

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Cex—" began Hunnewell, and then leaped to his feet, all abuster with temper and uncertainty. "See here, what are you saying? What do you want? What right have you to come to this office with an insulting statement like that? I do not relish the remarks. Who do you represent, anyhow?"

"Whoever I represent," said Gay calmly, "be sure he is a bigger man than Mr. Woolfridge. Was my statement wrong? Did you know?"

"Never mind that!" snapped Hunnewell. "You've got no business prying into my affairs. I could have you arrested for libel." He ran his fingers through his sandy hair, the uncertainty developing into a feeling of fear. He was not the man to command a situation like this; he was only a dummy, a chore boy entrusted to fetch and carry. Woolfridge confronted with Gay Thatcher's matter-of-fact remark, would have smiled politely and never changed expression, and in good and sufficient time would have taken care of it by other means. But Hunnewell, afraid of the business from the very beginning, now saw the shadow of disaster before him. And he made a grievous error. "Who do you represent?"

"Was my statement correct?" insisted Gay.

"What of it!" cried Hunnewell. He came around the table and faced the girl, poking a forefinger at her. "See here, young woman, if you know what's good for you, you'll drop this business and get out of the territory."

"Mr. Hunnewell, you're stepping beyond the mark," said Gay quietly.

"Am I?" snapped Hunnewell, shaking his head. "No I'm not. I've had reasons to book you up. I've been digging into a little past history. What I know—and if I air what I know—will bar you from the decent folks you've been traveling with around this town. It'll drive you out. Hear me?"

The girl stepped back from him, hand reaching for the door. She watched his eyes with a kind of tight despair on her own white face and her lips were pressed together until the blood ran out of them. Hunnewell thought she meant to leave and he jammed a foot against the door.

"Come around here and meddle, will you? I'll scorch you. You drop this and shut up. Five years ago you ran away from home with a man. Did, didn't you? Don't dare deny it, do you?"

She said nothing. Hunnewell grinned unpleasantly. "Lived with that man as a common-law wife in another town—"

"That's a lie!"

"So? Try to make Bannoc City believe it's a lie. You can't prove you didn't. Anyhow, you went away with him. Disappeared. Where's he now? Where did you live the next three-four years? Back East, ah? Who furnished you the money? And you been traveling around mighty free ever since. Even your best friends here don't know your history. If it's a lie, why didn't you tell them? That man never went back to Bannoc City to tell folks it was a lie. And I can produce a party that saw you and the fellow living in a hotel at Red Buttes a week after you skipped. A lie, uh? Why—" and Hunnewell had worked himself into such a state of mind that he almost pushed her against the wall. "You drop this and get out of town. If you don't I'll ruin you."

Good and plenty. Not a word, you understand?"

He moved away and gave her a chance to open the door. She almost fell on the stairs. Out in the street she stopped to catch hold of herself. The past had marched across the years to face her again with its grimy shadow; to leer and whisper all of that old and horrible story in her ears, to wreck the later life she had so laboriously and courageously built up.

So when she came to the town's daily paper she controlled her mind and heart once more. Going in she asked the question uppermost in her head. With the information she returned to the capital building and was admitted to the governor's office. He saw the drawn expression of her face and became immediately concerned.

"I told you to wrap well. It's cold outside. Here, sit down. Sereno—go rustle up some good hot coffee for us."

She got T. Q. Bangor's letter from her purse and handed it to the governor. He read through it.

"I knew that. What else?" "Woolfridge sent out his advertisement for settlers two days after he knew the dam wasn't going to be built. That can be proven by the newspapers who received copies of the ad."

The governor's eyes turned chilly. His jaw seemed to shoot outward. "Used the mails to propagate that bunco game—I see. I read the ads myself. Didn't actually promise anything definite about the dam. Suggested—inferred—skipped around the edge of the crater." He rose and put a big paw on her shoulder. "You're a better man than the usual last run of shad I've got cluttering my doorstep. I'll talk to the attorney-general about this. Provable fraud—I think." He turned around the room, stopped to study a painting of his predecessor, muttered under his breath. And turned back again to her. "I'm not going to hit him yet. Not through the regular machinery. Never like to hang a man if he'll hang himself. Don't want the opposition to say I'm persecuting an enemy. Don't want to give them any ammunition right now. There is a better way. My dear girl, I must send you off to wind up this business. Willing?"

"Governor, I almost cry when I think of those wagons coming into Roaring Horse with all the women and kiddies—"

"We'll stop him. We'll let his own machinery devour him. Listen carefully. You take this letter and go back to Roaring Horse. Have the weekly paper up there print it. You won't have any trouble about that. Sam Phillips owns the sheet and he's too honest to be bought. Sam knows me well and he'll take care of the story. That's the end of the Woolfridge business, right there. The county will be full of it in twenty-four hours. And the news will carry on out to the rest of the territory and stop all would-be homesteaders."

Gay left. The governor roamed the vast office again and came to a stand. He was an old campaigner, a scarred veteran, and he knew humble folk inside out—their impulses, their honesty, their anger. And so, perhaps, he knew what he had done; perhaps he understood the upheaval that would follow publication of the story. Perhaps he had some dim foreknowledge of tragedy to come. At heart the governor was kindly and without malice. He played the political game according

to accepted rules. Yet once his deep sense of justice was touched he was apt to revert to the laws of the Old Testament. In his earlier days he had seen men hung by vigilante rules, and there was still in him a full approval of that type of elemental justice. So he stared at the picture of his predecessor, eyes narrowing into the future and his cheeks touched by a winter bleakness. Even so, it was not given him to foresee the swift flood of passion about to flow over Roaring Horse, nor to realize how many different characters were to be caught up in the smashing, overwhelming current—to be battered, sucked under, spewn aside.

Gay Thatcher arrived in Roaring Horse a day and a half later. She placed the story in the hands of the veteran newspaperman, Sam Phillips, and considered her mission ended. The paper came out on a Saturday, two days removed. Not knowing what to do, and impelled by a queer restlessness, she took up her old room at the Gusher and waited.

CHAPTER XVII

Jim Chaffee Rides Back
Jim Chaffee left Bannoc City by stage early on a wind-bitten morning, caught a train across the range, and dropped off sometime after noon at the yellow station house that served the Roaring Horse country. The Roaring Horse stage was waiting; Chaffee crossed the tracks, sharply watching the driver. Sooner or later the news of his return would get abroad; he couldn't help this turn of events, but he did hope that the tidings might be delayed until he was well into the desert. But as soon as he recognized the driver he knew that little time would be lost in transmitting the fact that he had set foot upon debatable soil again—and was again fair game. That driver happened to be Jeff Ganashayd, one of those fellows who was willing to be all things to all men. There was no malice in Ganashayd; only he had a tongue never still. And Jim Chaffee's presence, an item of importance to everybody in the county, would certainly put that tongue in motion.

Chaffee saluted the man cheerfully and climbed to the top seat. "Only passenger, Jeff. Let's go."

"Sa-ay," drawled Ganashayd, eyes growing wider, "ain't yuh kinder unexpected?" He dropped into his seat and set the team on the homeward trail. "Gosh, Jim, yuh mean to go right into town?"

Chaffee brushed that aside, having questions of his own. "What's news, Jeff?"

"Nothin' much an' a little bit of everythin'," opined the stage driver. "Course, I ain't a man to do much talkin' Minds my own business and says little. The country is full of homesteaders. Yeah. Never saw the beat. Swarmin' in like flies. Mostly folks from the adjoinin' counties. Mack Moran was plugged but is doin' well. Miz Satterlee left the district. Injun Eagle went back to the blanket an' sure give folks a chill. But, sa-ay, the biggest item was a story printed in the paper, tellin' how they wasn't goin' to be no dam and Mr. Woolfridge knew they wasn't all the time. New settlers seems sorter riled about that. Some talk of bringin' somebody to book about it. But, pshaw, a man'll hear lots uh things foolish. That Thatcher woman drifted back. Heard a story about her—"

"Back up," said Chaffee with a flat emphasis on the words. "Turn off on this side road, Jeff. I'm goin' up to Cherry's horse ranch."

"I got to make time," objected Ganashayd. "Only a couple miles out of your way," was Chaffee's calm reply. "What's two miles to an empty stage with an empty driver on it? It'll give you that much more time to cook up a

and they would be sound enough. If the government planned to operate permanently the barge line as a federal enterprise. But the government contemplates the sale of all of its barge properties to private interests as soon as the experimental stage has passed. As Mr. Hill put it the other night, such sales are to be consummated "when channels, terminals and joint relations with railroads make private investment in these lines safe."

If the railroads, then, want to shorten the experimental period during which they seem to be victims of unfair, because federally

good stiff yarn about me. Anyhow, I ain't walkin'."

"I know when to mind my own business," stated Ganashayd earnestly. "Won't say a word to nobody." "Bear off," insisted Chaffee. So the stage took the side road and closed upon a clutter of ranch houses topped by a windmill tower. Presently they were at the end of the road with a pack of dogs sounding at them. Chaffee swung to the ground. "Pay you next time, Jeff. Tell everybody you saw me. Tell 'em I'r body in the flanks and I limp on one leg. Tell 'em I look humble and act humble and feel humble—but that I'm here and I'll see everybody soon. So long Jeff."

Jeff Ganashayd went back the side road much faster than he went up. He took the curves on two wheels and laid his long whip across the horses' hips, raked the reaches around Cherry's horse ranch, and when a little later he saw a horseman questing northward from the ranch his eyes turned maple who had sighted a shoeing. "Sa-ay, won't this knock somebody bow-legged? Jupiter, what a story for Roarin' Horse! I ain't told nothin' half as good since I saw the man which struck Billy Patterson. Go 'long!" The whip popped and across the desert and down the street of Roaring Horse he charged, brake blocks snarling against the wheels. And since he was a born gossip with the love of an audience he bided his time till the customary crowd had collected. Luis Locklear was just strolling up when Jeff Ganashayd launched a liquid parabola of tobacco juice across the wagon wheel and announced in a sounding voice:

"Chaffee got off the train this noon, an' I drove him to Cherry's horse ranch. He's headin' north. Saw him ride thataway later. He looked mean; he looked awful hard. Never saw a man with so much sudden death in his orbs. Toted two guns an' a rifle. Extra bandolier uh cartridges slung around his shoulders. And he said—says he to me in a growlin', nasty way: 'Ganashayd, doom is a-comin' down on the haidz o' sev'ral gentz in Roaring Horse. I'm out to kill. S'help me, them was his literal words.'"

After that Ganashayd enlarged the topic. But Luis Locklear passed quietly on and into the land office. A little later there was a rider going out of Roaring Horse with quilt flailing down, bound toward the lava stretch where Theodorik Perrine's gang was quartered.

The Cherrys were old friends of Jim Chaffee's. From them he borrowed horse, gear, and a hasty snack, and headed northward with the sun falling down the sky on his left. The stage was a-whirling rapidly beyond sight, and he knew hardly another hour could pass without the tocsin being sounded. He hated to admit it, yet those ten days in Bannoc City had been the same as a visit to heaven. He had worried, but he had been physically idle. And after the slogging labor of the past years, as well as the hard punishment of those few days of fighting, it had seemed to him almost a sinful pleasure to lie dormant while the daylight went around.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUT I'LL BET IT DOESN'T WORK.

"If you'd paint all the walls of this dark living room,

It would brighten it up, don't you see?

Select a light color, two coats are enough—"

So spoke the good wife unto me.

"'Twould be better, I think, to cut down the vines.

That make of the windows a blur; With but half of the work, to say naught of expense—"

'Twas thus I replied unto her.

But the vines I'll not cut, I know very well—

The mere thought made the wife rather faint;

But I'm hoping, by talking about it enough.

That perhaps she'll forget about paint.

—Sam Page.

subsidized, competition, let the railroads join with the barge interests to hasten the day when all these conditions may be complied with, and the Mississippi river barge line may be sold to private interests.

Mother Knows.

From Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Mother (calling from upstairs to daughter who is on the porch)—

Daughter, who are you with?

Daughter—Oh, one of the boys from the university.

Mother—Daughter, come inside this minute! And bring the porch swing with you.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

CARE AT CALVING TIME

Freedom from milk fever and other troubles after calving is largely controlled by the feed and care of the cow just previous to freshening. Ten days before the cow is due to calve, her grain ration should be lowered and so changed that it is mildly laxative and contains a liberal amount of sugar. Bulky, succulent, and laxative feeds help to get the cow in the best physical condition. About two pounds of grain a day from a mixture of two parts bran and one part linseed meal moistened with molasses and water or sweetened with brown sugar and fed with a liberal allowance of alfalfa hay and 15 pounds of silage is a very good feeding schedule just previous to freshening. Corn, alfalfa, and the like are sometimes called "heating feeds" by the dairyman. At this time they should not be offered to the cow. Such feeds tend to bring on udder congestion in these large producers and they may work a hardship in extreme cases. A pound of epsom salts or a quart of raw linseed oil is recommended by many herdsmen just previous to calving. The calving stall, maternity pen, or box stall is getting to be appreciated as one of the most necessary bits of equipment on the dairy farm. Many of the most costly, virulent, and devastating diseases of dairy cattle are contracted in the calving period. From what information we have at the present, the calving period offers the greatest possibilities for herd infection by contagious abortion. Isolation before, during, and after freshening is practiced by dairymen who appreciate the value of this aid to disease control. They know that bacterial infection confined to a specific stall may be readily eliminated by proper use of strong disinfectants. This applies to pasture conditions as well as to winter housing. The calving stall, after proper cleaning, disinfecting, and drying is best bedded with a clean, bright straw. Straw is a very poor substitute for straw in this case. There is some difference of opinion as to whether the cow should be milked before calving or not, but the overwhelming evidence on this subject is against the practice. Nature has provided a nerve correlation between milk secretion in the udder and the birth of the calf. This should not be thrown out of balance. The cow should have been milked before freshening had parturition delayed as much as a week and this usually results in weaker calves and more trouble in delivery of the calf. Calving is a perfectly natural process, but the cow should be kept quiet and her milk flow stimulated as little as possible until she has recovered from the drain on her system. Dogs are especially annoying and readily anger the cow. They should never be permitted near the calving stall. A warm mash is relished by a cow after freshening and may be readily made by pouring boiling water over three or four quarts of bran. Warm water or water which the chill removed is appreciated by the cow for two or three days, and hastens the bringing of her system back to normal. It is usually found best to take no milk from the cow other than what the calf needs for from 12 to 24 hours. She should not be milked dry until her calf is 48 hours old. The secret of feeding and care of the cow at this time is to supply her body with the energy necessary for milk production. Milk fever may be brought on by trying to start the cow out as soon as she has freshened; milking her dry and giving her too much feed. This trouble has been readily lessened by strictly adhering to the milking and feeding suggestions we have given. The better the cow, the more essential these practices become. The calf should ordinarily be left with the mother for no longer than the colostrum milk is being secreted. This means that at about the seventh milking the calf should be removed to a different pen and taught to drink from a pail. The practice of leaving the mother of much nervous reaction which is bound to follow if the calf stays with her long enough to become strongly attached. This nervousness results in a weakened condition of the mother and a corresponding loss of milk. Bran, oats, and linseed meal, equal parts, make a good grain mixture for the cow from two to five days after freshening. Alfalfa hay is all the roughage that is needed. From this time a sparing amount of the regular herd ration may be provided. A good deal of judgment should be exercised as to the amount of feed the cow ought to be given. The better the cow, the longer the period before milk production is brought to a maximum; 20 days is none too long before full feed should be given. A slow, careful start will mean higher and more persistent production throughout the lactation period.

IMPROVING SORGHUM

Poor stands are very frequently responsible for low yields of the sorghums, and the stands are usually too thin and lack uniformity, although the rate of planting is commonly 50 per cent higher than is necessary for maximum production under good cultural methods. Four pounds of good seed per acre is sufficient to give an excellent stand of the grain sorghums if the seed bed is in good condition and the crop is properly planted. Poor stands are due largely to placing the seed in cold, hard soil, by planting with the later sowing previously prepared the land. Under such conditions the germination is low and many of the seedlings die. The sorghums require a warm soil for the germination of the seed and the growth of the plants. Such a condition may best be obtained by blank listing the land in the fall, throwing the ridges in the following spring after the surface soil becomes warm and then planting in the same furrow, a little above the bottom of the old furrow, with the lister. When fall listing has not been practiced the land should be cultivated in the spring rather deep with an implement such as the one-way. This will destroy

AND EASIER TO PICK

If the bean poles are short and the vines are pinched off when they reach the top the beans will mature earlier.

REMEMBER THE SPRAYER

A tree that is infested with insects will not thrive any better than a pig covered with lice.

OATS FOR HAY

Midseason varieties of oats, such as Iogren, Iowar, Green Russian, Swedish Select and Silvermine, give highest satisfactory yields of hay. Opinions differ as to the best time to cut oats for hay, but it is probably more available if harvested

the weeds and increase the temperature of the soil. The crop should then be planted relatively shallow with the lister or with the surface planter, using the furrow opener attachments. Some men are using the deep furrow wheat drills successfully in the planting of sorghums on such land by stumping two holes and leaving the third one open, thus making the rows 42 inches apart when the 14-inch furrow type of implement is used. When the wheat drill is used it is necessary to guard carefully against planting excessively heavy.

SQUAB TURKEYS IN DEMAND

The large city market for extra-early, or squab, turkeys is an attractive one for those producers who can produce the quality that is wanted—and produce it early enough. The demand is increasing, but buyers are very critical about the type of bird they want. Producers who intend to sell part of their turkeys during the pre-Thanksgiving period should begin making their plans now for best results. The accepted practice is to have the birds ready in August and September as the demand is then best for spring, or squab, turkeys. Birds weighing five to six pounds dressed weight are preferred but they must be well finished. While high prices are paid the demand is restricted to the better-class hotels. Unless the birds are fancy enough for this trade there is virtually no outlet. Hence there is no profit in dressing inferior birds and they should be held back and finished for Thanksgiving or Christmas. And above all, arrangements should be made beforehand to sell the birds, because even experienced poultry shippers have trouble with squab turkeys unless they have an assured outlet. For the last two seasons the best squabs have sold for 10 to 15 cents a pound above the mature, fresh-killed turkeys. Poor ones have often sold far lower. Sales on the same day last season ranged from 12 to 50 cents a pound. There is a somewhat broader demand from late September to early November for slightly heavier birds, weighing from seven to nine pounds. These birds must show some plumpness to sell at top prices. Heavy spring turkeys sell only fairly well before Thanksgiving and the chances are that a nine or ten pound bird will outsell a heavier one.

GROOMING HENS FOR SUMMER

Summer is usually considered a rest period for the hens, and to a certain extent it is. However, they should not rest all summer, particularly during the early part of it, in any event they should not be allowed to go into the summer without a little special care. Presumably they have been laying well during late fall, winter and spring, and this laying has doubtless been somewhat of a drain on their vitality. In addition, lice and mites are more active during warm weather, and unless checked are likely to drain more of the hens' vitality. It is best to treat the birds for lice before letting them out in the yards. For flocks that are already running out, there is no harm in confining them for a day if each bird is to be treated with sodium fluoride or some other good lice powder. It is not necessary to confine them if the roosts are painted with some such material as Black Leaf 40. At the same time it is well to spray roosts, droppings boards and nests with some good spray material that is designed to eradicate mites. It is best, of course, to keep the birds confined to yards, so that they can be fed better, and also so that the eggs will be produced under better conditions and will be of better quality. There may be difficulty in keeping some of the liveliest hens confined, particularly Leghorns, so it is a good plan to clip the long primary feathers on one wing to prevent flying.

FERTILIZER FOR TREES.

It is well to have a general fertilizer for trees to be applied during the early season and then to use quickly available nitrogen as a top dressing when needed for special purposes. The following is a good all-around mixture for general use in deciduous orchards, such as peaches, pears, plums and apples: Three hundred pounds of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, 500 pounds of cottonseed meal, 1,000 pounds of 16 per cent acid phosphate and 200 pounds of muriate or sulphate of potash. The analysis of the above is approximately 4 per cent nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 5 per cent potassium. In the south it is commonly called an 8-4-5. This may be easily mixed at home. On a concrete or smooth plank floor put down 500 pounds of acid, on this 250 pounds of cottonseed meal, then 100 pounds of potash and on top 150 pounds of the nitrate or sulphate; then repeat. Shovel the pile over twice, which will mix it and after that put in sacks or bins. Use 500 pounds of this per acre on bearing trees if put in concentric circles about them, or 600 pounds if scattered broadcast on the acre. For single trees apply one pound for each year of age of tree and on the large shade trees use from 25 to 50 pounds. Work well into the soil after application.

MOST OF 'EM DO

Every good farmer ought to be a teacher, to show his less fortunate neighbors how to put in practice the things he has learned.

PARTICULARLY WITH FOWLS

B-gin gradually changes in the ration or method of feeding.

Unthreshed cowpea hay, well cured, ranks among the best of dairy feeds.

When in the milk stage. However, if the hay is to be fed to horses, many farmers prefer to harvest when the grain is in the soft dough stage, or even as late as the hard dough stage.

GROWING GEESE

Geese should not be used for breeding purposes until they are two years old. A gander may be used the first season.

KEEP SOIL LOOSE

A hard crust over the soil prevents the rain and heat from entering. Always keep the surface of the soil loose.

HAND-SHAKES TELL
Landon—Mr. G. Brook, who gives himself on his judgment of men, says that there are seven different types of hand-shakes to judge a man's character by. They are the rapid shake, the too-eager, the too-firm, the hesitant, the unnatural, the too-prolonged, and the finger-tip shake.

Rivers and Rafts.
From Minneapolis Journal.

Speaking over the radio the other night as a shipper and to shippers—including manufacturers, agents and wholesalers—peace

M. Hill of Minneapolis made a few points about the rail-water transportation controversy that railway executives would do well to ponder.

Principal of these had to do with the railroads' objection to the federal government's experimental operation of the Mississippi river barge line. The government pays no taxes on its equipment. The railroads have to pay taxes. The government can charge back to the taxpayers losses on barge operations. The railroads have to take their own losses on train operations.

So run the railroads' objections,