

NEUTRIA

steer had dragged me down, it would have meant maiming for Chappo and me, so I was ever on my guard. I always contrived to throw them, even though some weighed two hundred pounds heavier than I.

I was Chappo's top horse—that is to say, his best saddler. Consequently it was me he rode to town on the rare occasions he could get there. I took the best of care of him.

On one occasion when he had spent an entire morning in town visiting various places of call with friends, Chappo bet fifty dollars I could throw an enormous bull they had in a feeding-pen. It was an intensely foolish wager; besides, he hadn't the money, and was earning only forty dollars a month. The sight of this bull—a Hereford—appalled me for a moment, for he was a monstrous fellow, blocky and solid; but Chappo patted my neck and whispered to me, and when he let his noose fly, I darted off with taut muscles, unafraid, yet ready for the tremendous jar that would