

**The Case  
of the  
Civil War Medal**

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## **PREFACE**

The adventures of Jackson and Carlos take place during their summer vacations. Jackson and Carlos live in the town of Shady Falls. They are friends of Officer Low. The two friends sometimes stumble onto an adventure.

Read on . . .

## CHAPTER 4

### A Dark Night

It was night. It was dark. There was no light at all. Jackson and Carlos were in Mrs. Hall's yard. They were next to the old shed.

“Are you scared, Carlos?” Jackson asked.

“Yes, I'm scared, Jackson. How about you?”

Carlos answered.

“You said it! It's so dark here. I can't see a thing. Can you see me?” Jackson asked.

“No, I can't. It's too dark to even see Duke.

But he can see us,” Carlos said.

“Dogs just see better at night than we do,” Jackson said.

“Let’s get everything ready. OK?” Carlos asked.

“We have a lot to do. But what do we do first?” Jackson asked.

“First we take these cans. Then we set the trap,” Carlos said.

“We need something heavy, too. What can we use?” Jackson asked.

“How about this heavy rock? We can put this heavy rock in front of the shed door,” Carlos said.

“That’s good. That heavy rock will keep the door from opening,” Jackson said.

Jackson and Carlos worked hard to set the trap. They put the cans inside the shed door. Then they put the heavy rock near the shed door.



*Jackson and Carlos worked hard  
to set the trap.*

It was there for them to use when the trap worked. It would help them keep the thief in the shed.

“That will do it. That’s done,” Jackson said.

“That’s a good trap. That trap will get the thief,” Carlos said.

“Now let’s get out of the way. We don’t want the thief to see us,” Jackson said.

“You’re right, Jackson. It’s a good thing it’s so dark. The thief may come soon. We must be out of the way, too,” Carlos said.

The two boys picked up their sleeping bags. Then they got their flashlights.

Jackson and Carlos found a good place to sleep. They put their sleeping bags down on a

grassy place.

Duke liked the grassy place, too. He lay down. Carlos and Jackson lay on their sleeping bags. Soon they got inside their bags. It was cold.

“Do you see anything, Carlos?” Jackson asked.

“Not a thing,” answered Carlos.

“Maybe the thief will come around soon,” Jackson said.

“Maybe so, but I like sleeping out anyway, don’t you?” Carlos asked.

“It’s great to sleep out. I like it a lot,” Jackson said.

Soon Jackson and Carlos were asleep. Duke was asleep, too.

## **CHAPTER 5**

### **A Little Thief**

Duke jumped up fast. He jumped up and barked. He ran to the shed. Jackson and Carlos jumped up, too. Jackson tried to run. He fell down. His feet were in his sleeping bag. He had to pull them out. Then he ran with Carlos to the shed.

Duke was barking at it.

Before Jackson and Carlos got to the shed, something came out fast. Something white and small. It ran by Duke. Jackson got his flashlight on. He put the light on the white thing.

“It’s a cat! It’s a white cat!” laughed Carlos.

“Well, that is not the thief. A cat couldn’t carry a bag!” Jackson laughed.

“Stop barking now, Duke. Stop!” Carlos called.

A light had gone on in Mrs. Hall’s house. “What’s going on?” she called out.

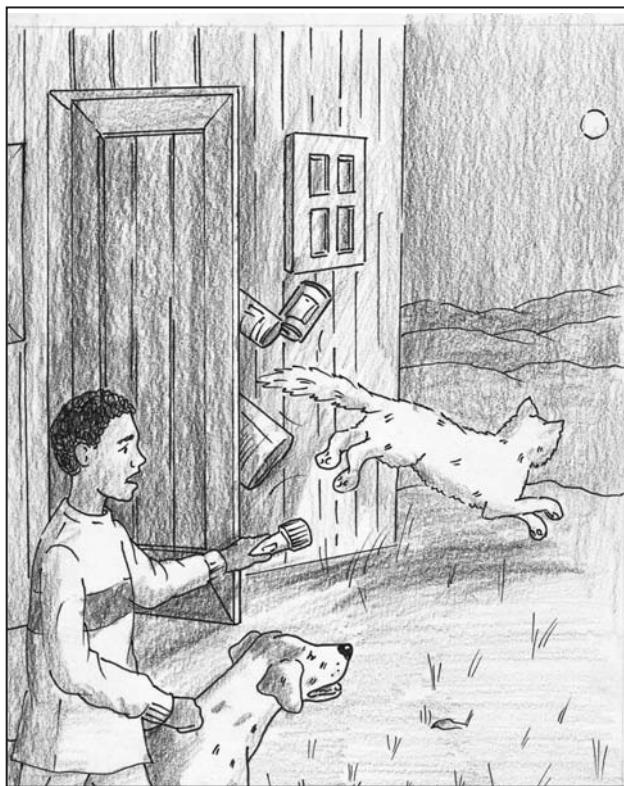
“We just saw some old cat. It ran out of the shed. It was not the thief,” Jackson called.

“How funny! A cat showed you that the trap would work,” Mrs. Hall called back.

“Good night again, Mrs. Hall,” called the boys.

Jackson and Carlos lay down again in their sleeping bags. Duke came to them.

Jackson and Carlos laughed together about the white cat. They laughed about Jackson falling over his feet, too. Then they fell asleep again.



*“It’s a cat! It’s a white cat!”*

It was light now.

“It must be about six,” Carlos said.

“Well, we didn’t catch the right thief. It was a scary night,” Jackson said.

“We will just have to try again. We can come back here tonight,” Carlos said.

The boys got out of their sleeping bags. It was cold. They put away their sleeping bags and flashlights. They put them where the thief would not see them.

“Boys, are you up?” Mrs. Hall called out.

“Yes, we are, Mrs. Hall,” Carlos called back.

“I have something good for you. I hope you want to eat now,” Mrs. Hall said.

“We’ll come right in,” Jackson said.

Jackson and Carlos went into the house.

“Where can we wash our hands?” Carlos asked.

“Just down that way,” Mrs. Hall showed them where to wash.

“Sit right down here. I like making something good for you to eat,” Mrs. Hall said.

“You got the right boys for that,” laughed Carlos.

Jackson and Carlos were always ready to eat.

Jackson ate seven pancakes. He drank some milk. Carlos ate six pancakes and drank milk, too. It was all so good. Mrs. Hall made good pancakes. Soon both boys were full.

“Thank you, Mrs. Hall. That was so good,”

Jackson said.

“It was great food, Mrs. Hall. I always like pancakes. I like to eat them best of all,” Carlos said.

“Here is something for Duke to eat, too. I am sure he would like something,” Mrs. Hall said.

Carlos carried food out for Duke. Duke ate and ate. It looked like everyone was happy to eat.

“Now let us help you clean the table, Mrs. Hall,” Jackson said.

As they cleaned the dishes, the boys talked about the trap. They all laughed about the white cat. Mrs. Hall laughed about Jackson falling out of his sleeping bag, too.

“Thanks, boys, for helping,” Mrs. Hall said.

“Thank you, too. The food was so good,” Carlos said.

“Are you going to try again? Are you going to try to get the thief?” Mrs. Hall asked.

“Yes, we’ll be here around eight tonight. Then maybe we’ll get the real thief,” Carlos said.

“We don’t want to get any more cats in our trap,” laughed Jackson.

“See you later, boys!” called Mrs. Hall.