

# **DOWN THE RAVINE**

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Down the ravine by Charles Egbert Craddock

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**CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK**

**DOWN THE  
RAVINE**



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# Unit 6 Calendar

TO MY  
ABROGIAO



HERT IS WELCOMED HOME. See page 24.

VIEW OF  
CALIFORNIA  
DOWN THE RAVINE

BY

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

AUTHOR OF "IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS," "THE PROPHET OF THE  
GREAY SMOKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

*Murphy, Mary A*  
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TO VIND  
ALIBONIAO

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## DOWN THE RAVINE.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE new moon, a gleaming scimitar, cleft the gauzy mists above a rugged spur of the Cumberland Mountains. The sky, still crimson and amber, stretched vast and lonely above the vast and lonely landscape. A fox was barking in the laurel.

This was an imprudent proceeding on the part of the fox, considering the value of his head-gear. A young mountaineer down the ravine was reminded, by the sharp, abrupt sound, of a premium offered by the State of Tennessee for the scalp and ears of the pestiferous red fox.

All unconscious of the legislation of extermination, the animal sped nimbly along the ledge of a cliff, becoming visible from the ra-

vine below, a tawny streak against the gray rock. Swift though he was, a jet of red light flashing out in the dusk was yet swifter. The echoing crags clamored with the report of a rifle. The tawny streak was suddenly still. Three boys appeared in the depths of the ravine and looked up.

"Thar now! Ye can't git him off 'n that thar ledge, Birt," said Tim Griggs. "The contrairy beastis could n't hev fund a more ill-convenient spot ter die ef he hed sarched the mounting."

"I ain't goin' ter leave him thar, though," stoutly declared the boy who still held the rifle. "That thar fox's scalp an' his two ears air wuth one whole dollar."

Tim remonstrated. "Look-a-hyar, Birt; ef ye try ter climb up this hyar bluff, ye'll git yer neck bruk, sure."

Birt Dicey looked up critically. It was a rugged ascent of forty feet or more to the narrow ledge where the red fox lay. Although the face of the cliff was jagged, the rock greatly splintered and fissured, with many