LOST ON UMBAGOG

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649639724

Lost on Umbagog by Willis Boyd Allen

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

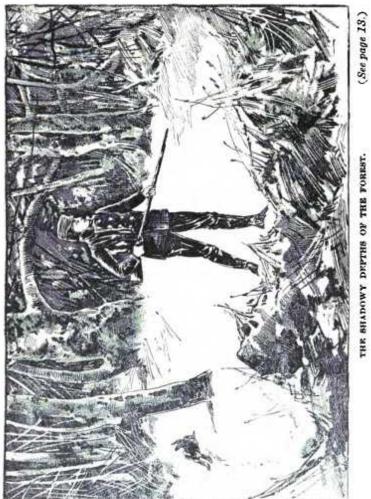
LOST ON UMBAGOG



Camp and Tramp Series. By Willis BOYD Allen.

- L LOST ON UMBAGOG.
- II. THE MAMMOTH HUNTERS.
 (In preparation.)

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.



THE SHADOWY DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.

LOST ON UMBAGOG

BY

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

Author of
"Pine Cone Stories," "John Brownlow's Folks,"
"The Lion City of Africa," Rec.



BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
1894

AL 735.5.75

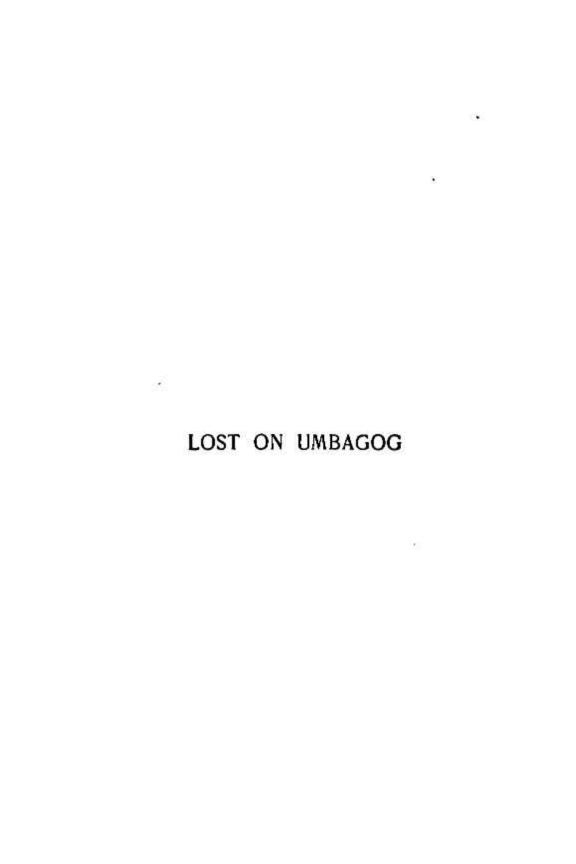


COPTRIGHT, 1894, BY LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	I	¥7	\(\@\)2	3400	3	ì		Page 1
CHAPTER	П.	•3	3.43	•		*		15
CHAPTER	ш.	•	0.00	(10)		٠		24
CHAPTER	IV.		•				٠	42
CHAPTER	v.	21	30					61
CHAPTER	VI.	6	(18)				•	80
CHAPTER	VII.	•0	35 4 6	9€0	:•	٠		94
CHAPTER	VIII.	¥6	•				٠	100
CHAPTER	IX						660	119



LOST ON UMBAGOG.

CHAPTER I.

Now, look here, Ned, if you don't believe in this expedition, you can just stay at home and read Virgil."

"You know very well that I'm up to that sort o' thing as much as any of you fellows," replied Ned, with dignity. "Only it's all nonsense to rush off to the woods in the dead of winter, without looking the dangers in the face."

Ned was always the conservative force in our Parliament, and we were pretty well used to his grumblings and croakings. So we just put a clothes-basket over his head and sat down on him a while, until, after a tremendous scramble all round, he emerged, red and breathless from kicking and laughing, and, as