

In Arizona Territory, a rancher's wife and daughter are kidnapped and taken to Mexico. Captain Wheeler, commander of the Arizona Rangers sends his best man and a rookie to work with the Mexican Rurales.

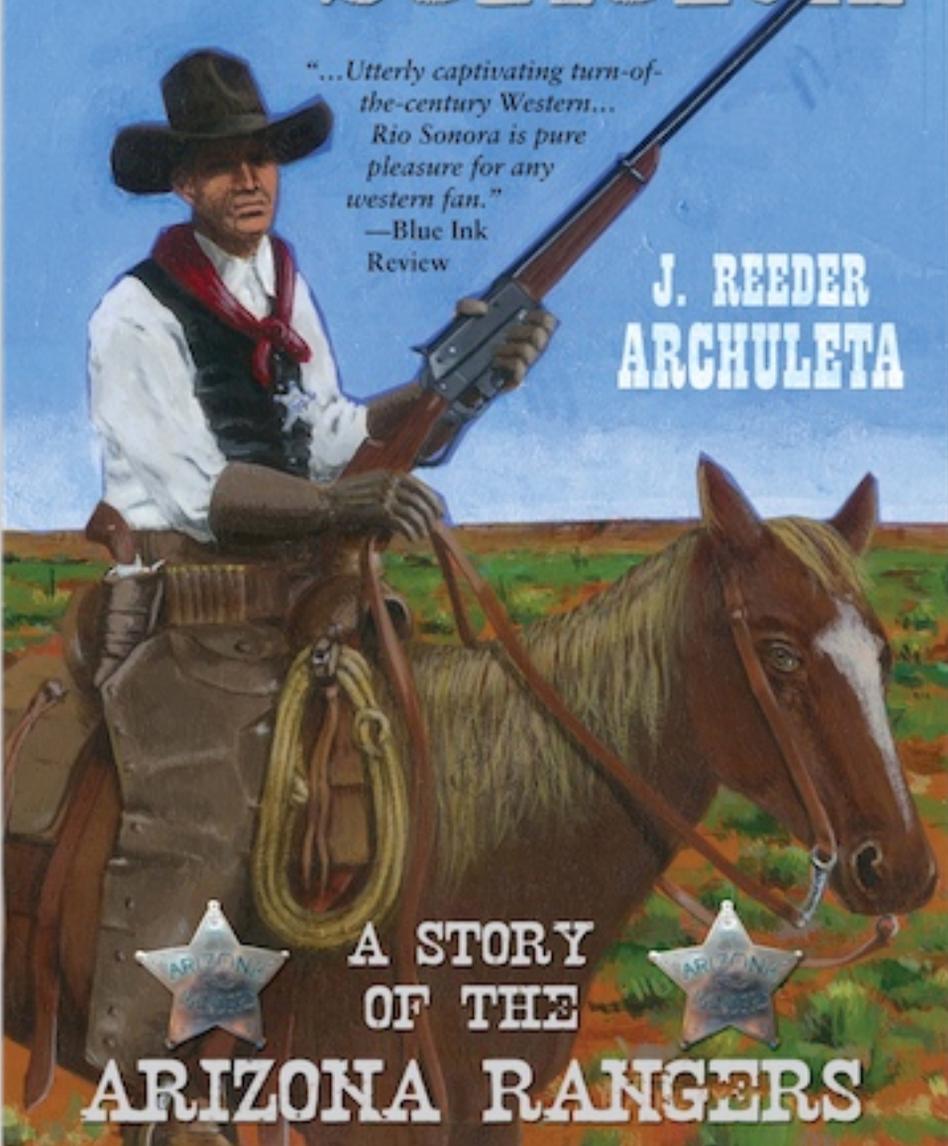
Rio Sonora

by J. Reeder Archuleta

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RIO SONORA

A man in a cowboy hat and vest is riding a brown horse. He is holding a long rifle. The background is a blue sky and a green field.

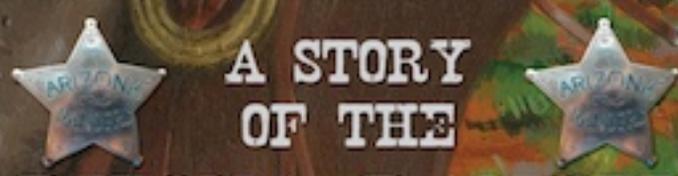
"...Utterly captivating turn-of-the-century Western...

Rio Sonora is pure pleasure for any western fan."

—Blue Ink
Review

J. REEDER
ARCHULETA

ARIZONA
A STORY
OF THE
ARIZONA RANGERS

Two silver stars with the word 'ARIZONA' written on them are positioned on either side of the text 'A STORY OF THE ARIZONA RANGERS'.

Praise for
Rio Sonora: A Story of the Arizona Rangers
By J. Reeder Archuleta

“...Utterly captivating turn-of-the-century Western...Rio Sonora is pure pleasure for any western fan...”

— *Blue Ink Review*

“J. Reeder Archuleta’s utterly captivating turn-of-the-century Western...Owen Jones, Archuleta’s protagonist, is the consummate lawman, among the last of a dying breed...Jones is a charismatic hero: honest to a fault; charming to women, fellow lawmen and the villains he captures; thirsty for justice; and fearless in battle...Archuleta excels in painting a vivid picture of the American West...The story is fast paced and exciting...In all, Rio Sonora is pure pleasure for any western fan...After reaching story’s end, readers will hope the wait isn’t long before Archuleta reprises Jones in another adventure.”

“...Potentially the last of a great breed of heroes...”

“...Rio Sonora is a unique Western. It examines what it means to hold fast to one’s principles and pledge your life to something greater. It’s a fantastic adventure...”

— *The Clarion Review*

“This is a fantastic adventure featuring heroes on horseback, shoot-outs, and dastardly villains itching for a showdown. A lawman on the edge of modernity chases evil...surprisingly complex...Owen Jones is a uniquely human lawman within the genre, potentially the last of a great breed of heroes...Like the dry desert it’s set in, the narrative is expansive and sparse. Details unfold just enough to paint an adequate picture without bogging down the story’s flow. Characters...do not lean on Western clichés: instead, everyone has clear motives and motivations.”

“...A well-rendered historical novel...scenes pleasantly linger on details, giving the story a firm sense of place with fine, clean prose...”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“Archuleta showcases his knowledge of the Arizona of the era and nicely follows his characters through the region and into Mexico...his scenes pleasantly linger on details, giving the story a firm sense of place with fine, clean prose...A well-rendered historical novel that thrives in its descriptions of the old American Southwest.”

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First Edition



ONE

The lawman sat on his bedroll with his back against several large canvas sacks stacked behind him, his legs flat on the wooden floorboard of the Southern Pacific Express car. Precious Pete sat on the floor, opposite him, with a hopeful smile on his face. The lawman noticed that when Pete began to smile there was something contagious about it. It made a person want to smile with him. Pete's eyebrows lifted in the middle and his blue eyes sparkled, lighting up his handsome face. But when his full lips pulled up and back, his front teeth became the prominent feature of his face, and what teeth were not missing were yellow and stained brown from well-water minerals. Stained teeth were not uncommon in Arizona Territory, but it was the greenish, moss-like matter hanging between the teeth at Pete's gumline that killed any contagious desire to smile with him.

In his forty-nine years of life, the lawman had seen men in all their shame and glory, but somehow, the spectacle of Pete's teeth was more than he could handle, and he turned to look out the open door of the car. He fought the drowsiness brought on by the rhythm of the steel wheels rolling over the joints in the rails and had caught himself nodding off several times since the train had pulled out of Tucson station. The lack of sleep during the chase and capture of Precious Pete had begun to take its toll.

Earlier, the railroad agent had brought him a sugared coffee from the dining car in a delicate white china cup, and this had revived him for a while. He was not worried about Precious Pete jumping him, for Pete was secured with eight pounds of chain that was girdled around his waist. The chain ran down between his legs to a double wrap on his ankles, where it was secured with a padlock. It then ran a few feet across the floor, around the leg of a half-ton railroad safe, and

back through the wrap at Pete's waist to his wrists, where it took three tight turns and was padlocked again. Whenever Pete moved his hands or feet, the chain made a loud rattling sound as it moved along the wood floor and around the steel leg of the safe.

The lawman was taking Pete to Yuma Territorial Prison, where he would be held for the sheriff in Yuma County, who had the responsibility for Pete's execution. The railroad agent, in full defiance of the rules and regulations of Southern Pacific, had slid open the mail car door, and the dry breeze created by the speed of the train flowed into the car and eased the oven-like heat of the Arizona desert. Coal smoke and cinders occasionally swept into the car, but that was a small price to pay for the breeze. The lawman watched the dry landscape flow by as the train headed west across the bottom of the territory; he could see the vague humps of dark blue mountains to the south as they floated above the heat rising from the desert floor.

"How long you reckon it'll be?" Pete asked.

"About two hours, give or take."

"No. I mean how long before they hang me?"

The lawman looked back at Pete. "Don't know, Pete. That'll be up to the sheriff in Yuma."

Pete quit smiling and stared at the far wall of the car. "I never done nothin' to hurt nobody!" His voice took on a sullen tone.

The lawman glanced back at Pete, shook his head, and then returned his gaze to the open door.

"It was the others done all the shootin'. I just helped move the cattle."

"Not what the hands said."

"Lyin' bastards!"

"And the rancher's wife and the boy up on the Verde?"

"You know damn well that weren't me! I was over in St. Johns, nowheres near the Verde! It was the Breed done that! I done some bad things, but none like that!"

The lawman reached for his saddlebag, pulled it close, and took out a fresh plug of tobacco. He drew his knife from its scabbard and began to cut off a corner of the plug.

“I offered to testify on that one!”

“Yes, and I told the judge that, but he needs an eyewitness, not hearsay, and you didn’t help yourself none when you broke out of jail in Benson and we had to run you to ground. No, Pete, it would take a lot more than good testimony to even things out.”

Pete went quiet. He was thinking hard. The lawman got to his feet, caught his balance on the rocking floor of the express car, and took the cut of tobacco over to his prisoner. Pete put the tightly packed tobacco in his mouth and began to chew slowly. He looked at the lawman and tried to think of a way out of this situation and his impending date with the hangman in Yuma. All because a dumb cowhand on a sorry excuse for a ranch in Yuma County tried to stop him stealing a few head of scrawny cows. He should have never stopped in Benson for a drink. He should have kept riding east, all the way to El Paso.

“What if I was to tell you about something you don’t know ’bout yet?”

The lawman pushed his back up against the mail sacks and cut another piece off the plug. “What do you mean, Pete?” He put the tobacco in his mouth and began to chew slowly. He felt the saliva begin to flow, and the strong taste of the blocked leaf formed in his mouth, bringing alertness to his tired body and numbed mind.

“I mean I know what happened to the MacDuff women!”

The lawman put on a disinterested face. “There’s talk about them runnin’ off to her kin in Texas.”

Pete looked at the lawman, disappointment on his face, but he recovered quickly. “That ain’t what happened!” Pete began to smile again.

The lawman looked away, grabbed an empty fruit can on the floor next to the mail sacks, and threw it over to Pete. Pete grabbed it and dribbled a long stream of brown juice from his mouth to the can.

“That ain’t what happened! If I was to tell you what happened, you reckon they would just keep me in prison ’stead of hanging me?”

“Don’t know, Pete. I’d have to wire the judge. But I can tell you this for certain. I can’t wire him with a promise; I’ll need the facts as you know them, and then we’ll see. I ain’t lyin’ to you, it’s a gamble.”

“You been real decent to me like no lawman I ever knew. You done shared your chew with me and all, but I got somethin’ to trade and I don’t trust no judge if I tell all before I get a deal!”

“Pete, I treated you like I did because, well hell, if you hadn’t taken a couple of bad turns in life, who knows how things would have turned out.”

Pete was quiet, and the lawman thought he saw the other man’s eyes weaken for just a moment. *General Order number Five*, he thought: *A prisoner must be shown the courtesy due an unfortunate and the kindness a helpless man deserves and gets from a brave officer.* There was something else in the order about showing the greatest humanity and putting yourself in the prisoner’s place. High-minded ideas mostly, and good ones, he had to admit, but the lawman treated his prisoners decently because it was practical. This was hard country and these were hard men, but he had learned that most of them relaxed when treated with even a small amount of kindness, and when they relaxed, they talked. The lawman was not a particularly kind man, but he had obtained confessions from many a prisoner, and they would give him information about people and crimes in the territory simply because he treated them decently. Over time, these bits of information added up and gave him a leg up on criminal activity in the territory. When a man was on his way to the gallows he had

only the memories of his miserable life and a small amount of dignity left over from the time he was a free man. No need to take that away when the law was about to take his life. He had dealt with many men like Pete: young hellions full of fire and anxious to make a reputation. They were not real fighters, just killers with blown-up monikers who would rather back shoot a man or terrify women, but more often than not surrendered or tried to run when they met a man who would stand and fight. They were men of limited abilities and even more limited consciences. Pete was one of them. He was a liar, a coward, and a killer, but if he could help solve a crime and identify the criminals responsible, then the few hours between here and Yuma would credit him with more decency than most of his short, violent life had so far.

The train rattled on. The lawman was quiet. Pete was close to telling him something about the MacDuff women, so he intended to give him plenty of room. About five months ago, the MacDuff rig had been found abandoned between their ranch and the border town of Naco. Tracks had been found in the area, but no bodies, blood, or sign of a struggle. The rig was empty and the horse was gone. The lawman had followed the tracks for about a mile toward Naco, where they split into two groups, spread out on different paths to the border. He and his partner had counted twelve horses, including the MacDuff buggy horse. He remembered looking south where Arizona fell off gradually toward Mexico. The small border town of Naco stood out on the brush covered slope. He had sat his horse for a long time as he looked south and considered the terror of a mother and her young daughter, helpless in the hands of a gang of cutthroat bandits. He had hoped they would receive some word of ransom for the women, but after several months with no contact, he was convinced that the women were dead and he would not allow himself to speculate on how they had met their end.

The lawman chewed slowly and spit into a spittoon next to the railroad agent's desk.

“I’ll tell you what I know, but you gotta promise to wire the judge!”

“We’ll see.”

“Promise?”

“Now Pete, I can’t promise ’til I know the facts. The judge’d have my hide if I was to wire him with no facts.”

“All right, then! It was the Breed and his boys.”

The lawman looked into Pete’s eyes and waited. Pete was nervous and he looked away, not meeting the lawman’s eyes.

“Hell, Pete. The judge would laugh me out of the territory if I went to him with that.” He leaned back against the mail sacks, and just before he closed his eyes, he was surprised to see Pete’s lower lip tremble just a bit. Now maybe it would come.

“We was ridin’ to the border after selling off a herd to some men over on the Mogollon. We was ridin’ hard, staying close to New Mexico most of the way. Spence said he had some business in Naco and said he would join us later in Mexico. We had plans to all meet on the Rio Sonora north of Bacoachic, where it takes a sharp turn to the west. We ran across the women on the road north of Naco, and the Breed, he got all excited, the mother bein’ a real pretty blond, and all. Some of the others was lickin’ their chops, too, but Spence wanted to just ride on. The Breed convinced him that we could ransom the women from the Mexican side of the border. ’Sides, they’d seen us and we was tryin’ to get into Mexico without nobody knowin’ where we was. After arguin’ for a while, Spence agrees that the Breed had a good idea so we just unhitched the horse, lifted the women and their picnic basket, and headed south. After a little ways, we split into two bunches to go ’round Naco. Spence, he tells me to ride with the Breed, who got the women, and make sure he don’t hurt them. We made good time and was far into Mexico before dark. We made dry camp that night and ’cept for tyin’ them up, the women wasn’t hurt none. The mother, she was

real proud and she stared the Breed down a couple o' times. The girl was real scared and she cried, quiet like, all the time. The next day we headed out to the meeting place on the Bacoachic. We got there just after noon and set up camp close to the river and waited for Spence." Pete stopped talking and was quiet for a while. He looked off into the middle distance. "We ate their picnic lunch that was in the basket."

"How old was the girl, Pete?" The lawman's voice was soft.

Pete looked at him and then quickly turned his eyes back to the middle distance.

"I don't know."

"Take a guess." The lawman's voice was still soft.

"I said I don't know!"

"She just turned ten years old, Pete." His voice was just a bit harder now.

"Well, I didn't have nothin' to do with her, dammit!" Pete stopped and spit more tobacco juice into the can. He looked at the lawman, hoping that he would not have to go on.

"What is the Breed's name, Pete?"

"Joaquin Mitchell."

"Does he have any family?"

"He got some kind a kin, half brothers and sisters, I think."

"Where could I find them?"

"Don't know. Somewhere down south on the Yaqui. But I heard he hates 'em, so he prob'ly won't go down there."

"He the same one that was in on the bank robbery in Winslow?"

"That's him." Pete was relieved now and wanted to be helpful about the Breed.

"'Bout five foot nine, real dark, barrel chest, black hair?"

"That's him. He got green eyes. And somethin' else. His feet—he got web feet, like a duck."

"How do you mean, Pete?"

“His toes got this skin between ’em. All of ’em. In that village—down on the Yaqui—they call him El Pato Prieto. He hates bein’ called a duck. I seen him stab a fella called him that.”

“What about his folks?”

“They’re dead. He claims he killed his father, some Irish miner.”

They were silent for a while. The lawman was making mental notes, and Pete was reliving the crime-filled day, hoping that he would not have to tell any more. The lawman leaned forward and looked Pete in the eye.

“What happened next?”

Pete looked like he had been betrayed and was quiet for a moment as if deciding whether he should continue. The lawman was patient but had a determined look on his face. Pete looked down at the fruit can between his legs and spoke in a subdued voice.

“We waited for Spence. I was surely hopin’ he would get there soon, but it weren’t to be. The Breed and the boys was drinkin’ and playin’ cards most of the afternoon and then they started payin’ a lot more ’tention to the women. They...” Pete broke off and stared down at the can.

The lawman could see that Pete was truly in agony, and he wanted to give Pete plenty of time, but after a while, it was apparent that he needed coaxing. “Go on, Pete.” His voice was soft and encouraging.

Pete avoided the lawman’s eyes.

“They took turns with the woman and then, they...I want you to know I didn’t have nothin’ to do with the girl! I swear on my mother’s grave!”

“I know, Pete. I never figured you for that kind of man.” The lawman’s voice was still soft and reassuring, but he felt the rage building in him as the truth of the women’s fate began to take shape in the hot express car. How could this cowardly little bastard swear on his mother’s grave? He fought hard to control the rage. He wanted to keep Pete talking.

“When they was through with the woman, the Breed cut her throat, and then they went over to get the girl.” Tears ran down Pete’s handsome face, and for a moment, it appeared that he might just start to blubber.

“And?” the lawman prodded.

“Well, they raped her!”

“Who raped the girl, Pete?”

“The Breed and Zeke Bent!”

“Who killed her?”

“The Breed.”

“Cut her throat?”

“No!” Pete broke off with a choked sob. Tears ran freely down his face, and tobacco juice leaked out of his mouth, forming small bubbles of brown foam at the corners of his full lips.

The lawman let Pete seep in the misery of his memories for a while longer and then in a quiet voice said, “Go on.”

“He, he picked her up by her feet, she was just a teeny little thing. From where I was standin’, she looked like a little china doll, all white and crying for her mama. And there was blood all over her, you know, from when they...” Pete was quiet again.

The lawman said nothing but took some satisfaction in the depth of Pete’s agonies.

“And then he swung her down, smashing her on the ground like you would a gut-shot rabbit. Then he did it again and then she didn’t make no more noise.”

Pete was just about wrung out, and the lawman knew he would hold nothing back now. “Did you rape Mrs. McDuff?”

“Yes.” Pete spoke in a monotone. “God help me, I did!”

“Did you tell me all this in hopes you wouldn’t hang, or did you tell me to clear your conscience?”

Pete looked up, and the lawman thought that if Pete had ever in his life had a moment of honesty, this was it.

“I started out tellin’ you to save my neck, but after I started, I reckon, well, I reckon I just wanted to make a clean breast of it all.”

“Who else raped Mrs. MacDuff?”

“An old guy name of Harvey Miller. He stays drunk most of the time. Ezekiel Bent and a Mexican called Mocho. That Ezekiel is just as bad as the Breed, worse in some ways. I’m pretty sure it was him done the woman and boy up on the Verde. He likes hurtin’ people!”

“Where can I find them?”

“Last I seen ’em, they was still with the Breed in Mexico.”

“Now tell me, what did you do with the bodies?”

“Some of the boys that didn’t have nothin’ to do with it, well, the Breed made them dig a deep hole and put the bodies in and cover them up.”

“Where?”

“On the east bank between the river and a stand of old cottonwoods.”

“Who are these boys and where can I find them?”

“Johnny Richardson and Octavio Paz, a couple of ranch hands from the Verde spread who fell in with us when we rustled that herd. Don’t know where they are now. Next mornin’, they was just gone.”

“Now tell me about this Spence, is that his first name or last?”

“That’s the only name I know him by. He’s tall, has long dark hair and a beard. Got a scar above his eyes. He’s smart. Real quiet. Supposed to have went to some fancy school back east. He kept to hisself mostly, but he paid good and I woulda rode with him again if I had a chance, but after Naco, I never saw him again. He never made the meeting place, so me and the boys drifted south. I stayed there a couple of months until I got tired of Mexico and Mexicans and then came back to the territory. That’s all I know.”

“Where does the Breed hang out in Sonora?”

“He stays in the high country, like the ’Paches used to, but he likes to be close to towns so he can get mescal and supplies. We would ride into them little Mexican towns and get what we needed. They never had much, just some corn and beans and aguardiente.”

“Was he still in touch with Spence?”

“Don’t know. Him and Spence, they never told us much ’bout their plans—only what we was gonna do and when we was gonna do it. I did hear that the Breed was supposed to go to Hermosillo to meet someone. I figured it to be Spence, but that’s ’bout the time I left.”

They were both quiet, each lost in thought. Pete slowly chewed tobacco and stared at the wall of the car across from him. The lawman looked out the door at the passing desert, losing track of time until the Southern Pacific agent came into the car and began pulling the door closed.

“Just twenty miles to Yuma.” he announced.

The lawman took an oilskin pouch from his saddlebags, opened it, and removed several sheets of foolscap and a pencil. As the train slowed during its approach to Yuma, he sat at the railroad agent’s desk and began to write. He wrote quickly what he had already composed in his mind, and by the time the train stopped at the station, he had completed his work.

The prison wagon was waiting on the far side of the baggage room. The lawman checked in with the stationmaster for messages and then arranged for the unloading of his tack. He then led Pete, still in chains, across the wooden platform and down the ramp to the wagon.

The guard at the main gate of Yuma Territorial Prison watched the prison wagon make its way around the corner and up the main road that ran along the river in front of the prison. The wagon stopped fifty yards east of the gate, in accordance with prison regulations, and the prisoner was removed at that spot. The guard watched as the lawman and the prisoner walked slowly up the hill toward him. A stiff

breeze blew in off the river and stirred up clouds of dust that rolled low over the road so that the two men appeared to float above the hard-packed dirt. Except for the fact that one man was in chains, there was not much difference in the appearance of the two men. They were both covered with dust and looked like tired cowhands coming in after a long trail drive. They were dressed in frayed and worn clothing, but as they came nearer, the guard noticed that the lawman was at least clean-shaven. He noticed something else, too. The lawman, although moving like he was dog-tired, explored his surroundings with his eyes, his head swiveling from side to side, constantly moving and taking in everything around him.

After asking for the officer of the watch, the lawman took his prisoner to a spot under the awning at the front gate and waited. The guard called for his sergeant and then lounged in the shade of a small building attached to the front wall of the prison.

Pete was bent over, as if the chains were pulling him to the ground. He appeared to be resigned to his fate. The mud-colored walls of the prison rose high above him, and he realized his chances for freedom were gone forever.

"I'd rather they shoot me than hang me," Pete said to no one in particular.

"I don't think you have any selection in the matter, Pete." The lawman looked up at the brown walls. The guard laughed.

"Well, I sure wish I knew how long it'll be." Pete was looking at the huge wooden and metal gates in front of him.

The guard laughed again and said, "They'll keep you here long enough for you to get used to the heat so's to prepare you for your long stay in hell, then they'll hang you."

The lawman turned to the guard and gave him a cold look that iced over the disgust he felt at the guard's remark. In a voice just loud enough for the guard to hear, he said, "Will you please check with the officer about the transport party?"

The guard broke away from the lawman's glare and went into the small building.

The lawman turned back to Pete. "Pete, I have written up a statement that I want you to look over, and if you agree with it, I want you to sign it."

"I, I can't read," Pete said.

The gate creaked on its hinges as it swung open, and a sergeant and two guards came forward to meet them. They took Pete and the lawman inside through the gate and walked over to a small building. The lawman removed the chains from Pete's body; when he was finished, the guards shackled the hands and feet of their new prisoner.

"Sergeant, I would appreciate it if you would serve as a witness to an official statement." The lawman was putting the chains into a canvas bag.

"I can do that, but I'd like to get the transfer orders and our paperwork done first."

The lawman nodded and waited while the sergeant filled in the blanks and signed the prison paperwork. He then gave the sergeant a small canvas sack containing Pete's personal items.

"Pete, I wrote down what you told me on the train. I'm going to read it to you, and if you agree with it, and only if you agree, I want you to sign it."

Pete nodded his head.

The lawman began to read. "I, Samuel Jens Petersen, also known as Pete Petersen and Precious Pete, give this statement freely and of my own will. I do so without any promises being made to me and under no duress."

Pete interrupted. "Duress?"

"It means I didn't threaten you in any way, Pete."

Pete nodded his head.

The lawman continued, "In February of this year I was with the gang that took Mrs. Mac Duff and her daughter from their buggy north of Naco, Arizona Territory, and transported them to Sonora, Mexico, where we planned to ransom them

back to their family. The head of the gang was a man known to me only as Spence. We split into two groups; Spence went into Naco, and the rest of us went to Mexico. On the Rio Sonora north of Bacoachic, we raped and murdered Mrs. MacDuff. Joaquin Mitchell, myself, Harvey Miller, Ezekiel Bent, and a Mexican known to me as Mocho raped Mrs. MacDuff. Mitchell then killed her by cutting her throat. Mitchell and Bent then raped Mrs. MacDuff's daughter, Susan, and Mitchell killed her by slamming her body to the ground. Johnny Richardson and Octavio Paz, who did not take part in either rape, buried Mrs. MacDuff and her daughter on the east bank of the Rio Sonora under a stand of cottonwoods where the river makes a sharp westward bend north of Bacoachic. Signed and sworn on this twenty-ninth day of September, 1908."

The sergeant looked at Pete and shook his head in disgust.

"Sound about right, Pete?"

"Zactly as I told you, but—that part about no promises—I mean—ain't you going to wire the judge?"

The lawman looked at Pete and let the silence take a strong hold.

"Do you still really want me to, Pete?" His voice was soft, confiding.

Pete stared at the floor, tears in his eyes. "No. I don't reckon it'll do me any good now. But I been thinkin' on this, and there is one promise I want before I make my mark."

"What's that, Pete?"

"I got a daughter in Tucson. Her name is Sara and she's two years old. Her mother is Janie Shaw. She worked over at the Palace Saloon the last I knew. I ain't seen them in a while. There's a five-dollar gold piece and a ring, belonged to my mother, there in that sack on the table. I want you to promise you'll give it to Sara." Tears welled up in Pete's eyes.

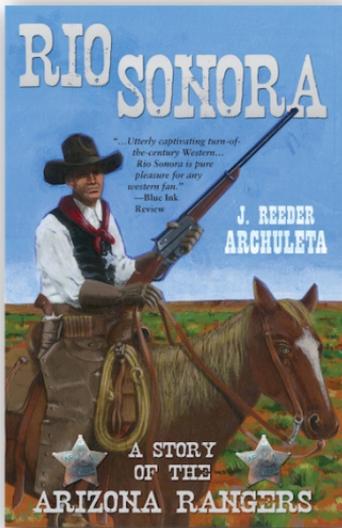
"All right, then, Pete, I promise I'll do that."

The lawman put the statement on the table next to the canvas sack. “Now, if you’ll put your mark here, the sergeant and I will witness it.” He gave Pete a pencil and showed him where to sign. Pete swung the chains from the hand shackles out of the way and made a scribbled “S J P” at the bottom of the single sheet of paper.

“I just want you to know, I, I...” Pete shook his head. Sweat ran down his face, stinging his eyes, and he squeezed them shut. A sense of desperation suddenly came over him, and he felt the need to tell the lawman something, anything. He did not know for sure what he wanted to say as he searched for words to give the lawman to take away with him, but after a moment, when he could find nothing in the rush of thoughts that ran through his mind, he stood still and quiet.

The lawman said nothing, and when Pete opened his eyes and looked at him, he felt a small shock go through him. The lawman’s eyes were cold and hard, and he looked right through Pete. It was as if Pete no longer existed. It was if they had never met and the lawman was a thousand miles away.

The sergeant leaned over the table and signed Pete’s statement. He wrote his name out slowly: Zachary Wills, Sgt., Yuma Territorial Prison. The lawman signed at the very bottom of the page: Owen P. Jones, Arizona Ranger, Arizona Territory.



In Arizona Territory, a rancher's wife and daughter are kidnapped and taken to Mexico. Captain Wheeler, commander of the Arizona Rangers sends his best man and a rookie to work with the Mexican Rurales.

Rio Sonora

by J. Reeder Archuleta

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