

# CHAFFEE

of  
**ROARING HORSE**

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

The color came to her cheeks again; her lips were pursed tightly and she held herself very straight and still. He turned his head to the wall, stirred by strange currents. "Well—give me that canteen." He downed the last of the chocolate. Ranzo Taber came back.

"Better be going. How do you stack up, Chaffee?"

"Nothing wrong with me except a weak ankle and an empty stomach. Once I get about half a cow inside me I'll be ready to roar."

He sat up, feeling a bit giddy, and drew on his socks and boots. But he wasn't ready to stand on his own strength yet, so Ranzo Taber bent a shoulder, and in this manner they left the summit cabin. Chaffee rolled into the sled; Gay Thatcher pulled the blankets around him and stepped back.

"You take 'er down, Miss Gay," said Taber. "I'll trot behind. Mush!"

So in the deepening mists and with the peaks shrilling dully the dog team snapped into the traces, ran the sled across the level mouth of the pass and down the eastern slopes. Full dark found them inside Taber's ranch house at the foot of the bench, found Jim Chaffee sitting up to a table and eating his first meal in five or six days.

"Once a sourdough, always a sourdough," said Taber, smiling reminiscingly. "It's been ten years since I left the Klondike, but I never been without huskies in that time. Folks have always wondered why I fooled with 'em. Well, you're the fourth man I've found up around the peaks. Two of 'em came in stiff. You're lucky. Now it ain't any of my business, but I'm wonderin' what the next play is."

The girl said nothing, leaving the question for Chaffee to answer. She had slipped back to feminine clothing, and the transformation somehow bothered Chaffee. He recollected moments when she had seemed close and intimate, when she had appeared to be fashioned out of the same simple, sturdy clay that he himself was made of. Now she had withdrawn and become silent and aloof; and she added a touch of grace and beauty to the table that marked her of another world. Nothing definite. Only the lamplight casting a glow on her clear profile. The slender suppleness of her fingers twining around the water glass.

"I've got to get into Bannock City and drop Mack a note," said Chaffee. "Then I reckon I'll give my foot a week to lumber up. After that I reckon I'll sort of breeze back into Roaring Horse again. Maybe—maybe not. Depends."

"Mack is laid up with a bullet in his shoulder," said the girl.

"Who did it?" demanded Chaffee with so much force that Ranzo Taber's interest switched from his coffee cup.

The girl went through the story, her soft voice rounding out the details of Stirrup S passing into other hands, of the arrival of the first homesteaders. Chaffee's face settled. "Where's Miz Satterlee?"

"She left. I don't know where she went."

"Where's the crew?"

"Some are at Melotte's, watching over Mack. Others just took the trail. Times have changed Jim. It is Mr. Woolfridge's country now."

"I suppose," agreed Chaffee, heavy hearted. "It was a sweet little valley. Just made for a man to live out a comfortable

life with good friends. Jupiter, but I hate to see that swept from under my feet."

"Aren't things always going out from under our feet?" murmured Gay. "Isn't that life—nothing sure, nothing settled?"

Ranzo Taber looked at her with a significant bobbing of his head. "Now yore talkin' from experience Miss Gay."

"I suppose. I have never known a certain day since I was fifteen. And the older I grow the less sure I am of anything—even of myself."

"Well," went on Taber, "this is a darned good place to rest up, Chaffee. Make it two weeks I'll teach you how to run huskies, like I taught Miss Gay when she was a youngster. Both of you stay on, Miss Gay"—and again significance dwelt in Taber's words—"you need a little rest. Won't be anybody around here to pester you. I'll see to that."

"I'm obliged, but I better get on to Bannock City and get in touch with some folks," said Chaffee. Taber's talk concerning the girl stirred his curiosity, though he tried to keep from showing it. She looked across to him in a manner that for a moment reminded him again of the scene in the jail. Wistful—asking him unvoiced questions.

"Thanks Ranzo. You have always been kind to me. But I must get back to the capital."

Therefore the both of them were in a rig driven by Taber by starlight the following morning. They reached Bannock City an hour or less before the stage started south to the railroad. Chaffee felt a little flimsy and he allowed them to help him into the hotel and up to a second floor room, although it touched his pride to be thus nursed. He had always been self-sufficient, always had leaned confidently on his strength. Ranzo Taber shook hands and left behind him a hearty invitation. Gay walked into the hall and spoke a moment with Taber in a subdued voice; then Taber went away and the girl returned to the room to find Jim Chaffee in a chair and studying the blank wall with a set, grim glance.

"Well, Jim."

She had meant to say goodbye then and there. But the words got turned aside, and she found herself asking questions. "What are you going to do?"

"The hardest work I ever did in my life for the next ten days," said he. "Rest. Stay off my feet. Eat. And wish to God I was on the other side of the range. Jupiter, but it is going to actually hurt."

"Then back to fight? Oh, Jim, why?"

"It's my country ain't it?"

"Do you know, I have heard you get stubborn like this before. And somehow I always feel a bit proud of you. But I wish—Isn't there some little creek with cottonwoods growing around it, and peace for you?"

He shook his head. She saw his rawboned hands come together and grip hard. "I reckon not. Tell me—has Locklear still got all those burglar-jawed gents around him?"

"I have heard by the grapevine route," said she, "that most of them were sent away. When I left I saw only three or four. Perrine and his men are off in the desert somewhere. Everything is on the boom for the new settlers. Mr. Woolfridge has sent his ad through half a dozen states for them to come. Promising them everything when the power company builds its dam in the Roaring Horse. And his name is on about every third

planting a fruit tree. He was told he would gain no benefit from it, but he replied he was planting it for those to come. James Monroe planned for his own enjoyment, but it has come to pass that posterity has obtained more pleasure from his plantings than he did. Millions have enjoyed the fruits of his labors.

So South Dakotans, located in a state where nature has not been generous with native timber, should plant for posterity. The Sunshine State needs more trees. Through the efforts of the secretary of agriculture's department, the Isaak Walton League and other sources,

building in town. It is his town, Jim."

He absorbed the news silently. By and by he raised his head. "Yes, I'm going back there."

"I knew you would," she murmured. "Good-bye, Jim." That roused him. He took hold of the chair arms and half rose. "Wait a minute. Now wait. When am I going to see you again—where will you be?"

"Our trails seem to keep crossing, don't they, Jim?"

She had a trick of smiling to hide the elusive wistfulness of her heart. "But—it can't go on forever. I don't know when I'll see you next. I don't know where I'll be. There'll come a time, though, when you and I will be far apart. One of these days I am going to leave this country."

"Why?"

Her sturdy shoulders rose. "Isn't it human to be seeking something you haven't got?"

"What would that be?" he persisted, worry creeping along his face.

"I don't even know," said she. "The trouble with me, Jim, is that I have no roots down. They were torn out of the ground a few years ago. There is nothing to hold me steady."

"I sort of hate to hear you talk that way," he protested. "Change—why have things got to change so fast? Here's something else sliding away from me. I wish—" But he never finished the remark, falling instead into another somber study. Presently the girl prompted him with a gentle phrase: "Wish what, Jim?"

"I reckon I've got no right to wish anything at the present state of affairs. I want you to know, Gay, I'm thinkin' of what you've done for me. And I'll remember it a long, long time." His fist doubled. "I'm not saying what I want to say."

She came over to him as he rose and balanced on his one sound foot. She put out her hand, manlike; his big palm closed around it and he peered down into her face, sharp and questioning. "That time I first saw you passin' on the street—I never made a mistake. I wanted to meet you pretty bad."

Her smile deepened. "And I thought you would never manage it. You are a fine gentleman, Jim. I wish you all the luck in the world. And if I could only feel surer of your safety in the future—"

Her hand was warm with her quick blood; fragrance rose from her hair. She was a woman through and through, troubling his senses with her sweet desirability. Again she appeared to be asking him questions with her calm eyes, and there was a contradiction in the firm red lips. Her chin tilted to meet his glance, and somehow the soft curves of her throat sent fire through his veins. He was still weak and his will relaxed. Otherwise it never would have happened. But the next moment he had drawn her tightly against him, murmuring some choked phrase, and he had kissed her. She was as still as death. He felt both her hands resting lightly on his shoulders, and the throb of her heart swelled against his chest. Then she swayed, the pressure breaking the spell.

He dropped his arms, a fury of self-reproach blazing on his lean face.

"If I had a gun, Gay, I'd ask you to take a shot at me!"

Her eyes were brilliant; She had caught her upper lip between her teeth as if to suppress the tears. And she studied Jim Chaffee as no other woman had ever studied him before. "You—you have nothing to be sorry for, Jim. Nothing! That was my reward and I'll always remember it."

"I'm God's own fool."

"You are the finest gentleman I have ever known," said she. Her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "But—I wish you had asked me some questions

before their effects are manifest, but there would be families on the farms and children in the schools for many years to come, and the trees planted now will be a source of comfort and satisfaction to the succeeding generation if not to this. Let's plant more trees."

Too many South Dakota farms, too many rural schools, are standing on the bare prairie without a particle of shade other than that cast by the buildings themselves. With a little effort and a small outlay adequate shade can be provided and the surroundings beautified. It is true the trees will grow slowly and it will take several years be-

fore their effects are manifest, but there would be families on the farms and children in the schools for many years to come, and the trees planted now will be a source of comfort and satisfaction to the succeeding generation if not to this. Let's plant more trees."

first. Oh, Jim, I have wanted you to ask them for so long a time. Good-bye, my dear." He held himself up to the chair, still struggling with self-condemnation. The girl said nothing more. Slipping from the room she half ran down the stairs and out to the street. The stage was waiting in front of the hotel, and she caught up her grip and started to climb inside. A puncher idled across the street, and her attention, struck by something familiar, dwelt on him. Poised on the coach step she beckoned to him.

"Aren't you a Stirrup S man?"

"Was, ma'am. Ain't no Stirrup S any more."

"What are you doing here?"

"Jus' a-roamin'."

"Go up to room twenty-one. Jim Chaffee is there."

The puncher omitted a wild yip and plunged through the door. She heard him pounding along the stairs and she heard him yelling Chaffee's name. Then she settled inside the coach and a moment later was bound south for the railroad. There was nobody else traveling this morning; and so she could freely cry. Which she did.

Red Corcoran—that was the name of the ex-Stirrup S puncher—rolled an endless number of cigarettes and pumped Chaffee bone dry. Throughout the story he interjected amazing epithets. "Th' hell!" "Oh, the dirty Dion-eyed dawgs!" "Jim, yore a-makin' me inhuman an' impervious to charitable sentiments." "An' so the gal pulls yuh outen the hole? Say, I'd marry a woman for less'n that."

"How about Locklear's white savages?"

"Shucks, they wasn't paid by Locklear, Jim. Ain't it clear by now? They was imported by Woolfridge. He's the main squeeze. Well, they've mostly went away. Couple-three-four left. They did the job, didn't so. Got a reason to think so, they? Guess Woolfridge thinks a flea can't bite in Roarin' Horse 'less he gets orders from Woolfridge. Oh, it's a turrible mess. Stirrup S gone. Half dozen other outfits along the rim gone. Some old-timers left, but they ain't doin' no arguin'. Woolfridge has done put his moniker on a flock of buildin's. He did it dirty, but he did it. And what's anybody goin' to do about it? Nothin'."

"Where's Perrine?"

"Sashayin' around the country lookin' for yuh. As far as yore concerned they got the bee on yuh."

"I guess," agreed Chaffee. "But with all those hired plugs gone it wouldn't be so hard to buck Woolfridge and Locklear. Red, how many of the gang do you figger you could collect in ten days?"

The puncher brightened. "Fight? Why, I guess pretty close to twenty if I rode hard enough."

"Think they'll back me up in any play I make?"

"What yuh think we are?" was Corcoran's indignant rejoinder, "a pack uh yella pups? Shore! Miz Satterlee cried when she paid us off. Now if that ain't enough to make us fight I guess nothin' would. Gimme my travelin' orders and I'll do the trick."

"I'm goin' back," said Chaffee, "to find the man that killed Satterlee. Ten days I lay on my back right here. You collect the gang. Tell 'em to meet me the night of the eighth at the old ranch. If it's occupied by strangers, then have 'em meet me on the south bank of Linderman's. Keep it under your Stetson. Tell the boys to do the same. When we get started we work under cover and we put the fear of God in somebody's black heart. Get goin', Red."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. Can gold ingots be sold to the United States mints by foreign nations? G. D.

A. Gold bearing the mint stamp of any recognized nation with which the United States is on friendly terms is accepted by the United States mints.

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## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

### SOMETHING NEW IN PRUNING

In the great majority of commercial vineyards, there are always missing vines. It has been suggested that covering is a desirable method for filling in missing vines, but sometimes this plan cannot be utilized, and the grower must fill the vacancies with one or two year plants. But since the roots from near-by established vines are apt to pre-empt the soil, as they are better established than the newly planted young vine, the struggle becomes unequal in most instances. It has been the custom for many years in the pruning of young vines the year following their planting to cut back to a short spur carrying but two or three buds. Practically every guide to grape growing gives this rule. The theory of this sort of pruning with newly planted vines is that the growth of leaf and cane is checked, or at least kept equal to the expanse of the root system. It is taken for granted that the top growth retards root development. This might occur in some instances with some particular early fruiting varieties, as a very little fruit borne at this early stage is objectionable. However, there now seems a better way to establish the young vine. Instead of cutting away all the canes of the young vine to but one and this one back to two or three buds, at the end of the first year or at the beginning of the second, one wire of the trellis is put on at a height approximately of 15 to 18 inches above the soil level. The most robust cane of the vine is chosen and pruned long enough to reach this wire where it is tied in due season. All other growths are entirely cut away. In some seasons and with some vines no cane will be long enough, and these should be cut to one short growth of two or three buds. The cane that is tied to the wire becomes for some years the trunk of the new vine. When the blossom clusters are showing on older vines, the new planting should be gone over and all prospective pruning, the next year, the vine framework is further formed by leaving arms, which in turn support fruit canes, but again the vine is stripped of its prospective fruit. This sort of treatment in the first few years has resulted in very sturdy vines that later became most fruitful and vigorous over a period of years.

### FIGHTING NOSE FLIES

We are about at the season when the nose flies begin to bother horses. Just how to protect horses from these nose flies has been somewhat of a problem. Burlap and wire protectors have been bought or made at home, but while many of these do not eliminate the fly trouble they tend to cut off the horse's air supply and for that reason are not desirable. Some of our farmers have found a better type of protector to consist of a strap or part of a tire casing extending across the upper lip of the horse. Where these are fastened securely in place, they work excellently without the objection of interfering with the breathing of the animal. The use of protectors, however, is merely a makeshift arrangement. In other words, they do not eliminate the source of the trouble and it has been found that this is not impossible. Nose flies do not travel far in a season. Hence, if all of those in a neighborhood are cleaned out, there will be little trouble from the nose-fly egg, laid on the upper lip, develops into a bot which finally finds its way into the stomach of a horse, as do bots hatched from eggs laid on the legs. Veterinarians have found that treating a horse by giving it a capsule during the winter will rid the horse of these bots in the stomach. The capsule contains carbon bisulphide, and the quantity should be carefully apportioned according to the size of the horse. A competent veterinarian should administer the treatment. In one township in Iowa the last winter over 1,100 horses were treated for nose-fly bots. This included all of the horses in the township except those on eight farms. Several other communities in the State are taking steps co-operatively to get rid of the nose fly.

### CHECKING POTATO LOSS

One of the greatest sources of loss to potato growers, if not the greatest, is from defects that can be largely prevented through careful handling methods. According to potato growers, cuts and bruises sustained in digging, storing and sorting are among the chief causes of loss. It is seldom indeed that a carload of potatoes arrives in market that does not show fork or digger cuts and bad bruises. These are the worst defects to throw the car out of the U. S. No. 1 grade and the entire car may have to be sold at a lower price. Consumers, too, object to these defects, and the retailer must either sort out the defective tubers or sell the entire lot at lower prices than would otherwise be the case. The ultimate effect is that the losses come out of the grower's pocket. Since it is a type of defect that is readily apparent, it is easily sorted out; but the place to stop most of it is in the handling. Some cuts are from forks and diggers are more or less inevitable, but there are many other ways in which the damage is done. Careless pickers often throw the freshly dug, tender and skinned tubers into a container and then, using barrels for field gathering also, are likely to cause considerable injury. Dumping into trucks and wagons if roughly done causes injury. And still more is done when rough handling is done in grading. When stock is piled too deep in bins some injury invariably occurs. If damage occurs in the field it should be sorted out before the potatoes are shipped or sold in the local market. Such inferior stock can be best utilized at

### PRODUCING CLEAN EGGS

An honest effort to produce clean eggs has been made by many a farmer poultryman by rigid cleaning of the roosts and changing of the litter in the laying house. Wet, rainy days or thawing after freezing weather has resulted in too many dirty eggs even where the litter and roosts have been kept in the best order. Where the usual straw filler used in the nests has been replaced by clean, dry shavings, this dirty egg toll has been greatly reduced.

### WHY EGGS MOLD

The number of cases of eggs condemned as unfit for food is ap-

home, because it is certain to result in a lower net return for the entire lot if shipped.

### SHEEP PARASITES

This is the time of the year for the sheep breeder to make plans for handling the flock during the pasture season. Just as soon as the flock goes to pasture, the parasite trouble starts. There is no excuse for losing sheep and lambs from parasites. There are four important things to know about parasites, and what a blessing it would be if all our shepherds had them clearly in mind. First, what are the symptoms of parasites in sheep and lambs? Second, what are the parasites affecting sheep and lambs? Third, where are the parasites located? Fourth, what can you do for them? What are the symptoms, both external and internal? When sheep have parasites, they run down, lose flesh, lose their appetite, they lump in the back the wool sometimes parts on the back, the head and ears droop, the eyes become dull, the sheep become less active, the skin becomes pale, the wool fiber becomes weak, the sheep cough, a swelling may develop under the throat and the sheep scours. You will not always find all of these symptoms in your sheep, but in many cases every one will be found. What are the parasites? Grubs—the head, lung worms, tape worms, stomach worms, whip worms, nodular worms, bladder worms, small intestinal round worms, liver flukes, gid cysts, lice, ticks and scab mites. Where are the parasites located? The grubs are in the head, usually in the cavities between the eyes; the lung worms are found in the air passages, bronchi and bronchioles of the lungs; the stomach worms are found in the fourth stomach; the tape worms are found in the small intestines; the nodular worms live in the large intestines, the larvae in the nodules in the walls of the large and small intestines and occasionally in the mesenteric lymph glands, the omentum and the liver; the whip worms are found in the blind gut or caecum; the thin-necked bladder worms are found in the abdominal cavity attached to the mesenteries or in the liver. The gid cysts may be found on the brain or spinal cord; ticks are found in the wool; lice are found either in the hair on the face and legs or in the wool. What can be done for treating the parasites? First of all, prevention is the best thing to keep in mind in handling the flock. Handle the sheep so as to keep the parasites down to a minimum. Change your sheep from one pasture to another about every 10 days or two weeks. As grubs-in-the-head, lung worms, stomach worms, tape worms, nodular worms, lice and ticks are the most common parasites of farm flocks, the treatment for these will be given. Pine tar should be smeared on the noses of the sheep several times during the summer to keep the gads from depositing the small grubs on the nostrils. Nothing can be done after the grubs get well up in the head. The chloroform treatment has given very good results for lung worms. Simply put the sheep to sleep with a small amount of this drug. The condition of the eyes and the breathing are guides to go by with this treatment. For stomach worms and tape worms, the copper sulphate treatment is used most frequently. The usual nature is one ounce of copper sulphate dissolved in two quarts of water, using a glass, wooden or porcelain vessel. The correct dose for a lamb three and a half to four months old is one-half of a fluid ounce, a lamb six months old, one fluid ounce, a yearling, three fluid ounces; a mature sheep, three fluid ounces. The copper sulphate solution is given as a drench. Sheep or lambs should be kept from food and water at least 24 hours before drenching and four to five hours afterward. Be careful not to strangle the sheep when drenching. Always be sure to have the desired dose. Be accurate, use a glass graduate in measuring out the dose. Stir the solution each time. Spring lambs should not be treated before July 1. All the breeding flock should be treated every 30 days from May 1 to November 1 and the lambs every 30 days from July 1 to November 1. There is no special treatment for nodular worms, but the same treatment as given for stomach and tape worms may be beneficial. Prevention, such as changing the sheep from one pasture to another, is recommended. For the external parasites, such as lice and ticks, use the dipping vat and some good reliable sheep dip. Dip as often as necessary to keep your sheep free from these parasites. Dipping twice a year is usually the best method, once about two weeks after shearing and again in the early fall.

### SHELTERS FOR RANGE CHICKS

With our clean grounds system of growing chicks out on range, often far removed from any trees and the farm buildings, we have a problem of providing shade through the hot months. A practical shade may be constructed by driving four posts into the ground, the front pair three feet high and rear pair two and a half feet. Two-by-fours nailed lengthwise to the top of the posts support the roof. This may be made of lumber, or wire fencing covered with cornstalks. A well-constructed sun shade will give protection against sun and also against the sudden rainstorms that come up. Sometimes low roosts are provided. The brooder house blocked off from the ground as well as rain protection. The area under brooder house and shade should be kept free from all droppings.

In view of the cost of production and the man and woman power that has gone into every dozen, the United States bacteriologists tell us that unseasoned wood used as shipping cases will cause eggs to mold. Recent investigations show that unseasoned wood contains 50 per cent more moisture than seasoned. The mold formed in these cases appears first on the exterior of the shell, but in time it penetrates to the inside, affecting both flavor and appearance.

### PROPER STUFF WILL GET IT

The shipper doesn't want the low-down on the market; he wants the us-and-up.

### Let's Plant More Trees.

C. E. Sanders' prize winning editorial in Brookings college contest.

People go many miles to see Ash Lawn, famous home built more than 100 years ago by James Monroe, fifth president of the United States. They go for its historical associations, and for the beautiful trees and box hedges set out mainly by the hands of the president himself. The passage of 100 years has not enhanced their beauty. Trees and the larger shrubs are not things of a day—they endure for centuries, if they are of the right sort. There is the old fable of the aged man discovered by a youngster