

# **TAMING A VAQUERO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649438570

Taming a Vaquero by Lillian Gimblin Chester

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**LILLIAN GIMBLIN CHESTER**

**TAMING A  
VAQUERO**



# TAMING A VAQUERO

*By*

LILLIAN GIMBLIN CHESTER



Press

**Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co.**

San Francisco

1909

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By  
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PS 3505  
H69.73



**To My Father**

*Gone before, but ever living to me, to whom  
I owe my success, my aims, my aspirations, this  
book is lovingly dedicated.*

LILLIAN GIMBLIN CHESTER.

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

The sun beat down upon the dusty rolling hills of northeastern California one Sunday afternoon in "dry September." If you did not know this part of the fabled "fairyland," California, you would surely be disappointed at the dreary outlook and fain seek a fairer portion of the State.

The yellow three-seated stage seems intent only upon creeping up these hills and rattling down on the other side, there to find before it another. Process repeated—there is still another ahead in monotonous and seemingly never-ending succession.

They seem monotonous indeed, also never ending, to the one lone passenger on board that day. After a frugal meal at a wayside inn,—begging its pardon, hotel I mean, for the sign was not so weatherbeaten but you could see it was a hotel; after the meal, the miles seemed to lengthen out and our fair passenger will always believe her watch ran slowly that day.

Yes, my fair lady reader, it was a woman, or stay, it was a girl,—a girl going out to teach school at Lonesome Glen. Have you ever known Lonesome Glen? Few have, save the residents of this dreary place. But here it is where the

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real California cowboys are found, the "ranchers" and the herds of wild, wide-horned cattle.

Our heroine wasn't a beauty. Beauties are rare in real every-day life and among school-teachers. She was a little above middle height, without being tall, a slender well-built figure, blue-gray eyes, fair complexion and soft curling brown hair in which was a touch of reddish gold, a shade very rare, but which seemed peculiarly fitting to Inez Hardin. Also (but do not breathe it) she had a number of freckles on her well-shaped nose and upon her cheeks, caused no doubt by the heat of the sun and the dry wind, both being disagreeable in the extreme on that eventful day.

But the longest of journeys has an end and finally the accommodating driver told Inez that the ranch below them was where she would "hang out" for the winter. While they drive down the long slope to reach the spot where Inez' eyes are fixed let me tell you more of our heroine.

She was not a city girl except in natural tendency and education. Her home was a country one of healthy work and play and books. The father and mother, blessed souls, loved her dearly and thought "our daughter" the best and most remarkable girl in the world.

Her sisters, five in number, all younger than

## INTRODUCTION

she and three rollicking brothers vied with each other in alternately loving and teasing "Big Sister" nearly to death; its being a dear delight, especially to the boyish souls, to torment her from her dreams and books which constituted most of life for her. Books had been almost her only companions save for these younger children, as yet not companionable to a scholarly "Big Sister."

Now her school days in grammar and normal school past she is beginning her career as teacher at Lonesome Glen.

Not so unusual a girl, after all. She didn't seem unusual to me. Rather shy, but quick at fun and repartee; deeply spiritual and earnest, also intensely human; a combination of the God-man and the human, with a plentiful sprinkling of femininity. Describe her, or any of her class to me if you can. I admit I have failed to describe her. How could I, forsooth, when I do not understand her myself?

But the stage is down the slope now, going around towards the trough to water the horses. We will follow her still farther and pry into her life and secrets and failures and victories, if such they be, at Lonesome Glen.