

**THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT  
RAINBOW LAKE: OR,  
THE STIRRING CRUISE OF  
THE MOTOR BOAT GEM**

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The Outdoor Girls at Rainbow Lake: Or, The Stirring Cruise of the Motor Boat Gem by Laura Lee Hope

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**LAURA LEE HOPE**

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THE MOTOR BOAT GEM**





PRINCE JUMPED NERVOUSLY AND SHIED TO ONE SIDE.  
*The Outdoor Girls at Rainbow Lake.* Frontispiece (Page 28)

# The Outdoor Girls at Rainbow Lake

OR

THE STIRRING CRUISE OF THE  
MOTOR BOAT GEM

BY

Laura Lee Hope

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTDOOR GIRLS OF DEEPDALE," "THE  
OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A MOTOR CAR," "THE BOBBSEY  
TWINS," "THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE  
SEASHORE," ETC.

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THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT RAINBOW LAKE

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# THE OUTDOOR GIRLS AT RAINBOW LAKE

## CHAPTER I

### A GRAND SURPRISE

"GIRLS, I've got the grandest surprise for you!"

Betty Nelson crossed the velvety green lawn, and crowded into the hammock, slung between two apple trees, which were laden with green fruit. First she had motioned for Grace Ford to make room for her, and then sank beside her chum with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it was so warm walking over!" she breathed. "And I did come too fast, I guess." She fanned herself with a filmy handkerchief.

"But the surprise?" Mollie Billette reminded Betty.

"I'm coming to it, my dear, but just let me get my breath. I didn't know I hurried so. Swing, Grace."

With a daintily shod foot—a foot slender and in keeping with her figure—Grace gave rather a

languid push, and set the hammock to swaying in wider arcs.

Amy Stonington, who had not joined in the talk since the somewhat hurried arrival of Betty, strolled over to the hammock and began peering about in it—that is, in as much of it as the fluffy skirts of the two occupants would allow to be seen.

“I don’t see it,” she said in gentle tones—everything Amy did was gentle, and her disposition was always spoken of as “sweet” by her chums, though why such an inapt word is generally selected to describe what might better be designated as “natural” is beyond comprehension. “I don’t see it,” murmured Amy.

“What?” asked Grace, quickly.

“I guess she means that box of chocolates,” murmured Mollie. “It’s no use, Amy, for Grace finished the last of them long before Betty blew in on us—or should I say drifted? Really, it’s too warm to do more than drift to-day.”

“You finished the last of the candy yourself!” exclaimed Grace, with spirit. If Grace had one failing, or a weakness, it was for chocolates.

“I did not!” snapped Mollie. Her own failing was an occasional burst of temper. She had French blood in her veins—and not of French lilac shade, either, as Betty used to say. It was