

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace 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 Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambrecht Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist 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 Ringelnatz  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka  
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko  
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](http://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](http://www.tredition.com)

# **In Camp on the Big Sunflower**

Lawrence J. Leslie

# Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Lawrence J. Leslie

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-6854-4

[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

[www.tredition.de](http://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.

**IN CAMP ON THE BIG SUNFLOWER**

By

**LAWRENCE J. LESLIE**

[Illustration: MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR THE FEAST]



## CONTENTS

- I. – AN ALARM IN THE CAMP
- II. – TREASURE HUNTING
- III. – WHAT OWEN KNEW
- IV. – THE UNKNOWN SHELL GATHERERS
- V. – A PUZZLER FOR MAX
- VI. – THE FIRST CROP FROM THE RIVER
- VII. – BANDY-LEGS WANTS TO KNOW
- VIII. – A GREAT FIND
- IX. – MAX WONDERS STILL MORE
- X. – AT DEAD OF NIGHT
- XI. – THE NEW COOK SPRINGS HIS SURPRISE
- XII. – DANGER AHEAD ON THE TRAIL
- XIII. – MAX PLAYS THE GOOD SAMARITAN
- XIV. – SETTING THE MAN TRAP AGAIN
- XV. – THE MYSTERY SOLVED – CONCLUSION



## IN CAMP ON THE BIG SUNFLOWER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### AN ALARM IN THE CAMP.

"Hey, Bandy-legs, what d'ye suppose ails Toby there?"

"He sure looks like he'd just seen a ghost, for a fact, Steve. Where are Max and his cousin Owen just now?"

"Oh, they walked down along the river bank to look for signs of fresh-water clams. So we'll just have to run things ourselves, Bandy. Hello! there, Toby, what under the sun are you staring at?" and the boy called Steve jumped to his feet as he called out.

It was night in the woods, with a cheery camp fire blazing close to where the restless river fretted and scolded along its crooked course.

The boy called Toby, whose last name happened to be Jucklin, also scrambled to his feet when thus hailed by his campmate, Steve Dowdy.

He was a broad-shouldered chap, unusually husky in build, and apparently as strong as an ox; but all his life poor Toby had been afflicted with an unfortunate impediment in his speech that gave him no end of trouble.

When the third boy also stood erect it was plain to see how he came by his name. His legs were bowed, and appeared too short for his body. "Now open up and tell us what you saw, Toby," demanded Steve, who was by nature inclined to be what his chums called "bossy."

"L-l-land's sake, didn't you s-s-see it, fellows?" asked the troubled one, his voice trembling with the excitement under which he was laboring.

"Stick a pin in him, Steve," advised Bandy-legs; "that's the easiest way to make him talk straight English, you know."

"Don't you dare try it, now, I tell you," warned the other, forgetting to even stutter in his indignation. "I'm going to tell you about it just when I'm good and ready. G-get that, now?"

"Please commence then, Toby," pleaded the shorter boy. "Was it a real ghost you saw, or a snake? I'm terribly set against the crawlers, you remember."

"S-shucks! 'Twan't no s-snake, Bandy; I give you my word for that. But it had the awfulest glittering eyes you ever s-saw, boys."

"Wow! listen to that for a starter, will you?" cried Steve.

"Keep going, Toby; don't let up now," begged the boy with the crooked legs.

"I just couldn't make out for sure, b-but b-back of the eyes I thought I could see — —"

"Oh, what?" asked Bandy-legs, feverishly.

"A long body just l-like that of a b-b-b — —" Toby seemed to swell up as he tried in vain to say the word he wanted, but it was apparently hopeless.

"Why don't you whistle, Toby, you silly?" cried Steve.

"Yes, that always helps you out, you know," the short boy declared, as he clapped a hand on the shoulder of the now red-faced stammerer.

Upon which Toby screwed up his rather comical face, puckered his lips, and emitted a sharp whistle.

Strange to say, the action seemed to cure him for the time being of his trouble.

"Was it a bear?" asked Bandy-legs, impatiently.

"Come off," remarked the other; "I was only going to say it looked like a big cat."

"He means a wildcat, Steve!" exclaimed one of those who listened with all his nerves on edge.

"Or, perhaps, it might have been a panther," remarked Steve, a tinge of eagerness in his voice, for Steve wanted to distinguish himself while on this camping trip by doing some wonderful exploit.

"And here we stand like a lot of gumps, when our guns are within reach.

Right now that terrible beast may be making ready to jump on us."

As the short-legged boy spoke he made a flying leap in the direction of the tent that had been erected.

Both of his campmates were at his heels, and doubtless quite as anxious as himself.

There was a confused series of sounds following their disappearance. Then they came crawling out again, each one gripping some sort of weapon.

"Now, show me your blessed old tiger cat!" cried Steve, handling a double-barreled shotgun valiantly.

"Yes, who cares for a measly wildcat; let him step up and get what's coming to him!" declared Bandy-legs, who was waving the camp hatchet ferociously.

"I'm b-b-badgered if I c-c-care what it is right now. This rifle belonging to Max h-h-holds six bullets, fellows," spluttered Toby.

"Listen!" exclaimed Steve, with more or less authority in his voice.

"Oh, what did you think you heard, Steve?" asked the wielder of the hatchet. "Was it a whine, a cry just like a baby'd make? I've heard that's the way these panthers act just before they spring. Be ready, both of you, to shoot him on the wing."

"Rats! It was voices I heard," declared Steve.

"Then it must be Max and Owen coming back to camp from the river,"

Bandy-legs asserted.

"Just as like as not," Steve admitted.

"But what if the savage beast drops down on the shoulders of our chums?" said the other in tones that were full of horror.

"C-c-come on, b-b-boys!" panted Toby.

"Where to?" demanded Steve. "I'm comfortable just as I stand. What's eating you now, Toby Jucklin?"

"D-d-didn't you see, we've j-j-just got to warn our c-c-chums, and s-s-stand that t-t-terrible beast off? H-h-hurry, boys!"

"Yes, I see *you* hurrying," said Steve, with a laugh; "why, you'd fall all over yourself, Toby, and perhaps try to swallow our only hatchet in the bargain. Besides, there's no need of our sallying forth to stand guard over Max and Owen, because here they come right now."

"Sure they are," declared Bandy-legs, "and mebbe we'll be able to find out whether it was a wildcat Toby saw, a panther, or one of those awful Injun devils they say come down here from the Canada woods once in a long time."

"All right, you c'n laugh all you l-like," the boy who stammered said, obstinately; "but wait and s-s-see what Max says."

The two boys, who strode into the camp just then, eyed the warlike group with positive surprise.

"What's going on here?" asked the one in the lead, who seemed to be a well-put-up lad, with a bold, resolute face, clear gray eyes, and of athletic build.

"Why, you see, Max," began Steve in his usual impetuous way, "Toby here thought he saw a hungry cat sizing us up, being in want of a dinner; and so we got ready to give him a warm reception."

"Y-y-you b-b-bet we did!" exclaimed the party in question, shaking his hatchet ferociously.

The boy called Max turned and looked toward his cousin Owen, and there were signs of amusement in his manner.

"D'ye suppose it could have been a bobcat?"

Steve went on, he having his own opinion, which was to the effect that Toby had imagined things.

"Suppose we find out?" suggested Max, promptly.

"Oh, no use asking *him!*" declared Steve. "As soon as he tries to tell he gets to tumbling all over himself. He saw a pair of staring eyes, and imagined the rest. For my part, I've made up my mind 'twas only a little old owl."

Bandy-legs laughed, while Toby grunted his disgust.

"Huh! think so, d-d-do you, Mister Know-it-all? J-j-just you wait and s-s-see," he remarked.

"Wait for what?" demanded the scoffing Steve.

"Why, Max is g-g-going to find out," asserted Toby. "G-g-guess owls don't leave tracks, d-d-do they? Well, Max c-c-can soon tell us. Huh! an owl!"

"Oh, I reckon we'll soon be able to settle that part of it, all right," said Max, soothingly, for he saw that his two friends were growing a little too earnest in their dispute.

"T-t-told you s-s-so," chuckled Toby.

"Now, first of all, Toby, answer me a few questions, please," began Max, steadily.

"S-s-sure I will; just c-c-crack away," the other piped up, cheerfully enough.

"Sit down again in exactly the same place where you were at the time you saw these yellow eyes staring at you—they were yellow, all right, I suppose?" Max continued.

"R-r-reckon I did s-s-say that," admitted Toby, "b-b-but I might's well confess right n-n-now that I couldn't s-s-say for sure whether the eyes were g-g-green or y-y-yellow. All I k-k-know is they s-s-stared like anything at me."

"Listen to him, would you!" exclaimed Steve; "he's backing off his perch  
I tell you, taking water to beat the band."

"T-t-tain't so," stoutly declared Toby. "I s-s-saw the eyes, and believed

I c-c-could make out all the rest. G-g-go on, Max; what's next?"

"Are you sitting in the same place?" asked the other, quietly.

"I am," replied Toby.

"Now point exactly to the spot where, as you say, you saw the staring eyes," Max went on.

"T-t-that's easy done. S-s-see where that bunch of wintergreen p-p-pokes up l-like the tuft of an Injun's war bonnet—r-r-right there it was, Max."

"All right," remarked the other, quickly. "Now, the rest of you just hold your horses a bit and give me a chance to look around."

"You bet we will," declared Bandy-legs.

"If anybody can find out the facts, Max will," asserted Steve.

The four boys watched with considerable interest to see what Max would do. They had the greatest confidence in this chum, whose knowledge of things pertaining to the woods far exceeded that of any other member of the club.

First of all Max stepped to the fire, and they could see that he was looking it over carefully.

"He's after a torch, that's what," asserted Steve.

"S-s-sure he is," echoed Toby.

"There, he's found what he wants," declared the boy with the crooked legs; "and it's a jim dandy one, too. Now he's heading for the place you saw your big cat, Toby."

"N-n-never said 'twas *my* cat!" flashed up the other, aggressively.

"Well, you're the only one that saw the beast, anyhow," declared Bandy-legs, stoutly.

"Oh, let up on all that talk, fellows, and watch what Max does," Steve broke in, impatiently.

"And," remarked Owen Hastings, speaking for the first time, "if it should turn out to be any sort of a wild animal, look out how you shoot."

"I s-s-should s-s-say yes," added Toby. "G-g-go mighty slow, boys, w-w-while our c-c-chum is in front."

"Then don't you think of throwing that tomahawk, Toby, remember," cautioned Bandy-legs.

"Shucks! you're only t-t-talking to hear yourself," grunted the other, in scorn.

Meanwhile Max had advanced, torch in hand.

He gave no evidence of any concern, and to all appearances seemed to take very little stock in the possibility of meeting with some species of dangerous wild beast.

They saw him bend down, and at the same time thrust the blazing fagot of wood closer to the ground.

"He's discovered something, sure as you live, and I bet you it's a track," asserted Bandy-legs.

"Huh! s-s-see him pickin' something up. P'r'aps it's an owl's feather," sneered Toby.

"Now he's beckoning to us to come on, fellows!" cried the eager Steve.

With that the entire bunch started forward, filled with a desire to learn what Max had discovered.

He was smiling as they hurriedly approached, and yet at the same time the frown upon his face told that Max found himself puzzled.

"Say, was it a w-w-wildcat?" bubbled forth Toby.

"Or a big Virginia horned owl?" demanded Steve.

Max shook his head to both questions.

"Nixy, fellows, you've got another guess coming," he remarked, soberly. "Fact is, the eyes Toby saw staring at him through the

bushes belonged to a half-grown boy, and a badly scared one at that!"

## CHAPTER II

### TREASURE HUNTING.

Strange to say, Toby, usually the last to gather his wits together, was on this occasion the first to give expression to his overwrought feelings.

"Gee! that's a s-s-screamer you're g-g-giving us, Max," he burst out with.

"But what makes you say it's a boy, Max; why not a man, when you're about it?" asked the skeptical Steve.

Max held up something he clutched in his hand.

"That's a boy's cap, reckon you'll all admit," he asserted, quietly.

"It sure looks like it," admitted Bandy-legs, bending forward to examine the article in question.

"And a mighty tattered cap in the bargain, I should say," remarked Owen, who was something of a bookworm, filled with a theoretical knowledge concerning subjects that, as a rule, his cousin Max had personal acquaintance with.

"All right," Max went on, "I found this here, right where Toby saw the staring eyes. But that isn't all, fellows. Look down where I point, and tell me what you see."

Bandy-legs and Toby could not make anything out of the queer-looking marks they saw revealed by the light of the torch.

With the others it was different.

"Somebody's been kneeling here, for a fact," declared Steve.

"Here's where his knees pressed in the earth; and you can see how his toes dug holes yonder," Owen remarked, pointing.

"Just so," Max went on; "and when you notice how short the distance between knees and toes is, you'll agree with me it was a boy."

"That's all right, Max," spoke up Steve; "but why would he be a scared boy—why didn't the chump walk right into camp and join us?"

"Perhaps this boy has some reason to be afraid. Perhaps he got an idea in his head that we'd come up here to hunt for him! And when he saw Toby looking straight at him, he fell into a regular panic right away."

"You m-mean he s-s-s-s— —" and finding that the word was going to prove too much for him Toby quickly puckered up his lips, gave a little whistle, and wound up by speaking the objectionable word as plainly as anyone could have done—"skedadddled?"

"Yes, ran away as fast as he could," Max continued. "I'm sure of that from the tracks he made, and only wonder how he could have done the same without you hearing him."

"Where are his tracks?" asked Steve.

"Yes, show 'em to us, Max," added Bandy-legs.

"Look here, and here, and here, then. You can see by the size that these footprints were made by a boy. And, yes, his shoes are just about falling to pieces in the bargain. He's got one tied with a piece of twine, wrapped several times around."

"Gosh! however do you know that, Max?" asked the astonished Bandy-legs.

"Why, once you learn how to read signs, it's as easy as falling off a log," laughed Max, as he proceeded to show them just how he figured things out.

"That's t-t-too bad," muttered Toby.

"Just why?" inquired Max.

"If he'd only had the n-n-nerve to step up, and m-m-make our acquaintance, there's that bully pair of m-m-moccasins, you know, I'd like to have g-g-given him. Always pinch my t-t-toes dreadful. Just f-f-fit him, I bet," declared Toby, who had a very warm heart.

"Well, it's too late now, because the fellow's far enough away by now," commented Max.

"Perhaps we might happen to run across him some other time?" suggested Steve, consolingly.

"Like as not," the other remarked, "and now, let's return to the camp, and think of what we'll have for supper. I'm as hungry as a bear, for one."

"Same here," declared Bandy-legs enthusiastically; for, though short of stature, he was known to have full stowage capacity when it came to disposing of appetizing food.

There was soon more or less of a bustle around the camp. Each one seemed willing to help, and from the orderly way in which they went about their several tasks it was evident that these campers had reduced things to something of a system.

And while the supper is in process of preparation it might be as well for us to learn a little more about these five lively lads.

They belonged in the town of Carson, which lay some fifteen miles to the south of the camp.

Always warm friends and chums, they had lately organized themselves into a little club, which they called the Outing Boys of Carson. The main object of this association was camping out, and having a good time generally. But Max and Owen had by degrees conceived ideas far in advance of these early plans.

It was on account of these ambitious projects that they had now come up into this wilderness where the boys of Carson were never known to penetrate before.

Max had a good home, and his cousin Owen, who was an orphan, lived with him.

Steve was the only son of the leading grocer in Carson, which fact more than once aroused the keen jealousy of Toby Jucklin, who, like Bandy-legs, never seemed able to get enough to eat.

Toby himself lived with an uncle, and perhaps this gentleman did not fully appreciate the enormous appetite of a growing boy, and failed to satisfy his needs. Besides, Nathan Jucklin was known all over that section as close-fisted, and capable of "squeezing a penny."

Then there was Bandy-legs. Of course he had a name by which he was known among his teachers at school and at home. It was Clarence; but to every boy in town he went by the significant name of Bandy-legs.

They had come up the narrow and tortuous Evergreen River in a couple of old boats, capable of carrying all the camp material; though so leaky that frequent baling out was necessary in order to keep things dry.

Sometimes they had been able to use the oars to advantage, and cover a mile or two in pretty good fashion.

Then, again, they were compelled to use poles in order to push the boats; or, else going ashore, drag them by means of long ropes, for the rapids were swift.

It had taken them from early morning to nearly dusk to cover these fifteen-odd miles; but now that the camp was established, the tent up, the fire crackling, and supper being prepared, they forgot their tired backs and muscles.

"Hey, Max!" called out Bandy-legs, turning around from where he was attending to the bubbling coffee.

"What is it?" asked the other, who had managed to arrange a temporary rude table, a slab of wood having been brought along for the purpose. "You forgot to tell us about it, don't you know?" the other went on. "Somehow, all the excitement about that silly kid in the bushes knocked it clean out of my head."

"It did now, f-f-for a fact," spoke up Toby. "So t-t-tell us what the p-p-p-p" – whistle – "prospects are, won't you?"

Max and his cousin exchanged a quick look, after which the former placed a finger on his lips.

"Wait a little, Toby," he said, cautiously. "When we gather around the festive board, and get our heads close together, I've got some bully good news to tell the bunch of you."

"H-h-hear that, will you, boys?" remarked Toby, in more or less excitement.