appearance on the boat. Sidney Hammond, a young lawyer friend of Hestor, is also one of the party.

**CHAPTER XII.**—An attempt to orbite Hestor to return to New York proves a failure.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Here they embark and find a house newly built and evidently intended for them. Hestor unloads great quantities of provisions and furnishings, telling the millionaires they will stay here for some time. They awake next morning to find Hestor and the yacht gone.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—They discuss the situation and find there is nothing to do but to make the best of it.

"Make no excuses," said Mr. Kent. "You and Vincent are the kings of chefs. Talk about your Waldorf-Astoria! It isn't in it!"

The cooks joined in the breakfast, and it was a hungry and a merry party. Mr. Morton sat at the head of the table and was in splendid humor.

"You don't seem to be lost now, Brother Pence," said Mr. Kent, as he helped that gentleman to another portion of bacon and eggs. "You certainly have found your appetite."

"You let Pence alone," said Mr. Morton. "We will make you cook the next meal as a punishment."

"Perhaps you think I can't cook?" said Mr. Kent, defiantly. "You don't know what I can do!"

"I do," said Mr. Haven. "Pass the sugar, please."

Mr. Kent smiled in a sardonic manner at Mr. Haven, and continued by saying that when a young man he had served as cook for six months in a western mining camp.

Breakfast over, they adjourned to the veranda; Vincent volunteered to clear the table and look after the dishes. For an hour he was a busy man. He donned an apron and washed and wiped the dishes, and stored them away in the china closet. During this operation he smoked a large imported cigar. Every once in a while his face would wreath in smiles. When his task was ended he lit a fresh cigar, and joined the rest of the party which was grouped on the west veranda, engaged in conference.

"We must divide our work and assign each member of the party a certain responsibility," Mr. Morton was saying. "In the first place we must ascertain, as near as possible, where we are, and then devise means to return to our homes. We may as well dismiss this man Hestor and get on from any further consideration. If not crazy he is a villain, and in either case we have little to learn from him. We must explore this island, and then see what can be done. About where do you suppose this island is located, Mr. Hammond? I have my own idea, and I would like to hear from others."

"We are somewhere in the West Indies, or in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean Sea," said Sidney.

"That is a rather indefinite answer, I admit, but we should be able by timing the sunrise by our watches—which are set by New York time—to tell about how far west we are, and possibly we can make a calculation which will determine our approximate latitude. I am inclined to think we are well to the west of Cuba, and not many hundred miles from the Mexican or Central American coast."

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morton. "I kept as close a watch of the direction taken as possible. Monday was cloudy, but I am sure that on that day and on a part of Tuesday we were going in a westerly or southwesterly direction. I figure that we ran about 124 hours on a single direct course to this island. The Shark's course was erratic only when Capt. Waters was avoiding a storm craft. Now, if we averaged a speed of 10 miles an hour, that would make a distance of 2,480 miles. It may be 100 miles either way from this esti-

mate. Sidney produced an atlas from the library, and all pored over the map of North America, as if demanding a solution of the puzzle from the tinted page.

"You will not solve the problem of where we are at by gazing at that map," said Mr. Kent. "There are thousands of islands in the West Indies which are not on the map, and we may be in any one of them."

"Here is something that may be of service to us," said Mr. Morton, who had been absent for several minutes. "I took a notion to examine the room occupied by Mr. Hestor last night, and I found this on the dressing case."

Mr. Hestor unrolled a sheet of manila drawing paper containing a well-executed map labeled "Hestoria." It was spread out on the dining table and examined amid much excitement.

"Here is what Hestor named 'Morton Bay,'" said Mr. Carmody, pointing to the pear-shaped lake, "and the black L is the bungalow. Here are the hills which surround the lake," said Mr. Carmody pointing to the shaded portions of the map, back of the bungalow and around "Morton Bay."

"This is not a complete map of the island," said Sidney Hammond. "It is merely a detailed map of the immediate surroundings of the bay. There is the reservoir he spoke about, and here is the brook which passes the bungalow. Let's see if we can find any other map in his room."

A thorough search revealed none. They then proceeded to make a careful study of the map, but it threw no light on their position on the broad surface of the globe. All that the map showed was the contour of the bay, the course of the brook to the reservoir, and a little to the west of it, also the location of the bungalow and the small island in the bay. There was no scale, and the waters to the east were designated by no name.

"For all that this map shows we may be on the moon," said Mr. Kent. "All that we know is that we are alive and well, and somewhere in the tropics. We may be east or west or north or south of Cuba. For all I know we may be off South America."

"Well, we can consider this later," said Mr. Morton. "Let's get down to business. It would not be right for good Americans to do anything without an organization, and I move that Mr. John M. Rockwell be made

chairman, and that Mr. Sidney Hammond act as secretary. All in favor of the motion say 'aye!'"

There was a chorus of "ayes," in which Mr. Rockwell joined with a laugh.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, "I have presided at many meetings, and with varied success, but this is the most interesting and perhaps the most important in my experience. I will make a formal speech when we are out of the woods; or more properly perhaps, out of the ocean. What is the pleasure of the meeting?"

"In my opinion, Mr. President," said Mr. Morton, "our first duty is to change the name of the island. Its present name is distasteful to me. I move you sir, that in view of the character of the men who now inhabit it, that we call it 'Social Island.'"



MAP OF "SOCIAL ISLAND," (or Hestoria.)

The motion was carried unanimously amid applause in which a flock of parrots and cockatoos joined.

"Now, Mr. President," continued Mr. Morton, "it occurs to me that there are three divisions of work that should engage our attention. The first is our sustenance during the time we are compelled to remain on this island. It can be classed under the broad head of housekeeping. The second is a thorough exploration of the island, and as careful an estimate of our whereabouts as possible. The third is to plan and provide means of escape. I move that the

president appoint committees to supervise and be held responsible for the performance of these duties."

The motion being carried, Mr. Rockwell pondered a few moments and said:

"I am of the opinion that all members of the Social Island Colony should serve on the committee on housekeeping. If the work is shared by all, the task will be light, but if it devolves on one or two men it will be mere drudgery. I am going to appoint Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent as general superintendent of the Social Island bungalow, and of all the lands and game preserves thereunto appertaining. He will have full authority to call on the services of any member not employed at the time on other duties, and in case of dispute the president will render a decision. The president will also be subject to Mr. Vincent's authority in the matter of household duties. It will be accepted as unwritten law that each member must keep his own room in order. Mr. Vincent, will you accept this commission?"

"Yes, sir—or Mr. President, rather," said Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent. He was delighted with the title of general-superintendent and by the extent of his authority.

"I shall appoint Mr. Hammond chairman of the committee on exploration," said Mr. Rockwell. "He will be assisted by Messrs. Kent and Pence, both of whom are great explorers."

"I don't want to explore," protested Mr. Pence. "I would prefer to go on some other committee."

"The chair will accept no resignations," said Mr. Rockwell, and he hammered on the table with a ruler to indicate that the question was settled. "Mr. Andrus Carmody will be chairman of the committee on escape; Mr. Morton and Mr. Haven will serve with him on that committee. The president volunteers his services on any and all these committees. Is there any other business before the meeting? If not we stand adjourned, subject to call at any time. Adjourned."

"That is the way to do business," said Mr. Morton. "Each man knows his duty and can go about it."

Mr. Vincent walked out into the kitchen and in a few minutes returned. He stood in the open door and looked over the gentlemen who were variously engaged.

"Mr. Pence," he called.

Mr. Pence had sunk back in his chair and was examining a book which Sidney left on the table. He lifted his eyes over his steel-rimmed glasses and gazed languidly at Mr. Vincent.

"You can come to the kitchen, Mr. Pence," said Vincent, "and pare the potatoes for luncheon."

"What's that?" exclaimed the astounded millionaire. "Pare potatoes! Me pare potatoes? Absurd!"

"There was a general roar of laughter.

"I am on another committee!" exclaimed Mr. Pence, "the committee on exploration."

"You now seem to be on the escape committee!" said Mr. Kent. "Take him along, Vincent."

Mr. Pence looked at Mr. Rockwell appealingly.

"I have nothing to do with it," Mr. Rockwell said, "unless Mr. Hammond urgently needs and demands your services on the exploration committee. If not, you will have to obey Mr. Vincent. He is general superintendent, and you voted for him and his authority."

Sidney said that he did not need Mr. Pence at present. That gentleman arose, and with a woeful expression followed Vincent to the kitchen. A few minutes later he donned a white apron and entered on his new duty. He proved an adept, and Mr. Kent looked in at a side door and regarded his work with approval.

"He is the best man you could select," said Mr. Kent, addressing the general superintendent, who was critically watching Mr. Simon Pence. "He can cut the thinnest paring you ever saw. The potato will weigh more when he gets through with it than it did when he began. He is a wonder. You ought to see him pare a dividend."



"MAKE HIM GO AWAY," PLEADED MR. PENCE.

"Make him go 'way," pleaded Mr. Pence.

But Mr. Kent had disappeared. Mr. Vincent went in search of more help. He found Mr. Haven.

"I shall have to ask you to chop some wood," he said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Haven, with surprising alacrity. "Where is the ax? I was a dandy at chopping wood when a boy. How long do you want it?" In a few minutes the sugar magnate was hard at work, and at the end of three hours he had accumulated a goodly pile of wood and a ravenous appetite.

During the day Vincent went about his duties in a most systematic manner. He took each member of the colony in charge, and showed them the mysteries of the storeroom and

kitchen, and the exact location of all foods and cooking utensils.

After dinner Mr. Rockwell was detailed to wash dishes and Mr. Kent to wipe them. It was worth a journey around the world to watch the great capitalist scrape a frying pan or a kettle, and to see the deftness with which the famous speculator handled a towel on the knives and forks. He was giving a pan a finishing touch when it dropped to the floor with a crash.

"The plate seems to be going down," observed Mr. Haven, who was watching Mr. Kent with much interest.

"Yes," drawled Mr. Kent, "what do you suppose sugar is doing in New York while you are away? I'll bet it is not going up."

It began to rain during the forenoon, and Sidney was compelled to postpone an expedition he had planned, in which he proposed to follow the brook to its source, which he calculated would be the highest point of land on the island.

### CHAPTER XVI. AN EXPLORATION.

Thursday was a perfect day after the storm. The air was fresh and cool from the ocean. Sidney was up at an early hour and took his observation of the time of the sunrise. It was Mr. Kent's turn to get breakfast, and he did himself credit. In the meantime Sidney had been preparing for the exploration of the island. He looked over the stock of guns and selected a rifle and a shot gun. He found these weapons in fairly good order, but oiled and cleaned them carefully, and tested both several times.

It was about eight o'clock when Sidney and Mr. Kent disappeared in the thicket through which the brook took its course. Mr. Pence had been detailed to explore the north shore of the lake, and from the expression of his face he did not relish the task.

He refused to take a gun, and armed with a heavy club set out on what he regarded as most dangerous expedition. It was low tide, and the beach was clear of water to the frowning rocks which formed the gateway to "Morton Bay."

For the first quarter of an hour Sidney and Mr. Kent found it fairly easy to follow the course of the brook. A trail had been cut along the winding bank the preceding year, but such is the virility of tropical vegetation that already it was well-nigh closed. On both sides was a jungle so dense as to be impenetrable.

At the end of an hour's hard work they came to a cleared space and found where the dam had been built across a gorge between two rocks. The dam was about 12 feet in height. Above was the reservoir; a lake covering perhaps 20 acres of ground, from which the timber had been denuded. The character of the forest around this artificial lake was far different from that through which they had passed. It was more open. Instead of the jungle of

chaparral, Spanish bayonets, and other forms of thorny plants, brush and tree, the plateau on which they now stood was a noble tropical forest—a veritable park with glades, rocks, picturesque ravines and gentle hills.

"This is more like it," said Sidney as they took a seat on a rock beneath the spreading branches of a magnolia tree. "If the rest of the island is like this our task is an easy and pleasant one."

Their view was one to entrance a poet. They were at the edge of a glade covering about 40 acres. Here and there a rock showed above the waving grass and flowers, but otherwise the vista was unbroken.

"This is a superb spot," said Sidney. "Did you ever see such flowers and trees? How tame the products of conservatories seem compared with nature's world! There is a bunch of roses which would be worth \$100 in New York. What kind of a tree is that?" Sidney pointed to a medium-sized tree about 15 feet in height, with broad spreading leaves.

"Why, it's a banana tree," he exclaimed in great delight. "And what is more, it is loaded with bananas."

A huge bunch of yellow and yellow-black bananas hung from the point where the broad leaves spread like a stalk of celery. Sidney took out his knife and cut several from the bunch.

"You are sure these are bananas, are you?" asked Mr. Kent. "Don't poison yourself."

"They certainly are," said Sidney, "and they are delicious. These are the first ripe bananas I have ever tasted. The stuff we get in New York is no more like this than potatoes are like pears. They pick them green, months before they are ripe, and ship them north to ripen in basements or in tenement houses. Did you ever taste anything so delicious?"

"They are fine," said Mr. Kent. "Cut some more."

They found scores of banana trees with bunches of fruit in various stages of development. They knew that life can be supported for an indefinite period from the banana tree alone, and while they had no intention of remaining on the island, the thought was a comforting one.

On the crest of the rocks there were trailing vines and ivy directly above the tunnel from which poured the waterfall.

"There is the end of our brook," said Sidney as he studied the view before him. "I remember now that underground rivers and brooks are common in these southern latitudes. There are lots of them in Mexico and especially in Yucatan. I wonder if I can scale those rocks?"

"I know that I cannot," said Mr. Kent as he sat down on a boulder. "Go ahead and I will stay here and watch you."

It was a hard climb, but Sidney made it. He stood at last directly over the waterfall. Without stopping to admire the view spread out before him, he plunged into the forest which sloped upward. It grew thicker as he advanced. Suddenly he came to a solid mass of trees and brush, woven into a thicket so dense that no animal larger than a rabbit could penetrate it for a yard. Sidney walked along the edge of this jungle for half a mile or more, but his search for an opening was stopped by the fact that the vegetable barrier finally extended to the edge of the cliff.

The explorer then selected a tall logwood tree, and after a hard struggle "shinned" up to the lower branches and climbed nearly to the top. From this elevation he had a fair view of this part of the jungle, but could only guess at its extent. He found that it continued unbroken to the top of a hill fully a mile away, and beyond he made out the outlines of other and higher hills, probably four or five miles away.

Sidney Hammond was not unfamiliar with such jungles, having encountered them in the mountains of New Mexico, but those northern thickets were not to be compared to the tropical mass which now confronted him. He sat in the branches of the tree for some time. Suddenly he realized it was hot, and at the same moment the sound of two shots came from the valley. He was fearful that his companion was in danger. Mr. Kent had selected the shotgun, hoping to shoot grouse or quail. These birds had been seen in abundance, but it had been decided to bag none until the time came to start for camp. In a few minutes Sidney was at the bottom of the cliff. Mr. Kent was not to be seen. Sidney ran to where he had left the millionaire speculator. He then yelled at the top of his voice.

An answering call came from a ravine to the left. Sidney ran in that direction. Mr. Kent was standing under a tree, with the shotgun half raised. He was looking intently at a jagged pile of rocks a short distance away. At his feet was a dead deer.

"Hurry up!" said Mr. Kent as Sidney approached. "Do you see that fellow on that rock over there? See him?"

Mr. Kent pointed at the rocks. Stretched out at full length on a flat slab of sandstone was a lean, lithe, dun-colored beast. He looked and acted like a big cat. When Sidney approached the large round head was lowered over the edge of the rock, and the animal was intently watching Mr. Kent and the deer. A moment later he rose to his feet, stretched out his neck, and emitted a half-yawn and half-growl. Sidney brought the rifle to his shoulder.

The beast snarled and poised for a leap to the ground below. The shot rang out. The big cat turned his head like a flash and bit at his shoulder as if a bee had stung him. He gave a roar, leaped into the air and fell in a heap at the bottom of the rocks. Sidney advanced toward him slowly, but no caution was necessary. The mountain lion was dead.

"It seemed a shame to kill him," said Sidney, as he lifted one of his big paws. "He looked fine on that rock."

"He didn't look so blamed fine to me," said Mr. Kent.

It was noon, and although the sun was warm, Sidney was reluctant to return to the bungalow without making one more attempt to penetrate the jungle to the west, and if possible reach the crest of the hills which could be seen beyond. He imagined that from that point of vantage it would be possible to determine the approximate shape of the island, and hoped to identify it by a comparison with those islands shown on the maps which he had found in the books of the bungalow library. They therefore decided to satisfy their hunger with bananas and pawpaws. They found the latter very refreshing. Sidney knocked two from a tree. They were the size of a small pumpkin, and the flavor was much the same as that of a nutmeg muskmelon. These, with fresh water from a spring, were sufficient to stay their hunger.

"This is the first Robinson Crusoe meal we have had," said Mr. Kent. "There is not much of the romantic in my disposition, but I rather like this sort of thing for a change. But only for a change. I would rather be cast away in a bungalow with electric fans and a cooking range, than on a desert reef with a shotgun and a naked savage. To my mind, old Robinson Crusoe was in mighty hard luck."

It would not do to leave the deer behind; there being no place to hide it where wild animals could not reach the carcass, and it was agreed that Mr. Kent should guard his trophy and attempt to shoot some grouse, quail or other game, while Sidney completed the search for an outlet through the jungle. Mr. Kent said he would take chances with a shot-

gun, and agreed to fire twice in rapid succession if he needed assistance. Sidney started for the cliff and promised to return within two or three hours.

He scaled the rocks and again stood on the height overlooking the valley. The bluff extended far as he could see, but as Sidney continued south he found that it gradually decreased in height until it finally came to the level of the "park." The edge of the jungle was irregular, but at no place was he able to penetrate it a distance exceeding 200 yards from the edge of the cliffs. Gradually he worked to the east. Here the jungle was not so thick, but yet it was impossible to force a way through it.

Thus Sidney toiled along. At times he saw deer, and could easily have shot them, for they were absolutely fearless, and seemed devoured by curiosity. He was startled once by the sound of a snapping twig behind him, and turned only to see a splendid spotted deer not two rods distant. Sidney threw up his hands and "shooed" him away. The buck ran a few yards and stopped, but did not follow up his study of human species.

Suddenly Sidney came upon the reservoir. He had made the circuit of all that part of the park south of the brook. It did not take long to complete the survey of the remaining portion. The "park" was an island in a jungle, which would yield a passage only to an ax. He rejoined Mr. Kent, who proudly exhibited an assortment of game, which spoke well for his marksmanship. He had several grouse and three splendid partridges.

Sidney told what he had learned, and they started for the bungalow. The birds were strung across the back of the deer. It was a heavy load and they took frequent rests. With faces and hands scratched, and necks and cheeks sunburned, they reached the bungalow about five o'clock in the afternoon.

The colony was in a furor of excitement. Mr. Pence was in great peril! In fact, he might be dead!

Mr. Rockwell hurriedly explained what had happened as he ran with Sidney and Mr. Kent to the stone pier, where Mr. Carmody and others were launching a raft which had been constructed in great haste. Mr. Pence announced, when he reluctantly started along the beach, that he would not remain away later than noon. He said he might be back sooner, since the chances were that the tide would rise so high as to render his later return difficult and dangerous. He did not appear in camp at noon, and half an hour later Mr. Carmody took the marine glasses and went to the beach. Out near the gate to the bay he saw Mr. Pence standing on a rock, seemingly looking into the water. He saw Mr. Pence go ashore and disappear for a time in a thicket. Then he returned to the rock and remained for nearly an hour. Mr. Carmody thought from his motions that he was fishing, but it was

learned he had taken no tackle with him. Mr. Rockwell, Mr. Haven and others came down to the beach and watched the figure across the bay. They were equally mystified. At last Mr. Pence again disappeared. In a few moments he reappeared, and frantically waved a handkerchief on the end of a stick, as an evident signal of distress.

During this time, those on the stone pier noted with alarm that the tide had risen, so that it was impossible to walk along the beach at the base of the cliffs. It was at once decided to build a raft and rescue Mr. Pence. For some time he had not been seen, neither had the flag of distress been waved from the rock.

Rough paddles were chopped from pieces of lumber, and the raft was launched with Sidney Hammond, Vincent, Mr. Carmody and Mr. Morton as the life-saving crew. The tide was strong against them, and it was half an hour before they approached the place where Mr. Pence was last seen. They called his name, and were delighted to hear a faint response from behind the rocks. The rescuers paddled around and found a

crochoning figure on a narrow ledge just above the steadily rising tide.

Simon Pence was speechless with terror. The ledge on which he stood was now an island, but Sidney observed that at low tide it must have been connected with the shore. They placed the third member of the committee on exploration on the raft, and aided by the tide made a quick voyage back to the camp. By this time Mr. Pence had partially recovered, and under the stimulus of a glass of brandy told the story of his adventure.

"I went along the shore and kept a sharp lookout for alligators and things like that," said Mr. Pence. "Nothing happened, however, and I went clear out to those big rocks by the ocean. There the sea comes right in and you cannot get past. The

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]