

**THE BOY SCOUTS ALONG  
THE SUSQUEHANNA : OR  
THE SILVER FOX PATROL  
CAUGHT IN A FLOOD**

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The Boy Scouts along the Susquehanna : or the Silver Fox Patrol caught in a flood by Herbert Carter

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**HERBERT CARTER**

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"CLOSE IN ON ALL SIDES AND KEEP THEM WELL COVERED, BOYS!" SAID THAD. *Page 20.*

*The Boy Scouts Along the Susquehanna.*

# The Boy Scouts Along the Susquehanna

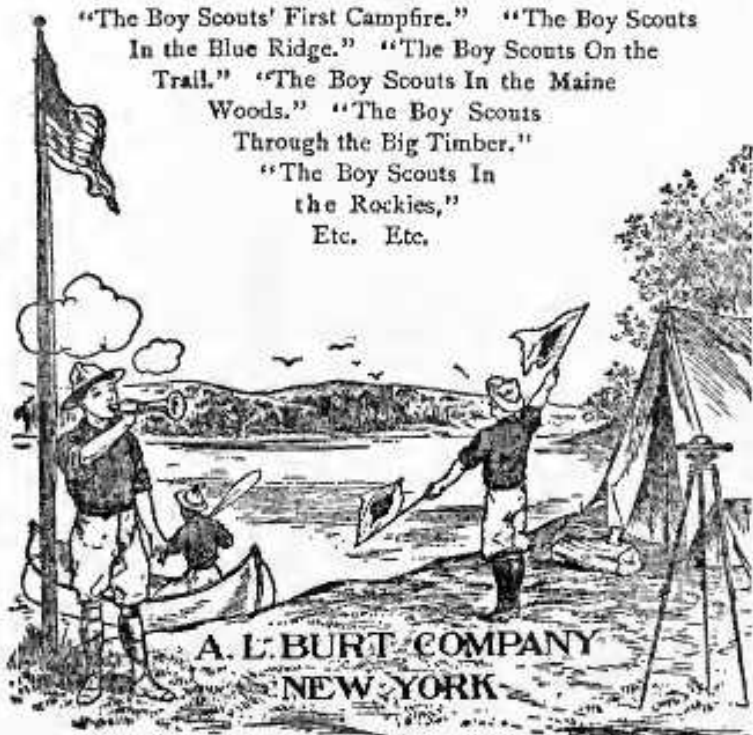
OR

The Silver Fox Patrol Caught in a Flood

By HERBERT CARTER

AUTHOR OF

"The Boy Scouts' First Campfire." "The Boy Scouts  
In the Blue Ridge." "The Boy Scouts On the  
Trail." "The Boy Scouts In the Maine  
Woods." "The Boy Scouts  
Through the Big Timber."  
"The Boy Scouts In  
the Rockies,"  
Etc. Etc.



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THE BOY SCOUTS ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA

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## THE BOY SCOUTS ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TRAMP CHASE.

"I'M no weather sharp, boys; but all the same I want to remark that it's going to rain like cats and dogs before a great while. Put a pin in that to remember it, will you?"

"What makes you say so, Davy?"

"Yes, just when we're getting along splendidly, with the old Susquehanna not a great ways off, you have to go and put a damper on everything. Tell us how you know all that, won't you, Davy Jones?"

"Sure I will, Giraffe, with the greatest of pleasure, while we're sitting here on this log, resting up. In the first place just notice how gray the sky's gotten since we had that snack at the farm house about noon!"

"Oh! shucks! that's no positive sign; it often clouds up, and never a drop falls."

"There's going to be quite some drops come *this* time, and don't you forget it, Step Hen. Why, can't you feel the dampness in the air?"

"That brings it a little closer home, Davy; any



more reasons?" demanded the boy answering to the singular name of "Step Hen," but who, under other conditions, would have come just as quickly if someone had shouted "Steve!"

"Well, I was smart enough to look up the weather predictions before we left Cranford yesterday," replied the active boy whom they called Davy, as he laughed softly to himself; "and they said heavy rains coming all along the line from out West; and that they ought to hit us here by to-night, unless held up on the road."

"Whee! is that so? I guess you've made out your case, then, Davy," admitted the boy called "Giraffe," possibly on account of his unusually long neck, which he had a habit of stretching on occasion to abnormal dimensions.

"Mebbe Thad knew about what was in the air when he told us to fetch our rubber ponchos along this trip," suggested Step Hen, whose last name was Bingham.

There were just eight boys in khaki sprawled along that log in various favorite positions suggestive of comfort. They constituted the full membership of the Silver Fox Patrol connected with the Cranford Troop of Boy Scouts, and the one designated as Thad Brewster had been the leader ever since the start of the organization.

Those of our readers who have been fortunate enough to possess any of the previous volumes in this Series need not be told just who these enterprising lads are; but for the purpose of introducing them to newcomers, a few words may be deemed necessary in the start.

Besides the patrol leader there were Allan Hollister, a boy whose former experiences in the woods of Maine and the Adirondacks made him an authority on subjects connected with outdoor life; a Southern boy, Robert Quail White, called "Bob White" by all his chums; Conrad Stedman, otherwise the "Giraffe," previously mentioned; "Step Hen" Bingham; Davy Jones, an uneasy fellow, whose great specialty seemed to lie in the way of wonderful gymnastic feats, such as walking on his hands, hanging by his toes from a lofty limb, and kindred remarkable reckless habits; Cornelius Hawtree, a very red-faced, stout youth, with fiery hair and a mild disposition, and known as "Bumpus" among his set; and last though not least "Smithy," whose real name was Edmund Maurice Travers Smith, and who had never fully overcome his dainty habits that at first had made him a subject of ridicule among the more rough-and-ready members of the Silver Fox Patrol.

There they were, as active a lot of scouts as could have been found from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They had been through considerable in the way of seeing life; and yet their experiences had not spoiled them in the least.

At the time we discover them seated on that big log they were a good many miles away from their home town; and seemed to be bent upon some object that might make their Easter holidays a season to be long remembered.

When Step Hen so naively hinted that the patrol leader may have suspected a spell of bad weather was due, when he ordered them to be sure

and fetch along their rubber ponchos, there was a craning of necks, as everybody tried to set eyes on the face of Thad. Of course Giraffe had the advantage here, on account of that long neck of his, which he often thrust out something after the style of a tortoise when the land seems clear.

"How about that, Mr. Scout Master?" asked Bumpus.

Thad Brewster had a right to be called after that fashion, for he had duly qualified for the position, and received his commission from scout headquarters, empowering him to take the place of the regular scout master, when the latter could not be present. As Dr. Philander Hobbs, the young man who gave of his time and energies to help the cause along, found himself unable to accompany the scouts on many of their outings, the necessity of assuming command frequently fell wholly on Thad, who had always acquitted himself very well indeed.

Thad laughed as he noted their eagerness to hear his admission.

"I'll have to own up, fellows," he went on to say frankly, "that I did read the paper, just as Davy Jones says happened with him; and when I saw the chances there were of a storm coming down on us, I made up my mind we ought to go prepared. But even if we didn't have a rubber poncho along I wouldn't be afraid to wager we'd get through in pretty decent shape."

"That's right, Thad," commented Giraffe; "after scouts have gone the limit, like we did down South last winter, when the schoolhouse burned, and we