

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Byron Schiller
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Hall
Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Willis
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac
Stockton Vatsyayana Crane
Burroughs Verne
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Homer Tolstoy Whitman
Darwin Thoreau Twain
Potter Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato Scott
Kant Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte
London Descartes Cervantes Wells Hesse
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Hale James Hastings Shakespeare Chambers Irving
Bunner Richter Chekhov da Shaw Wodehouse
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The Rover Boys on Land and Sea The Crusoes of Seven Islands

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INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR BOYS: "The Rover Boys on Land and Sea," is a complete story in itself, but forms the seventh volume of the "Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

As I mentioned in a previous volume of this series, when I began this set of books I had in mind to write no more than three volumes, relating the adventures of Dick, Tom, and Sam Rover, at home, at school, and elsewhere. But the publication of "The Rover Boys at School," "The Rover Boys on the Ocean," and "The Rover Boys in the Jungle," immediately called for more stories of the same sort, so year after year I have followed with "The Rover Boys out West," "The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes," "The Rover Boys in the Mountains," and now the volume before you, which relates the adventures of the three brothers, and some of their friends and enemies, on the sea and on a number of far away islands, where, for a time, all lead a sort of Robinson Crusoe life.

In writing this tale I had in mind not alone to please my young readers, but also to give them a fair picture of life on the ocean as it is to-day, in distinction to what it was years ago, and also to acquaint the boys and girls with some of the beauties of those mid-ocean lands which are generally, so strange to all of us. The boys see much that is new, novel, and pleasing—new fruits, new flowers, new animals—and have often to use their wits to the utmost, to get themselves out of serious difficulty and also to make themselves, and those under their protection, comfortable.

Once again I thank my young friends for the interest they have shown in my previous stories. I trust that all who peruse this volume will find it equally to their liking.

Affectionately and sincerely yours, ARTHUR M. WINFIELD.

THE ROVER BOYS ON LAND AND SEA

CHAPTER I

THE ROVER BOYS IN SAN FRANCISCO

"Well, Dick, here we are in San Francisco at last."

"Yes, Tom, and what a fine large city it is."

"We'll have to take care, or we'll get lost," came from a third boy, the youngest of the party.

"Just listen to Sam!" cried Tom Rover. "Get lost! As if we weren't in the habit of taking care of ourselves."

"Sam is joking," came from Dick Rover. "Still we might get lost here as well as in New York or any other large city."

"Boston is the place to get lost in," said Tom Rover. "Got streets that curve in all directions. But let us go on. Where is the hotel?"

"I'm sure I don't know," came from Sam Rover.

"Cab! carriage! coupe!" bawled a cabman standing near. "Take you anywhere you want to go, gents."

"How much to take the three of us to the Oakland House?"

"Take you there for a dollar, trunks and all."

"I'll go you," answered Dick Rover. "Come on, I'll see that you get the right trunks."

"I think we are going to have some good times while we are on the Pacific coast," observed Tom Rover, while he and Sam were waiting for Dick and the cabman to return.

"I shan't object to a good time," replied Sam. "That is what we came for."

"Before we go back I am going to have a sail up and down the coast."

"To be sure, Tom. Perhaps we can sail down to Santa Barbara. That is a sort of Asbury Park and Coney Island combined, so I have been told."

Dick Rover and the cabman soon returned. The trunks were piled on the carriage and the boys got in, and away they bowled from the station in the direction of the Oakland House.

It was about ten o'clock of a clear day in early spring. The boys had reached San Francisco a few minutes before, taking in the sights on the way. Now they sat up in the carriage taking in more sights, as the turnout moved along first one street and then another.

As old readers of this series know, the Rover boys were three in number, Dick being the oldest, fun-loving Tom next, and sturdy-hearted Sam the youngest. They were the only offspring of Anderson Rover, a former traveler and mine-owner, who, at present, was living with his brother Randolph and his sister-in-law Martha, on their beautiful farm at Valley Brook, in the heart of New York State.

During the past few years the Rover boys had had numerous adventures, so many, in fact, that they can scarcely be hinted at here. While their father was in the heart of Africa, their Uncle Randolph had sent them off to Putnam Hall Academy. Here they had made many friends among the boys and also among some folks living in the vicinity, including Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter Dora, a girl who, according to Dick Rover's idea, was the sweetest creature in the whole world. They had also made some enemies, the worst of the number being Dan Baxter, a fellow who had been the bully of the school, but who was now a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. Baxter came from a disreputable family, his father having at one time tried to swindle Mr. Rover out of a rich gold mine in the West. The elder Baxter was now in prison suffering the penalty for various crimes.

A term at school had been followed by an exciting chase on the ocean, and then by a trip through the jungle of Africa, whence the

Rover boys had gone to find their long-lost father. After this the boys made a trip West to establish their parent's claim to the gold mine just mentioned, and this was followed by a grand trip on the Great Lakes in which the boys suffered not a little at the hands of the Baxters. On an island on one of the lakes the Rover boys found a curious casket and this, on being opened, proved to contain some directions for locating a treasure secreted in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains.

"We must locate that treasure," said Tom Rover, and off they started for the mountains, and did locate it at last, but not before Dan Baxter had done everything in his power to locate it ahead of them. When they finally outwitted their enemy, Dan Baxter had disappeared, and that was the last they had seen of him for some time.

The Rover boys had expected to return to Putnam Hall and their studies immediately after the winter outing in the Adirondacks, but an unexpected happening at the institution of learning made them change their plans. Three pupils were taken down with scarlet fever, and rather than run the risk of having more taken sick, Captain Victor Putnam had closed up the Academy for the time being, and sent the pupils to their homes.

"The boys will have to go to some other school," their Aunt Martha had said, but one and another had murmured at this, for they loved Captain Putnam too well to desert him so quickly.

"Let us wait a few months," had been Dick's suggestion.

"Let us study at home," had come from Sam.

"Let us travel," Tom had put in. "Travel broadens the mind." He loved to be "on the go" all the time.

The matter was talked over for several days, and Tom begged that they might take a trip across the continent and back, using some of the money derived from the old treasure. At last Anderson Rover consented; and two days later the three boys were off, going by way of New York City, on the Chicago Limited. They had spent two days in the great city by the lakes, and then come direct to the Golden Gate city.

"I wonder if we will meet anybody we know while we are out here," said Tom, as the carriage continued on its way.

"If we get down to Santa Barbara I think we'll meet somebody," answered Dick, and he blushed just a trifle. "I got a letter in Chicago, as you know. It was from Dora Stanhope, and she said that she and her mother were traveling again and expected to go either to Santa Barbara or Los Angeles. Her mother is not well again, and the doctor thought the air on the Pacific coast might benefit her."

"Oh, my, but won't Dick have an elegant time, if he falls in with Dora!" cried Sam. "Tom, we won't be in it."

"Now don't you start to tease me," returned Dick, his face redder than ever. "I guess Dora always gave you a good time, too."

"That's right, she did," said Tom. And then he added: "Did she say anything about the Lanings?" For the Laning girls, Nellie and Grace, were cousins to Dora Stanhope, and Tom and Sam thought almost as much of them as Dick did of Dora.

"To be sure she did," replied Dick. "But I guess it's—well, it's a secret."

"A secret!" shouted Sam. "Not much, Dick! Let us in on it at once!"

"Yes, do!" put in Tom.

"But it may prove a disappointment."

"We'll chance it," returned Tom.

"Well then, Dora wrote that if she and her mother could find a nice cottage at Los Angeles or Santa Barbara they were going to invite Nellie and Grace to come out and keep house with them for six months or so."

"Hurrah!" cried Sam enthusiastically. "I hope they come. If they do, won't the six of us just have boss times!" And his face glowed with anticipation.

"We can certainly have good times if Mrs. Stanhope's health will permit," said Dick. "Here we are at the hotel."

He uttered the last words as the carriage came to a stop at the curb. He leaped out and so did the others; and a few minutes later found them safe and sound in the hotel. They were assigned to a large room on the third floor, and hither they made their way, followed by their trunks, and then began to wash and dress up, preparatory to going down to the dining room, for the journeying around since breakfast had made them hungry.

"I think I am going to like San Francisco," said Tom, as he was adjusting a fresh collar and gazing out of the window at the same time. "Everything looks so bright and clean."

"They have some pretty tall buildings here, the same as in Chicago and New York," came from Dick, as he, too, gazed out of the window.

"Oh, all the big cities are a good deal alike," put in Sam, who was drying his face on a towel.

"San Francisco is a mighty rich place," continued Tom. "They are too rich even to use pennies. It's five cents here, or a bit there, or two bits for this and two bits for that. I never heard a quarter called two bits in New York."

"I've been told that is a Southern expression, and one used in the West Indies," said Dick. "The early Californians—My gracious!"

Dick broke off short and leaned far out of the window, which they had opened to let in the fresh spring air.

"What's up?" queried Tom. "Don't fall out." And he caught his elder brother by the arm.

"I must have been mistaken. But it did look like him," said Dick slowly.

"Look like whom?" asked Sam, joining the pair.

"Dan Baxter."

"Dan Baxter! Here?" shouted the others.

"I am pretty sure it was Dan Baxter."

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"He is gone now – he just disappeared around the hotel corner."

"Well, if it really was Dan Baxter, we want to keep our eyes open,"
was Sam's comment.

CHAPTER II

THE TURNING UP OF DAN BAXTER

The boys were very curious concerning their old enemy, and on going below took a walk around several squares in the vicinity, in the hope of meeting the individual who had attracted Dick's attention.

But the search proved unsuccessful, and they returned to the hotel and went to dinner, with a larger appetite than ever.

"It would be queer if we met Dan Baxter out here," said Tom, while they were eating. "He seems to get on our heels, no matter where we go.

"If he came to San Francisco first, he'll think we have been following him up," said Sam.

"He must have come here before we did," said Dick. "Our arrival dates back but three hours," and he grinned.

The meal over the boys took it easy for a couple of hours, and then prepared to go out and visit half a dozen points of interest and also purchase tickets for a performance at one of the leading theaters in the evening.

As they crossed the lobby of the hotel they almost ran into a big, burly young fellow who was coming in the opposite direction.

"Dan Baxter!" ejaculated Dick. "Then I was right after all."

The burly young fellow stared first at Dick and then the others in blank amazement. He carried a dress-suit case, and this dropped from his hand to the floor.

"Whe—where did yo—you come from?" he stammered at last.

"I guess we can ask the same question," said Tom coldly.

"Been following me, have you?" sneered Dan Baxter, making an effort to recover his self-possession.

"No, we haven't been following you," said Sam.

"Supposing you tell us how it happens that you are here?"

"Suppose you tell us how it happens that you are here," came from Dick.

"That is my business."

"Our business is our own, too, Dan Baxter."

"You followed me," growled the big bully, his face darkening. "I know you and don't you forget it."

"Why should we follow you?" said Tom. "We got the best of you over that treasure in the Adirondacks."

"Oh, you needn't blow. Remember the old saying, 'He laughs best who laughs last.' I aint done with you yet — not by a long shot."

"Well, let me warn you to keep your distance," said Dick sternly. "If you don't, you'll regret it. We have been very easy with you in the past, but if you go too far, I, for one, will be for putting you where your father is, in prison."

"And I say the same," said Tom.

"Ditto here," came from Sam.

At these words a look of bitter hatred crossed Dan Baxter's face. He clenched his fists and breathed hard.

"You can brag when you are three to one," he cried fiercely. "But wait, that's all. My father would be a free man if it wasn't for you. Wait, and see what I do!"

And so speaking he caught up his dress-suit case, swung around on his heel, and left the hotel before anybody could stop him.

"He's the same old Baxter," said Tom, with a long sigh. "Always going to square up."

"I think he is more vindictive than he used to be," observed Sam. "When Dick spoke about his father being in prison he looked as if he would like to strangle the lot of us."

"Well, I admit it would be rough on any ordinary boy to mention the fact that his father was in prison," said Dick. "But we all know, and Dan Baxter himself knows, that one is about as wicked as the other. The only thing that makes Arnold Baxter's case worse is that he is old enough to know better."

"So is Dan old enough to know better," was Tom's comment.

"I believe he was coming here to get accommodations," said Dick.

"If he was, that would tend to prove that he had just arrived in San Francisco, Dick."

"True. But he may have been in this vicinity, perhaps in Oakland, Alameda, or some other nearby town."

"What do you suppose could have brought him here?"

"That's a conundrum. Maybe he thought the East was getting too hot to hold him."

"I wish we knew where he was going."

"Let us see if we can follow him up."

But to follow Dan Baxter up was out of the question, as they speedily discovered when they stepped out on the sidewalk. People were hurrying in all directions, and the bully had been completely swallowed up in the crowd.

"We must watch out," said Dick. "Now he knows we are here he will try to do us harm, mark my words."

The walk that afternoon proved full of interest, and in the evening they went to see a performance of a light opera at the Columbia Theater. The performance gave them a good deal of pleasure.

"Quarter past eleven!" exclaimed Dick, when they were coming away.

"That's the time we got our money's worth."

"I thought it must be late," said Tom. "I was getting hungry. Let us get a bite of something before we go back to the hotel."

The others were willing, and they entered a nearby restaurant and seated themselves at one of the tables. As they did this, a person who had been following them stopped at the door to peer in after them. The person was Dan Baxter.

"They are going to dine before retiring," he muttered to himself. "The Old Nick take the luck! They have all the good times, while I have only the bad!"

Dan Baxter had followed the boys from the hotel to the theater and had also waited around for them to come out. He wanted to "square up" with them, but had no definite plan of action, and was trusting to luck for something to turn up in his favor.

He had drifted to the West for a double reason. The one was, as the boys had surmised, because the East seemed to be getting too hot to hold him. His second reason was that he hoped to get passage on some vessel bound for Sydney, Australia. He had a distant relative in Australia, and thought that if he could only see that relative personally he might be able to get some money. He was nearly out of funds, and so far the relative, although rich, had refused to send any money by mail or express.

"They have everything they want, while I have nothing," he went on savagely. "And they don't deserve it, either. Oh, how I wish I could wring their necks for 'em!"

Suddenly an idea struck him and without waiting for the boys to come out of the restaurant he hopped on board of a street car running in the direction of the Oakland House. Entering the hotel office he asked to look at the register.

"Room 324," he said to himself. "That is on the third floor, I suppose, since they generally start a new hundred for every floor. Wonder if I can get up without being noticed?"

He watched his chance, and slipping past the bell boys, made his way up the stairs, which, on account of the elevators, were but little used. In a few minutes he was in front of the door to Room 324. He tried it cautiously, to find it locked.

"Now if only the keys will work," he muttered, breathing hard, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he tried them, one after another.

He had tried four keys without success, when he saw a waiter approaching with a trayful of good things for a late supper in a nearby apartment. At once he moved away down the hallway and did not return until the servant had disappeared from view.

He had five other keys and the third fitted the lock, although rather crudely; so crudely in fact that once the lock bolt was turned the key could not be withdrawn.

"That's bad," he thought. "But as it cannot be helped I'll have to make the best of it. I mustn't stay here too long," and going into the room he closed the door after him.

There was a faint light burning at one of the gas jets and this he turned up, and pulled down the shades of the windows. Then he gazed swiftly around the large room, noting the boys' trunks and traveling bags and several articles of wearing apparel scattered about.

"Oh, if only I can find what I am after," he muttered. "But more than likely they carry their money with them, or else they left it at the hotel office."

All of the trunks and traveling bags were locked, and to force the trunks open seemed at first impossible. One of the traveling bags was slit open with a sharp pocket-knife the bully carried and the contents emptied on one of the beds.

"Not much that I want," muttered Dan Baxter, as he gazed at the collection. Then a jewel case caught his eye and he opened it. "A diamond stud and a diamond scarf pin! Not so bad, after all!" And he transferred the jewelry to his pocket.

A second later he came upon a bunch of keys. They proved to belong to the trunks and bags, and soon he had the trunks open and the contents scattered in all directions. Then he went down on his knees, examining everything brought to light.

It must be confessed that he was in a fever of excitement. The Rover boys might return at any moment, and he knew full well that

to be caught would mean a term in prison. He kept his ears on the alert while his heart thumped loudly within his bosom.

"A pocketbook at last!" he cried softly, and snatched it up. One look showed him a, small pile of five and ten-dollar bills, exactly two hundred and seventy-five dollars in all. Then he found another jewel case, and from it extracted a second diamond stud and a pair of very fine cuff buttons.

"That is all I guess I can get," he muttered, as he stood up. "But I might as well take a new outfit while I am at it," he added, and picked up several articles of wearing apparel. These he stuffed in one of the bags which had not been cut, and around it put a small strap.

Tiptoeing his way to the door, he opened it and listened. Nobody was within hearing or sight. But as he stepped out, the waiter he had before seen came once more into view, this time carrying a tray with some bottles and a box of cigars. The waiter eyed him curiously again, but said nothing.

"Too bad he saw me, but it can't be helped," thought Dan Baxter, and made his way downstairs with all possible speed. Once in the lower hall he lost no time in gaining the street. In another moment he was swallowed up in the darkness of the night.