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# LOVE ISLAND

BY OWEN OLIVER.

## PART I.

Castaway Island, as they called it, was barely a mile and a half long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, but it was divided into three republics, although its inhabitants only numbered eight. They were nine originally, but now there was a mound by the bushes at the back of Mercy Beach, where they had landed after the shipwreck. The division of the little state into three lesser states grew out of that.

The first republic consisted of three sailormen: Tom Richardson, Dave Carter and Harry Lane. They were three sturdy young fellows between five-and-twenty and thirty, and very like other sailormen of the more respectable class. They had the middle of the island (where they dwelt) to the north shore. On the west their boundary was a line from Toad Rock to, but just outside, Flatfish Creek. On the east their limits were the ravine that ran from Mercy Beach to the big hollow and the hush from there to North Cove. They held most of the material resources of the island—salvage from the wreck of the Anna Jones—and kept them stored in a cave in Toad Rock. Originally this had been a bed-chamber for the women castaways, but when these succeeded the sailors filled it with the stores, which they considered more perishable than themselves, and continued to sleep under tarpaulins in the broken boat. They admitted that, within reason, republic No. 2 had equitable claims to a portion of these resources, but held that republic No. 3 was a force in arms and outside equity.

Republic No. 2 comprised the three passenger women, who had the east end of the island, including the stony beach, where shellfish abounded, and the best of the berry bushes. They lived in a tent made of boat sails, and kept a smaller stock of stores under a hatch which had floated ashore and was propped up at the corners on large stones which were stowed upon one another. Their names were Ruby Green, Stella Raikes and Molly Brien. They were aged from twenty-three to twenty-six, and they were very like other young lady passengers. There were diplomatic relations with Republic No. 1, but none with Republic No. 3.

Republic No. 3 consisted of only two persons: the Millionaire (before he was cast away) and the Flapper (who had almost outgrown the flapper stage in the year since they landed, three weeks before Christmas). By treaty they held the western end of the island which was hilly and well wooded. This included Flatfish Bay, where the best fish were caught. Republic No. 1 claimed a right of fishing off the eastern side of the narrow bay, but did not exercise it by daylight. Republic No. 3 possessed all the armed resources of the island—viz.: the Millionaire's revolver—and he had announced that he would shoot any one who came there. He and the Flapper had a stronghold on Palm Hill, the only access to which was over a deep cleft. They bridged this with a gangway of branches which they drew in at night. Their residence was a cleft in the top of the hill which opened into three caves—one for the Millionaire, one for the Flapper, and one for the few stores which they had. The Millionaire's cave was near the entrance. He slept lightly, and with the revolver under the blanket which he folded for a pillow.

The internal condition of all three republics was peaceful. Richardson commanded the sailors. The ladies were a good-tempered, chattering anarchy. The third republic was really a dual monarchy. The Millionaire ruled the Flapper and the Flapper ruled the Millionaire. Their behavior to each other was most proper and very creditable; but this was exactly what the others did not believe. There had been no diplomatic relations between them and the other states since they had departed carrying (upon two journeys) as much as they could take consistently with the Millionaire having a free revolver hand and (upon the second occasion)

the Flapper—she was a big, fair creature—carrying a gnarled club. They did not admit that they had received their due allotment, and this was a second reason for the breach; the first reason being the mistaken belief of the rest as to their internal policy. A third reason was their suspicion as to the nature of the relations between the other states.

This suspicion was also erroneous. The relations of the First Republic and the Second Republic were merely those of international comity. The men had twice repaired the women's tent, and not infrequently gave them extra stores. The women mended the men's clothes, and often gave them shellfish. Three times during the year they had dined together. A practice had grown up of calling good-night across the ravine, which they considered neutral ground. That was the extent of their intimacy.

The international complications of the little island, therefore, like most of those in the big world, were based upon due suspicion and censorious misunderstanding. They would have never risen if their nerves had not all been badly jarred at the time when the division occurred.

The way it happened was this: There was a big sailorman named "Black Dick" with a choice of surnames—among the castaways. He was very conscious of the fact that women were women, and he kept the fact before the other sailormen, who, left alone, were very decent and censorious young men when sober. Unfortunately, rum floated ashore. The Millionaire, who knew a good deal about men and women—more probably, than he ought to have known—warned the elder ladies to be very careful of the men when in drink. The ladies, however, turned up their noses at him. They could take care of themselves, they said, and they hinted pointedly that they had heard things about him, and that in preference they trusted the sailors, who had, in fact, been very kind to them. The Flapper, however, hadn't heard things about him till Ruby Green felt it her duty to tell her, and then she threatened to slap her informant's face; which, perhaps, was a fourth reason behind the subsequent breach.

On Christmas Day, three weeks after they had landed, Black Dick drank a great deal of rum, and he found some whitish berries, which, he said, were mistletoe. He seized the Flapper and kissed her ferociously; took her up in his arms and stated that he was going to have her for his "Santa Claus." The Millionaire snatched her, which really was the only thing to do.

The other sailors, who had also been drinking, were sobered and alarmed by this. They did not defend Black Dick's action, and owned that they ought to have been quicker in stopping him, which they declared they would have done. But they regarded death as too severe a penalty for a chap who "only kissed a girl when he was a bit on" and the Millionaire as a danger to the community. They demanded the revolver from him and that he should stand trial.

The elder women sided with them and cried over the big brute who was lying silent and still.

"Of course," one said, "he was a common man, and did it coarsely, but he had been drinking; and to kill him, just for kissing a girl under the mistletoe."

"He smelt so!" the Flapper sobbed. "And—and he said—oh!"

"It was horrid," another lady owned. "But people of his kind do think they can kiss a girl under the mistletoe."

"If you talk like that," the Millionaire told the women grimly, "you'll soon be well kissed, with the mistletoe or without! You'd better look facts in the face. You're three good-looking women on a lonely island with three hearty young men."

"Four," cried Ruby Green, "if you reckon yourself one! Shooting him down like a dog, just for kissing a child—an impudent child, who—"

"I'll shoot down any one else just for that," the Millionaire interrupted. "You'd better all understand it—I warned you what it would come to. These men—he nodded at them—"are not like this blackguard." He nodded toward the dead man. "They are very decent men, as men go, when they're sober; but they've been drinking. When they've drunk a little more—Well, you can take care of yourselves, you say. I'll take care of the child."

"Yes," said the Flapper. She held to his disengaged arm.

"If you ask me," Stella Raikes said, "it's you who are in danger, child; and it isn't the sailors you're in danger from."

"I'll chance it!" the Flapper stated. She squeezed the Millionaire's arm. The men swore that they wouldn't

hurt the ladies, and they didn't say that the Millionaire was altogether unjustified in his action; but it wasn't right to kill a man for kissing a girl under the mistletoe. "And I don't suppose mistletoe would have made such a fuss if you had done it!" (The ladies applauded this sentiment, and Ruby Green muttered "Fat hussy!") "Still, he did it in a way it shouldn't have been done, and hinted at things," Tom Richardson owned. So they didn't want to have a trial, or make any unpleasantness. But they weren't going to be at the mercy of one man who had a revolver, to be shot just when he pleased; and he must give it up, or they'd "down" him sooner or later.

"Don't give it up," the Flapper advised. "They'll kill you if you do."

"My girl," Tom Richardson told her, "we happen to be men. If we give our word not to harm him, we won't; and he knows it."

"Yes, Richardson," the Millionaire said. "I know it. Sober, you are men. If you agree to break up the rum casks, and any more that come ashore, I'll throw the revolver in the sea."

They laughed this proposal to scorn. There was little enough to console them on the island, they declared, without throwing away what, in moderation, was a good thing for a man; "and a little wouldn't hurt a lady at Christmas time."

(To be continued.)

**Blessing In Disguise.**  
When Mrs. Farley learned that her old friend, Mrs. Tarler, had become "stone deaf," she went, with a long face, to see her.  
"It must be an awful cross, Harriet," she wrote on the slate which Mrs. Tarler presented to her as soon as she was seated.  
"Tint, either," snapped the afflicted woman, who, though deaf, was by no means dumb. "Folks that have got anything to say can write it on that slate. And Caleb Walter, that's had to put a curb on his tongue for upward of 30 years on account of the high temperature of his mother's folks, is now able to say anything he likes to me and no feelings hurt. I count my deafness a real blessing. How's your rheumatism?"

**A Useful Reminder.**  
Smith is a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to a distant town to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."  
The reply he received was: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

**A Fine Position.**  
Bug—"You look prosperous."  
Wood Borer—"Yes, I'm employed in a furniture factory making worm holes in antiques."

**CLEVER TRICK IN DECORATING.**  
There are tricks in every trade and the home decorator sometimes has to use a good many to make interiors and furnishings appear what they ought to be instead of what they are. We rarely see things just as they are and it's a fortunate trick that will make things look better—a thrice fortunate trick that will hide a defect and give a feeling of comfort and pleasure.

Many a decorating problem may be solved easily if you know the underlying principles or requirements of good decorating.

Two of our chief requirements are spaciousness and repose. These go together and bring satisfaction. How can we overcome the too small rooms that seem crowded and lack repose?

Lines and forms in decoration, their own meanings, the lying-down position, express tranquility. Vertical lines express spiritual exaltation, striving, inquietude. Broken lines and slanting lines express motion, activity.

Too many objects and too many contrasts take away space and the feeling of repose.

How are the pictures hung? By two slanting cords that show plainly in contrast to the background? Two vertical cords will be better, and a hanging that doesn't show will be best. Either make the cord so short the picture hides it, or make it the color of the wall.

Too many pictures make a room appear crowded. Pictures long horizontally are more reposeful than narrow up and down ones. Small pictures hung in groups that follow an oblique line and arithmetical progression lead the eye up and insist on activity.

Pictures should be hung with their centres of interest on a line at their eyeheight.

**ELEANOR.**  
She stands before the mirror looking in Half timid, half admiring, wondering That any one like John should think her fair, Should say such things about her eyes and hair; Should want her for his wife—it is so new She half persuades herself it can't be true. She hears his voice again and blushes red To think of all the tender things he said; She knows that she will stay awake all night— She just can't sleep—she fumbles at the light. She turns it off and slips into her bed And is asleep before her prayers are said. Ashamed next morning when the sun looks in, As if her sleeping had been half a sin; She wishes she could say and have it true. "I couldn't sleep last night—I thought of you!"—Abigail Cresson.

**SAFETY-FIRST REMINDERS.**  
"Did I take the cake out of the oven?" "Did I turn off the light under the prunes?" Who of us hasn't had an afternoon ruined by some such thought when we were away from home on what would have been a pleasure trip? I have had so many disturbing thoughts of this kind when I wanted to forget all my cares that I finally hit upon a plan, and now I spend my hours in town in perfect comfort. When I am going out later in the day I never put food on to cook, light the hot-water heater, turn on the drafts of the furnace or do anything, in fact, that will need my attention before I leave home without placing something ridiculously awry in the hallway. I pull a chair in front of the door, place a milk pail on the stairs or put something else so much out of the way that I cannot help but notice it as I am rushing out. Then when I see it I remember the cake, the fire or the prunes. If the coast is clear I know everything is all right and trot along secure and content. It takes only a minute to run into the hall and pull something askew when the food is put on to cook, and it can be as easily put back into place when the food is taken off.—M. G. R.

**KEEPING THE CHILDREN INTERESTED.**  
With my experience I think that the best way to keep up the child's interest and willingness in work, in love, kindness, and praise.  
I am a mother of two boys, ages six and one-half and five years. They

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are very ambitious and I sometimes find it hard to keep them busy at work. Of course, they do not work all of the time, but they get tired of play, too, and ask for something to do. They have a cart to draw things, but best of all, is their home-made wheelbarrow. With the oldest one's ingenuity they lay boards up the steps and wheel the wood to the kitchen door or put it in the basement and see what a big pile it will make.

Of course, child-fashion, they want to do the things too hard and impossible for them. But many things (if not injurious) I let them try and prove to themselves; they soon are tired.

I often run races to see who can do the work best in the shortest time. I watch them, and if they try hard and do good work I manage to let them beat me, if not, I beat them, then tell them why they did not win, like the hare racing with the tortoise.

The boys are always out of doors, generally helping daddy, and when I go out to help they work with me. Last spring I set out a strawberry bed. They wanted to help so I let them drop the plants, then I gave them a few plants, showed them how, and watched them plant, then praised or criticized, as the case called.

To get the best results, sometimes ask the child to do work for you and not always compel.—Mrs. B. O. S.

**The Christmas Fight**  
Yes, the Christmas fight is on; In a month 'twill all be fit But whichever way it goes, Father gets the worst of it.

**All Dolled Up.**  
Mother—"Billy, your music teacher is waiting for you in the sitting room. Are your hands clean?"  
"Billy—"Yes, mother."  
"Have you washed your ears?"  
"Well, I've washed the one that'll be next to him."

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**In Judicial Language.**  
A Judge was crossing to Ireland from Holyhead one stormy night, when he knocked against a lawyer suffering severely from sea-sickness.  
"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the judge.  
"Yes," gasped the sufferer; "will your Lordship overrule this motion?"  
Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.  
The only way to bear troubles is to convert them into blessings.

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