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## CAROL'S ISLAND

Or the Mystery Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Carol Atwood watched Captain Hussey as he stowed her suitcase and the covered basket in the bow of the little motorboat; then she took her place, while the captain pushed away from the landing steps and grasped the wheel all in one agile motion, born of long experience on the waters of Gull Lake.

"Where is the island?" asked Carol after they had fairly started on the blue water.

"Ye can't glimpse it till we turn Pine Tree Point; kinder queer that your cousin, or—was Steve Atwood your cousin, did ye say?" asked the captain inquisitively.

"He was my father's cousin," replied Carol, with an air of reserve.

"Well, I was saying it's mighty queer that out of all his money he should leave you nothing but Pine Island here. You can't do nothing but sell it, miss. I hear you're from New York city. Work there?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was all printed in the newspaper when Steve Atwood died—how he left Pine Island to a little cousin who was a bookkeeper or something like that in the city. The paper said it was too bad that Mr. Atwood hadn't left a sum of money so his orphan cousin could do something with it, but I dunno—you can sell the island if you want to. There's summer folks would like it for a camp."

Carol made no reply. Her blue eyes were dreamily fixed on Pine Tree Point, but her thoughts were far from Gull Lake and the odd inheritance left by her eccentric relative, Stephen Atwood, the many times millionaire. How easy it would have been had Cousin Stephen only left her a sum of money instead of the valueless island in this Maine lake! She sighed bitterly as she remembered the clause in Stephen Atwood's will which said that the island was not to be sold within five years after his death.

If he had left her a sum of money she might have given up that office position and gone away to seek the health that was so necessary to her successful future. She was pale and delicate looking, city born and bred, and the struggle to earn her bread and butter was growing more difficult every day. She had craved her allotted vacation. She was taking her annual two weeks' vacation in the month of May instead of August, so that she might look over the property.

The breeze ruffled the placid surface of the lake, pickered leaped now and then, and occasionally from the bushy thicket along the shore mild eyed deer peered at the speeding boat and its passengers.

"There's Pine Island," pointed the captain as they rounded Pine Tree Point into the upper end of the beautiful lake.

"It is beautiful!" cried Carol, breathless with delight, as she gazed at the small green island that was her very own.

It was set like an emerald in the blue of the lake, and from amid the thick growth of pines Carol could glimpse a red roof.

"You be'ant going to stop there alone?" argued Captain Hussey as he brought the boat up to a small stone landing.

"For a few days," said Carol practically. "I'm not afraid up here in this beautiful country. Why, there is more to fear in the big city where I have always lived."

"That's all very well," decided the old man, "but I guess I'll leave old Watch with you. He can have a little vacation here along with you and hunt rabbits to his heart's content. You can bring him back with you."

Watch, the big collie, who had been asleep at his master's feet, pricked his beautiful ears at the sound of his name and leaped ashore to jump around Carol, who had reached the landing without assistance.

"Now, that is kind of you, Captain Hussey!" cried the girl, taking his reluctant hands into her little white ones. "I believe that you brought Watch along on purpose."

"The missus made me do it," protested the captain as he picked up the basket of provisions packed by his wife for the young stranger. "She thinks you're crazy to stay here all alone for two weeks, and I ain't telling what I think about it. You know I done all I could to keep you away, but I ain't never found the woman yet that would listen to reason—no, ma'am! But I'll try and run over every day and see how you get along. And now I'll look into the boathouse and see if that tidy little skiff is still there. If it is you can use it to run away from the island if things get too lonesome for you. Can you row?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Carol. "I've learned to do that on my summer vacations."

"Good! Well, if anything bothers you or you get lonesome you jest pack into the skiff and come over to the mainland. You'll find the latching always out on the Hussey house."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried Carol gratefully.

First Captain Hussey took the bunch of keys from Carol and unlocked the boathouse. Here everything was in perfect order, the cedar trimmed row-

boat, the oars, the fishing nets and poles all arranged with a careful hand. Captain Hussey dropped the skiff into the water beneath the boathouse, laid the oars in it and shoved Carol how in a moment of emergency she might run down the short flight of steps, get into the boat and emerge through the swinging doors into the lake.

"It's all lovely," murmured Carol as they walked through the pines toward the little log house among the trees.

"It's kind of a tidy little place," assented the captain as he unlocked the front door. "I've heard say that out of all his houses your cousin Stephen liked this best. Ain't that just the way? Millions of money, palaces to live in, and him coming way up here to live in his log cabin and cook his own meals! It does beat all!"

"I wonder why."

"I've heard that he had poor health for awhile, and he got well up here. And he always said that his riches wa'n't nothing without health. Seems like he valued health more than money. You look kinder delikit yourself," added the captain, looking with concern at the girl's face, pale in the gloom of the darkened house.

"I'll feel better after I've been here a few days," laughed Carol. "Cousin Stephen could regain his health here, perhaps I can find mine also."

"Did you ever see your cousin, Stephen Atwood?"

"Yes, once. A year ago he sent for me to come to his office. He questioned me closely, but he made no remark upon my answers. I never heard from him afterward. Two months ago I heard of his death in California, and I was notified that he had left Pine Island to me. I thought it rather a ghastly joke at first, but there is this lovely little house, and Captain Hussey, I've a great mind to stay here all summer!" A pink color flew into her cheeks at the notion.

"Never!" gasped the captain. "How'd you live, miss?"

"Maybe I could take a woman boarder," said Carol hopefully. "I'll advertise at once."

"That ain't a bad idee," muttered the captain. "I think I know of some one right now, Miss Halpin and her nephew. They're artists, and they'd admire a green little spot like this. Want me to speak to 'em? They're stopping at the Benner House, and you know what that is!"

"If you only would, dear Captain Hussey!" cried the delighted Carol. "I'll row over to the mainland tomorrow and find out. If they want to come I'll send in my resignation to the office at once."

"I'll see about it soon's I get ashore," promised the captain as he departed. Carol felt very much alone as she went all over the little house, with Watch trawling patiently at her heels. She found the log cabin furnished plainly, but with every comfort for snug housekeeping and lazy enjoyment. Soon every window was wide open to the pine scented breeze and a small fire was crackling on the living room hearth just for the very homeliness of its blaze.

It was fun to light the blue flame oil stove in the kitchen and to prepare her evening meal with the dainty aluminum cooking utensils. From Mrs. Hussey's generous basket there came forth homemade bread and butter, preserves, cakes and pies, besides groceries from the store.

The next morning Carol awoke feeling strangely strong and energetic. She found everything so attractive that she was quite bewildered as to what to do first. Should she satisfy her longing to go out at once or remain indoors long enough to prepare at least a semblance of a breakfast? She decided on the latter course and flew around doing her light housekeeping, singing all the while. Then she donned a white linen sailor suit and a duck hat and went over to the mainland, leaving Watch on guard.

On the village dock Carol met Captain Hussey with a middle aged woman and a sunburned young man, whom he introduced as her new boarders, Miss Halpin and her nephew, Gerald Lane.

Together they went back to Pine Island, and then began the most wonderful summer in Carol Atwood's existence. The island, which she had at first deemed a white elephant on her hands, turned out to be a treasure island indeed, for during those long days of free life under the pines Carol recovered her health—nay, she found new health, for she became round and rosy and sunburned and strong as a young Indian maiden.

She found happiness as well as health. How else could it have ended with a beautiful girl like Carol and a handsome, heart free youth like Gerald Lane living there under the kindly chaperonage of Miss Eugenia Halpin?

And the queerest thing of all was that one day while Carol was rummaging among some books in the living room she found a small tin dispatch box bearing her own name on the outside, and in the box was a letter addressed to her in a crabbed handwriting which proved to be that of her eccentric cousin, Stephen Atwood.

And the letter told her that Stephen Atwood believed her to be a sensible girl, and if she fulfilled that belief she would seek Pine Island to regain her health, and in the course of time she would find this letter, which declared that, while health was greater than wealth, a blending of each was desirable in this world, so Carol would find placed to her credit in a certain city bank the sum of \$50,000, and the bank book was there to prove it!

Pine Island is the summer home of Gerald and Carol Lane, and to them each year comes their aunt, Miss Halpin, who loves to tell visitors of the romance woven into the story of the island, while she reproduces its beauties on canvas.

## BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON

PROFITABLE TABLE TALKS.

Luke 14:7-24—April 5.

"Every one that calleth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbly himself shall be exalted."—V. 11.

TODAY'S lesson shows the Master as a guest of a prominent Pharisee, and making in a manner inappropriate to any but Himself. In a parable He criticized the gathering guests because they selfishly chose the chief seats of honor. He would have them see that this selfish spirit had to do with their character-building and their fitness or unfitness for the Kingdom.

When bidden to a function, they should humbly take inconspicuous places, not knowing how many might be more worthy than they in the estimation of the host. Then, if the host so desired, he might ask them forward to a more prominent seat. Thus they would be honored; whereas, in taking a prominent place uninvited, they ran the risk of displeasing the host.

The Master declared that this principle held with the Heavenly Father; namely, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbly himself shall be exalted." The thought is that the self-seeking, the proud in spirit, could not be trusted by the Lord in a high position. With such a spirit they might do damage to themselves and to His Cause. But those of humble mind would not be injured by exaltation nor be in danger of defecting in the future work of the Kingdom.

Turning to His host, Jesus complimented him somewhat, saying, "When thou makest a feast, call . . . the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

The Pharisee had done something of the very kind in inviting Jesus and probably His disciples to dinner. He well knew that they could not ask him in return. The Master's words set forth a grand principle, which should be recognized by rich and poor alike. Let us follow the Master's instruction, and seek to do kindnesses to those who cannot return the favor, assured that God will appreciate such acts and will give proper reward.

**God's Great Feast.**  
A great, hearing Jesus' comments, remarked that it would be a blessed thing to share in the great feast which will inaugurate the Kingdom of God. Thereupon Jesus preached another parable-sermon in respect to the Kingdom.

A man made a great supper and bade many guests. When the time arrived, he sent servants to inform them that all was ready. But with one accord they began to make excuse. When the servants returned and told their experience, the master was provoked and said, Go quickly into the streets and the lanes, and bring in the poor, the maimed, the blind and the lame.

The meaning of the parable is apparent. Long years before, God had sent word to Israel that in due time a great blessing would be open to them—the privilege of membership in Messiah's Kingdom. Yet, when the time came, those who had been bidden were careless. Jesus and His disciples had been declaring for some time that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. But those invited were full, covetous, money lovers. When they heard the Message of the Kingdom, they slighted God's invitation, extended them through Jesus and the Apostles.

The great feast represented rich blessings of God's providence for the Church—knowledge of the Truth, justification from sin, begetting of the Holy Spirit, the privilege of appropriating the rich promises of God's Word. First the Pharisees, representatives of Moses, and secondly the outcasts of Israel, were invited. Some of these came; but not enough were

"Israelites urged to come in."

deed," to fill the foreordained number of the Church.

Then the Master sent out His servants to go outside the city and urge people to come in, that His House might be filled. This applies, evidently, to the sending of the Gospel to the Gentiles. For eighteen hundred years the Message has gone up and down through the highways and hedges, calling such as have hearing ears and responsive hearts—a Little Flock.

Ultimately the full number purposed by the great Householder will have been found worthy through Christ to share in that feast, given in honor of the marriage of the Lamb. (Revelation 19:7-9.) At that feast, we are told, will be a second company, not worthy to be of the Bride class. These may figuratively be styled the bridesmaids, the Great Company; for after the gathering of the Bride class we have the Lord's Message to those subsequently delivered from Babylon, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!"

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