CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

So thinking, she came to | Melotte's and rode down the yard—a yard resembling an armed camp by the number of Flying M and ex-Stirrup S men loitering about. Going into the house she went to the room where Mack Moran lay. Mack had been in pretty bad shape from a bullet through the shoulder, it had pulled the solid flesh off him and whitened his naturally ruddy cheeks. But he was past danger now and he smiled cheerfully up to the girl as she sat down beside the bed.

"Able to sit up and take nourishment yet? She asked him, smiling back.

"This family will shore make a hawg out o' me, ma'am. Imagine chicken with dumplin's—Cob 1 bread with pear preserved. Gosh, I wish I'd been shot a couple years ago. They certainly is somethin' crocked about a universe which lays a man flat on his back before he discovers the institution of home cookin'."

"If you were married that is the way you'd eat every day," she said. "Something good has to be saved for the fellow who throws away his freedom, you know."

"Yeah," agreed Mack, and pondered over the matter with a scandalously matter-of-fact air. "All three of Melotte's girls are shore fine. One brings breakfast, one spells out with dinner, and the third sits in for supper. How's a man to decide which he ought to propose to? I'm plumb willin', but I can't nowise seem to decide."

"Possibly they may decide among themselves for you," she replied, trying to keep a straight face.

To Mack Moran that had all the earmarks of a splendid idea. "Now there's the whole thing boiled down. Wouldn't that be simple? Gosh, I even get chocolate to drink before I fall off to sleep. The oldest one—the one with the pritty hair always fixes that for me. Chocolate, can yuh tie that, now?"

"Perhaps it has already been decided," said she, and then hoped he hadn't understood.

He muttered "yeah," staring out of the window. His mind was on other things. "Jussasame, I'd like to be on a horse. Ain't had a letter from Jim yet, and he said he'd drop a ling right off."

"Mack," said she, the words tumbling leadlong out of her mouth, which way did he go, was he hurt, did—did he tell you anything I might like to know?"

Mack reached for his tobacco and answered the last
question first. "He ain't a man
to spread himself out loud,
ma'am. Not even to me, which
is his best friend. Way back—
shore seems like ten years—
when he saw yuh a-passin' on
the street he said to me,
'Mack, I've got to meet that
girl.' I reckon yuh'd like to
kriow it. An' when Jim said
that he meant a whole lot."

"Thank you," murmured Gay, and looked down to her lap. "I—I am glad to hear that"

that." "As for ben' hurt—yuh bet. Lee put some buckshot in his shoulder. That's been aworryin me ever since. And he was & ful tired. Dunno as I ever se i him look more tired. Goin' down the canyon is a year's work piled up into a few blamed excitin' minutes. I ain't anxious to try again. Not me. But we shore made history. And he hated to leave. Felt like he was runnin' away. I had the daggondest time arguin' with him. The fool woulda rammed his head

plumb into a loop. But I ain't had a letter—"

"Where did he go?"

"He aimed for the pass.

Meant to cross over and into
Bannoc City. It's snowin'
heavy up thataway. I can see
it from the winda here. When
it's white clear down to Sawyer Rock it means the pass is
fifteen feet deep in drifts.

"What could happen—what possibly might happen to him, Mack?" asked the girl, anxiety showing through.

Daggone."

"Nothin', as long as he's get two feet an' two hands. That boy can take care uh himself. But some o' that gang might 'a' winged him. And that buckshot could cause an awful lot of trouble. Son-of-a-gun, I wish I was able to ride a horse!"

She got up and went around the bed to look out of the window. "Yes, it's snowing hard up there. But it packs down in the pass, Mack. It always does. He'd have a good firm underfooting. And there's the cabin in case of trouble."

Moran was surprised. "How come you know all about those things? That's old-timer's

She was apparently so engrossed in her own thoughts that she didn't hear Macks question. "And he was supposed to have written you? Four days ago, from Bannoc City? No, two days ago, leaving time for him to cross. Well, if he crossed he would certainly go to Bannoc City—no other town in the valley. And the letter, if he wrote one on arriving, ought to be here now. Do you think he might delay writing, Mack?"

"No sirree bob. He knows I'm on pins an' needles. He'd drop a line right off. He's punctual thataway."

She turned from the window with a strange and abrupt lift of her sturdy little shoulders. Mack, watching her, got the impression she had made up her mind about something at that instant. "I'm going back to town. Do you mind if I ask for your mail at the post office? If he has written a letter I'll bring it—to-night. If not—"

"Yeah, then what?"

She smiled at him and touched his sunburned fist. "Be good, cowboy. Eat all the chicken and pear preserves you can hold. If I don't see you again, Mack, say a prayer for me once." She was light hearted about it, but a small kink of wistfulness lay around her lips.

"Ma'am who'm I to be sayin' prayers for you? If an old dawg like me got to mentionin' yore name to the Lord it shore wouldn't he'p yore reputation none in heaven."

"Reputation?" murmured the girl. The smile slowly left her. "I have heard the word before, always unpleasantly. Mack, do you know what I'd do if I were you? I believe I'd propose to the Melotte girlthe one who always brings you chocolate at night. So long." She was gone from the room, leaving Moran somehow dissatisfied with her departure. The touch of her hand had been cool, reassuring, with a brisk friendliness to it. Mack had never known a woman, who without trying to play the part of a good fellow among men, was as little self-conscious of her sex. She made a brave, contained figure; with always a reserve in her eyes that held others away. Only once had that reserve dropped to give another some sight of

of her heart.

She returned to town and

She returned to town and stopped a moment at the stable. A little later she came out of the hotel with her

traveling pag and stepped into a waiting rig. The driver whipped away through the graying afternoon. Fifteen miles to the south she got off at a lonely flag stop surrounded by the immensity of the desert night and spoke to the agent drowsing over his keys. Perhaps an hour later the agent built a bonfire of paper in the middle of the track and stopped an east-bound train. The girl got aboard and sat very quietly in one end of a day coach while the wheels made their swift tat-a-tat-tat rhythm along the rails. Presently they were climbing through a gorge with the trucks howling to the curves; and around midnight or a little later she left the train at another junction point, beyond the lowering outline of the Roaring Horse range. A six-horse stage waited beside the tracks with

peering through the gloom, saw nothing but the blur of her face.

"It's Gay Thatcher, John," said she, closing the coach

door.

some long-faced gilded letter-

ing hinting at the name of a

hostelry. She was the only

passenger, and the driver,

"Howdy, ma'am! Lordamighty, glad to see yuh again! Say, it's cold. You better take my laprobe."

"No. thanks." The coach rolled off, team stretching to an even gait. She drowsed and woke, and drowsed again while the clumsy vehicle pitched along the uneven road. And always there was in her mind the memory of something fine and pleasant: once she repeated a name very softly to herself. "Jim Chaffee." And added: "Gentleman." Before dawn the coach brought her down the main street of Bannoc City. She ate breakfast by the smoky kerosene lamp of an all-night restaurant and went directly to the stable. It was a misty daylight before she left town, bundled up in another rig. In the interval she talked to the clerk of the hotel and to the night marshal, asking only one question of each. And then she was away, leaving behind her the news of her passage. The men who had seen her said nothing at all. But there was one woman in the hotel—the wife of the clerk-who had risen

bitter acid in her words.

"So that Thatcher girl is back again. But she ain't got courage enough to wait until folks can see her brazen face by plain day."

early and who had caught a

moment's glimpse of the girl.

And this woman spoke with a

The clerk was sleepy and therefore made a tactical error, "Oh, she's all right."

"You hush! She always could pull the wool over the eyes of menfolk. Don't start that argument again. It's been dead five years. It's better left that way. She ought to have the decency to keep wide of this valley."

CHAPTER XV

Turbulence Thirty-four Pass lay hard locked in the grip of the storm. For almost a week daylight had been little more than a gray and weaving half light. Sight of the distant valley was blotted out; even the timber line was lost somewhere down the driving mists. Twenty feet below the drifts lay the trail, and the wind, booming across these drifts, ripped high sprays of snow upward and sent them sheeting against the summit cabin, like tall waves smashing across a stormy sea. A bitter and bleak world it was, with the peaks obscured and enshrouded, and sending earthward the eerie scream of the gale as it sheered the sharp points; a world of torturing cold and uneasy loneliness. Even the cabin, perched on a ledge above the trail, was banked to the eaves. Inside, a fire burned, and the heat formed layers of thawed ice against the panes, adding to the interior darkness. Water dripped through the roof; wind and snow sifted between every

minute interstice. Jim Chaffee sat hugging the stove and studied the dwindling pile of wood.

"I always figured purgatory was a hot place," he muttered. "But I reckon I must have been mistaken. If this ain't hell's back door then I'm a monkey's lineal cousin."

One foot was bare and soaking in a pan of hot snow water. He lifted the member with patient care and ran a thumb around a swollen ankle bone. "No use tryin' to walk on that for another week. It won't hold me up none before. Then what? In a week I won't have energy enough to open that door. Fact is, I'm awful gant right now. Chaffee, old horse, if you got a brain, now is the time to use it. If I stay I starve. If I try to crawl out I freeze. From these simple facts let us proceed somewhere."

A fat and sedentry man

could have lived on the strength stored in his surplus tissues these five monotonous days. Jim Chaffee was not fat, nor never had been anything else than muscularly thin. And he alweys had lived the kind of a life that absorbed the energy of each meal and left none for storing away. He was feeding on his life's vitality, slowly breaking down the fine machinery of his body. After the horse had thrown him he had crawled better than one mile along the gathering darkness to the cabin. The place was just as some itinerant trapper had left it—a pile of wood by the stove, a half dozen battered utensils hung along the wall. But excepting a rind of bacon as hard as a rock and an empty flour sack there was nothing left to eat in the cupboard. During the first two days he considered himself absolutely destitute of food. After that an empty stomach jogged his wits and he experimented. He filled a lard pail with water. Turning the flour sack inside out he took his pocket knife and scraped away the gray film of flour left in the seams. This went into the pail of water After it went the bacon rind He stoked the stove and let the mixture boil for an hour

The lard can smelled bad to begin with, the bacon rind was not easy to look at. "However, it's nourishment, ain't it?" he consoled himself, and poured out a small portion of the brew. He had always heard that a starving man could eat anything and say that it was as good as a king's dish. The first drink of this rancid, anemic soup convinced him that was gross error. Nothing in all his mature experience tasted half as horrible. He choked down the revolt of his stomach and optimistically took his pulse. Maybe it was the last jog of nourishment in the bacon rind and flour that made him feel a kind of glow. Maybe it was just the hot water, maybe it was only the excitement of hope. All in all, it was a poor experiment. In fact, it seemed to make matters worse, for the hot water further aggravated the sensation of being as hollow as a drum. He drank a little more on the third day. But on the fourth day disgust took him and he threw can and contents across the room. "I'd as

Meanwhile, the snowdrifts piled higher around the cabin. and he knew that unless he kept some sort of an alley cleared from the door the time would come when he couldn't get out, as weak as he was becoming. On hands and knees he crawled across the room and opened the door, to face a solid wall of snow. Very patiently he burrowed a tunnnel upward through it, working in the manner of a mole.

(TO B) CONTINUED)

FARM INCOME TUMBLES

Ames, Ia. — Iowa's 10 principal farm commodities—hogs cattle, sheep, corn, oats, wheat, barley, dairy products and eggs and poultry—showed a drop of \$100,000,000 in 1930 income, in comparison with 1929.

wisdom has been diluted by the individual folly and self-interest of
that number of persons, the net result proves itself inferior to the
wisdom of almost any one man.

The power must be exercised;
the American people will take their
chances on holding one man re-

the American people will take their chances on holding one man responsible rather than to try to apportion that responsibility among a multitude who are ever prone to take credit for the good and to pass to others the blame for the bad.

Livestock decreased 33 per cent in value and 9 per cent in number in Kentucky during 1920.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

Up until a few years ago, it was thought one should not expose soil for inoculation to sunlight, for fear of killing the necessary legume bac-teria. It was commonly thought that seeding legumes, inoculated with soil, must be done on a dark day. Now there is more definite infor-mation on this opinion. In an experiment at the University of Missouri, it was found that legume bacteria remained viable for a long time in dry soil. Soil containing legume bacteria was exposed to strong ultra-violet light for varying periods of time, and in no case was there any detrimental effect of this inoculating soil detected. This indicates that the ultra-violet light of the sun would have no detrimental action on the legume bacteria in the soil. Thus it seems that when legume bacteria are once well established in a soil through nodule production on a legume, they remain viable for a long time, regardless of drying out or exposure to sunlight This seven-year experiment indicates that when once established in a soil, the legume bacteria will not need to be introduced again as in-oculation within intervals of time common to most crop rotations.

SORE NECKS AND SHOULDERS On farms where tractors have been the means of reducing the number of horses, it is important that the latter be kept in good condition if the work that must be done by horse drawn implements is to go forward at the right time. When one has only two horses and one of these gets laid up with a bad neck or a sore shoulder, important field work might be delayed. Sore necks and shoulders are mainly the result of poorly fitting harness and the accumulation of dirt which makes the bearing surfaces rough. Keep the collars clean and smooth. See that they fit properly. Bathing the shoulders and neck after each period of work using salty. ter each period of work, using salty cold water or a strong tea of white oak bark, or a solution of one tea-spocaful of tannic or gallic acid per pint of cold water, helps to prevent galls. When a sore is noticed, bathe the part with hot water several times a day and then sop on some peroxide of hydrogen. Apply zinc

ointment. IMPROVING PASTURES A 74-acre pasture at one experi-ment station has been giving us something to think about during the last three years. By dividing the pasture into several smaller fields, and with the application of fertilizer and the rotation of the cattle from one pasture to another in grazing, the treated land has given 2½ times as many pasture days as has similar land not fertilized. Along with this improvement in the carrying capacity of the pasture there has been a great reduction in the quantities of feeds required as in barn feeding. This work was begun in 1928 and during the third year, or 1930, less than one third as much silage was used as in 1928 grain was reduced one half, beet pulp four fifths, and hay one quar-The fertilized pasture gave a net return of \$73.74 above feed, ferllizer, and land costs as compared with only \$20.38 on the unfertilized Isn't it about time we learned how to grow more and better feed on some of our land devot-

ed to pasture? SELECTING BREEDING SWINE Some reports have been coming in of the swine record of performance work being carried on in several states. The data indicate clearly by comparison that some strains of breeding are more efficient than are other strains. This leads us to wonder whether our methods of selecting breeding stock are all they should be. As a general practice we select the best looking gilts for breeding purposes. This method dees not enable us to make litter comparisons. If, at farrowing time, we were to mark the pigs in each litter as to enable us to identify them by litters later on, we would then have an opportunity to compare litters particularly as respecting rate of gain and uniformity of body conformation. Rate of gain is a fair index to economy of gain. We should compare the performance of litters and not the conformation of individuals in selecting gilts for breeding purposes.

PLOW SWEET CLOVER EARLY Experiment stations' work and practical experiences of corn belt farmers prove that plowing under biennial legumes such as sweet clover in early spring has a better effect on the succeeding crop than later plowing when more growth has been made. Water removed from the soil during too extended spring growth is doubtless one reason for late plowing being inferior. It also appears that during the period of most rapid growth, when sweet clover is reaching the height of 18 to 24 inches, little additional nitrogen is gathered from the air. Nitrogen which had been stored in the roots and in nodules attached to the roots late in the fall before is merely transferred to tops. Spring plowing of sweet clover and other biennial legumes should be done as soon as possible after spring growth is well started, for most satisfactory results. When the new growth is three to eight inches high is an

selecting hatching eggs.

Any poultryman who persistently sets small eggs is directly working against his own interests and the future of the industry. It has been determined that pullets at maturity lay eggs in proportion to their own size and weight, and that their size and weight are directly in proportion to the size of the eggs from which they were hatched. The placing of only large, well-formed, normal-shelled eggs in the incubator will result in pullets themselves capable of producing the same kind of eggs. Eggs going into the incu-

THE FEED QUESTION

In order to determine what price can be paid for a feed and which feed will be the cheapest to buy, the dairyman must appreciate what type of feeds he has on hand and what type of feeds he needs to balance them. Feeds should be purchased not by the price per ton but by the price per pound of the necessary digestible feed elements.

INSIST ON BEST SEED

There can be too much neighborliness. This refers to the practice of
swapping farm seeds, or buying
from a neighbor whose yield is re-

markable, but whose grain has not

bator should be graded with the same care that is used in grading high-class market eggs. Greater attention to this one feature would do more to increase the general quality of table eggs than any other group of management features. The result would be to step up the per capita consumption of eggs through its immediate reflection in increased quality.

CLEANING WORK HARNESS It is not too early to look over the work harness. To overhaul and clean a harness it is best to take it apart and make such repairs as are found necessary. Allow the harness to soak thoroughly in a washtub three fourths full of warm water containing a handful of sal soda, As each part is removed, scrub it well with a stiff brush and lay it aside. A scrubbing board will facilitate cleaning. While the harness is still wet, apply harness oil with a sponge or a cloth. Rub the oil well into the harness. As the water dries out of the leather the harness oil will work in. As the parts are oiled, place them in a pile so that the surplus oil may drip from the top pieces to the lower pieces. Use harness soap or dressing to finish the process.

WHICH GRAIN?

The dairyman is often faced with the problem of duying grains. Which down? in this case total nutrients are to be purchased, for grains are added to the ration for that purpose. This time the cost per bushel or cost per ton should only guide us when it indicates the lowest cost per pound of total digestiple nutrients. r'or an example, corn may be pur-chased for 75 cents a bushel, wheat for 70 cents, cats for 35 cents, and barley for 52 cents. At these prices one pound of total digestible nutrients in corn would cost 1.65 cents, in wheat 1.46 cents, in oats 1.55 cents, and in barley 1.36 cents. The dairyman now could readily choose the cheapest milk producing grain to buy.

TREES STOP EROSION The use of black locust seedlings planted thickly on the banks of gullies and in other rapidly eroding places to stop cutting up of fields and destruction of good farm land is proving highly satisfactory. Planting willow slips and cottonwood seedlings in the actual gully bed and in scepy and wet parts and placing black locust on the sides and along the edge of the gully appears to be the best combination. The forestry department of Iowa State college is encouraging this method of erosion control by locating and making available black locust seed. The plan suggested is that farmers buy one-half to one pound of the seed, soak it 28 to 48 hours and plant in the garden. The young trees should be removed from the garden after one year.

CURING THUMPS IN PIGS Anemia, or thumps, a disease that causes several losses in young pigs closely confined until two or three weeks of age, may possibly be con-trolled as a result of the test work conducted at an experiment station. Milk anemia is caused shortage of iron or iron and copper salts in the sow's milk. The feeding of these salts to the sows does not affect the milk. Painting the sows' udders with a solution of ferric sulphate, beginning shortly after farrowing was the the most effective of any method tried. It would appear to be a practical farm practice where early farrowing or close confinement is necessary as a part of keeping pigs out of contact with old yards and lots until transfer to a clean pasture is possible.

SWINE SANITATION AGAIN
The trouble with us Americans is that we are all the time looking for something new or different in the solution of our problems—to the extent that we fail to practice that which is old but still good. If we are going to let our spring pigs be born in filthy places, then we are going to be very good prospects for some salesman of a "new wonder" in remedies later on when our pigs are suffering from "Necro" of worms, or both. We are going to pay out hard money for something that won't do us very much good. We are going to buy a padlock for the hog premises after the damage has been done.

After the chickens vacated the house, one farmer brought in his spring pigs and sheltered and fed them in this house. He has built a concrite feeding floor along the front of the building which will serve as a sanitary runway for his chicks next year and the years to follow. His sows farrow early enough in spring so that he may move them from the building onto clean pasture in time to place his brood of White Leghorn chicks into the house sometime in April. The rotation for the year will then be complete and he will be growing his chicks and pigs in a good house and under sanitary conditions and one house has served for all operations the year around.

The replacement of horses and mules by tractors has advanced as yet only a little way, considering the United States as a whole, but its continued progress appears inevitable. The number of tractors on farms is nearly 800,000, while the number of work horses and mules two years old and over decreased from about 20,600,000 in 1918, to 18,000,000 in 1929. The number of horse and mule colts has decreased from a maximum about 4,500,000 in 1916 to 1,400,000 in 1929. The number of colts being raised is less than half enough to replace the work animals that die annually of become useless.

been tested for purity. A fanning mill will help to get rid of chaff and weed seeds. It's a wise plan to check up on the fanning mill by rending a sample of the cleaned seed to the state seed laboratory for analysis. Be neighborly, yes; but plant clean seed. See that your neighbor supplies seed just as pure as you would expect from a reliable seed house. If he can't do it, get the seed elsewhere.

GOOD TURKEY CHOW

Oats and wheat, with an occasional feed of whole corn ,are the
staples for winter feeding of tur-

Recommends Soybean as Emergency Hay Crop

Ames, Ia.——Soybean is recommended as an ideal emergency legume hay crop for Iowa farms by F. S. Wilkins, assistant chief in forage crop work at Iowa State col-

while soybean is practically equal to affalfa or clover in fed value, wilkins has found, it can be harvested within 80 days after it has been seeded.

been seeded.

The Illini soybean is the only variety tester at the agricultural ex-

periment station over a 15-year period which gives promise of being better for all purposes than the Manchu variety. The Illini variety yielded an average of 8 per cent more seeds in tests than the Manchu and other common varieties in 1928, 1929 and 1930 and about the same amount of hay.

Where Shall Power Rest?
From The Seattle Times.
Jonathan Bourne, Jr., former senator from Oregon, is greatly disturbed lest this country find itself in the hands of a dictator in the person of the president of the United States. The prescident by

his control over the radio, Interstate Commerce and tariff commissions; the federal reserve bank, shipping board, and the director of the budget, holds in his hands the destinies of the nation, and that seems to bother Mr. Bourne.

The existence of such enormous power for good and evil cannot be denied; it is inherent in the wealth and industrial activty of the country; it can't be diminished, but must increase. If that authority is not to rest with the president, then who shall exercise it? Congress?

The combined wisdom of 531 members of both houses is undembtedly greater than the wisdom