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*Rover Boys in the Mountains.*

**THE ROVER BOYS**

**IN THE MOUNTAINS**

**OR**

*A HUNT FOR FUN AND FORTUNE*

**BY**

**ARTHUR M. WINFIELD**

**Author of "THE ROVER BOYS AT SCHOOL," "THE ROVER  
BOYS ON THE OCEAN," "THE ROVER BOYS IN THE  
JUNGLE," "THE ROVER BOYS OUT WEST,"  
"THE ROVER BOYS ON THE GREAT  
LAKES," ETC.**

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## INTRODUCTION.

My dear boys: "The Rover Boys in the Mountains" is a complete story in itself, but forms the sixth volume of the "Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

This series of books for wide-awake American lads was begun several years ago with the publication of "The Rover Boys at School." At that time the author had in mind to write not more than three volumes, relating the adventures of Dick, Tom, and Sam Rover at Putnam Hall, "On the Ocean," and "In the Jungle," but the publication of these books immediately called for a fourth, "The Rover Boys Out West," and then a fifth, "The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes." Still my young friends did not appear to be satisfied, and so I now present to them this sixth volume, which relates the stirring adventures of the three Rover boys in the Adirondacks, whither they had gone to solve the mystery of a certain brass-lined money casket found by them on an island in Lake Huron.

In writing this volume I have had a double purpose in view; not only to pen a tale which might prove pleasing to all boys, but one which might likewise give them a fair idea of the wonderful resources and natural beauty of this section of the United States. Ours is a wonderful country, and none of us can learn too much concerning it.

Again thanking my young friends for their kindness in the past, I place this volume in their hands, trusting they will find it as much to their liking as those which have preceded it.

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

ARTHUR M. WINFIELD.



## THE ROVER BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

### CHAPTER I.

## THE BOYS OF PUTNAM HALL.

"Hurrah, boys, the lake is frozen over! We'll be sure to have good skating by to-morrow afternoon!"

"That's fine news, Tom," came from Sam Rover. "I've been fairly aching for a skate ever since that cold snap of two weeks ago."

"We'll have to start up some skating matches if good skating does really turn up," put in Dick Rover, who had just joined his two brothers in the gymnasium attached to Putnam Hall. "Don't you remember those matches we had last year?"

"Certainly, Dick," answered Tom Rover. "Didn't I win one of the silver medals?"

"Gracious! but what a lot has happened since then," said Sam, who was the youngest of the trio. "We've gotten rid of nearly all of our enemies, and old Crabtree is in jail and can't bother Mrs. Stanhope or Dora any more."

"We didn't get rid of Dan Baxter," remarked Dick. "He gave us the slip nicely."

"Do you think he'll dare to bother us again, Dick?" questioned Sam anxiously.

"I hope not, but I'm not certain, Sam. The Baxters are a bad lot, as all of us know, and as Dan grows older he'll be just as wicked as his father, and maybe worse."

"What a pity a fellow like Dan can't turn over a new leaf," came from Tom Rover. "He's bright enough in his way, and would make a first-rate chap."

"It's not in the blood," went on Dick. "We'll have to keep our eyes open, that's all. If anything, Dan is probably more angry at us than ever, for he believes we were the sole means of his father being put in prison."

"Old Baxter deserved all he got," murmured Sam.

"So he did."

"Well, if Dan Baxter ever bothers me he'll catch it warm," came from Tom. "I shan't attempt to mince matters with him. Everybody at this school knows what a bully he was, and they know, too, what a rascal he's been since he left. So I say, let him beware!" And so bringing the conversation to an end for the time being, Tom Rover ran across the gymnasium floor, leaped up and grasped a turning-bar stationed there, and was soon going through a number of exercises recently taught to him by the new "gym" teacher.

"Gracious, but Tom is getting to be a regular circus gymnast!" cried Sam, as he watched his brother in admiration. "Just see what beautiful turns he is making."

"Humph! that aint so wonderful," came from someone at Sam's elbow, and turning the youngest Rover found himself close to Billy Tubbs, a short, stocky youth who had entered Putnam Hall at the opening of the fall term. Tubbs was a boy of rich parentage, and while he was not particularly a bully, he considered himself of great importance and vastly superior to the majority of his associates.

"All right, Tubby; if it isn't so wonderful, just you jump up and do it," returned Sam coldly.

"Look here, how many times have I told you not to call me Tubby!" burst out the rich youth. "I don't like it at all."

"Then what shall we call you?" asked Sam innocently. "Tubbllets?"

"No, I don't want you to call me Tubbllets either. My name is Tubbs—William Philander Tubbs."

"Gosh! Am I to say all that whenever I want to address you?" demanded Sam, with a pretended gasp for breath.

"I don't see why you shouldn't. It's my name."

"But Tubby—I mean Tubblets—no, Willander Philliam Tubbs—the name is altogether too long. Why, supposin' you were standing on a railroad track looking east, and an express train was coming from the west at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, and it got to within a hundred yards of you when I discovered your truly horrible peril, and I should start to warn you of the aforesaid truly horrible peril, take my word for it, before I could utter such an elongated personal handle as that, you'd be struck and distributed along that track for a distance of a mile and a quarter. No, Tubby, my conscience wouldn't allow it—really it wouldn't." And Sam shook his head seriously.

"See here, what are you giving me?" roared Tubbs wrathfully. "Don't you worry about my standing on a railroad track and asking you to call me off." And then he added, with a red face, as a laugh went up from half a dozen students standing near: "William Philander Tubbs is my name, and I shan't answer to any other after this."

"Good for you Washtubs!" came from a boy in the rear of the crowd.

"I'd stick to that resolution, by all means, Buttertubs," came from the opposite side of the crowd.

And then one older youth, who was given to writing songs, began to sing softly:

"Rub-a-dub-dub!  
One man in a tub,  
And who do you think it is,  
It's William Philander,  
Who's got up his dander,  
And isn't he mad! Gee whizz!"

The doggerel, gotten up on the spur of the moment, struck the fancy of fully a score of boys, big and little, and in an instant all were singing it over and over again, at the top of their lungs, and at this those who did not sing began to laugh uproariously.

"I say, what's it all about?" demanded Tom, as he slid from the turning-bar.

"Songbird Powell has composed a comic opera in Tubby's honor," answered Larry Colby, one of the Rover boys' chums. "I guess he's going to have it put on the stage after the holidays, with Tubby as leading man."

"See here, I won't have this!" roared the rich youth, waving his hand wildly first at one boy and then another. "I don't want you to make up any songs about me."

"Songbird won't charge you anything," put in Fred Garrison, another of the students. "He's a true poet, and writes for nothing. You ought to feel highly honored."

"Make a speech of thanks, that's a good fellow," put in George Granbury, another student.

"It's an outrage!" shouted Tubbs, his face growing redder each instant. "I won't stand it."

"All right, we won't charge you for sitting on it," came from the back of the crowd.

"My right name is — —"

"Barrel, but they call me Tubbs for short," finished another student. "Hurrah, Tubby is discovered at last."

"Don't blush, Washtub! you don't look half as pretty as when you're pale."

"If you feel warm, Buttertub, go out and sit on the thin ice. It will soon cool you off," came from Fred Garrison.

"I'll cool you off, Garry!" burst out the rich youth, and made a wild dash at his tormentor. But somebody put out a foot and the tormented boy stumbled headlong, at which the crowd set up another shout, and then sang louder than ever,

"Rub-a-dub-dub!  
One man in a tub!"

"I say, who tripped me up!" gasped Tubbs, as soon as he could scramble up. "Tell me who did it, and I'll soon settle with him."

"Who rolled over the buttertub?" asked Tom solemnly. "One peanut reward for the first correct answer to this absorbing puzzle. Please don't all raise your hands at once."

"I believe you did it, Tom Rover!" bellowed the rich youth.

"I? Never, Tubby, my dear boy. I never rolled over a buttertub in my life. You've got the wrong number. Kindly ring the bell next door."

"Then it was Sam, and I'll fix him for it, see if I don't!"

"No, it wasn't Sam. He never touched a washtub in his life."

"I say it was Sam," cried Tubbs, who was almost beside himself with rage. "And I'm going to teach him a lesson. There, Sam Rover, how do you like that?"

As the rich youth finished, he caught the youngest Rover by the shoulder with his left hand and with his right gave Sam a slanting blow on the cheek.

"Stop! I didn't trip you!" exclaimed Sam; and then as Tubbs aimed another blow at him he ducked and broke loose and hit out in return. His blow was harder and more truly aimed than he had anticipated, and it took Tubbs directly on the nose. A spurt of blood followed, accompanied by a yell of pain, and the rich youth fell back.

"Oh! oh! My nose!"

"You brought it on yourself," retorted Sam. "I didn't— —"

"Stop! stop! Boys, what does this mean?" came in a sudden stern voice, and in a moment more the two combatants found themselves confronted by Jasper Grinder, a new teacher. "Fighting, eh? How often, must you be told that such disgraceful conduct is not allowed here? You come with me, and I'll make an example of both of you."

And in a moment more the two lads found themselves prisoners in Jasper Grinder's strong grasp and being marched out of the gymnasium toward the school building proper.

## CHAPTER II.

### A GLIMPSE AT THE PAST.

As old readers of this series of books know, the Rover boys were three in number, Dick being the oldest, fun-loving Tom next, and small but sturdy Sam bringing up the rear of a trio of as bright and up-to-date a set of American lads as could be found anywhere.

The home of the lads was with their father, Anderson Rover, and their Uncle Randolph and Aunt Martha, on a beautiful farm at Valley Brook, in the heart of New York State. From this farm they had been sent to Putnam Hall, a semi-military institute of learning situated near Cedarville, on Cayuga Lake. This was while their father had mysteriously disappeared while on an exploring tour into the heart of Africa.

At Putnam Hall the Rover boys made a number of friends, some of whom have already been mentioned in these pages, and they likewise made several enemies. Chief among the enemies were Josiah Crabtree, a dictatorial teacher, and Dan Baxter, a bully who had done his best to make them "knuckle under" to him.

Since those first days at school many changes had taken place; so many, in fact, that but a few can be noted here. Crabtree had been discharged, and was now in prison for trying to hypnotize a lady into marrying him. This lady was Mrs. Stanhope, the mother of Dora Stanhope, who lived in the vicinity of Putnam Hall, and a girl of whom Dick Rover thought a good deal.

It had not taken the Rover boys long to discover that not only the dictatorial old teacher, but also the bully, Dan Baxter, were rascals, and, what was more, that Arnold Baxter, the father of Dan, was an old enemy to their father. Following this had come a journey to

Africa and into the jungle in search of Mr. Rover, and this mission accomplished, the Rover boys had gone West to establish a mining claim in which their father was interested. This claim was disputed by the Baxters, and when the Rovers won out and went for a pleasure trip on the Great Lakes, the Baxters did their best to bring Dick, Tom, and Sam to grief. But instead of accomplishing their purpose they failed once more, and Arnold Baxter was returned to the prison from which he had escaped some months before. What had become of Dan Baxter nobody knew, but the Rover boys were soon to learn, as we will see in the chapters which follow.

After their stirring adventures on the Great Lakes, and especially on Needle Point Island in Lake Huron, the Rover boys were glad enough to get back to dear old Putnam Hall and to their studies, even though the latter were something of a "grind," as Tom declared. They all loved Captain Victor Putnam, the owner of the institution, and it may be added here that the captain thought as much of the Rovers as he did of any of the scholars under him, and that was a good deal.

The coming of Jasper Grinder as a new under-teacher was a shock to many of the boys at the school. The principal teacher under Captain Putnam was Professor George Strong, who was stern but fair, and almost as well liked as the captain himself, and there were now several others, all of whom were on a good footing with the scholars. What had induced the captain to take in such a dictatorial and harsh master as Jasper Grinder was a mystery which nobody could explain.

As a matter of fact, Grinder had come into the Hall under a misrepresentation. He was from the Northwest, and claimed to have been a professor at a well-known California college. It was true he had once taught at this college, but his record was far from being as satisfactory as Captain Putnam had been led to believe. It was true he was a learned man,—quite the opposite of Josiah Crabtree, who had been wise only in looks,—but it was also true that he was a high-strung, passionate man, given to strange fits of anger, and that he was a miser, never spending a cent that was not absolutely required of him.

"I say, let me go!" cried Sam, as Jasper Grinder almost dragged him across the parade ground between the gymnasium and the school building. "I am not to blame for this row."

"Silence! I won't listen to a word until we are in the office," commanded the irate teacher.

"He started the whole thing," came from Tubbs. "He called me Tubby, and got the crowd to singing a song about me."

"I had nothing to do with the song, and all the boys have called you Tubby since you came here," went on Sam.

"Be quiet, I tell you!" cried Jasper Grinder, and clutched the arm of each so tightly that Tubbs set up a yell of pain. "I am master here, and I will show you how to mind."

At these words Sam's heart gave a sudden drop. It was Friday afternoon, and the next day would be, as usual, a holiday. Taking advantage of this fact Professor Strong had gone to Buffalo to visit a sick relative residing there, and only an hour before Captain Putnam had been driven away behind his team to visit an old army friend living at Fordview, twelve miles away. Professor Strong would not return until Monday morning, and it was more than likely the captain would remain away over night. During this interval Jasper Grinder would be in absolute charge of the academy and the pupils.

In a few minutes the teacher had led the way into Captain Putnam's office, and with a final pinch of their arms, which made Tubbs cry out once more with pain, he flung the pair away from him.

"Don't you know it is disgraceful to fight?" he thundered.

"We weren't fighting — that is, not exactly," said Tubbs meekly.

"Silence! I saw the whole affair. Why, your nose is still bleeding."

"I don't care. It was Rover's fault, Mr. Grinder. He started the boys, and they all began to make fun of me. He wouldn't stop — —"

"And then you fought like a pair of young tigers. Disgraceful! I will have to make an example of both of you."