

THE BOY SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE

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The Boy Scouts to the rescue by Charles Henry Lerrigo

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CHARLES HENRY LERRIGO

**THE BOY SCOUTS
TO THE RESCUE**

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BY
CHARLES HENRY LERRIGO

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CHAPTER I

OLD FRIENDS MEET

CHICK-CHICK stopped his car with a rather hasty snap of the brakes, very hasty for so careful a driver.

“Where have those red bands disappeared to, Sister?” he asked of his companion, a thin, shrinking boy of about thirteen.

Sister looked up timidly; Sister was quite apt to do things timidly.

“I hadn’t missed them,” he replied. “I’ve been— Well, ever since we got into this wild country, I’ve been thinking how we might meet some of those tough cowboys, you know. I forgot all about the red bands on the telephone poles.”

“You do too much thinking,” said Chick-chick. “There are no tough cowboys in this country. It isn’t wild country; it’s just nice prairie. If

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there were cowboys they wouldn't hurt us. You're supposed to have been watching the telephone poles to see that we followed the Red Line. Now you run back to the last section line and see which road the red bands took."

"It's too near dark, Chick-chick," said the little fellow. "The only way I could see a band would be by climbing the telephone pole and feeling it."

"It isn't late enough to be dark yet. There's a storm coming up, and that is what makes it gloomy."

"Well, I don't want to be caught in a storm. Why can't we turn the car around and go back together?"

"I can't do it, Sister. This old Overfordarrow-pack isn't the kind of car to turn back. If you can't see the bands, you can't feel them. Maybe you could hear them. What was that—a brass band?"

"It was thunder!" shivered Sister Clark.

"So it was, Sister. We'd better push along the way we're headed."

"Well, where are we? I don't think I've seen a soul in ten miles."

"It looks to me as if we were lost, Sister. I'm beginning to be sorry I ever left my happy home."

"You're joking, aren't you, Chick-chick?" asked Sister Clark, anxiously.

"Joking! I should say so. We couldn't get lost in this country if we tried. It's going to rain, but what's the harm, we're going to spend the night with friends, boy. Don't forget it."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said the younger boy, comforted. "There's a cow in that field, so there must be a house near."

"That was a good guess, Sister. Here we go for the house. But we can't beat the rain, for here it comes."

There was a long pull before there was any sign of a house. At last they saw a light twinkling away up above them.

"What's that light doing up there so far above us?" asked Sister Clark.

"A lighthouse, maybe," suggested Chick-chick.

"Don't see why they want a lighthouse out here in the prairie," replied Sister, who had a very matter-of-fact mind.

"Maybe you will, soon," replied Chick-chick. "See the way the water is chasing down this little ravine!"

"Why don't you put on your chains?"

"That's a bright idea, Sister. There's just one