

**A MAID OF  
THE FRONTIER**

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A Maid of the Frontier by Henry Spofford Canfield

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**HENRY SPOFFORD CANFIELD**

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THE FRONTIER**



**A MAID OF THE FRONTIER.**

PRESENTED  
TO THE  
ACTORS' FUND HOME  
—BY—  
*Clay Greene*  
1907



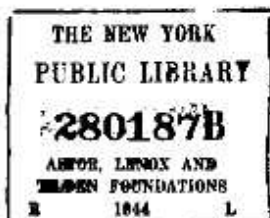
# A MAID OF THE FRONTIER

BY  
HENRY SPOFFORD CANFIELD.



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**TO MY MOTHER.**  
**HENRY SPOFFORD CANFIELD.**



## A MAID OF THE FRONTIER.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### AT THE HALCOTT RANCH.

The horses' heads were down between their knees. The dried sweat hung on them in white flakes. Their backs were humped, legs wide apart and gait shambling and aimless. The enormous load of Texas saddle, gun, blanket, camp utensils, waterproof, rider and jingling spur crushed them into mere semblances of equinity. There was no road and the prairie was brown in the blistering sun. The straight rays launched down and the men felt the successive sickening plunges of heat. The air was breathless and shimmering, and refracted clouds wavered from the cracked earth. The hills around rose bare and rock-clad, their scarred sides giving token of the spring freshet, and down them trickled rivulets of dust. The sky was intense-