THE OUTDOOR CHUMS IN THE FOREST, OR, LAYING THE GHOST OF OAK RIDGE

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The Outdoor Chums in the Forest, or, Laying the Ghost of Oak Ridge by Quincy Allen

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QUINCY ALLEN

THE OUTDOOR CHUMS IN THE FOREST, OR, LAYING THE GHOST OF OAK RIDGE





"WOW! LOOK AT THE BUNCH, WILL YOU?"—Frontispiece.

The Outdoor Chance in the Forest.

—Page 156.

THE OUTDOOR CHUMS IN THE FOREST

OR

Laying the Ghost of Oak Ridge

BY

CAPTAIN QUINCY ALLEN

AUTROR OF "THE SUTDOOR CHUMS," "THE OUTDOOR CHUMS ON THE LARE," "THE OUTDOOR CHUMS AITER 210 GAME," FTC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS

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THE OUTDOOR CHUMS SERIES

BY CAPTAIN QUINCY ALLEN

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Or The First Tourof the Rod, Gus and Camera Club
THE OUTDOOR CHUMS ON THE LAKE
Or Lively Adventures on Wildest Island
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THE OUTDOOR CHUMS AFTER BIG GAME
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THE OUTDOOR CHUMS IN THE FOREST

CHAPTER I

A QUESTION OF NERVE

"That's a likely yarn, Sandy. I tell you I don't believe in ghosts."

"All right. You can say what you like, Bluff Masters, but Caleb declares he saw it."

"Oh, shucks! He must have been dreaming."

"Guess you never had any experience with that sort of things,

"Only once, and that time it turned out to be a crazy man. Since then I've got my opinion of any fellow who takes stock in ghost stories."

"Think you're mighty brave just because you've got that old gun of yours along—been having it at the locksmith's again, I reckon. Seems like it's there half the time, getting some tinkering done. I dare you to go out to Oak Ridge and settle this ghost question once for all. There you are, and it's either take me up, or back down off that high horse."

"Vacation's set in, and my chums don't seem to know just where to go. Tell you what, I've got a good notion to put it up to the crowd right away."

"Talk is cheap, Bluff. I'll believe it when I hear of you fellows going. So long," and the speaker, a boy who attended the same school in Centerville that Bluff did, walked down the main street of the little town that lay on Lake Camalot.

Bluff looked after him for a minute, as though he might be turning the daring project over in his mind. Then he fondled the repeating shotgun he was carrying, as if he resented the slur the other had cast upon its good qualities,

"Say, now, perhaps that would be a dandy idea, all right. Some people take considerable stock in that blooming old ghost story, and I reckon it would make a lot of silly ones sleep sounder if we went out and learned that the thing was only a fake after all. Wonder what the rest of the boys would say if I proposed it. And Will, he'd declare he wanted to take a snapshot of the ghost with his camera."

The idea seemed to amuse the boy, for he