

THE ROVER BOYS
SHIPWRECKED

OR

*A THRILLING HUNT FOR
PIRATES' GOLD*

BY
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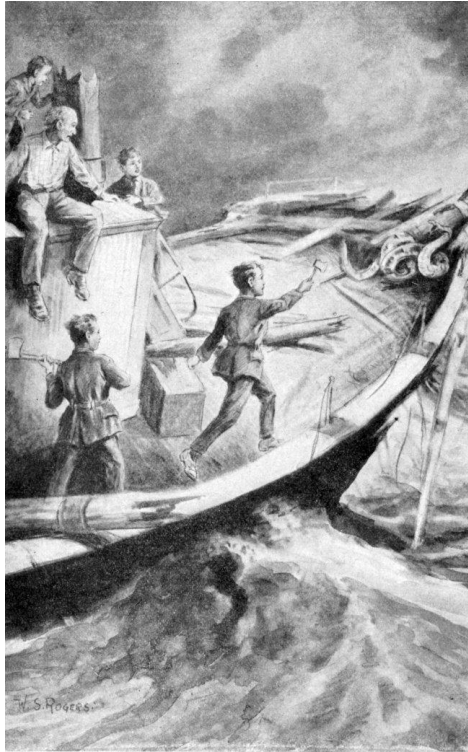
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The Rover Boys Shipwrecked or, A Thrilling Hunt for Pirates' Gold



HE THREW THE HATCHET WITH ALL THE FORCE HE COULD
COMMAND.

INTRODUCTION

MY DEAR BOYS: This book is a complete story in itself, but forms the eighth volume in a line issued under the general title, "The Second Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

As related in the First Series, this line of books was started with the publication of "The Rover Boys at School," in which I introduced my readers to Dick, Tom and Sam Rover and their friends and relatives. This First Series, consisting of twenty volumes, told of what happened to these three Rover boys while attending Putnam Hall Military Academy, Brill College, and while on outings in this country and abroad. When the boys became married Dick Rover was blessed with a son and a daughter, as was also his brother Sam, while Tom became the parent of a lively pair of twin boys.

From their homes in New York City the four younger Rovers went to boarding school, as related in the first volume of the Second Series, entitled "The Rover Boys at Colby Hall." From that school the scene was shifted to "Snowshoe Island" and then to doings while "Under Canvas." Then the boys went "On a Hunt," and, later, to "The Land of Luck." Then came exciting days at "Big Horn Ranch" and at "Big Bear Lake," where we last met them. In the present volume the scene is shifted to the Atlantic Ocean. The boys were shipwrecked and had many thrilling adventures.

As many of my readers know, the sale of this series of books is now well past the *three million* mark. To me, this seems truly wonderful. My only hope is that the reading of these books will do all of the boys and girls good.

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

**THE ROVER BOYS
SHIPWRECKED**

CHAPTER I

AN ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD

“Battalion, attention!”

The command came from Major Jack Rover. The scene was the campus of Colby Hall Military Academy, and drawn up in front of the youthful major were the three companies of cadets. It was a clear day in November and the boys made an inspiring appearance in their well fitting uniforms. Every rifle was in the pink of condition, as were also the drums, fifes and bugles of the musicians.

“Present arms!” was the next command, and as the students held their rifles before them, Captain Mapes Dale, the military instructor, passed in front of one company after another. He was followed by Colonel Colby and Professor Grawson.

“The cadets certainly make a fine showing,” remarked Colonel Colby, after the brief inspection had come to an end.

“They do indeed, Colonel,” answered Captain Dale. “They have never turned out better. We’ll have to congratulate Major Rover. He certainly keeps the boys well in hand.”

The owner of the military academy and his aids came to the front once more, and then Captain Dale nodded to the young major. This was a signal that the youthful commander could now proceed with the usual morning routine.

“Shoulder arms! Forward march!” came the quick, clear command.

Then the drums struck up, followed by the lively pipings of the fifes, and the three companies of cadets moved forward across the campus and around the school buildings, finally coming to a halt in front of the entrance to the mess hall. There the cadets broke ranks, placed away their guns, swords and other equipments, and piled into the mess hall, where all were speedily seated at the numerous dining tables.

“That ends parading for some time to come,” remarked Captain Fred Rover, of Company C.

“And I’m not sorry,” returned Andy Rover, his cousin.

“Hurrah for the Thanksgiving holidays!” burst out Randy, Andy’s twin. “Won’t we have a dandy time at home?”

“And don’t forget that invitation from Ralph Mason,” came from Jack.

“Hoopla! Me for a life on the ocean wave!” burst out Andy. “Ralph says that motor boat is a dandy.”

“If only the weather stays clear!” said Fred, anxiously.

“Young gentlemen, a little less noise, please,” came from Professor Snopper Duke, who chanced to be at the head of the table at which the four Rovers were seated.

“Yes, sir. Sorry I spoke, sir,” mumbled Andy, and slyly put his tongue in one cheek, at which his twin brother and his cousins grinned.

All of the cadets were in high spirits, and with good reason—school was to close that afternoon for the Thanksgiving holidays. Nearly all of the cadets were going either home or elsewhere, so

that only a handful would be left at the academy for ten days. Usually the Thanksgiving recess was shorter, but Colonel Colby wished to take advantage of the holidays by having some necessary repairs done to the mess hall ceiling, which was in danger of coming down.

Before Jack Rover had been elected major of the school battalion, Ralph Mason had occupied that important position. Now Ralph had left Colby Hall for good, but he still retained his affection for many of the lads there, and had invited the Rover boys and two of their chums, Gif Garrison and Dick Powell, to accompany him on a motor-boat trip from Woods Hole to Marthas Vineyard, Nantucket, and Cape Cod—the proposed outing, of course, being contingent upon the condition of the weather.

“I only hope the folks at home won’t object to our taking that motor-boat trip,” remarked Fred, after the meal was over and the boys were preparing to go to their classrooms.

“I don’t see how they can object,” came from Randy. “It will be perfectly safe.”

“Of course it will be safe,” returned his twin brother. “There won’t a thing happen to us.”

“Let’s hope so, anyway,” said Jack. “We’ve had adventure enough. Gracious, just look at what happened at Big Horn Ranch and at Big Bear Lake! After all those doings, I’m willing to sit down and take it easy.”

“No sitting down for me,” broke in Andy, and in high spirits he dropped his school books and turned a cartwheel in the corridor.

“Andy Rover, what do you mean by such conduct in the school building?” came in a cold, clear-cut voice, and the boys saw Professor Duke standing in a doorway close behind them.

“Oh, excuse me, sir. I didn’t know any one was looking,” stammered the fun-loving Rover.

“After this reserve your gymnastic exercises for the gymnasium,” was the professor’s sarcastic command as he turned away.

“My, but he’s a real sociable fellow!” was Randy’s whispered comment.

“And we thought he had turned over a new leaf,” murmured Jack.

“It must be bred in the bone,” was the way Fred expressed himself.

The gong was now sounding, and all of the cadets hurried to their various classrooms, and were soon deep in their studies or recitations. Although they liked fun, Andy and Randy especially, the Rovers knew that they must make good records at the Academy, or otherwise there would be trouble when they faced their fathers and mothers.

“Well, anyway, the agony will be over by half-past two this afternoon,” remarked Andy to his brother, “and by four-thirty we’ll be on our way home.”

“Do you suppose the girls will be on hand?” questioned Randy.

“Yes. Jack said Martha telephoned in early this morning. And she said she might have a surprise.”

“A surprise?” came from Fred. “How is that?”

“Martha wouldn’t say, because, she said, the whole thing might fall through.”

“It’s a wonder Jack didn’t make her tell! What do you suppose those girls have up their sleeve?”

“Search me! You can’t make Martha open her mouth when she wants to keep silent. She’s not one of the kind of girls to tell everything she knows.”

“Did she say Mary was in on the secret?” questioned Fred. Mary was his sister, and the two girls attended Clearwater Hall, a school for girls in that vicinity.

“Didn’t say a word about Mary,” put in Jack, thus appealed to.

“Maybe she didn’t say anything about Ruth Stevenson, either?” came from Andy, slyly, and his manner was such that the young major found himself blushing in spite of himself.

“Well, I suppose we’ll just have to wait and see what’s doing,” sighed Randy.

The last day in school before a holiday is usually not so strictly observed as some others. The cadets, however, had to go through their usual recitations, interrupted only by the time taken for lunch. Then at half-past two the dismissal bell rang, and the cadets rushed hither and thither in their anxiety to pack and get away.

“Look at the autos outside, will you?” came from Gif Garrison, who had stopped to speak to Jack about the proposed trip with Ralph Mason. “I’ll say some fellows are in luck.”

“Yes, indeed!” came from Dick Powell, usually called Spouter by his chums. “I’d rather ride in an auto ten times over than in a stuffy

train. Just think of rolling along through the country with all the foliage at its very best. Think of the trees tipped with crimson and gold, the mountainsides looking like——”

“There, Spouter, that will do for the present,” interrupted Jack, good-naturedly. “You can spout all you please about the scenery when we are off on our trip.”

“Oh, pshaw! you fellows have no eye for beauty,” grumbled Spouter, in disgust. “I don’t believe you know whether the tree leaves are red, yellow, green or pink.”

“Hi there, Jack! Come here!” came in a yell from Fred, who had run out on the campus. “Here’s a surprise!”

Jack broke away from a number of his friends and ran down to where Fred was standing. The two Rovers were quickly joined by Andy and Randy.

“Why, it’s dad!” came from Andy. “Dad and Uncle Sam!”

“And they’ve got the two autos with them!” answered his twin, dancing up and down in excitement.

“Say, was that the secret Martha was keeping?” demanded Jack, rushing up and shaking his two uncles by the hand. And then, before they could answer, he went on: “Where’s my dad? Why didn’t he come?”

“Your father had to remain in New York,” answered Tom Rover. “Somebody has to run the business, you know. We can’t all go holidaying,” and his eyes twinkled, showing that he was just as full of fun as he had been when at the age of his twin sons.

“Yes, we telephoned to Martha. But we told her to keep it a secret because we were afraid that something might hold us back,” explained Sam Rover.

“Why, Dad, you’ve got a new car!” burst out Fred. “What do you know about that! Some swell outfit, I’ll say,” he added, gazing at the new automobile admiringly. It was a big twelve-cylinder sedan, and looked to be the acme of comfort and mechanical perfection.

In a few minutes the boys learned that they were to leave the school by automobile and pick up the two Rover girls at Clearwater Hall on the way. Ruth Stevenson was to accompany Martha and Mary.

“Martha said Ruth’s folks are away on a tour,” explained Tom Rover. “So she is to spend the holidays with us.”

“Well, that will suit Jack all right enough,” said Randy quickly.

“Don’t you all like Ruth?” demanded the young major.

“Sure, we do!” came promptly from the others, and then, somehow, Jack felt better.

“You haven’t heard all of the secret yet,” Tom Rover said, grinning at his twin sons and his two nephews. “Shall I tell them?” he went on, turning to his brother Sam.

“Why not let them find it out for themselves?” came quickly from Fred’s father. And then, turning to the lads, he continued: “You don’t know where you are going, boys, but you’re on the way.”

“Do you mean to say that we’re not going home?” came from all four cadets in a chorus of wonder.

“You are not,” replied Tom Rover. “But don’t ask any more questions. Go ahead and get ready to leave. We have a long ride ahead of us, and we don’t want to drive any farther than is necessary after dark.”

While the Rover boys were saying good-bye to their chums and getting ready to make the trip, Tom Rover and his brother Sam went in to call on their old school chum, Colonel Colby.

“It’s a touch of old times to see you fellows again,” said Larry Colby, as he shook hands warmly. “It’s too bad Dick didn’t come with you. Then we’d have the old quartette,” and he smiled broadly.

“Well, time is bound to scatter us,” remarked Sam Rover. “Some of the fellows are scattered to the four quarters of the globe. About all the old crowd I ever see are Songbird Powell, Fred Garrison and Hans Mueller.”

Knowing that they had a long run ahead of them, the Rover boys lost no time in getting ready for the trip. Then their suitcases were stowed away and they climbed into the two cars, the twins with their father and the others with Sam Rover.

It did not take long to run to Haven Point and then along the lake to Clearwater Hall. Here they found a number of automobiles parked along the campus and many girl students coming and going.

“There they are!” called out Jack, and waved his hand. In a moment more his sister Martha came running toward them, followed by Mary Rover and Ruth Stevenson.

“How about the surprise, Jack?” cried Martha, her face beaming.

“Peachy!” answered her brother, promptly. “Couldn’t be better!”

“Did you suspect?” questioned Mary.

“Not at all. We thought the folks were all too busy in Wall Street to come up here just now.”

“Hold on! Hold on!” interrupted Sam Rover. “They don’t know where they’re going yet. Don’t spoil things.”

“They don’t!” burst out Mary. “Why, I thought——”

“No, that’s to be a surprise,” said Tom Rover. “Don’t tell them a word. Let them find out for themselves. It will give them something to think about.”

“Well, this certainly is a mystery,” murmured Fred, and he and his cousins looked blankly at each other.

“It was splendid to invite me to go along,” remarked Ruth Stevenson, as she shook hands warmly with the young major and the others. “Just splendid!”

“We’re glad to have you, Ruth,” answered Sam Rover.

The boys assisted the girls with their luggage, and a few minutes later the automobile trip was begun. The twins rode with their father, and Mary and Fred went with them, while Jack and Martha, accompanied by Ruth, rode with their Uncle Sam. As was to be expected, Tom Rover led the way and set such a pace that his brother had hard work to keep up with him.

“We figured out that we could reach a town called Bridgeville in time for supper,” said Sam Rover. “But I rather think we’ll have to hump ourselves to do it.”

“I guess Uncle Tom is going to try to put one over on you, Uncle Sam,” remarked Jack. “Maybe he wants to show you that his old car can outrun your new one.”

“It’s all right, if he doesn’t get into trouble,” answered Sam Rover.

“Oh, I don’t mind riding fast,” came from Ruth, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “It’s so good to be out of school once more!”

“Wish we were bound for Big Bear Lake,” said Jack.

“Oh, Jack, wouldn’t that be grand!”

“It would be unless some big bear came along to eat us up,” put in Martha.

“Oh, we killed off all the bears,” said Jack. And this remark made both of the girls giggle.

On and on sped the two cars, keeping just within sight of each other. Up hill and down hill they rolled, around broad curves, and over solid stone bridges and some that were built of wood and rattled loudly as they passed. The weather was so warm that they had all the windows down, so they could enjoy the fresh air to its fullest.

“Where do you suppose they are taking us?” whispered Randy to his brother, as they rolled swiftly along.

“Search me!” was the slangy answer. “They’ve certainly got something up their sleeve. I thought sure we were going home.”

“So did I.”

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