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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
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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 Claudius Schilling Kralik Bellamy Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschechow
Katharina II. von Rußland 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
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Boy Scouts on Hudson Bay The Disappearing Fleet

G. Harvey (George Harvey) Ralphson

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Author: G. Harvey (George Harvey) Ralphson
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CHAPTER I.

THE FIVE CHUMS IN CAMP.

"Sure it's me that hopes we've seen the last tough old carry on this same wild-goose chase up to the Frozen North!"

"Hello! there, is that you, Jimmy, letting out that yawp? I thought you had more sporting blood in you than to throw up your hands like that!"

"Oh! well I sometimes say things that don't come from the heart, you know, Jack. Wait, me boy, till I get good and rested up, and mebbe I'll sing a different tune. Ask Ned here if it's me that often shows the white flag when trouble comes."

"Well, I should say not, Jimmy McGraw. There never was a more stubborn nature in all New York than you, once you'd set your mind on anything. That talk of being discouraged is all on the surface. A thousand cataracts wouldn't keep *you* from getting to Hudson Bay in the end, if you'd said you meant to reach open water. And Jack Bosworth knows that as well as I do."

"That's right; I do," laughed the party mentioned as Jack, as he slapped Jimmy on the back. "I've seen him tested and tried out many the time, and never once did he squeal. I was only joking, Jimmy; you understand?"

"And sure that's what I was doing when I grunted about the carry. It was next door to a picnic down Coney Island way, and I don't care how many more times the lot of us have to pack canoes and duffle from one creek to another. But Francois here is after saying we're getting near the end of our long voyage, and Tamasjo, the red Injun, backs him up. So let's try and forget our troubles, and settle down for a decent night's rest."

"First of all, we'll get the tent up, because it looks a little like it might rain before morning," remarked the boy who had been designated as Ned, and whom the other four seemed to look upon in the light of leader.

All of them were garbed in the familiar khaki of the Boy Scouts, and from their actions it would seem as though long familiarity

with outdoor life had made this thing of pitching camp second nature with every one of the five well-grown lads.

These boys with their guides were a long way from home. Hundreds upon hundreds of miles separated them from the great metropolis of New York City, where the troop to which they belonged had its headquarters.

Those readers who have had the pleasure of meeting the five husky scouts in the pages of previous volumes of this series will not need any introduction to them. But for the sake of those who are not as yet acquainted with the chums, a few words of explanation may not come in amiss.

They all belonged to the same lively troop, but Ned Nestor and his shadow, Jimmy McGraw, were members of the Wolf Patrol, while Jack Bosworth, Frank Shaw and Teddy Green belonged to the patrol that proudly pointed to the head of an American black bear as its totem.

Ned Nestor had long been secretly in the employ of the United States Government, and had won considerable renown in carrying to a successful conclusion several difficult cases entrusted to his charge by the authorities in command of the Secret Service.

Jimmy, who had once been a typical Bowery newsboy, but now "reformed," fairly worshiped Jack, and had been his faithful henchman for a long time past. He was witty, brave, and as true as the needle to the pole.

Then there was Frank Shaw, whose father owned and edited one of the great daily papers in New York; he had long ago shown a desire to be a correspondent, and was always on the lookout for chances to visit far-off corners of the world which did not happen to be well known, and about which he might write interesting accounts for the columns of his father's paper. He was a great admirer of the celebrated Frank Carpenter, whom he had met many times in his father's office.

Jack Bosworth's father was a wealthy corporation lawyer and a capitalist as well, always ready to invest in promising schemes of a legitimate character. And it was really because of this venturesome nature of Mr. Bosworth that these five lads had undertaken this

tremendous journey, away above the outskirts of Canadian civilization, many weary leagues beyond the northern limits of Lake Superior, and with the almost unknown shores of the great Hudson Bay as their objective point.

The last boy was Teddy Green. He had a well-known Harvard professor as his father, and some day no doubt the lad anticipated following in the footsteps of his parent. Just now his greatest ambition was to be an explorer and endure some of the privations which such men as Stanley, Livingstone, Dr. Kane and other renowned characters in history were said to have met with in carrying out their tasks.

From the desolate character of their present surroundings it would seem that Teddy was in a fair way to realize his boyish dream. For days now they had not met with a living human being, even an Indian trapper far away from his tepee in search of game. Mountains and valleys, plains covered with scrub trees and seemingly endless bogs, and stretches of moss-covered land surrounded them day after day.

They had ascended one river until they could paddle their three canoes no further. At this point had come the first carry to another stream, and from that day on it had been the hardest kind of work as time passed on.

Already Jimmy had lost all track of direction, and often declared that it would not surprise him if they finally turned up somewhere over in Siberia, for to his mind it seemed as though they had come far enough to have passed the North Pole, even though they had seen no ice packs.

The taciturn Indian guide, who went under the name of Tamasjo, and the dusky voyageur, a French Canadian named Francois, assured them that all was well, whenever one of the boys ventured to voice a suspicion that they might have lost their way and wandered far past their objective point.

Both guides claimed to have hunted all over this country in times past, and the voyageur had even accompanied a noted explorer on a summer wandering up here. Hence their confidence reassured Ned, who often consulted a rude chart which had been placed in his

hands before starting out on this journey, and thus verified the statements made by Francois.

Much paddling through rushing rapids and against the current of boisterous rivers had made the muscles of the boys' arms seem like iron. Every one of them appeared to be the picture of good health; because there is absolutely nothing equal to this outdoor life to build up sturdy constitutions.

Already all of them were at work. The tents went up so rapidly that it was plain to be seen these lads would easily take the prize offered for perfection in camp making, in a contest between rival patrols.

The canoes had been safely drawn up on the shelving beach, and doubly secured; because it would be nothing short of a calamity to lose one of the handy vessels while so far from civilization, and with no suitable birch trees around from which another light boat might be fashioned by the craft of the guides.

The day was nearly done, and when presently the smoke of their campfire began to ascend in the still air, night crept slowly about them. As it was the summer season and the days were very long up here in the Far North, the hour was later than they had ever started in to make camp before.

Plenty of supplies had apparently been carried along, to judge from the fragrant odors that soon began to steal forth. All of these lads belonged to families of wealth, so that at no time were they reduced to limiting their outfit. Anything that money could buy, and which prudence would allow to carry with them, was always at their service.

So the guns owned by Ned and his chums were of the latest pattern, and capable of doing good service when properly handled. The boys, who had been through campaigns in many parts of their own country, as well as over the southern border, and in foreign lands as well, and for young fellows who had not yet attained their majority, all of the scouts had experienced thrills calculated to make men of mature age proud.

And yet in spite of all this they were genuine boys, with warm hearts, and fond of practical joking. Seated around the jolly fire after

disposing of supper, while the two guides attended to cleaning up, Jimmy entertained his mates with a series of rollicking songs, accompanied by Teddy on his mandolin, which he had somehow managed to smuggle along, in spite of a careful watch on the part of Ned, who did not wish to take a single article that was not indispensable, for he knew the gigantic task that lay ahead of them.

Jimmy has as usual been overboard during the late afternoon. It was not a voluntary swim the comical chum had been enjoying, either; these plunges never were, but it seemed as though Jimmy must lose his balance once in so often just while the canoes were negotiating through some wild rapids, and in consequence he had to make the passage clinging to the gunwale.

His red sweater was hanging on a bush to dry in the heat of the fire. It looked unusually brilliant as seen in the glow of the leaping flames. Jimmy was very proud of that same old sweater, which had been with him through so many campaigns that it showed signs of wear and tear. But though he had another nice navy-blue one in his waterproof clothes bag, Jimmy persisted in donning the ancient article every blessed day, in spite of the appeals of his chums.

Ned as usual was poring over his well-thumbed chart. Every day he marked the new ground they had covered, and very seldom had he found cause to doubt the correctness of the two guides. And whenever this had happened it turned out that they were right, and the map wrong.

"Well," Frank finally broke out with, "so far we haven't run across anything in the shape of a rival expedition, though Ned seemed to think in the start that was what would happen to us."

"I haven't changed my mind yet," observed the party mentioned, looking up from examining his chart. "We understood that the syndicate that is trying to unload this wonderful new mining tract they claim will be richer than Mesauba on Jack's father as a speculation, knew about our being sent up here on some secret mission. They could easily guess that we meant to find out if half of the big claim they made was true, and that on our report Mr. Bosworth would base any action he might take. Now it was to be such a tremendously big deal that under the conditions, if so be there was something crooked about the claims they made, you can understand that it

would pay them handsomely to shunt us off the track, or else salt the mine, and make us think it would be as rich a proposition as their prospectus set out."

"But," interrupted Jack, "who could they get to do their crooked work away up here in this forlorn country, where we haven't run across a living being since we met that trapper going south with his winter's catch of pelts?"

"Oh! money will do lots of things," answered Ned. "Given a soft berth, with good pay, and plenty to eat, and scores of Indian half-breeds, timber cruisers, guides out of employment along the salmon fishing streams of the Dominion, and trappers loafing through an off season, would jump at the bait. There'd be plenty to enlist under the lead of a bold man hired by the syndicate; if, as we more than half believe, their claim is a great swindle which they mean to hang about Jack's father's neck."

"Francois says we will always have to be prepared, and as that is the motto of Boy Scouts all over the known world, it isn't likely to seem new to us," Frank Shaw remarked, a little boastfully it must be confessed, for having passed through so many strange happenings in times past had given him a touch of what Jimmy was inclined to call the "swelled head," though any one would have been justified for feeling proud of such a record of wonderful things accomplished.

The scouts having started on the subject of their mission continued to discuss it from various angles. In this way they often hit upon suggestions, because one remark would bring out another until some fellow chanced to open up a new field of conjecture.

They were deep in the matter, and all taking a hand in the discussion, when Francois, the dark-faced voyageur, suddenly started to his knees with a cry of warning. At the same time the boys became aware of the fact that a strange rushing and pounding noise was rapidly bearing down upon the little camp on the river bank.

Jimmy happened to be sitting cross-legged like a Turk, a favorite attitude of his, and becoming excited he could not get up as rapidly as his chums.

In consequence of this he seemed to be in the way of some huge body that rushed the camp, scattering the fire, and rending the branches of the tree under which the exploring party had settled for the night.

It was all over in a few seconds. The camp was in an uproar, one of the tents down flat, the fire in danger of communicating to the brush, and Jimmy squealing on his back, where the sudden rush of the mysterious monster had thrown him.

CHAPTER II.

A WILD CHARGE.

"Help! Help!" Jimmy was shouting, kicking wildly as he roared. "Keep off me, you wild elephant! Somebody shoot him, quick, before he steps on me!"

"Here, stop that kicking, if you want to be helped up, do you hear, Jimmy!" exclaimed Frank, who had hastened to the assistance of the comrade in distress. "Are you much hurt; and did the beast trample on you any?"

Jimmy began to feel of his legs and arms, and upon discovering himself apparently as sound as a dollar, grinned sheepishly. Meanwhile the two guides had hastened, with the help of Ned and Jack, to gather the fire together again. Teddy had snatched up the nearest rifle and was down on one knee, peering out through the semi-darkness as though anticipating a return rush on the part of the unknown monster that had created such confusion in the camp.

"No great damage done, after all, seems like, if Jimmy says he's all right," remarked Ned, now beginning to let a broad smile creep over his face, for seeing Jimmy doubled up had been a ludicrous spectacle not soon to be forgotten.

"But what in creation was it that put the kibosh all over me like that?" demanded the one who had been knocked over by the mad rush of the invader.

Ned glanced toward Francois, and the voyageur simply said:

"Bull moose — him very much mad, charge camp like that!"

"Well, I should think he must have been," Frank Shaw declared. "Why, if we'd had a little more warning we might have met him with a volley of hot lead that'd have laid him out dead. Now that Francois says so, I do believe he looked pretty much on the order of a monstrous moose bull. I certainly saw his horns, and they were full grown, because the rutting season is long since past."

"But what makes a moose get his mad up?" Jack asked. "We didn't do a single thing to rile him, that I know of, but were sitting here as

easy as you please, when all at once he charges through the camp. Why, say, he nearly carried off some of our property, when he knocked down that tent. Look at the rip his horns made in the tanned canvas, would you? Some more sewing for Teddy here, to mend the rip."

"Francois, do bull moose often act in that way?" asked Teddy, still gripping the repeating rifle, as though not fully convinced that their would be no repetition of the savage onslaught.

The guide shook his head.

"Know only few times when it happen, and then there be reason. He carry off on horns what makes him rush our camp. I saw the same with my own eyes. Bull moose much like farm bull, and hate ze red color ver' mooch."

At hearing this several of the boys gave a shout.

"There, see what you get, Jimmy, for keeping that silly red sweater around. The old bull saw it hanging there in the light of our fire, and it made him so furious, as it has us lots of times, that he lowered his head and just charged us."

"But he took it away with him, as sure as you live, fellows!" gasped Jimmy, as a sense of his deep affliction came over him. "My dear sweater that I loved so much."

"Bully for the moose!" cried Jack.

"He'd done us all a mighty good turn, even if he never meant to," added Frank, "now we've seen the last of that terrible old garment, and Jimmy'll just *have* to get out the nice new one he's been carrying in his bag."

"Just think of the old fool, would you, a-tearin' around the woods with that red flag hanging from his horns," Jimmy wailed. "Don't I hope it keeps him wild right along, so that he'll smash into a tree, and break his blessed neck! But I'm glad he didn't take a notion to carry me off along with my sweater, and that's no lie!"

The little excitement soon died away. Not much damage had been done after all by that mad charge of the infuriated bull moose. The rent in the canvas could be readily mended, and as for Jimmy's

loss it was his companions' gain, so that there would be no lament made save by the late owner.

"I didn't know moose ever roamed as far north as this," remarked Ned.

"How about that, Francois?" asked Frank, who, it might be noticed, kept his gun close beside him now, as though meaning to be ready in case another cause for excitement arose.

"It is not often zat ze bull moose come up here," replied the French Canadian, in his queer patois; "but sometimes in summer zey wander far afield. I haf seen ze same so mooch as three hundred mile north from here."

"One thing sure, there are plenty of caribou around," Teddy went on to say; "and when the meat's tender, it suits me all right. I'm running across new things every day up here, and don't feel sorry I came, so far."

"New things seem to be running across us also," chuckled Frank; "for instance, the monster that just invaded our camp. But as our supply of red sweaters has given out now, we'll hope not to have a repeat of that charge in a hurry."

"Me for a tree if ever I hear anything on four legs heading this way again!" Jimmy told them. "Why, what would have happened to me if the old four flusher had set his hoofs square on my stomach? I'd be feeling pretty punk right now, believe me."

"I think I'll take to the tall timber myself if this thing gets common," was what Jack observed. "My stars! but he was a whopper. Looked like the side of a house to me when he sizzled past, scattering the fire, leveling our best tent, and kicking up a whole circus with a band wagon attached."

"What was it we were talking about when we had that unexpected call?" asked Teddy.

"Ned was telling us something more that trapper we met said to him about the queer things that happen away up here in this uninhabited country, which is so different from any other known land. Didn't he say something about a phantom fleet of vessels that kept

bobbing up every now and then, only to speed away like ghosts. What did you make of that silly rot, Ned?"

"I've been puzzling my head over it ever since," Ned replied, "but for the life of me can't make head or tail of the story. I've almost come to the conclusion that the trapper was a little dippy, and just imagined he saw those vessels."

"Sounds like it to me, Ned," Jack declared. "Whatever would vessels of any kind want up in Hudson Bay, if not to fish, or hunt whales, or seals, or walrus? And why should they flit around like ghosts, as he said? Chances are the old chap was using up his surplus stock of strong drink, and saw things where they didn't exist."

"Well, anyway," Jimmy ventured, reflectively, "it's me that hopes we'll run foul of this same queer disappearing fleet, because if we do it's a pipe cinch we'll scrape all the mystery off the story. We always manage that when we start into anything. It seems to be the scout way of doing things."

"For my part," declared Frank, "I take little stock in that yarn of the trapper. I imagine it's in a line with the big story of the mine syndicate that wants to unload on Mr. Bosworth. This is the country for whopping lies. Everything is on so big a scale up here, you know, stories have to keep along with them."

"And moose are as big as houses," added Jimmy.

"How is it we don't see you busy with your fish lines to-night, Jimmy?" asked Ned.

"Yes, it's been three mornings now since we had fresh fish for breakfast, and as that job was handed over to you, we all want to know what's gone wrong?" Jack added.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, and made a wry face.

"I've soured on me job, if that's what you want to know," he replied. "I've pulled in so many fish since we started that me arm is sore with the work. Besides, I've lost me taste for fresh fish. Them that feel an itching for the diet c'n do the business. Here's me lines and hooks with pleasure."

No one, however, seemed anxious to undertake the task on this particular occasion. Truth to tell they were one and all pretty tired.