

great sermons, and it was on one arm of this island that Charles Wesley stood when he composed the well known hymn, the first verse of which is:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land  
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Yet how insensible  
A point of time, a moment's space  
Removes me too yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell."

Above Jekyl is St. Simon's Island, upon which Fanny Kemble lived for a time, after she had married one of the Sea Island cotton kings, and it was there that Governor Oglethorp fought the Spaniards more than a quarter of a century before our independence was declared. I went to the island with Mr. C. W. Deming, the newspaper man of Brunswick, who made himself famous through his reports of the yellow fever here of some years ago. We had a little naphtha steam launch, and our captain and pilot was a one-eyed negro who knew less about a boat than the average salt water sailor does about digging gold in the rockies. We started at noon and wound in and out among the islands through narrow channels until we came into a wide river or strait which lies between Jekyl Island and one of the other bits of land lying below it. As we neared Jekyl we could see the cottages shining out of the trees. We rode for some miles through low, marshy lands, which are famous for their hunting and are filled with snipe and ducks. Beyond these we could see the forests and off in the distance the great casino or club house, where the most of the members of the club have their winter quarters. We landed at the wharf and spent some hours in going about the island.

Everywhere we went we saw traces of game, and we learned that we were in one of the best game preserves of the United States. Jekyl Island is eleven miles long and about two miles wide. It contains 14,000 acres, and this is of such a character that it is adapted to all kinds of game. Thirty-five hundred acres of it are of salt marsh. Twenty-five hundred acres are of heavy oak and pine forest. Twenty-five hundred acres are of old Sea Island cotton land, and 4,500 acres are of hemmock and dry savanna land. The result is that all kinds of game will thrive. The forests are full of deer and wild hogs. In the game keepers' lodge I saw specimens of the game which had been shot and they embraced many kinds of animals and birds. The deer are found here naturally, but many of the birds are imported. The game keeper said, "We get thousands of quail every year and let them loose. Our members want to shoot quail, but they do not thrive well here, so we have to import them. We let out from 800 to a thousand at a time, and it is not uncommon for a dog to chase up 500 out of a single cover. We have so many deer here that we have to put a net around the club house grounds to keep them away from the house. You may see a score of them walking about near the houses almost any moonlight night, and it is no trouble to shoot them."

"I should think that a good sportsman would soon kill them off," said I.

"So they could," replied the game keeper, "but we have a limit to the amount one man can shoot. He can kill only so many quail or pheasants in a day and only so many deer in a

season. During the summer the game gets very tame, but it soon grows wild when the members come down here in the winter, and it is good sport."

Some of the best sport upon Jekyl Island is in hunting pheasants and turkeys. The pheasants have been imported from England. One hundred were brought over in 1886, and of these only seventy-eight lived. In one season they laid 1,000 eggs, which were hatched out by barn-yard hens. When the little pheasant chicks had grown they were turned out into the woods. The next year 100 more hen pheasants were imported, and now the woods swarm with them. Wild turkeys are native to the region. They are to be found in the oak and pine woods. They are very shy, and it takes a turkey call to bring them out. It is two and one-half miles from any part of the mainland to the island, and the birds nearly always stay in the salt marshes there are plenty of snipe, and the cotton and grain fields are filled with quail. Then there are plenty of woodcock, plover and doves, so that the millionaires have no trouble about getting something to kill.

I spent some time in looking at the buildings on Jekyl Island. The cottages are not very extravagant—that is, they are not extravagant as rich men's homes. They are rather extravagant as cottages, for they cost all the way from \$15,000 to \$60,000 each. There is one \$50,000 house that has never been occupied. The millionaire who ordered it built thought he might want it some time, but so far has not come to see it. The club house itself cost, I am told, about \$100,000. It is a big three-story brick building with a tower at one end and with an immense circular porch running around it. It is heated by steam and it is now being lighted by electricity. It formerly had gas, but the result was not satisfactory, and so the building is being torn to pieces and electric lights put in. Of course, it will cost a lot of money to make an independent electric light plant, but these rich men can stand it.

I went through the new apartment house which is now being built. There are about 200 carpenters and masons at work upon it, and it will have, I judge, about a dozen apartments. It is being built with a packing of wool or hair between the walls, in order that every sound may be deadened and so that the millionaire of the floor above may not hear the snores of the millionaire of the floor below. Everything is, of course of the most luxurious nature, and money is of no object when there is any question of comfort under consideration. I could write a column about the beauties of the grounds. I could tell you how boats were employed to carry tall palm trees from other parts of the coast that they might be planted on the lawn about the club house, and I could describe other extravagances which are possible only to the rich.

I could write about the miles of magnificent drives along the coast and tell you how these old nabobs sit here and watch the sea and roll over and over upon the sand, taking sun baths on a hot February day. I could tell you how the millionairesses lie with the hot sun shining down upon them. Here and there an ankle may show out, but there are no vulgar eyes to see it, and during the greater part of the year even "Miss Kiltmansegg with her golden leg"

could lie here in peace. I could tell you how these men of money work up their appetites by walking. The air here is pure; it is full of ozone, and you can walk for miles without tiring. Then I might speak of the surf bathing. Think of it—there is surf bathing here in midwinter and there is hunting and fishing all the year around. If you don't like such amusement you can take a drive, and if you have not your own horses there is plenty of good stock for hire in the stables of the club. It is true that a double team will cost you \$200 a month and your bill for your riding horse will be more than half that. Horses are cheap everywhere else, but where money is king, as here, there is nothing cheap, and even horses are dear.

And so, as I think again of the beauties of Jekyl, I wonder whether President Cleveland really went there. It would be a splendid place to plot a big financial scheme with Pierpont Morgan, or envoys from Cuba could slip across the water and land at Jekyl without any one knowing. He may have gone there to shoot at the razor-back hogs which roam through the woods or the gamekeeper may have had orders to turn out a few thousand quail in the range of his gun. He may have—but you can never tell what the President has done. I know that Fighting Bob Evans, who went with him, won't tell, and that his physician, Doctor O'Reilly, who was also along, like all good doctors, keeps the secret of his patients, especially when one of the patients is the President of the United States.

*Frank G. Carpenter*

Written for this Paper.

### THE HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS.

You never would have known that Parintha Ann Wharton was a sensitive girl. She was not pretty, she was a worker, and she was above all a good girl. Further than that neither you nor I would know, unless we were to live in the Wharton family for many weeks.

"It's too bad," she said to the assembled family, about three weeks before Christmas, "that we can't have our usual Christmas time. But we can't, and so there's an end of it."

"Can't we have a dollar present apiece?" Inquired Serena, ruffling her pretty brows as she spoke.

"I don't know yet, I haven't quite made up accounts this month and I am not sure just what I can spare for presents."

"Now don't be too stingy," said the little, slender, narrow-nosed mother. "You must remember that your father always gave me all the money I wanted at Christmas time, if he was a little close at other times. Just you act as if he was here, and don't hold your money too tight."

"I ain't tight, mother, and you know it. But neither father nor you want me to run you all in debt, and I ain't going to do it, if I can help it."

The fact was, that Parintha was the bread-winner of the family, and had been since the father left for his European mission nearly a year ago. She brought in all there was to bring in with her efforts, in training the young ideas of Mapletown into some kind of accuracy as to shooting at a mental mark. She had not only