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Lightning
by Jane Grey
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NUMBER I

THE FUN OF FISHING

by Dr. James A. Henshall ■

United States Bureau of Fisheries

Illustrated with Photographs

ANGLING is as old as civilization. We read in the classics that in A.D. 230 the Macedonians fished the river Astræus with the artificial fly. The first book on angling in the English language was printed at Winchester, England, in 1496. Its author was a woman of noble birth, Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of a nunnery near St. Albans. She gave explicit instructions in the art, with directions for making rods and tackle, and gave the formulas for the tying of artificial flies for each month in spring and summer, many of which are in use to this day under various names.

The love of angling has ever gone hand in hand with the love of Nature. For, should the angler catch no fish, Dame Juliana quaintly says: "Yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the

swete savoure of the mede flowers; that makyth hym hungry."

So, as one of the incentives for an occasional outing is a love of angling, it should be remembered that "it is not all of fishing to fish," as George Dawson aptly expressed it. Rather, it is the opportunity that angling affords for a realization and enjoyment of Nature's resources, with the subsequent compensation of renewed health and strength. The cares and anxieties and perplexities of everyday life are forgotten as the angler wades the merry stream and casts his flies on the flashing water. He is wholly obsessed with his pursuit and has unbounded faith in his methods.

And while the eager expectancy of a response to his lures absorbs his every faculty, he enjoys, at the same time, in a subconscious way, the bounties of Nature surrounding and investing him. The voices of the stream are ever in his ears—the lapping and purling of the

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LIGHTNING

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Stanley Arthurs

REWARD: \$500 will be paid for the death of Lightning, leader of the Sevier range of wild horses." "Utah Cattle Company."

This notice, with a letter, coming by stage and messenger to the Stewarts, brightened what had been a dull prospect. Seldom did a whole year's work, capturing and corralling mustangs in the cañons and on the plateaus, pay them half as much as the reward offered for this one stallion. The last season had been a failure altogether. A string of pintos and mustangs, representing months of hazardous toil, had climbed out of a cañon corral and escaped to their old haunts. So on the strength of this opportunity the brothers packed and rode out of Fredonia across the Arizona line into Utah.

Two days took them beyond and above the Pink Cliffs to the White Sage

plateau, and there the country became new to them. From time to time a solitary shepherd, encountered with his flocks on a sage slope, set them in the right direction, and on the seventh day they reached Bain, the most southerly of the outposts of the big Utah ranches. It consisted of a water hole, a corral, a log-cabin, and some range riders.

Generally mustang wranglers, men who lived by catching mustangs, were held in contempt by the rangers and cowboys of that ironbound desert country. For mustangs were harder to catch than deer, and when captured and broken brought only a few dollars per head. The Stewarts, however, though they had never earned any money to speak of, were famous all over the two States. Stories of their wonderful pursuits, of their fleet mustangs, and trailing hounds, had become camp-fire gossip on the ranges, so their advent at Bain aroused interest.

Lee and Cuth Stewart were tall,

lean Mormons, as bronzed as desert Navajos, cool, silent, gray-eyed, still-faced. Both wore crude homespun garments much the worse for wear; boots that long before had given the best in them; laced leather wristbands thin and shiny from contact with lassoes; and old gray slouch hats that would have disgraced cowboys. But this threadbare effect did not apply to the rest of the outfit, which showed a care that must have been in proportion to its hard use. And the five beautiful mustangs, Bess in particular, proved that the Stewarts were Indians at the end of every day, for they certainly had camped where there were grass and water. The pack of hounds shared interest with the mustangs, and the leader, a great yellow, somber-eyed hound, Dash by name, could have made friends with everybody had he felt inclined.

"We calculated, boys," held forth the foreman, "thet if anybody could round up Lightnin' an' his bunch it'd be you. Every ranger between here an' Marysvale has tried an' failed. Lightnin' is a rare cute stallion. He has more than hoss sense. It's the opinion of a good many of us fellers thet he wasn't born wild, an' thet he come into this country somewhere from Nevada. Fer two years now no one has been in rifle shot of him, fer the word has long since gone out to kill him.

"It's funny to think how many rangers have tried to corral him, trap him, or run him down. He's been a heap of trouble to all the ranchers. He goes right into a bunch of hosses, fights an' kills the stallions, an' leads off what he wants of the rest. His band is scattered all over, an' no man can count 'em, but he's got at least five hundred hosses off the ranges. An' he's got to be killed or there won't be a safe grazin' spot left in Sevier County."

"How're we to know this hoss's trail when we do cross it?" asked Lee Stewart.

"You can't miss it. His right fore-track hes a notch that bites in clean every step he takes. One of my rangers came in yesterday an' reported fresh sign of Lightnin' at Cedar Springs, sixteen miles north along the red ridge

there. An' he's goin' straight fer his hidin' place. Whenever he's been hard chased he hits it back up there an' lays low fer a while. It's rough country, though I reckon it won't be to you cañon fellers."

"How about water?"

"Good chances fer water beyond Cedar, I reckon, though I don't know any springs. It's rare an' seldom any of us ever work up as far as Cedar. A scaly country up thet way—black sage, an' thet's all."

The Stewarts reached Cedar Springs that afternoon. It was a hot place; a few cedars, struggling for existence, lifted dead twisted branches to the sun; a scant growth of grass greened the few shady spots, and a thin stream of water ran between glistening borders of alkali. A drove of mustangs had visited the spring since dawn and had obliterated all tracks made before.

While Cuth made camp Lee changed his saddle to another mustang and rode up the ridge. His idea was to get a look at the country. The climb was not particularly steep, but it was long and took time, as he had to pick his way and zigzag the bare, stony slopes. At last he reached the top and caught a breath of cool wind. From where he stood the ridge wound northward, growing rougher and higher. Other ridges rolled to meet it from the left; to the right shelved off the desert, gray, patched, dim. Far northward a long, black plateau leveled the horizon, and at each end a snow-capped peak shone coldly in the sun. Lee regretted that this vantage point was not higher, but he fixed in his mind as best he could the lay of the land and returned to camp.

"We're jest on the edge of wild-hoss country," he announced to Cuth. "Thet stallion probably had a picked bunch an' was drivin' them higher up. It's gettin' hot these days an' the browse is witherin'. I seen old deer sign on the ridge, an' cougar, an' coyote sign trailin' after. They're all makin' fer higher up. I reckon we'll find 'em all on Sevier plateau."

"Did you see the plateau?" asked Cuth.

"Plain. Near a hundred miles away

yet. Jest a long flat ridge black with timber. Then there's the two snow peaks, Terrill an' Hilgard, pokin' up their cold noses. I reckon the plateau rises off these ridges, an' the Sevier River an' the mountains are on the other side. So we'll push on fer the plateau. We might come up with Lightnin' and his bunch."

All the next day they rode up the hard-packed trail winding along the base of the ridge. It was a long, gradual ascent, with the ridge ever growing rockier and more rugged and the desert slipping below. Cedar trees flourished toward the close of the day's march and then merged their yellow-green with the fresh dark green of the piñons. Sunset was time for camp and found them halting at a little water hole among a patch of cedars and boulders.

Cuth slipped the packs and Lee measured out the oats. On a hard trail the brothers always packed grain for their mounts. The fact that the mustangs when eating grain were also eating the profits of a trip never entered into the Stewarts' calculations. The horses first, then the hounds, and then themselves—that was the way of the "mustang wranglers." Having ministered to the wants of their dumb friends, Lee and Cuth set about getting supper for themselves.

Cuth had the flour and water mixed to a nicety and Lee had the Dutch oven on some red-hot coals when, moved by a common instinct, they stopped work and looked up.

The five mustangs were not munching their oats; their heads were up. Bess, the keenest of the quintet, moved restlessly and then took a few steps toward the opening in the cedars.

"Bess!" called Lee, sternly. The mare stopped.

"She's got a scent," whispered Cuth, reaching for his rifle. "Mebbe it's a cougar."

"Mebbe, but I never knowed Bess to go lookin' up one. . . . Hist! Look at Dash."

The yellow hound had risen from among his pack and stood warily shifting his nose. He sniffed the wind, turned round and round, and slowly

stiffened with his head pointing up the ridge. The other hounds caught something, at least the manner of their leader, and became restless.

"Down, Dash, down," said Lee, and then with a smile to Cuth, "Did you hear it?"

"Hear what?"

"Listen!"

The warm breeze came down in puffs from the ridge; it rustled the cedars and blew fragrant whiffs of smoke into the hunters' faces, and presently it bore a call, a low, prolonged call. Cuth rose noiselessly to his feet and stood still. So horses, hounds, and men waited listening. The sound broke the silence again, much clearer, a keen, sharp whistle. The third time it rang down from the summit of the ridge, splitting the air, strong, trenchant, the shrill, fiery call of a challenging stallion. Bess reared an instant straight up and came down quivering.

"Look!" whispered Lee, tensely.

On the summit of the bare ridge stood a noble horse clearly silhouetted against the purple and gold of sunset sky. He was an iron-gray, and he stood wild and proud, with long silver-white mane waving in the wind.

"Lightnin'!" exclaimed Cuth.

He stood there one moment, long enough to make a picture for the wild-horse hunters that would never be forgotten; then he moved back along the ridge and disappeared. Other horses, blacks and bays, showed above the sage for a moment, and they, too, passed out of sight.

"I couldn't never shoot thet stallion," whispered Lee.

"No more could I," replied Cuth. "Now, what do you make of thet whistlin'?"

"Jest grazin' along easy like. The wind sure favors us. He came to the hilltop an' jest snorted down, like a stallion will, to let anything as might be there know he could lick it. Thet whistle of his was jest plain fight. But, Lord! Wasn't he a beauty? I never seen such a hoss, never, an' never any as could come near him."

"He shure was pretty. An', Lee, to my way of thinkin' he jest might hev



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BARE RIDGE STOOD A NOBLE HORSE
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winded our mustangs, Bess, anyhow. You know how we've hed proof of scents between hosses as passed all our understandin'. Bess might need watch-in'."

Lee shook his head gravely. "Mebbe. It was kinder strange. But if we can't trust Bess, we can't never trust a hoss again. I reckon we'd better lay low to-night. Keep the hounds an' hosses in an' get an early start fer the next water hole. Thet bunch'll drink to-morrer or next day if they ain't scared."

Before daylight the brothers were up and at dawn filed out of the cedar grove. The trained horses scarcely rattled a

stone, and the hounds trotted ahead unmindful of foxes and rabbits brushed out of the sage.

The morning passed and the afternoon waned. Green willows began to skirt the banks of a sandy wash and the mustangs sniffed as if they smelled water. Presently the Stewarts entered a rocky corner refreshingly bright and green with grass, trees, and flowers and pleasant with the murmur of bees and fall of water. A heavily flowing spring gushed from under a cliff, dashed down over stones to form a pool, and ran out to seep away and lose itself in the sandy wash. Flocks of blackbirds chattered

around the pool and rabbits darted everywhere.

"It'd take a hull lot of chasin' to drive a mustang from comin' regular to thet spring," commented Cuth.

"Shure, it's a likely place, an' we can make a corral here in short order."

They hobbled their mustangs and then set to work on the corral. The plan was to drop cedar trees around the pool and leave an opening at the most favorable point, which was a wide-beaten trail. By nightfall they had the pool inclosed, except on the upper side where the water tumbled over a jumble of rocks, a place no horse could climb out, and on the lower side where they left the opening for the gate. The gate was the important part and now presented a problem.

"We can't do no more to-night," said Lee, "an' we'll hev' to take chances on the stallion comin' down to drink. Mebbe it'll be a couple of days before he comes, an' thet'll give us time to fix up a gate an' strengthen the weak places in the fence."

All that night Lee and Cuth lay under the shadow of the corral, waiting and watching. The next morning they climbed the ridge and brought down three long pine poles. These they fashioned into a gate, and as it was found impossible to swing such a ponderous affair they concluded to let it lie flat before the opening, to be raised quickly after the wild mustangs had gone in to drink. In the afternoon the hunters slept with only Dash on guard; at nightfall they were ready and waiting for their quarry.

What little breeze there was favored their position, and the night promised to be clear and starlit. In the early hours a prowling coyote howled lonesomely and deer came down to drink. Later, soft-footed animals slipped with padlike tread over the stones to the spring. At midnight the breeze failed and a dead stillness set in. It was not broken until the afterpart of the night, and then, suddenly, by the shrill, piercing neigh of a mustang. The Stewarts raised themselves sharply and looked at each other in the starlight.

"Did you hear thet?" asked Lee.

"I jest did. Sounded like Bess."

"It was Bess, darn her black hide. She never did thet before."

"Mebbe she's winded Lightnin'."

"Mebbe. But she ain't hobbled, an' if she'd whistle like thet fer him she's liable to make off after him. Now, what to do?"

"It's too late. I warned you before."

We can't spoil what may be a chance to get the stallion. Let Bess alone. Many's the time she's had a chance to make off an' didn't do it. Let's wait."

"Reckon it's all we can do now. If she called thet stallion, it proves one thing—we can't never break a wild mare perfectly. The wild spirit may sleep in her blood, mebbe fer years, but some time it'll answer to—"

"Shet up—listen!" interrupted Cuth.

In the strained moments following there was no sound, and no movement till Dash put his nose high and turned slowly in a circle. His significant action meant to the hunters that he had passed the uneasy stage prior to the certainty of a scent and was now baffled only by the direction.

"There!" whispered Lee.

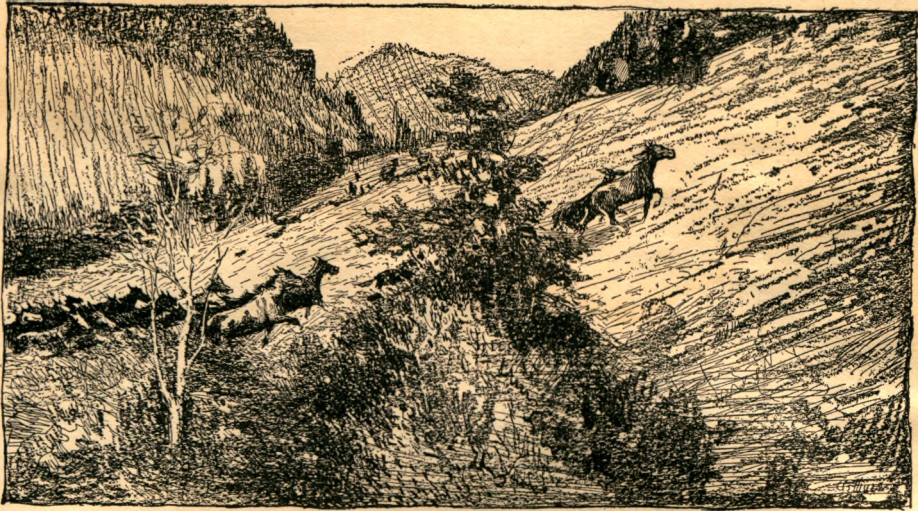
From far up on the ridge came down the faint rattling of stones.

"Mustangs—an' they're comin' down," replied Cuth.

Long experience had brought the brothers patience, but moments such as these, waiting in the shadow, had never come to be tranquil. Presently sharp clicks preceded the rattles, and when these sounds grew together and became louder the hearts of the hunters began to quicken. The sounds merged into a regular rhythmic tramp. It came down the ridge, softened in the sandy wash below the spring, opened up again with a steady click and thump, and came straight for the corral.

"I see 'em!" whispered Cuth.

Lee answered by a pressure of his hand. It was an anxious moment, for the mustangs had to pass hunters and hounds before entering the gate. A black bobbing line wound out of the cedars. Then the starlight showed the line to be the mustangs marching in single file. They passed with drooping heads, hurrying a little toward the last,



AT NOON THE HUNTERS SAW HIM HEADING HIS BLACKS ACROSS A RISING PLAIN.

and unsuspectingly entered the corral gate.

"Twenty odd," whispered Lee, "but all blacks an' bays. The leader wasn't in thet bunch. Mebbe it wasn't his—"

Among the cedars rose the peculiar halting thump of hobbled horses trying to cover ground, and following that snorts and crashings of brush and the pound of plunging hoofs. Then out of the cedars moved two shadows, the first a great gray horse with snowy mane, the second a small, graceful, shiny black mustang. Lightning and Bess! The stallion, in the fulfillment of a conquest such as had made him famous on the wild ranges, was magnificent in action and mien. Wheeling about her, whinnying, cavorting, he arched his splendid neck and pushed his head against her. His importunity was that of a master.

Suddenly Bess snorted and whirled down the trail. Lightning whistled one short blast of anger or terror and thundered after the black. Bess was true to her desert blood at the last. They vanished in the gray shadow of the cedars, as a stream of frightened mustangs poured out of the corral in a clattering roar.

Gradually the dust settled. Cuth looked at Lee and Lee looked at Cuth. For a while neither spoke. Cuth generously forbore saying: "I told you so."

The failure of their plan was only an incident of horse wrangling and in no wise discomfited them. But Lee was angry at his favorite.

"You was right, Cuth," he said. "Thet mare played us at the finish. Ketched when she was a yearling, broke the best of any mustang we ever had, trained with us fer five years, an' helped down many a stallion—an' she runs off wild with thet big, white-maned brute!"

"Well, they make a team an' they'll stick," replied Cuth. "An' so'll we stick, if we have to chase them to the Great Salt Basin."

Next morning when the sun tipped the ridge rosy red Lee put the big yellow hound on the notched track of the stallion, and the long trail began. At noon the hunters saw him heading his blacks across a rising plain, the first step of the mighty plateau stretching to the northward. As they climbed grass and water became more frequent along the trail. For the most part Lee kept on the tracks of the mustang leader without the aid of the hound; Dash was used in the grass and on the scaly ridges where the trail was hard to find.

The succeeding morning Cuth spied Lightning watching them from a high point. Another day found them on top of the plateau, among the huge brown pine trees and patches of snow and

clumps of aspen. It took two days to cross the plateau—sixty miles. Lightning did not go down, but doubled on his trail. Rimming a plateau was familiar work for the hunters, and twice they came within sight of the leader and his band. Once a bunch of mustangs trooped out of a hollow and went over the wall, down on the back trail. The stallion was not among them, and Dash

among the slides of snow and silver spruces, and another across a divide into a rugged country of bad lands where barrens began to show and high mesas lifted flat heads covered with patches of sage and gray-green cedars. So it went on day by day, but Lightning turned back no more. He had marked a straight course, though every mile of it grew wilder. Sometimes for hours the



AS HE PASSED THROUGH, A YELLOW LOOP FLASHED IN THE SUN.

did not split but kept straight on into the timber.

"He's broke up his band—cut out some," commented Lee.

"Wait till he takes to weathered stone, then we'll see," replied Cuth.

Lightning crossed the plateau again and struck down into the valley. The trail was a long steep slope of weathered stone, and the pursuers zigzagged it with the ease of long practice in the cañon country. Many times the great stallion could be seen looking back. Evidently this steady pursuit puzzled him. After these surveys he always plunged away in a cloud of dust. He crossed the Sevier valley to the river and turned back. The river was raging from thaws in the mountains. Then he struck up the valley.

Another day put his pursuers high up

hunters had him in sight, and always beside him was the little black they knew to be Bess.

There came a day when Lightning cut out all of his band except Bess, and they went on alone. They made a spurt and lost the trailers from sight for two days. Then Bess dropped a shoe and the pursuers came up. As she grew lamer and lamer, the stallion showed his mettle. He did not quit her, but seemed to grow more cunning as pursuit closed in on them, choosing the open places where he could see far and browsing along, covering rods where formerly he had covered miles.

One day the trail disappeared on stony ground, and there Dash came in for his share. Behind them the Stewarts climbed a very high round-topped mesa, buttressed and rimmed by cracked cliffs.

It was almost insurmountable. They reached the summit by a narrow water-course, to find a wild and lonesome level inclosed by crags and gray walls. There were cedars and fine thin grass growing on the plateau.

"Corralled!" said Lee, laconically, as his keen eye swept the surroundings. "He's never been here before, an' there's no way off this mesa except by the back trail, which we'll close."

After fencing the split in the wall the brothers separated and rode around the rim of the mesa. Lightning had reached the end of his trail; he was caught in a trap. Lee saw him flying like a gleam through the cedars, and suddenly came upon Bess limping painfully along. He galloped up, roped her, and led her, a tired and crippled mustang, back to the place selected for camp.

"Played out, eh?" said Cuth, as he smoothed the dusty neck. "Wal, Bess, you can rest up an' help us ketch the stallion. There's good grazin' here, an' we can go down for water."

For their operations the hunters chose the highest part of the mesa, a level cedar forest. Opposite a rampart of the cliff wall they cut a curved line of cedars, dropping them close together to form a dense, impassable fence. This inclosed a good space free from trees. From the narrowest point, some twenty yards wide, they cut another line of cedars running diagonally back a mile into the center of the mesa. What with this labor and going down every day to take the mustangs to water nearly a week elapsed. But time was of no moment to the Stewarts. Every day Bess was getting better, and Lightning more restive. They heard him crashing through the cedars, and saw him standing in open spots, with his silver mane flying and his head turned over his shoulder watching, always watching.

"It'd be somethin' to find out how long thet stallion could go without waterin'," commented Lee. "But we'll make his tongue hang out to-morrer! An' jest fer spite we'll break him with Black Bess."

Daylight came cool and misty; the veils unrolled in the valleys, the purple curtains of the mountains lifted to the

snow peaks and became clouds; and then the red sun burned out of the east.

"If he runs this way," said Lee, as he mounted Black Bess, "drive him back. Don't let him in the corral till he's tired."

The mesa sloped slightly eastward and the cedar forest soon gave place to sage and juniper. At the extreme eastern point of the mesa Lee jumped Lightning out of a clump of bushes. A race ensued for half the length of the sage flat, then the stallion made into the cedars and disappeared. Lee slowed down, trotting up the easy slope, and cut across somewhat to the right. Not long afterwards he heard Cuth yelling and saw Lightning tearing through the scrub. Lee went on to the point where he had left Cuth and waited.

Soon the pound of hoofs thudded through the forest, coming nearer and nearer. Lightning appeared straight ahead, running easily. At sight of Lee and the black mare he snorted viciously and, veering to the left, took to the open. Lee watched him with sheer admiration. He had a beautiful stride and ran seemingly without effort. Then Cuth galloped up and reined in a spent and foam-flecked mustang.

"Thet stallion can run some," was his tribute.

"He shure can. Change hosses now an' be ready to fall in line when I chase him back."

With that Lee coursed away and soon crossed the trail of Lightning and followed it at a sharp trot, threading in and out of the aisles and glades of the forest. He passed through to the rim and circled half the mesa before he saw the stallion again. Lightning stood on a ridge looking backward. When the hunter yelled, the stallion leaped as if he had been shot and plunged down the ridge. Lee headed to cut him off from the cedars, but he forged to the front, gained the cedar level, and twinkled in and out of the clump of trees. Again Lee slowed down to save his mustang.

Bess was warming up and Lee wanted to see what she could do at close range. Keeping within sight of Lightning the hunter chased him leisurely round and round the forest, up and down the sage

slopes, along the walls, at last to get him headed for the only open stretch on the mesa. Lee rode across a hollow and came out on the level only a few rods behind him.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" yelled the hunter, spurring Bess forward like a black streak. Uttering a piercing snort of terror the gray stallion lunged out, for the first time panic-stricken, and lengthened his stride in a way that was wonderful to see. Then at the right moment Cuth darted from his hiding place, whooping at the top of his voice and whirling his lasso. Lightning won that race down the open stretch, but it cost him his best.

At the turn he showed his fear and plunged wildly first to the left then to the right. Cuth pushed him relentlessly, while Lee went back, tied up Bess, and saddled Billy, a wiry mustang of great endurance. Then the two hunters remorselessly hemmed Lightning between them, turned him where they wished, at last to run him around the corner of the fence of cut cedars down the line through the narrow gate into the corral prepared for him.

"Hold here!" cried Lee at the gate. "I'll go in an' drive him round an' round till he's done; then when I yell you stand to one side an' rope him as he goes out."

Lightning ran around the triangular space, plunged up the steep walls, and crashed over the dead cedars. Then as sense and courage gave way more and more to terror he broke into desperate headlong flight. He ran blindly, and every time he passed the guarded gateway, his eyes were wilder and his stride more labored.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" yelled Lee.

Cuth pulled out of the opening and hid behind the line of cedars, his lasso swinging loosely. Lightning saw the vacated opening and sprang forward with a hint of his old speed. As he passed through, a yellow loop flashed in the sun, circling, narrowing, and he seemed to run right into it. The loop whipped close around the glossy neck and the rope stretched taut. Cuth's mustang staggered under the violent shock, went to his knees, but struggled up and held firmly. Lightning reared aloft.

Then Lee, darting up in a cloud of dust, shot his lasso. The noose nipped the right foreleg of the stallion. He plunged and for an instant there was a wild straining struggle, then he fell heaving and groaning. In a twinkling Lee sprang off and, slipping the rope that threatened to strangle Lightning replaced it by a stout halter and made this fast to a cedar.

Whereupon the Stewarts stood back and gazed at their prize. Lightning was badly spent, but not to a dangerous point; he was wet with foam but no fleck of blood appeared; his superb coat showed scratches, but none cut the flesh. He was up after a while, panting heavily and trembling in all his muscles. He was a beaten horse, but he showed no viciousness, only the wild fear of a trapped animal. He eyed Bess, then the hunters, and last the halter.

"Lee, will you look at him! Will you jest look at thet mane!" ejaculated Cuth.

"Wal," replied Lee, "I reckon thet reward, an' then some, can't buy him."

