

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallage Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelnatz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Koroienko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

**Nan Sherwood at Palm Beach Or
Strange Adventures Among The
Orange Groves**

Annie Roe Carr

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Annie Roe Carr

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-8869-6

www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.



The music carried them far away on golden wings of melody.
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER

- I. The Crash on the Hill
- II. Nearly a Tragedy
- III. The Old Lady
- IV. Solving a Problem
- V. Called To Account
- VI. A Glorious Prospect
- VII. In the Dormitory
- VIII. On the Road
- IX. The Joy of Giving
- X. A Midnight Feast
- XI. A Dangerous Plot
- XII. Almost a Disaster
- XIII. The Wily Stranger
- XIV. Great Expectations
- XV. We're Off!
- XVI. Fun and Nonsense
- XVII. The Mysterious Men
- XVIII. A Startling Revelation
- XIX. An Attempted Theft
- XX. Those Men Again
- XXI. The Beginning of Romance
- XXII. Palm Beach at Last
- XXIII. A Tropical Paradise
- XXIV. Nan Is Frightened
- XXV. Moonlight
- XXVI. Worth a Fortune
- XXVII. Walter To the Rescue
- XXVIII. Caught
- XXIX. "When the Spirit Moves"

ILLUSTRATIONS

The music carried them far away on the golden wings of melody (Page 190)

The three girls bent eagerly over Mrs. Bragley as she opened one paper after another

Nan's eyes were following the figures of two men strolling down the deck

He pushed Nan from him with such force that she stumbled and fell

NAN SHERWOOD AT PALM BEACH

CHAPTER I

THE CRASH ON THE HILL

"Smooth as glass!" ejaculated Nan Sherwood, as she came in sight of Pendragon Hill and noted the gleaming stretch of snow and ice that ran down to the very edge of Lake Huron.

"And you're the girl that said coasting time would never, *never* come," laughed her chum, Bess Harley, who was walking beside her with her hand on a rope attached to a bobsled that four girls were drawing.

"Never is a long word," admitted Nan. "I didn't quite mean that; but the weather's been so mild up to now that I was getting desperate."

"Nan registering desperation," put in Laura Polk, she of the red hair and irrepressible spirits.

Laura struck an attitude of mock desperation, but the effect was marred when her foot slipped and she went down with a thump.

[Pg 2]

Her laughing mates helped her to her feet and brushed the snow off her dress.

"The wicked stand on slippery places," quoted Grace Mason mischievously.

"Yes," Laura came back, as quick as a flash, "I see that they do, but I can't."

The shout of laughter that followed atoned somewhat for her loss of dignity—although she had not lost much, for Laura and dignity were hardly on speaking terms.

Laughing and chattering, all trying to talk at once and all succeeding, the bevy of light-hearted girls reached the top of the hill.

Before them stretched Lake Huron, extending farther than their eyes could see. For a long distance out from shore the lake seemed frozen solid. A small island rose above the ice about half a mile distant, and this was the limit fixed upon for the coasters. The cove between the foot of the hill and the island had a glassy coating of ice that had been swept and scraped and served for skating as well as coasting.

"I wonder if it's perfectly safe," remarked Grace Mason, a little timidly. "You know this is the first time the cove's been frozen this winter, and we haven't tried it yet."

"Bless your little heart, you'll be as safe as if you were on a battle-field," was the dubious comfort that Laura held out.

[Pg 3]

"Much safer than that," interposed Professor Krenner, the teacher of mathematics and architectural drawing at the Lakeview Hall school that the girls were attending. "You can be sure that neither Dr. Prescott nor I would take any chances on that score. A heavy logging team went over it yesterday, and the ice didn't even creak, let alone crack. And every day that passes of this kind of weather makes it thicker and stronger."

"My, but that's a comfort," remarked Laura. "I'd hate to have this young life of mine cut off just when it's so full of promise."

"How Laura hates herself," put in Bess Harley.

"You're perfectly safe, Laura," Nan assured her. "Only the good die young, you know."

The professor's kindly eyes twinkled as he looked from one to the other of the rosy-cheeked, sparkling-eyed girls, bubbling over with fun and vitality. He had just come up from the queer little cabin in which he lived at the edge of the lake. It was part of his work to supervise the coasting and, as far as possible, keep it free from accident.

About his sole diversion was playing on a key bugle, and the long-drawn-out notes of the instrument, sometimes lively and

sometimes in a minor strain, were familiar sounds to the girls, and often an occasion of jesting.

Professor Krenner held the bugle in his hand now, and after glancing at his watch, he raised the instrument [Pg 4] to his lips and blew a clear call that had the effect of hastening the steps of some of the groups that were coming toward the hill from the Hall, the roof of which could be seen over the tops of the trees.

Outdoor sports were made much of at Lakeview Hall, not only in the catalogue designed for the perusal of parents, but in actual fact. "A sound mind in a sound body" was Dr. Beulah Prescott's aim for her pupils, and exercise was as obligatory as lessons. None was excused without an adequate reason, and the group upon the hill grew in numbers until it seemed as though all the members of the school were present except the smaller girls, who had a slide of their own.

"All here except the queen," remarked Laura, as she looked around her.

"The queen?" repeated Bess Harley, staring at her.

"Queen Linda of Chicago," explained Laura, with a wicked twinkle in her eye.

"For goodness' sake, don't ever let Linda Riggs hear you say anything like that, Laura Polk," admonished Bess. "She's so conceited that she wouldn't know it was sarcasm. She'd think it was a tribute drawn from an unwilling admirer."

"I know," laughed Laura. "It doesn't take much to set her up. If she had water on the brain, she'd think she was the whole ocean."

[Pg 5]

"Here she comes now," remarked Nan, after the laughter caused by Laura's sally had subsided.

A tall girl, wearing expensive furs and having a supercilious air, came along with two or three companions. It was noticeable that she left to them the work of drawing the bobsled, while she sauntered along, ostentatiously adjusting her furs as though she sought to call attention to their quality.

"Hurry up, Linda," called out Laura. "I believe you'd be late at your own funeral."

"I never get anywhere early," snapped Linda. "It isn't good form. When I go to the theater I always get in late. I always have the best seat that money can buy reserved for me, so what's the use of hurrying? Of course it's different when one has to go early and scramble for a seat."

"That may be your habit in Chicago, but it isn't in favor here, Miss Riggs," said Professor Krenner dryly. "But now that all seem to be here, we'll start the races. You understand that all sleds are to keep three minutes apart so as to avoid accident. The course is straight out on the lake, and the best two out of three trials win the race. Miss Sherwood, since you are nearest the starting line, suppose you get your sled in position to lead off. Not so fast, Miss Riggs," he went on, as Linda tried to shove her sled to the crest of the hill. "I said Miss Sherwood was to go first."

"I don't see why I should have to wait," pouted [Pg 6] Linda, as she reluctantly drew back her sled before the decided look in the professor's eye. "Hateful old thing," she remarked in a low voice to her special friend and intimate, Cora Courtney. "He favors Sherwood because she attends his poky old lectures on architectural drawing and pretends she likes them."

"I shouldn't be surprised if that were just it," replied Cora, who made a habit of agreeing with the rich friend whose friendship often proved profitable to Cora. She had no money herself but clung closely to those who had.

"Who was it," asked Rhoda Hammond in an amused whisper of Nan, "who wrote an essay once on the 'gentle art of making enemies'?"

"I'm not sure," laughed Nan in reply, "but I think it was Whistler. Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied Rhoda in the same low voice, "I think he must have had Linda or somebody just like her in mind, for she has the art down to perfection."

There would have been little dissent from Rhoda's verdict, for Linda had few real friends among the girls of Lakeview Hall. She was purse-proud and vulgar, and, though her money gave her a certain prestige among the shallow and unthinking, she lacked the qualities of mind and heart to endear herself to any one.

By this time the girls who were going with Nan [Pg 7] had taken their places on the sled. It was a new one that Nan had received as a present from her father, and it had not yet been tested. Nan had named it the *Silver Arrow*, and she had high hopes that its speed would justify the name.

Nan sat at the head, with the steering wheel in her hands. The wind had brought the roses to her cheeks, and her clear eyes shone like stars. Behind her in order sat Bess Harley, Rhoda Hammond, Grace Mason and Laura Polk, each girl holding tightly to the belt of the girl in front.

"All ready?" asked the professor.

"All ready, Professor," was Nan's reply, as her hands tightened on the wheel.

Professor Krenner lifted the bugle to his lips and gave a clear, sonorous blast that served at the same time as a signal for starting and as a warning to any one who might be crossing the path at the foot of the hill.

Then he tipped the sled over the ridge of the hill and it started on its journey.

For a mere fraction of a second it seemed to poise itself for flight. Then it moved, slowly at first, but gathering speed with every second, until it seemed to be flying like an arrow from the bow.

They were delighted and at the same time somewhat fearful squeals from the girls, as the wind whistled past their ears while the sled flew on at a speed that quickly reached a mile a minute. They [Pg 8] held on to each other for dear life, but Nan had no eyes or thought for anything except that shining ribbon of path.

She made the turn at the foot of the hill, the sled yielding to her slightest touch, and she only breathed freely when it shot out on the lake and there were no further obstacles to circumvent or fear.

On, on it went like a thing of life, as though it would never tire, and Nan's heart beat fast as she realized that she was going to make a better mark than she had ever done before.

But gradually the weight on the level surface began to tell, and the bobsled slowed up as though it were as reluctant as its passengers to find itself at its journey's end.

There was a chorus of joyous exclamations from the girls, as they rose to their feet and noted how far out they were on the lake.

"What a perfectly lovely sled!" exclaimed Rhoda Hammond. "I never had such a ride as that in my life."

"You darling!" said Nan impulsively, as she patted the wheel of her treasure.

"The other girls will have to go some to come anywhere near that mark," bubbled Bess.

"Linda will be green with jealousy," laughed Laura. "She thinks that that *Gay Girl* of hers is the fastest thing that ever wore runners."

"She'll take it as a personal affront if she doesn't [Pg 9] win," giggled Grace. "I wish she'd come along while we're here. I'd like to see just how far we've beaten her."

"We haven't beaten her yet," observed Nan, "and perhaps it's just as well not to be too sure. But now let's get our skates on and pull the sled back. There are to be three trials, you know."

They took their skates from their shoulders and adjusted them with nimble fingers. It was the work of only a few moments. Then they rose, patted down their dresses and struck out for the shore, drawing the sled behind them.

They had to keep a wary lookout for the other sleds. One came rushing along with its laughing crew, but they could see at a glance that it was not making the speed that their own had reached. Just as they reached the edge of the lake, another sled flew past, and amid the bevy of girls on it they discerned Linda Riggs.

"There goes the *Gay Girl*," remarked Rhoda Hammond.

"And she's going like the wind, too," chimed in Bess a little anxiously. "Let's wait here a moment, girls. I want to see how far out she goes."

"I do hope she won't beat our mark," said Grace, as she snuggled her fur more closely about her neck.

They watched with straining eyes as Linda's sled gradually slowed up, and a sigh of relief came from [Pg 10] all when they saw that it stopped about a hundred feet this side of the spot that they had reached.

"She didn't beat us!" cried Bess exultantly.

"Too close to be comfortable, though," murmured Nan, as her eyes measured the distance.

"Well, a miss is as good as a mile," declared Rhoda.

"We're all right so far, as the man said as he was passing the second floor after falling seventeen stories," put in Laura.

"Let's get every ounce out of the *Silver Arrow* on the next try," adjured Grace, as, after having taken off their skates, they were trudging up the hill.

By the time they reached the top, most of the other sleds had been sent off and they had not long to wait. They settled themselves firmly in their seats.

"Let's clinch it now," laughed Nan, as she took the wheel. "Just put on your wishing caps and wish as hard as you can, and the *Silver Arrow* will do the rest."

"I'm wishing so hard that it hurts," gurgled Bess.

"If wishing will do it, we've won already," chimed in Laura. "We're all ready, Professor."

A clear call from the bugle, a helping hand over the ridge, and the *Silver Arrow* was off again.

It may have been due to the more slippery condition of the hill caused by the sleds that had already [Pg 11] passed over it, but there was no doubt in the minds of the girls that the bobsled was going even more swiftly than it had at first. They were almost

frightened at the speed it developed, and yet they were delighted, for they had set their minds on beating their earlier mark.

Halfway down the hill they passed Linda and her group, who had drawn up at one side to let them pass. Even at that breakneck rate of speed they could see the sneer on Linda's lips as she recognized the sled and its crew.

But they were nearing the curve now and Nan's eyes were fastened on the path ahead while she tightly gripped the wheel.

"Hold fast, girls!" she warned, as they neared the bend in the road and the sled swerved at her touch.

The next instant they rounded the curve, and a cry of horror burst from their lips.

Directly in their path was an elderly woman who had just started across the road.

She looked up as she heard them scream. Terror and bewilderment came into her face. She started back, then forward. Then, utterly paralyzed with fright, she stood helpless in the path of the bobsled that was rushing toward her with the speed of an express train.

The girls shouted at her, but her brain, numbed by fear, refused to act.

[Pg 12]

"Oh, she'll be killed!" wailed Grace.

"Oh, Nan, can't you do something?" cried Bess frantically.

Nan's brain was working like lightning. She was white to the lips, but never for an instant did she lose her presence of mind.

At the left of the road was an almost solid row of trees. It was certain death to turn that way. At the right there was an opening that led into a little glade. She determined to steer into that.

She swerved the sled in that direction. She could have made it if the woman had remained where she was. But just then she backed a step to the right. The sled struck her and hurled her aside, and she went down with a scream.

CHAPTER II

NEARLY A TRAGEDY

The collision changed the direction of the bobsled, and by the merest fraction it escaped striking a tree. Nan, however, despite her mental anguish, kept her head and dexterously guided it into the glade, where it found soft snow and gradually came to a stop.

Then the frightened girls rose and rushed as fast as they could toward the victim of the accident, who was lying still in a heap of snow at the side of the road.

Nan dropped on the snow beside her and took her head in her arms, while Rhoda put her hand on the woman's heart.

"Oh," sobbed Grace, "we've killed her!"

"No, we haven't," replied Rhoda. "I can feel that her heart is beating. She's fainted, either from pain or fright or both, poor thing. We must help her."

"Here, Bess," directed Nan, "you hold her head while I see if any bones are broken. And you other girls take turns in chafing her hands. If she lives [Pg 14] near here we'll take her home and send for a doctor. If not, we'll take her up to the Hall."

The others followed Nan's directions and worked with frantic energy. And while the girls are trying to revive the unconscious stranger, it may be well for the sake of those who have not yet read the earlier volumes of this series to tell who Nan Sherwood is, and what experiences and adventures she and her friends have had up to the time at which the present story opens.

Mr. Sherwood was a foreman in the Atwater Mills in Tillbury, and "Papa Sherwood" and "Momsey" and Nan were a devoted and happy family in their pretty little cottage on Amity Street. Then the mills shut down for an indefinite length of time. The Sherwoods, with others even less well able to face the future, were staring poverty and the loss of their pretty home in the face, when suddenly, in

the case of the Sherwoods, fortune took a hand and sent relief in the shape of a legacy from a distant relative of Mrs. Sherwood's.

To settle the business in connection with this legacy, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were called to Scotland. To the grief of all three, it was necessary that Nan should be left behind, but it was arranged that she should stay with her Uncle Henry, her father's brother, in a lumber camp in the Michigan Peninsula. What exciting adventures Nan had there and what she accomplished for good, can be [Pg 15] found in the first volume of this series, entitled: "Nan Sherwood at Pine Camp; or, The Old Lumberman's Secret."

Nan's best girl friend in Tillbury was Bess Harley. Bess was looking forward to going to school at Lakeview Hall, and, never having known any lack of money, could not understand why Nan would not say that she, too, would go. When the loss of Mr. Sherwood's position made even Bess see that it would be out of the question for Nan to go, she was inconsolable, for she was devoted to her friend, and rather dependent on her.

Nan Sherwood herself wanted to go to Lakeview Hall more than she had told either Bess or her parents, and when the legacy from Scotland made this possible the two girls were delighted and went wild with joy.

What they did at the Hall, the plucky spirit Nan showed on more than one occasion, and the friends they made are told of in the volume entitled: "Nan Sherwood at Lakeview Hall; or, The Mystery of the Haunted Boathouse."

Among the girls Nan and Bess met at Lakeview Hall was Grace Mason of Chicago. In "Nan Sherwood's Winter Holidays; or, Rescuing the Runaways" is described the visit that Nan and Bess made to the Mason home during the midwinter holidays. It is a record of parties and girlish fun, but in the midst of this Nan succeeded in helping two [Pg 16] foolish girls who had run far away from home.

On the opening of Lakeview Hall after those winter holidays a new girl came to the school. She was from the far West, and she did not at first understand or enter into the fun of the other girls. For a while she was without friends there, but gradually Nan Sherwood's