

**THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA
HIGH ON THE
RIVER; OR, THE BOAT
RACE PLOT THAT FAILED**

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The boys of Columbia High on the river; or, The boat race plot that failed by Graham B. Forbes

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GRAHAM B. FORBES

**THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA
HIGH ON THE
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RACE PLOT THAT FAILED**



"HERE, QUIT THAT, YOU!" SHOUTED THE ASTONISHED BOY.

—Page 21.

Boys of Columbia High on the River.

THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA HIGH ON THE RIVER

OR

The Boat Race Plot That Failed

BY
GRAHAM B. FORBES

AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA HIGH," "THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA HIGH
ON THE DIAMOND," ETC.

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The Boys of Columbia High on the River

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. RUN DOWN.....	1
II. THE ADVENTURE ON THE RIVER ROAD.....	12
III. A STRANGE HAPPENING.....	23
IV. SURPRISING CHIEF HOGG.....	34
V. THE STOLEN EIGHT-OARED SHELL.....	44
VI. THE WORK OF THE TRAINER.....	54
VII. THE LAST TRY-OUT.....	65
VIII. A NIGHT ALARM.....	76
IX. ON GUARD.....	87
X. A FLCT FRUSTRATED.....	95
XI. THE WINNING OF BUSTER.....	104
XII. IT LOOKS LIKE COLUMBIA'S DAY.....	112
XIII. EVEN LEF GETS HIS SHARE.....	121
XIV. THE GREAT RACE.....	130
XV. WHERE THE SPRING CROSSED THE ROAD.....	138
XVI. TO EVEN UP OLD SCORES.....	147
XVII. THE COMING OF THE HOUNDS.....	156
XVIII. TIT FOR TAT.....	165
XIX. "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE".....	173

CHAPTER	PAGE
XX. THE SUNKEN ROWBOAT.....	182
XXI. MAROONED ON THE ISLAND.....	191
XXII. LANKY LIFTS THE VEIL OF MYSTERY.....	200
XXIII. ON THE HOME STRETCH.....	211
XXIV. CONCLUSION.....	220

THE BOYS OF COLUMBIA HIGH ON THE RIVER

CHAPTER I

RUN DOWN

"I CALL it a punk boat, Frank, to go back on us like this!"

"Well, it does seem a bit rough, Lanky, that's a fact."

"Rough? Wow! here we are, marooned like a couple of innocent babes on Rattail Island, and two big miles from home! Rough!"

Lanky Wallace put on one of his most woe-begone looks as he bent over to help drag the boat out of the river, and up on a shelving shore.

Frank Allen, his chum, laughed as though more amused than distressed.

"I agree with every word you say, old fellow—all but that innocent babe part. That's drawing it too strong for my blood," he observed; "and now, suppose we turn the boat over to let the water out and see just what *is* the matter with her."

"And there's the sun gone out of sight. Lucky for us this is a warm July night, if we have to camp on Rattail Island," grumbled Lanky.

"Oh! shucks! that's all humbug, and you know it" chuckled his companion, as he bent over to examine the bottom of the upturned water craft.

"Well, if the old boat can't be fixed up, it's either stay here, or swim ashore for us," complained the tall chap, who secretly loved to find cause for growling at times.

"All right, the swimming is fine! But just wait before you tumble overboard and try it. We'll find a way to mend the boat, I guess," said Frank, seriously.

"If anybody can do it I reckon you will. There's mighty little that feazes you—excuse me for saying it to your face, though," chuckled Lanky.

"Now, that's odd!" muttered Frank.

"What, my casually remarking that I always had faith in my chum to pull through any difficulty? I don't see how you make that out," remarked the other, pretending to be provoked, when in truth he was secretly amused.

"Why, no, I was referring to something strange about this hole in the bottom of my boat, that's all," answered the other.

"Hole?" cried Lanky. "Well, according to my notion a hole's only a hole. Perhaps we knocked