

**RUTH FIELDING ON CLIFF  
ISLAND: OR, THE OLD  
HUNTER'S TREASURE BOX**

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Ruth Fielding on Cliff Island: or, the old hunter's treasure box by Alice B. Emerson

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**ALICE B. EMERSON**

**RUTH FIELDING ON CLIFF  
ISLAND: OR, THE OLD  
HUNTER'S TREASURE BOX**





SHE SHOT OVER THE YAWNING EDGE OF THE CHASM AND  
DISAPPEARED.

*Ruth Fielding at Cliff Island.*

*Page 120*

# Ruth Fielding On Cliff Island

OR

THE OLD HUNTER'S TREASURE BOX

BY

ALICE B. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF "RUTH FIELDING OF THE RED MILL," "RUTH  
FIELDING AT SILVER RANCH," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED*



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By ALICE B. EMERSON

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RUTH FIELDING ON CLIFF ISLAND

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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE WRECK AT APPLGATE CROSS- ING . . . . .	1
II. THE PANTHER AT LARGE . . . .	9
III. UNCLE JABEZ HAS TWO OPINIONS	17
IV. ON THE WAY TO BRIARWOOD . . .	26
V. A LONG LOOK AHEAD . . . . .	35
VI. PICKING UP THE THREADS . . . .	42
VII. "A HARD ROW TO HOE" . . . .	49
VIII. JERRY SHEMING AGAIN . . . .	57
IX. RUTH'S LITTLE PLOT . . . . .	66
X. AN EXCITING FINISH . . . . .	73
XI. A NUMBER OF THINGS . . . . .	82
XII. RUFUS BLENT'S LITTLE WAYS . .	90
XIII. FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE . . .	98
XIV. THE HUE AND CRY . . . . .	106
XV. OVER THE PRECIPICE . . . . .	115
XVI. HIDE AND SEEK . . . . .	124
XVII. CHRISTMAS MORNING . . . . .	133
XVIII. FUN ON THE ICE . . . . .	143
XIX. BLENT IS MASTER . . . . .	150
XX. THE FISHING PARTY . . . . .	157



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXI. JERRY'S CAVE . . . . .	166
XXII. SNOWED IN . . . . .	173
XXIII. "A BLOW FOR LIBERTY" . . . . .	181
XXIV. A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER (a) . . . . .	189
XXV. THE TREASURE BOX . . . . .	197

# RUTH FIELDING ON CLIFF ISLAND

## CHAPTER I

### THE WRECK AT APPLGATE CROSSING

A SEPTEMBER morning has dawned, with only a vague tang of autumn in the air. In the green old dooryard at the Red Mill, under the spreading shade trees, two girls are shelling a great basket of dried lima beans for the winter's store.

The smaller, black-haired girl begins the conversation.

"Suppose Jane Ann doesn't come, Ruth?"

"You mean on this morning train?" responded the plumper and more mature-looking girl, whose frank face was particularly attractive.

"Yes."

"Then Tom said he would go back to meet the evening train—and we'll go with him," said Ruth Fielding, with a smile. "But I could not go this morning and leave poor Aunt Alvira all these beans to shell."

"Of course not," agreed her friend, promptly. "And Jane Ann won't feel offended by our not meeting her at Cheslow, I know."

"No, indeed, Helen," laughed Ruth. "Jane Ann Hicks is altogether too sensible a girl."

"Sensible about everything but her name," commented Helen Cameron, making a little face.

"And one can scarcely blame her. It is ugly," Ruth responded, with a sigh. "Jane Ann Hicks! Dear, dear! how could her Uncle Bill be so thoughtless as to name her that, when she was left, helpless, to his care?"

"He didn't realize that fashions in names change—like everything else," observed Helen, briskly.

"I wonder what the girls at Briarwood will say to that name," Ruth pondered.

"Why The Fox and Heavy will help us make the other girls toe the mark. And Madge Steele! She's a regiment in herself," declared Helen. "We all had such a fine time at Silver Ranch that the least we can do is to see that Jane Ann is not hazed like the other infants."

"I expect we all have to stand our share of hazing when we go into fresh company," said Ruth, reflectively. "But there will not be the same crowd to meet her that met us dear."

"And the Sweetbriars will be on hand to preserve order," laughed her chum. "Thanks to *you*, Ruthie. Why—oh! see Tom!"

She jumped up, dropping a lapful of pods, and pointed up the Cheslow road, which here