# WELLS BROTHERS: THE YOUNG CATTLE KINGS. [BOSTON]

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649732142

Wells Brothers: The Young Cattle Kings. [Boston] by Andy Adams

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

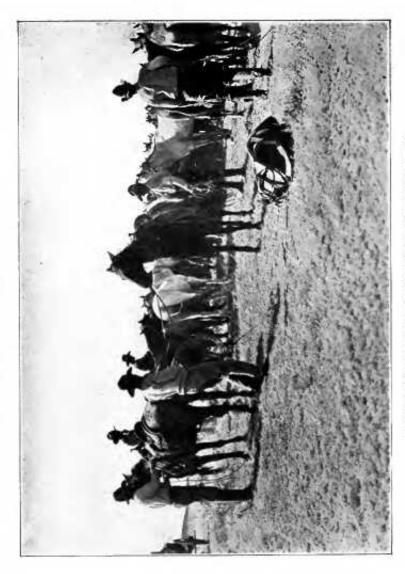
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this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

www.triestepublishing.com

ANDY ADAMS

# WELLS BROTHERS: THE YOUNG CATTLE KINGS. [BOSTON]

**Trieste** 



THEY CHANGED TO FRESH ONES AT NOON (p. 26)

5

## WELLS BROTHERS THE YOUNG CATTLE KINGS

BY

ANDY ADAMS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY The fiberside press Cambridge

AJI **BLIC LIBRARY** NORV ADA 10WA UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

### CONTENTS

Ι.	WAIFS OF THE PLAIN			٠		$\mathbf{z}_{i}$		•	1
п.	THE HOSPITAL ON THE	e B	EA	VE	R		•		17
III.	THE BOTTOM RUNG	•				•		•	35
IV.	THE BROTHERS CLAIM	A	R/	NO	Æ				52
v.	A FALL OF CRUMBS	•		•		•			69
VI.	SUNSHINE AND SHADOV	v	•		•				84
VII.	ALL IN THE DAY'S W	ORM	\$			÷		32	100
VIII.	THE LINES OF INTREN	сн	ME	NT	ħ.				115
IX.	A WINTRY CRUCIBLE	•		æ		×		•	1 3 2
X.	Good Fighting .		•		•		•		150
XI.	Holding the Fort						7	æ	168
XII.	A WINTER DRIFT .		•						185
XIII.	A WELCOME GUEST								203
XIV.	AN ILL WIND .		•		÷				215
xv.	WATER! WATER!	•		•		•		•	230
XVI.	A PROTECTED CREDIT		•				•		247
XVII.	"THE WAGON".								264

### CONTENTS

XVIII.	AN OPEN WINTER .		÷	s	63	276
XIX.	An Indian Scare ,	•		•		292
XX.	HARVEST ON THE RANGE			<u>j</u>		304
XXI.	LIVING IN THE SADDLE	÷			0	323
XXII.	INDEPENDENCE		17	8	-	339

٠

vi

5

## WELLS BROTHERS THE YOUNG CATTLE KINGS

#### CHAPTER I

#### WAIFS OF THE PLAIN

The first herd of trail cattle to leave Dodge City, Kansas, for the Northwest, during the summer of 1885, was owned by the veteran drover, Don Lovell. Accidents will happen, and when about midway between the former point and Ogalalla, Nebraska, a rather serious mishap befell Quince Forrest, one of the men with the herd. He and the horse wrangler, who were bunkies, were constantly scuffling, reckless to the point of injury, the pulse of healthy manhood beating a constant alarm to rough contest.

The afternoon previous to the accident, a wayfaring man had overtaken the herd, and spent the night with the trail outfit. During the evening, a flock of sand-hill cranes was sighted, when the stranger expressed a wish to secure a specimen of the bird for its splendid plumage. On Forrest's own suggestion, his being a long-range pistol and the covey 2

wary, the two exchanged belts. The visitor followed the flock, stealing within range a number of times, and emptying the six-shooter at every chance. On securing a fine specimen near nightfall, he returned to the herd, elated over his chance shot and beautiful trophy. However, before returning the belt, he had refilled the cylinder with six instead of five cartridges, thus resting the hammer on a loaded shell. In the enthusiasm of the moment, and ignorant of its danger, belt and pistol were returned to their owner.

Dawn found the camp astir. The sun had flooded the plain while the outfit was breakfasting, the herd was grazing forward in pastoral contentment, the horses stood under saddle for the morning's work, when the trail foreman, Paul Priest, languidly remarked: "If everybody's ready, we'll ride. Fill the canteens; it's high time we were in the saddle. Of course, that means the parting tussle between Quince and the wrangler. It would be a shame to deny those lads anything so enjoyable — they remind me so much of mule colts and half-grown dogs. Now, cut in and worry each other a spell, because you'll be separated until noon. Fly at it, or we mount."

The two addressed never cast a glance at each other, but as the men swung into their

saddles, the horse wrangler, with the agility of a tiger, caught his bunkie in the act of mounting, dragging him to the ground, when the expected scuffle ensued. The outfit had barely time to turn their horses, to witness the contest, when the two crashed against the wagon wheel and Forrest's pistol was discharged. The men dismounted instantly, the wrangler eased the victim to the ground, and when the outfit gathered around, the former was smothering the burning clothing of his friend and bunkmate. A withdrawn boot, dripping with blood, was the first indication of the havoc wrought, and on stripping it was found that the bullet had ploughed an open furrow down the thigh, penetrating the calf of the leg from knee to ankle, where it was fortunately deflected outward and into the ground.

The deepest of regret was naturally expressed. The jocular remarks of the foreman, the actions of the wrangler, were instantly recalled to the surrounding group, while the negligence which caused the accident was politely suppressed. The stranger, innocently unaware of any mistake on his part, lent a valuable hand in stanching the blood and in washing and binding up the wounds. No bones were injured, and with youth and a