

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

He reached daylight and looked into a dim, bleak world blasted by the bitter wind; he heard the shrill and weird wailing of the peaks lost above the pail. A minute or two of this was ample. He slid back into the cabin and built a stronger fire to thaw the frozen marrow of his bones.

He had used by the fifth day all of the wood. The next fuel was the bunk. The posts and the lodgepole stringers went into the stove. All that was then left was the cupboard, and he was afraid that once the cupboard came down there would be more rifts of the cabin wall uncovered. Debating over this, the fire died and the snow water in the pan cooled. He pulled on his sock and shoe and rose to his one good foot.

"Got to keep the fire burnin'," said he with aspry cheerfulness. "While I'm warm I might as well be good an' warm. When I'm cold it won't make no difference, anyhow. Mister cupboard, come to your uncle."

The cupboard was only a dry-goods box nailed to the wall. He hopped over to it gripped the edges, hauling downward with his weight. The cupboard gave slightly and resisted. Jim Chaffee let his arms fall; and an expression of shocked surprise flickered across his slim face. Two ten penny nails—nothing more—anchored that box. And he couldn't pull it down. This was bold handwriting on the cabin wall. He became aware then that he was weaker than he figured, and he made no further attempt at getting fire wood. Instead, he hopped back to the stove and plunged into an involved train of thoughts.

"Now this ain't really so bad. I'm alive, ain't I? I'm not hangin' by mere perspiration to the edge of the canyon. And I'm not dodgin' any bullets. Nobody can poison my soup, because there ain't any soup to poison. It 'bein' cold, I don't need to worry about bein' hit by a hydrophobia dog. Shucks, there's lots of things that can't happen to me. The point is, I wonder what Mack's up to?"

He had promised to drop a line from Bannoc City. Mack would worry about not getting a letter. Mack would begin to look ahead and count over possibilities. Knowing his partner very well, Jim understood that after a certain length of time had elapsed without word Mack Moran would not sit idle. The battling puncher would get aboard a horse and investigate. Right there was a definite hope.

"Question becomes, how long will he wait?" pondered Jim Chaffee. "If everything had gone according to schedule I'd have written three days ago, and he'd have said letter by now. He'll be wonderin' right now. But he'll wait another twenty-four hours, anyhow. Then he'll start up this way. If I can hold out till Tuesday—"

Tuesday seemed remote. In fact the longer he studied his position the more impossibly distant Tuesday became. He took himself to account. "Listen, Chaffee, what's the idea of expectin' somebody else to hold you out of this pickle? It ain't your style. You're twenty-one, free, white, and hungry. You got into this jackpot. Now it's up to you and nobody else. Do somethin'."

A gunny sack lay over in one corner of the room. He boosted himself across the floor and got it. Taking his knife he cut a hole in the sewed end and shook out the dirt. Then he measured himself against it

and slit an aperture on either side. Throwing the sack over his head he found he had a smock which, though quite dusty and smelling very evil, gave him so much extra protection. Thus far he had no idea at all of what he meant to do. The next logical thing seemed to be an inspection of his gun, and following that he moved toward the door.

"It's a long way back to Gorman's lodge," he muttered. "Too far to crawl. But do somethin', anyhow. You can't expect a break unless you go out there and make one. Stick here much longer and you'll be pickin' banana off the wall. It's serious when a man begins talkin' to himself unless he's a sheep herder. Just amble out and have a look."

He opened the door and found the tunnel half filled in. So he took up the bitter work of clearing another alley to the surface. Once again the knife edge of the slashing wind bit into his bones, and once again he heard the shrill wailing of the peaks above him. According to his judgment it was around noon, but he had no way of exactly determining. There was no hint of sun in the cheerless snow mist, no hint of time's passage at all except the waxing and waning of the thin, bleak light. He was isolated, cut off from human kind in this high, storm battered world.

The rounding alley of the pass beckoned either way. West was back to timber line, back to Gorman's. East was into the adjacent valley. All landmarks were buried, and the weaving, driving snow choked out everything but the immediate foreground. Rising to one knee he studied this desolation neither hopefully nor otherwise. He could fight, and he was so prepared to fight—the last great fight for simple existence; yet at the same time he was a gambler, at heart, being a gambler, studied his chances with a critical eye. Not for a moment did he allow himself the folly of optimism. He knew very well that the elements had him hamstrung, that they were pulling him down to a soundless and unpleasant death. So much he admitted.

"Why lay down and quit in that cabin? I might make it to Gorman's. I might. Wind's behind me and it's down grade. Well, if there's any other chance I'd better think of 'em right now before I start."

He was conscious all of a sudden that the intense cold didn't bite him as it should. He wasn't feeling it like he ought to feel it. "A good man can stand lots of this," said he. "But it gets a thin old wolf like me sudden. I better be movin'. I sure do wish I could eat coffee and flapjacks in that little log house of mine once more."

He crawled away from the tunnel, testing his strength against the snow. Ten yards left him doubtful. Twenty more yards and he stopped, breathing hard and feeling the quiver of his muscles. It may have been a momentary flash of despair that turned him about for a last look at the summit cabin; it may have been a recognition of defeat; or it may have been some impalpable note of warning singing along the whipping wind. But he turned at any rate; and deep in the mist, beyond the cabin, he saw a tall silhouette moving across the gray background of the storm. It woke all the hope he had left; it dredged up the last of his strength. He stood on his knees, trying to penetrate the pail; he shouted,

knowing that the wind whipped his words on down the slope—the wrong way. Then the silhouette disappeared.

"Eyes goin' bad. Why don't I get sore about it? Why don't I knock up a fuss? Now what—"

The silhouette reappeared, quartered along the lifting clouds of snow, and halted. Didn't have the shape of a man. Maybe a horse. But what would a horse be doing up here? The tricks of the snow tantalized him, thinning and thickening, giving him an instant's glimpse of the moving object and then shutting it from sight. He dropped to all fours and crawled against the cabin, toiled on, and stopped out of exhaustion. The silhouette grew plainer, broke the mists. A mule-tail buck deer stood fifty yards away, ribs sprung out against sunken flanks; the animal braced its feet wide in the snow and lowered its head.

Chaffee reached for his gun. "Mister Buck, just take your time. Don't be in a hurry. And drift this way, you son-of-a-gun!"

The deer advanced a few more yards and again took a stand. The wind was driving him onward across the pass. How he had gotten this far up Chaffee didn't understand, but he was not disposed to reflect on the vagaries of the animal kingdom at this precise moment. Flat on his stomach, he crawled, wishing the day was still darker. He stopped, afraid to move into the buck's line of vision, and he made a tripod with his elbows and propped the gun between palms.

"That's all right. Take your time. You got this far, now come a little farther. No, that snow ain't to eat. And you can't smell me a-tall. Not a-tall, Mister Buck. Wind's the wrong way. That's right—one foot in front of the other. Same way my mamma taught me to walk. Nossir, you can't see me either. I'm covered with snow. It's only a log you see. Yeah."

The buck plowed ahead, directly in line with Chaffee. The man pulled back the gun's hammer and took a test sight. Right in the chest and a little to one side. But it was still too far. The buck had trouble in making traction, and three times during that long spell of waiting the beast stopped. Chaffee throttled the impulse to shoot. Another yard would make it surer. And when the deer advanced the necessary yard Chaffee argued with himself again as if he were lecturing an impatient child. Still another yard to be more sure. "Yuh look hungry. Well, they's all sorts of nice grass down beyond me. Don't take my word for it. Use your own judgment. Ain't that what you come all the way to find? Now next time you stop, turn half way round. I'll be obliged I'd rather aim behind a fore-quarter. Won't hurt you near so much."

All this was under his breath. Feeling fast fled from his arms. The muzzle of the gun had a tendency to droop. The buck halted twenty yards or more away. Chaffee sighed and squeezed the trigger. The report of that shot roared in his ears was flung back by the wind; the buck reared, whirled about, and raced into the teeth of the driving mist. A moment later he was beyond the pail, and all of Jim Chaffee's hopes went with him. The revolver dropped to the snow, nor did the man make any effort to secure it. Very, very slowly he hauled himself toward the cabin. He was sleepy and he began to argue with himself about the insidious symptoms of death by freezing. "You know blamed well you got to exert a little more steam. Cabin ain't but a mite off. Hoopa—one more boost." His head dropped and he never knew when he went to sleep. Gay Thatcher and Ranzo Taber, coming along less than five minutes later with Taber's huskies, almost ran over him.

His feet hurt—that woke him out of the stupor. They stung like fury. So did his hands; so did his ears. And somebody worked over him with a great deal of unnecessary roughness. He opened his eyes and saw Ranzo Taber, whom he didn't know. Beyond stood Gay Thatcher.

"I missed that doggone buck," he murmured.

"I guess you did," said Taber. "He went by us like a shot out of a gun. How do you feel?"

"All the symptoms. Yeah, I know you're pinchin' my legs. Feelin's comin' back."

"Guess you can stoke up the fire." Said Taber to Gay.

The girl went over and ripped the cupboard down with one single motion. Chaffee couldn't help grinning. "I wasn't able to budge it a little while back. When I get out of here I'm goin' to hire somebody to haul six-eight cords of wood alongside this cabin. Where did you come from?"

"Have a drink first," suggested Taber. Chaffee strangled over a jolt of whisky, but the benefit derived therefrom was immediate.

"When did you eat last?" asked the girl, breaking the cupboard into the stove.

"Not since I left Linderman's." The girl pulled a canteen from her shoulders and came over Chaffee. "I thought something like that might have happened. This is chocolate. One big drink, Jim. No more."

Ranzo Taber started for the door. "Want to look at the dogs. We better be hittin' out of this pretty quick. Ain't long till dark."

Chaffee took a long drink of warm chocolate. Every minute brought an added sting and jab of reviving piece of skin, but he felt in pretty good shape, almost as if he were waking from a turbulent dream. Gay Thatcher he began to study with freshening interest.

In the week's interval she had changed some. Laying aside the effects of man's clothing and high boots, she appeared tired, somehow sad. Her eyes were of a deeper color; once when she caught his direct glance a tinge of crimson slowly rose to her cheeks—and went away. He remembered their meeting in the jail and he wondered what she thought about now.

"You tell your story; then I'll tell mine," said she. He took another pull at the canteen. "Takes a woman to think of a drink like that. Wouldn't this be a haywire world without women? My story don't amount to much. I got out of the jail, ran the lines with Mack, ended up at Linderman's, borrowed a horse and hit for the pass. Was kind of tired, so the horse caught me sleepin' and threw me. Twisted my ankle. Got to the cabin. Been here ever since. Was about to depart for regions unknown when you came along. How did you figure I was here?"

"I saw Mack. He told me you hadn't written. He was worried. I got the whole story from him and put two and two together. So I circled around to Bannoc City and went to Ranzo Taber's ranch. It is only ten miles east of here. Ranzo runs three strings of huskies every winter for sport. I knew that. You weren't in Bannoc City, and I figured you must be somewhere along the trail. So we came." She fell silent. But a moment later he was startled to hear the swift vehemence of her words. "Jim, do you know how close to death you were out there in the snow?"

"I can make a guess at it," he muttered, bothered by something else. "I don't see why you went to all this trouble."

"Don't you, Jim?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

More than 6,000,000 head of range livestock, with an aggregate value exceeding \$2,500,000,000 are kept by farmers and ranchers in California.

ship of Congress might be drastic. Numerous long-sitting members, masters of their own districts, might go down to defeat. Also, it is probable, the result would be far greater strength for the urban population and its viewpoint.

Q. Is there a railroad in the United States which operates trains in only one direction? H. D.

A. The statement that such is the case has sometimes been made with reference to the Winston-Salem Southbound railway because of its unique name. As a matter of fact, the trains come back.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

ABOUT FEEDING

Anyone given to sermonizing would say that the feed situation, which reaches its worst now just before stock goes on pasture, has brought with it certain blessings. That a great many stockmen have learned to feed more efficiently and more economically than they ever fed before. That the sacrifice of some poorer animals and more liberal feeding of the remaining ones has been of direct benefit to the livestock industry.

With which we can not entirely disagree. Instead of the usual home-grown hay, corn, oats, barley or kafir, the ration has in many cases been made up of fodder, beet pulp, straw, molasses, oat feed, wheat, etc. Some stockmen, as a result of having to purchase feed materials and ready-mixed feeds have, for the first time in their lives, fed a complete ration. Some of these "first timers" have demanded of their rations more than they ever did before. It's that way; a feeder is always quick to excuse in a home-grown or home-mixed ration a fault he would not tolerate in a ready-mixed ration.

Having learned that the purchase of supplemental feed is not a disgrace but a step toward better feeding, these folks are not likely to go back to "just hay and grain," a home-grown ration that is inadequate because it is in most cases incomplete. The case of these feeders is not so different from that of the man who learns to like spinach or carrots away from home, because he feels that he has to eat what is set before him.

There are some lessons still to be learned, however; for the winter is not over, though the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. It is false economy to turn stock on to the first grass of spring. For one thing, early pasturing is bad for the pasture. As for the animals themselves—well, the first green grass of spring is a great tonic but an incomplete ration. A cow on early spring pasture will turn the tissues of her own body into milk. Then comes a slump.

To report the turtle or the first robin is not a trustworthy sign when the matter to be settled is early spring feeding. Particularly is this true with horses and mules, which are now going into a period of hard work after a spell of comparative idleness.

A per time to try to save horse feed. Five horses in good shape are a more dependable source of power than six on short rations. Two good pitchers won the pennant and the world's series for Connie Mack last year. What would a half dozen second stringers have done?

The ration that is most economical, now as always, is the one that returns the greatest profit. It is not necessarily the one that costs the least per ton. The price tag is not a safe index of the value of feed. When you buy feed, buy on the basis of results. Your feed dealer can, if he is wide awake and handles a good line of feeds, help you to save some money.

STOCK MEDICINE CABINET. Common veterinary supplies will be more likely to be used when needed if kept in a cabinet in the barn. The more convenient such supplies are, the more likely are they to be used to advantage.

A medium sized medicine cabinet with a reasonably tight door will keep supplies out of the dust, away from flies, and in a place where they will not be damaged by livestock. In such a cabinet it will be found convenient to have the following articles:

A quart bottle for drenching.
A supply of Glauber salts.
A quart of raw linseed oil.
A small jar of plain vaseline.
A jar of carbolated vaseline, or a superior salve for wire cuts, etc.
A tight bottle containing some sticks of caustic potash for dehorning calves (or other dehorner).
Healing powder.
Milk tests and tea tongs.
Adhesive tape or tar tape.
A bottle of disinfectant.
If the cabinet is large enough other supplies can be kept in it, as milkier parts and fly spray.

CONTROLLING WORMS. Avoiding worm infestation is much more satisfactory than fighting it after the growing chicks are infested with them. Iowa State college poultrymen recommend the following program to prevent worm infestation:

1. Keep the young and old stock separate throughout the summer.
2. Provide clean cultivated range each year that poultry has not ranged over for two years previously.
3. Provide a well drained and enclosed range for the laying flock and see it to crops each year.
4. Fill or drain all wet spots near the chicken house and arrange the fences so that all the range may be cultivated.
5. Clean dropping boards regularly, remove dirty litter and disinfect drinking utensils. Also clean the poultry house frequently and twice each year in warm weather with bluing hot lye water.
6. Allow abundant sunlight to reach the parts of the floor of the chicken houses as well as the ground which the poultry ranges.

Once worms have obtained a start in the birds, however, it will be necessary to use some treatment to rid the flock of these parasites.

FEEDING VITAMIN D. Increasing the vitamin D content of milk from four to eight times is a fact recently accomplished by the men at Wisconsin university. This was done by feeding yeast to three Holstein cows, producing from 40 to 50 pounds of milk daily. Each

LOOKING AHEAD. The dairy cow herds will show their appreciation by increased cream checks to owners who do a good job of putting up alfalfa hay next winter's feed.

WORM EGGS LEGLESS. There are few farmers today who have not had to cut down on the number of hogs raised each year because of trouble with worms and necro. A good many men now are using the clean ground system of hog raising, and with good results. Just before the sows are ready to farrow, they are moved out to a grass patch or clover or alfalfa

cow was fed 200 grams of yeast daily. The result came as a great surprise to the experimenters. They were not feeding the yeast for this purpose at all, but to see if it would cause the cows to digest more of the lime found in the roughage they ate. These results were more surprising because all previous attempts to increase the vitamin D content of milk by feeding cod-liver oil or irradiated roughage had failed. This discovery should be of practical importance to dairymen producing milk for children or invalids. Such milk should be of special value to persons suffering from rickets. Further studies are being made in Wisconsin to see how little yeast can be fed and still produce an increase in the vitamin D content of the milk. The variability of the vitamin content of milk has long been known, but this is the first information on how this variation may be controlled.

MATERNITY STALLS. No dairy farm should be without some means of complete isolation of cows at calving time. This does not mean a large box stall off in one corner of the barn, but a stall considered as efficient isolation; neither does it mean that a special hospital barn must be built, although such a special unit is extremely desirable on a large milk-producing or breeding establishment. The principal thing is to keep the cow away from the main herd until she has returned to normal health and there is no fear of her spreading any infection which may have been present in her system. On a small farm even a moderate-sized shed will be found much more desirable than nothing. Ten-by-twelve ten-houses have been made into very satisfactory calving stalls; two remodeled hog houses have done good work. Still, where funds permit, a building especially designed for the purpose will prove a good investment. The essentials for a good maternity stall, whether it be of one-stall or 20 stall capacity, are an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, tight floors and division walls, good drainage and construction throughout that will permit readily of thorough disinfection. Such quarters will assist materially in maintaining a healthy breeding herd.

GOOD CISTERN FILTER. Clean, medium, fine sand makes the most dependable outside cistern filter, where the maximum cleansing is desired with a comparatively rapid flow of water. Centrifugal or other types of mechanical filters are often used on the downspout just ahead of the sand filter, but these remove only the coarsest and heaviest particles. Rocks or coarse gravel should not be used except at the very top of the sand bed, to keep leaves and trash from packing down and clogging the flow. There should be at least 18 inches of sand for satisfactory results.

A layer of about six inches of coarse granular charcoal is helpful in eliminating odors and tastes by absorption, but requires frequent renewal or washing or exposing to sunlight or heat. Removal of colors and fine material in solution is best effected by allowing slow filtration through a wall across the cistern of soft brick laid in mortar cement. The brick wall filter built as a closed box or bell around the foot of the pump pipe is not advisable, as this does not allow of cleaning out any sludge which might work through the filter.

PROPER LIME TO USE. Average limestone screenings are worth 75 per cent as much as finely pulverized limestone (commonly called reground) if the two products are of equal chemical purity. Test work at the Illinois experiment station has established the percentage. These tests also indicate that maximum effectiveness in correcting soil acidity is achieved about two years after application with average screenings, finely pulverized limestone and hydrated lime. If average screenings cost \$2 per ton delivered, finely pulverized is worth \$2.66 and hydrated lime is worth \$3.60 per ton.

OILING HARNESS. The life of a set of harness can be greatly increased by oiling twice a year. Take harness apart, put it in a wire basket and lower it into a 10 gallon can into which five gallons of lukewarm harness oil have been poured. Leave the harness to soak at least 10 or 15 minutes or until bubbles no longer rise to the surface. Lift it out and leave it in wire basket above the can until draining has ceased. Wipe off the parts with a rag and put together. It is advisable to wash the harness before hand and allow it to dry before dipping.

DETERMINE SEX. Many rules and theories have been proposed for determining the sex of the chicks at hatching time, or even from the egg. To date most methods have proved unreliable. In the Barred Plymouth Rock breed, the size of the white spot on the head may be used to separate the two sexes with some degree of accuracy. The chicks with the large head spots are usually males. In the crossbreed, of certain breeds, the sex of the chicks may be separated with a degree of accuracy on the basis of color and growth of wing feathers.

KEEP ONLY THE BEST. A noteworthy sire in a herd will soon make his presence known, in the herd and out of it.

DO YOU HAVE ONE? Though it will not produce the first season and it demands a sweet soil, alfalfa makes a good hog pasture.

The greatest loss to the dairy cow-keeper is caused by improper feeding.

field, on which no hogs have run for at least a year. The sows are housed. The pigs are gorn in disinfected and put into disinfected case-free environment and stand a good chance of making economical pork.

ORGANIZATION NEEDED. The farmer is the only business man in all the world, who invariably sells his products at the price that Poultry house floors should be higher by six or eight inches than the surroundings to insure good drainage.

Features Fail to Give

Average Criminal Away

San Francisco—(UP)—You can't tell a criminal by his features, Dr. Leo L. Stanley, San Quentin prison physician recently informed members of the Altruism club here.

Dr. Stanley produced photographs of 25 prisoners who had entered San Quentin consecutively, and pointed out that a majority in no way resembled so-called "criminal types." The pictures were made in an effort to check certain widely accepted theories concerning this matter through a "psychological study

of physiognomy," Dr. Stanley said. Most convicts are average looking men, he maintained.

An Unsatisfactory Plan.

A congressional redistricting bill, which would have given the democratic party of Missouri nine of the 13 seats the state receives under the new apportionment law, has been defeated in the legislature. There is said to be no chance of enactment of a bill which the governor would sign and in consequence the entire congressional delegation will be chosen next year by the state at large.

This means that the party receiv-

ing a majority of the vote of the state is likely to elect all the 13 members. In the circumstances, it is conceded that the two large cities of the state, St. Louis and Kansas City, will dominate the contest, the fight being largely between them. The former is republican and the latter democratic. Both, however, are overwhelmingly wet and it is taken for granted that whichever party wins Missouri's delegation will be anti-Volstead.

If Missouri's failure to redistrict were followed by similar failure in other states, where reapportionment has caused a reshuffling of representation, the effect on the member-