

## THE UNTAMED

pounds to make game of me! I paused for breath and to gather strength.

"Hey, you ain't quitting?" he inquired. "Wipe her up, li'l feller. Fly at it."

After that it was imperative I should do my best—Sloan could never have kept his seat when I let myself loose to his challenge. Every trick his brutality had taught me I employed, and only once did Chappo waver. He was riding on his spurs now, yet he had to grab desperately for the horn; but he righted himself with a laugh and renewed his yelling. At last I was compelled to stop.

"You're shore a dandy, Neutria," he panted. "Let's call it an even break."

That suited me admirably. It would have been a shame to injure the boy.

I never pitched with Chappo again. He was always kind to me, save once only. That was when he placed the Box C on my left hip with a red-hot iron. It pained horribly, but I realized that all horses had to go through this