

**THE KING OF THE  
BRONCOS: AND OTHER  
STORIES OF NEW MEXICO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649622177

The King of the Broncos: And Other Stories of New Mexico by Charles F. Lummis

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CHARLES F. LUMMIS**

**THE KING OF THE  
BRANCOS: AND OTHER  
STORIES OF NEW MEXICO**



THE  
KING OF THE BRONCOS

AND

*Other Stories of New Mexico*

BY

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1905

To  
A BETTER MAN  
My father

## CONTENTS

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| THE KING OF THE BRONCOS . . . . .     | 1    |
| BOGGED DOWN . . . . .                 | 35   |
| THE BITE OF THE PICRU-QUATE . . . . . | 53   |
| POH-HLAIK, THE CAVE-BOY . . . . .     | 73   |
| THE JAWBONE TELEGRAPH . . . . .       | 95   |
| A PENITENT FLOWER-POT . . . . .       | 115  |
| BRAVO'S DAY OFF . . . . .             | 131  |
| BONIFACIO'S HORSE-THIEF . . . . .     | 149  |
| GREEN'S BEAR-TRAP . . . . .           | 165  |
| MY SMALLEST SITTER . . . . .          | 177  |
| OUR WORST SNAKE . . . . .             | 187  |
| KELLEY'S GROUND-SLICE . . . . .       | 199  |
| THE OLD SHARPE . . . . .              | 215  |
| MY FRIEND WILL . . . . .              | 231  |

**THE KING OF THE BRONCOS**





## THE KING OF THE BRNCOS

### I

So! There was, then, a horse in the world that could run faster than Jovero?<sup>1</sup> Impossible! And yet, there you were! The lips of Jovero's rider suddenly puckered in a low whistle, and the vexed ridges in his brow unbent to a frown of wonder. Why, next thing you knew, you would be finding some one braver than Don Ireneo, or a better wrestler than Cuate, or one wiser than the Padre Brun himself, who could run clear through a book and never once stub his toe!

These were revolutionary thoughts; and Jovero's gait was not conducive to thought of any sort. His small ears were set flat back to his head, his neck was strained forward, his nostrils flared like bells; and as he thundered on it was evident enough that he was as much put out as his master by yonder impudent runaway. Though Juan no longer sat as the rider sits whose heart is in the chase, Jovero lunged ahead fiercely as ever. *He* would run down yon upstart on his own hook, or die trying.

<sup>1</sup> Ho-váy-ro.

But it was no use; and Juan felt it. He turned his wrist a trifle in the rein, and settled back against the cantle. Jovero flung his head disrespectfully, but began to slow up. A second later, the strange horse disappeared behind a ridge two hundred yards ahead; and Juan turned his unwilling mount back to the south.

"Clearly, it will be a most extraordinary beast!" mused the oldest man about the adobe fireplace that evening, when Juan had rehearsed his adventure. "For if a man had told me there could be a bronco to outrun this *cojo*<sup>1</sup> that I myself roped from the wild herd eight years ago, I should have laughed. We all know there is not a horse ridden in New Mexico that can catch this Jovero; and if there is a wild one that Jovero cannot catch, then I will give a thousand dollars of gold to the man who shall lead him to me saddled and bridled."

"Well said, Don Bartolo! Of a truth, the horse that could gain from Jovero would be worth his weight in dollars. But it is not I that shall bring him to you. Jovero himself is more swift than my old bones befit." It was another elderly man who spoke.

"And he that looks to be asleep!" broke in a younger one, whose frame betokened great

<sup>1</sup> *Có-ho*, "cripple."