

**THE ADVENTURES
OF DAVID VANE
AND DAVID CRANE**

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The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane by J. T. Trowbridge

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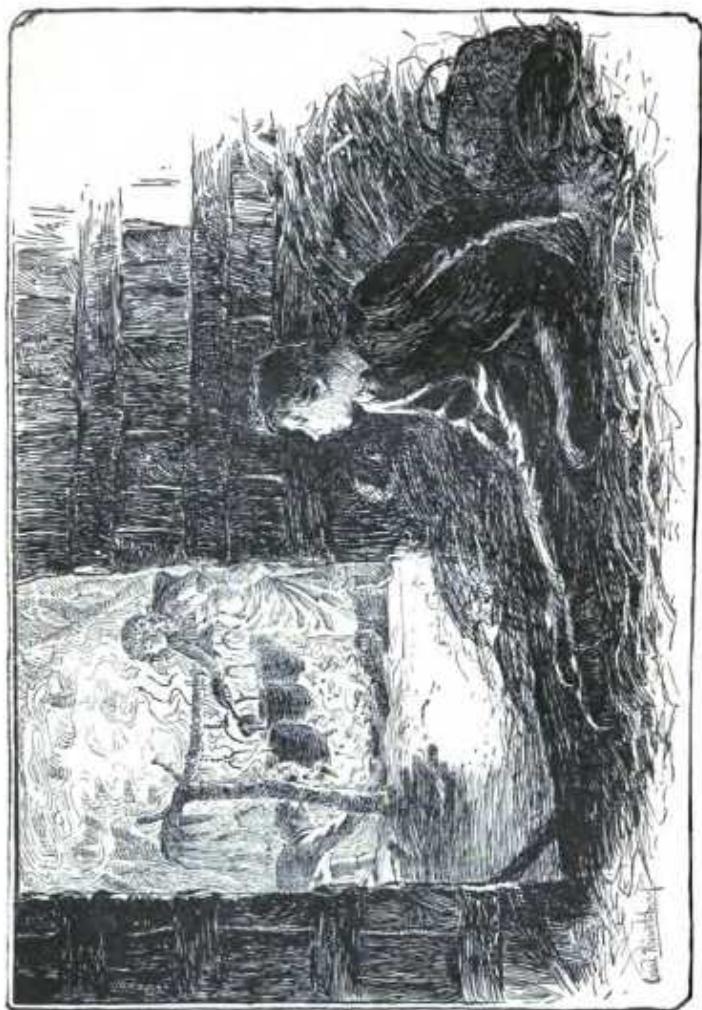
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J. T. TROWBRIDGE

**THE ADVENTURES
OF DAVID VANE
AND DAVID CRANE**



THE SLEEPER IN THE HOT STARTED UP, AND STARED AT THE PICTURE FRAMED BY THE DOORWAY.

The Adventures of
David Vane and David Crane

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Reviewed
BY
J. T. TROWBRIDGE

Author of
The Lost Earl
The Tinkham Brothers Tide-Mill
Cudjo's Cave
His One Fault
And others

BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

LOST IN THE WOODS 9

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG SUGAR-MAKERS 15

CHAPTER III.

AT THE TOPTHORNE FARMHOUSE 24

CHAPTER IV.

WHY HE RAN AWAY 34

CHAPTER V.

MR. TOPTHORNE WRITES A LETTER 41

CHAPTER VI.

BEDFELLOWS 46

CHAPTER VII.

MORNING AT THE FARM 52

CHAPTER VIII.

A GOOD SAP DAY 59

CHAPTER IX.

CALVIN COBBLE'S COAT 68

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER X.

STARTLING NEWS 78

CHAPTER XI.

PREPARATIONS 84

CHAPTER XII.

THE EMPTY CASK 91

CHAPTER XIII.

HULDAH AND THE STRANGER 98

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTURE OF DAVID CRANE 105

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOAD OF HAY 112

CHAPTER XVI.

COUNTRY DAVID IN TOWN 121

CHAPTER XVII.

RAGG AND HIS CAPTIVE 130

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFUSION OF RAGG AND PINTLE 136

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWS OF DAVID VANE 144

CHAPTER XX.

EXPERIENCES OF DAVID CRANE 151

THE ADVENTURES OF
David Vane and David Crane.

CHAPTER I.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

YOU'LL shorten the distance considerable, if you strike in and follow the wagon-track through the woods." A neighboring farmer had given the boy a ride over three or four rough miles of his journey, a welcome supper in his kitchen, and this bit of advice at parting.

The boy was David Vane, who had left his city home under peculiarly painful circumstances in the morning, starting out, in bleak March weather, upon a dubious adventure.

It was now evening ; but the sunset fire lingered so long in the hearts of the broken clouds that drifted up the sky, that he hardly thought of its being night, until he had entered the woods.

Then the darkness suddenly descended upon him ;

and with it the shadow of the great wrong from which he was fleeing. So far on his journey he had kept a brave heart; he had even enjoyed the novelty of the swift railroad train, the farmer's jolting wagon, and the wayside scenes through which he had picked his way on foot, often through mud or melting snow. There had been a certain exhilaration in all that, with a sense of misery escaped and freedom won.

But now saddening recollections of his mother and the home he had forsaken, seemed to fall upon him with the shadows of the great boughs, and fears and misgivings to lie in wait for him in the dark undergrowths, and behind the giant trunks.

Soon the track, which was plain enough at first, branched in different directions, and he lost it altogether; nor could he find it again by retracing his steps. The dead twigs crackled under his feet, the wind moaned in the naked branches above his head, and great darkness encompassed him, relieved only by patches of snow in hollows faintly lighting up the woods.

How strange that he, who had hardly ever been out of the city in his life, should be wandering there in a great lonely forest, with the blackness of night shutting in around him like a wall! Was he indeed

David Vane, or some other boy he perhaps dreamed himself to be ?

He carried a small hand-bag, which grew heavy as he tramped round and round, or on and on, trying to find his way out of the woods. His feet tripped against logs and roots, he became entangled in thickets, and was so weary and disheartened at last that he would gladly have sunk down to rest, but for the wetness of the ground, and the appalling prospect of a night spent in that solitude.

The snow, and the starlight falling through bare branches and broken clouds, enabled him to discern objects immediately surrounding him ; and before long to his great joy he saw a ruddy glow not far off in the woods. He hurried on and discovered a sort of camp-fire in a little clearing, with a hut so much resembling an Indian wigwam, that for a moment he seemed to have penetrated an untamed wilderness and come upon a family of savages. It would hardly have added to his surprise if an arrow had come whizzing by his ears.

He kept on, however, gazing with wonder and apprehension, and often pausing to listen with one foot raised, as he entered the circle of radiance around the little camp. The fire was a long bed of