In due time the crop was cut and stacked, threshed and hauled to the elevator and at the advanced price of wheat resulting from the war, May was surprised to find that one crop alone had more than repaid them for all their lesses. This year their crop of steers was larger and sold at a better price, and, wonder of wonders, Kate had made the pen of "fool pigs" pay. From a field of roots sowed alongside the pasture fence she had kept them supplied with food after their grain began to toughen, and when it came to fattening time, a couple of weeks at the self feeders filled with barley turned out the pigs in condition that caused the early buyers to pay even beyond the fancy price that was being paid for finished pork and the amount of the check she received when the lot had been delivered almost took May's breath away.

Now after the girls had finished their fall work and were taking their vacation, shooting and fishing as they had done the fall before they made a practice of looking up the horses and cattle and drifting them toward the home ranch, and on one of these trips, after a careful scrutiny of the calves playing around their mothers, Kate said to May, thoughtfully:

You have often heard of a black hen



Some of the Hippodrome cats who came to the party in their "make up" and helped to entertain the 2,000 kiddies who, as invited guests of the Elks in their club-house on West 43rd Street, New York, received generous portions of candy and play toys, December 27.

laying a white egg, but did you ever hear of a white hen laying a black one?"
"No. Did you?" May asked in-

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"No, nor I never heard of a Shorthorn cow dropping a Holstein calf either. Look," and she pointed to where a black and white calf was sucking a big red

mother.
"Well, that is queer," May exclaimed, and was further mystified when a little further search located two other ducklings among their exclusive brood of chicks. Kate was noncommittal, but the next morning, without ever hesitating, she led the way to a bunch of cattle that was feeding ten or twelve miles away where they discovered the same irregularity in the herd that had occurred in their own bunch, only in this case three big Shorthorn calves, beauties, were mothered by low-bred, knot head cows. As soon as they were certain of their facts Kate said:

Now we'll ride over and have a talk with 'Dead Eye,' and you just leave the

talking all, to me."
"But Kate," May protested, "It isn't safe. If he stole our calves he's bad enough to do anything.'

'Sure he's bad enough, but he hasn't got the nerve. Nobody but a coward would steal a sucking calf. You just take it from me. I've been on the range since I was so small that I had to jump to pick a rosebud and I've never seen a rustler who had half the sand of a coyote. Why a man's jest natchelly got to be a sneak before he can be a thief. Now you just leave this bad man to me. I know how Dad handles them," and grim and silent she rode up to "Dead Eye's" shack.

Without any preliminaries Kate went straight to business as soon as the old thief showed himself.

"Say, Dead Eye, we've got three of your calves over in our bunch."
"Thet's queer," Dead Eye answered,
"I ain't none short."

"No, you're right your none short," she shot back at him. "You've got a thoroughbred Shorthorn calf in your bunch for every knot-headed Holstein we've got in ours. Now what have you got to say about it?"

"What hev I got to say about it? Why jest this. That if you was a man I'd drive

thet lie down yer throat with a bullet.' "Yes you would, you poor old one-eyed chicken thief," she taunted with withering contempt. "Why you never got farther than to steal a pail bunter in all your life and if ever you try to make Wild Bill talk to me about your gunplay I'll take you down and sit on your neck while I pick the fox tail out of your whiskers. Say, I've got a notion to tromp the liver out of you right now," and, clapping the spurs into her horse she jumped him fair on top of the old sinner, sent him spinning, whirled her bronk around on one hind foot and stood prepared to repeat the performance if he offered to show fight.

"Say, what's the matter yuh, anyway, a-springin' war medicine on me thetaway? You know them calves is branded, and a-suckin' their own mothers, so what yuh goin' to do about

"Oh, I know we can't get the calves back, for you've made a good job of the swop and we can't pin a single thing onto you, but we'll pass the word along to Paddy, the Mounty, and have him put you on the black list, and if you ever so much as bat an eye again them Mounty boys'll go after you just like the stag hounds go after a coyote. And in the meantime—" bang, the shot gun that she held balanced across her saddle horn went off and a load of duck shot tore a bucket of dirt out of the old sod shack behind his head. "Hang that gun, anyway," she exclaimed, "I never will get used to handling an automatic. But don't you see how lucky you were that you didn't get the whole side of your head shot off? And you know as well as I do that no jury on the prairie would ever convict a girl for the accidental discharge of her shot gun-especially when the accidentee happened to be a hoss thief. Get me?" and the girl looked him straight in the eye,

with a vicious gleam in her own.

Dead Eye evidently "got her," for he turned a sickly yellow and after the girls had rode away he muttered to himself: "Thet maverick would fillflirt a man in a holy minute," and the girls had no further trouble about their calves.

CHAPTER V

While nourishing rains and soothing winds combined with judicious management to bring the output of the prairie

\$5000.00 in Victory Bonds



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JUDGES OF CONTEST

Mr. R. G. Thompson. Editor, Farmer's Advocate
Mr. W. J. Healey. Associate Editor, Grain Growers' Guide
Mr. J. T. Mitchell. Editor, Western Home Monthly

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