

NEUTRIA

ordeal and that Chappo did not mean to be brutal.

What times we had that summer and autumn! It was a year of frequent rains, and horses and cattle were sleek and fat and rollicking. Chappo and I would go out from camp twice each week and prowl the mountains the livelong day. Perhaps a long-eared calf would be roused up—he is one that has escaped branding—and my master would settle himself and take down his rope even as I flashed in pursuit, over rocks and brush, down cañons' sides, up cliffs, shooting through defiles. It is something to be a mountain horse, though it is I who say it; no other horse in the world could have carried Chappo at full speed where I carried him after mavericks. And he never faltered.

"Wherever you put your doggone feet is good enough for me, Neutria," he said once, at the bottom of a perilous descent.

Chappo was an excellent cowhand, more