

THE SWADDLE, THE SAVAGE AND THE BUCKAROO

BY HUGH HERDMAN.

THE bronco buster, or the buckaroo, as he is commonly called, is generally a man of nomadic instincts and few attachments. He wanders from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border as occupation and inclination direct. One month he is breaking "broncos" in Arizona; the next month he may be punching cows in Montana. Nevertheless, there are pretty well defined trails that he follows, and the horsemen and cattlemen usually know about where to find him if they need him. Especially is this true in the winter. When work on the range ceases, and the snow driven by the vicious northwester begins to fly, he throws his saddle on his "top" horse and hies himself away to Glendive, Deadwood, Laramie, Virginia City, Tucson, Las Vegas, wherever habit in the past has led him.

"Leppy," said Dick, the foreman of the round-up outfit one warm night, as the entire crowd lay stretched out on the ground. "It's always been a mystery to me where your winter feeding ground is. I don't want to be privy to any of your private secrets, but I would just kind of like to know where your layout is. The rest of the boys know where they hibernate, but you're a puzzle. Comes November, and you saddle that high-headed, circle-dot roan of yours, ride over the hill and that's the last we see or hear of you till next March or April, when you show up again as fat and sassy as a stall-fed pig."

"Taint no mystery 'bout it," Leppy replied. "Livin'ston is the place where I feed my face. Like to hear the story?"

Dick looked inquiringly around at the rest of us and saw our nods of approval, but he turned and looked again at Leppy. "Well, Leppy," he said slowly, as if in doubt, "course I'd like to hear the story, but you know this is a modest, innocent crowd, and I would hate like blazes to have anything said or done here while I'm foreman that would offend the sensitive feelings of these pure, sweet, young men, or taint the purity of their uncorrupted minds."

Leppy was taken by surprise. He looked up quickly at Dick and then grinned eloquently at us. "Well," he replied, "I don't reckon it would hurt 'em none. Fact is, it's a real nice story."

"No swear words in it," Dick asked solicitously.

"No more than usual," Leppy replied. "All right, let it go," Dick said, "but keep your eyes open, and if you see any of these tender charges of mine blin' leather, pull up short clear back on your haunches. Understand?"

"Yep, Well, one Summer, 'bout four year ago, I was spending the Summer in Yellowstone Park. I got kind of tired bustlin' round on round-ups and bustin' broncos, so I set myself to take a lay-off and recover my lost health. I wasn't sick, you know, but I had a feelin' that I'd lost somethin', and I couldn't think what it was, unless it was my health. So up to the Yellowstone I goes, a-lookin' fer it. Say, if any of you fellers ever gets to feelin' that way, go up there. It's the bestest place to put an edge on your appetite and fire in your blood that I ever seen. 'Twan't long before I was bustlin' 'round there as if I had as much sassy 'bout things in there as Buffalo Jones does. Only I had sense enough 'not to stake anything on my feelin's, 'cause I knewed they was a four-flush."

"Well, I went all over the park, from one hotel to the other."

"I didn't know you were such a good poker-player as that," Dick said.

"Now, I don't mean I was livin' at them hotels, as them tenderfoot tourists does. I was workin' my way, by takin' care of the stage horses. 'Twan't a bad sort of a job, neither, and I got to see the park, lived on good grub at the hotels



"BUT I WISH I COULD HAVE SAW 'EM READ THEM NOTES."

and had a good time generally. I stayed in there most all Summer, and met lots of pretty good fellers.

"But I must tell you how things is up there. You know the Government owns that ranch, and takes mighty good care of it, too. They is a whole troop or two of cavalry in there, seein' that nobody shoots the game or goes on the warpath from drinkin' too much whisky. And lemme give you a pointer: Whenever you go into the Yellowstone, take all the whisky you expect to need with you, 'cause the price of the whisky in there started to rise when it left sea-level, and got just as high as the altitude is. It costs you \$4.25 a quart there, \$4.25 a quart! And it don't last as long as a snowflake in the main street of hell."

"But that's not what I was a-join' to tell you. Them soldiers are there, as I said. And they are pretty cocky, too. Then the stage drivers are there in the Summer time, and they ain't no meek that anybody calls attention to it. They've got the right of way on the road, and they'd just as soon as not run over a sagebrush tourist, as they call everybody

that don't stop at the hotels and ride in the stages. The soldiers and the stage drivers don't get along none too well together. They both think they're the foreman of the outfit, so they are both sore at each other and spiffin' for a fight.

"The stage drivers call the soldiers 'swaddies,' and the soldiers call the stage drivers 'savages,' and most generally they ain't got no use for each other. Now, there's one other class of people in the park in the Summer time that don't add none to the friendship between the swaddies and savages. I mean the biscuit-shooters. Whenever they's a fight between a swaddie and a savage, most generally one of them waiter-girls at the hotel is the cause of it. Did you ever notice, Dick, that when you take a crowd of men together they always manage to get along somehow with only 'bout the right number of shootin' and killin's? But you take and mix a few women in among 'em, and hell begins to pop right away. Now, I ain't sayin' this is the women's fault, I'm just statin' facts."

"Well when I was stayin' at the Canyon Hotel, I got pretty well acquainted

with some of the swaddies and the savages. One day, when they wa'n't many tourists 'round and I didn't have nothin' to do, I was a-lookin' out on Inspiration Point, admirin' the beauties of that great canyon, watchin' the colors changin' in the light, listenin' to the river roarin' and tumblin' two thousand feet below, and watchin' the eagles and ospreys circlin' 'round. Pretty soon, George Livermore, one of the swaddies, come and set down by me. Him and me was pretty good friends, and for a long time we just set there and didn't say much. But finally George he turned to me and says, 'Leppy,' he says, 'you know that savage called Shorty Dugan, don't you?'

"Sure," I says, 'I know him. Why?'

"Is he a friend of yours? George asks. 'Well,' I says, 'I ain't got nothin' against him, so I reckon you might call him a friend of mine. Why?'

"Well, it's this way, Leppy," he says, 'and I don't mind tellin' you, 'cause you know enough to keep your mouth shut. There is a mighty pretty little girl up here to the hotel, and I've kind of bene payin' her some attentions. She ain't one of them there common-lookin', slab-sided, run-down-at-the-heel biscuit-shooters. Leppy, she's a high-toned little lady, she's a peach, that's what she is. She's too good to be slingin' hash, but she wanted to see the park and didn't have the money to spare to see it any other way than by workin' her way through. Leppy, she's a bird. And I won't have none of them savages runnin' 'round after her. You jest tell Shorty Dugan that, so long!'

"So long, George," I says. Well, I sets there alone for a while smokin' and watchin' the birds. Then when it comes time for me to go back and feed, I starts back toward the hotel. As I was goin' up the steep trail 'long the canyon, who should I meet but Shorty Dugan.

"Hello, Shorty," I says. "Hello, Leppy," he says. "What you doin' here? I says. 'Why ain't you drivin' today?'

"Got a felon on my finger," he says. "So I had to lay over here."

"That so?" I says, 'kind of hard luck, ain't it?'

"Ye-es," he says, 'but it might have been worse. Say, Leppy, you know that swaddie called George Livermore, don't you?'

"Sure," I says, 'I know him. Why?'

"Is he a friend of yours? Shorty asks. 'Well,' I says, 'I ain't got nothin' against him, so I reckon you might call him a friend of mine. Why?'

"Well," he says, 'you'll be doin' him a favor if you tell him that I say he'd better not be pasturin' his stock on my range.'

"I knowed what he meant, too, but I pretends I don't savvy."

"Well, Leppy," he says, 'I don't mind tellin' you, 'cause you've got savvy enough to keep your mouth shut. You see, it's this way: They's a tip-top pretty little girl up here to the hotel, and well, I've sort of been campin' 'round in her neighborhood for some time. She ain't no common range stock. She's well bred, you can see that. She'll take the lead in any team and keep the traces tight. She ain't no common biscuit-shooter, oh, no! She's a little lady, that's what she is. And, being short on the cash, she's got the spunk to work her way through the park. Leppy, she's a high-stepper. And I won't have none of them fly-by-night swaddies runnin' 'round after her. You jest tell George Livermore that, so long, Leppy!'

"So long, Shorty," I says. Then when Shorty is gone, I set down and laughs good and hearty. And then I laughs some more. I know if any one had saw me they would have thought me clean locoed. I sure was on the foolish wagon. I couldn't hardly get my feelin' done, I kept wantin' to sit down and laugh so; but by the time the stage come in from the Lake I'd got my face ironed out so I didn't look too much like a laughin' hunch."

"You see, I'd had an inspiration, and that night I thought the whole plan out, and I couldn't see how nothin' could keep it from workin' if I could only get the girl's consent to help me. Bein' a man of some experience with the ladies and not discountin' my own ability none, I felt sure I could make her see it as I did."

"So next mornin' after the stages had all left, I goes up to the hotel, round to the kitchen door, a-lookin' fer that high-toned, high-steppin' little lady of a biscuit-shooter. It didn't take me no time to find her, 'cause you see I had a pretty good description of her from George and Shorty, and I always know a lady when I see one. It didn't take me long to explain my plan to her and it didn't take her more than a minute to see that it was a good one and to decide that she would see me through. She was a game little sport as well as a lady."

"Then I sets out to find the swaddie and the savage. I met George first. 'George,' I says, 'I seen Shorty Dugan last night, and he says for me to tell you that you'd better not be pasturin' your stock on his range.'

"Oh, he does, does he?" says George. "Well, I'll just show him whose range it is. I'll show the —, and he called Shorty some few choice names which, out of respect for the youth and innocence of the present company, I'll not repeat. But I can assure you that it was good straight Army talk."

"And I can say this much, I says, 'that if you will be at Inspiration Point at daybreak tomorrow you'll find somethin' that'll interest you fer awhile.'

"Well, I'll be there, all right," George says, 'and I'll show him what's what and who's boss here.'

"Then I saunters off in search of Shorty. I runs across him up near the hotel. 'Shorty,' I says, 'I jest seen George Livermore, and he says for me to tell you that you'd better not be cuttin' in on his game.'

"Oh, he does, does he?" says Shorty. "Them swaddies is gettin' too cocky to suit me. I'll jest show him a thing or two, the —. Hese Shorty raised George's stack of cuss words about double. You can't beat a man raised on the plains at cussin'."

"Yep, that's what he says," I says to Shorty. "And I can say this much, too, that if you will be at Artist's Point at daybreak tomorrow, you'll find somethin' that'll interest you fer a while."

"What?" yells Shorty. "Does that blue-bottle fly think he can bluff me? I'll be there all right, all right, and I'll show him who's boss here. This park ain't big enough fer the two of us, and I ain't calculatin' to move."

"Looks a little like I was a-lookin' and a-bettin' a fight, don't it? But I wan't. Them two points, Inspiration and Artist's, is on opposite sides of the canyon, which is about half a mile wide; so I didn't count none on George and Shorty meetin'."

"Then I goes back to the hotel and gets the two notes which the high-toned, high-steppin' little lady has wrote fer me, and goes and leaves the one addressed to George Livermore, Esquire, tacked on a tree on Inspiration Point; then I goes round over the bridge to Artist's Point and leaves the one addressed to Shorty Dugan, Esquire, tacked on a tree there."

"Say, fellers, I would have give that circle-dot roan horse of mine to have saw them fellers when they got them notes. That was the only weak spot in my plan. I knowed it, but I couldn't help it. I can jest see 'em now creepin' up to the place where I had told 'em to go, their stick-shooters in their hands, all ready to shoot on sight, and findin' nobody there. Then after waitin' a while and callin' the other feller all the kinds of a coward they could think of, they finds them notes pinned on the trees. Yeh, I'm mighty sorry I missed seein' that. I would like to have saw 'em read them notes, I sure would."

Leppy ceased, as if that were all the story, and asked for the "makin's" of a cigarette. After waitin' impatiently until he had rolled and lighted his cigarette, we all started to question him at once, but Dick took the floor by virtue of havin' the loudest voice.

"Look here, you aggravatin' leather-pouder," he shouted, "if you want to get out of here with a whole skin, so on with that story. What was in them notes?"

Leppy chuckled a moment and then said: "This is the way they read: 'Mr. and Mrs. Leppy Shook desires to announce to Mr. George Livermore and Mr. Shorty Dugan that they were married in Gardiner, Montana, tomorrow mornin'.'

"And then we was left the Canyon Hotel. The time them fellers was readin' them notes, went to Morris Basin, where we got dinner, and on to Mammoth Springs that night. The next mornin' we went on to Gardiner and was married."

"Who was 'we'?"

"Why, me and that little high-toned, high-steppin' little lady. What do you suppose I was travelin' 'round from one hotel to another for if not to keep close to her? Now, in the Summer she is dead waitin' up there, and I am 'round there, diggin' in the winter we live high in Livingston. So that's where I disappear to when the snow begins to fly."

"What about the swaddie and the savage? Didn't they ever get even with you?"

"Well, they think they did. They made frien's of the snow, you see. 'You son-of-a-gun, it served you right!'

Silence followed the laughter for a few minutes. Then Leppy rose, stretched himself, threw away his cigarette and said: "I wish I could have saw 'em read them notes, though."

OUR SUMMER ENEMY, THE COMMON HOUSEFLY

Its Birth, Physique, Habits and Tragedies, by Clarence Morris, B. Sc. M. D.

ALTHOUGH the fly is with us during every waking hour, and some of us, throughout half the year, breakfasts, dines and sups with it and upon us, few know his life history.

From his humble origin in stable litter he emerges, in the prime of life, instantly ready to take a kiss from baby's lip, to sip from my lady's glass, or to tickle with his tread the bald spot of a king.

He is distributed over the world as widely as the dust upon which he lives; and has as early a place in history as Moses. The value of domestic flies as scavengers furnishes no adequate compensation for the cost they entail through the diseases they carry—to say nothing of the annoyance and disgust chargeable to their presence. The habits of the flies are less cleanly than those of any of the bugs which frequent houses, and, doubtless, they would be considered with the same loathing if we had not from necessity become enured to their presence. The bug can be frightened into an effort to escape or crushed by a blow, while striking at a fly is but beating the air.

Flies have no skeletons. Instead, they are surrounded by a series of rings stiffened by chitine and connected by membranes. To these rings are legs, wings and muscles are attached. The fly's body is formed by 12 rings, but this fact does not depress his spirits, for a brain is necessary to the lodgment of a superstition, and the fly has no brain. He has a nervous system, however, which is so well developed that it enables him to hear, smell and touch with his fingers; the antennae which grow out between his eyes. But, the fly is not sensible to pain and shows no shock and gives no evidence of suffering from the tearing away of a leg or a wing. He may live for 24 hours with abdomen completely removed and with it the greater part of his heart, and will live nearly that long after his head is cut off. He cannot bleed to death. A fly's heart and digestive tract are tubes varying only in diameter except at the gizzard.

It is said that a fly recently drowned can be resuscitated by applying salt to his body. It is not claimed that the idea of the use of salt solution in reviving persons suffering from great physical depression originated from this fact.

The compound eye of the fly has 6000 hexagonal facets which, when magnified, look like the cells in a honeycomb cut across. One can hardly imagine the kind of image a fly perceives from so many eyes.

The housefly must be classed as a brunette, as his eyes are brown.

Feeding on Hard Substances.

When the mouth of a fly is magnified it may be seen that at the top of the lip is a series of deep grooves with sharp projecting edges. When he comes to a solid, as on a lump of sugar, it scrapes the surface by means of these rasp-like projections, securing a small amount of fine shreds or powder. These it moistens with saliva, which has great solvent properties, and then draws up the

solution by means of its stomach, which is used as a pump.

The heart of a fly is a muscular tube which forces the blood, by a milking movement, toward the head. There being neither arteries nor veins, the blood flows in the spaces between the internal organs.

Oxygen is necessary to insects as to man, but they have no lungs or openings for the admission of air by way of the mouth. But air admitted through openings below the wings, spiracles, is carried by minute connecting tubes through the parts of the body.

The housefly belongs to the order Diptera, or two-winged, the Greek *ptera* meaning wing. The flea belongs to this order, but has lost his wings by parasitic habits—an illustration of the loss of parts through disuse. The wings of the fly are developed as sacks filled with fluid, the walls of which become adherent when the pupa dries out. The arrangement of the veins in the wings is important to classifying them.

The fly's legs, six in number, are united to the body by a broad socket, which gives a wide range of motion. The foot is a concave pad, which enables it to walk upside-down on the ceiling.

Perhaps one-third of all flies are of the family *Musca Domestica*, or housefly, which is the least objectionable of all the members of the order Diptera, but not the most valuable scavenger.

Several Distinct Varieties.

There is a prevailing impression that the disturbance of the elements in the time of a storm excites the housefly to bite. This is an error. His protruding mouth spreads out at the tip and is useful only for lapping liquids from a surface. The biting fly is a nonresident, who is seen in houses only when he takes refuge from the storm. This fly, *Stomoxys calcitrans*, has a mouth like a hypodermic needle, and which is a bill-collector for blood. It torments cattle and horses, whose blood it prefers to that of man. Its physique and physiognomy correspond so nearly to those of the housefly that it is difficult to tell the difference except by an examination of the mouth part—or by letting him bite you.

The large, black, sluggish fly having some yellowish hairs, which can easily be caught in the window-pane, is the *polonia* rattle.

The *hematobia* serrata, called the horn fly, is usually seen in clusters behind the horns of cattle, out of reach of tail or hook, and has but recently immigrated to this country. His correspondence closely to the stable fly and lives on blood.

The small jet-black fly, which is increasing in numbers every year, is the *hematobia* calcitrans. It is thought by many to be a young house fly, but all flies are born full grown. The male of this fly has translucent spots on either side of his abdomen, through which light shines as he promenades across a window-pane.

A still smaller black fly occasionally seen in houses is the *scenopinus* fenestratus, which breeds in dust under carpets and is becoming more common. Its larvae are threadlike.

The most important fly, for his value as a scavenger, cannot be compared, is the "blue bottle" or "meat" fly, which comes in three sizes and assorted colors. He is

the fly which raises such a row buzzing about the head, and which is the cause of the largest calliphora vomitoria, or blow fly; another, the *lucilia* caesar, comes only from cow stables.

If the common house fly were exterminated, and he could be, the few others would furnish little annoyance.

When They Hibernates.

A few flies live through the winter. These are females which hide in corners in the stable, cellar or attic or remain more or less active in well-warmed rooms. In the early days of the Spring a few survivors of the swarms of the preceding

Summer appear. This fly lays its eggs, about 120 in number, in stable refuse, rarely elsewhere, and under favorable conditions they hatch in eight hours. The larvae, or maggots, developed from them find their skins too small for comfort when one day old, rip them up the back and escape. This is repeated on the next day, and three days after the second molting they pupate. The pupae, which correspond to the cocoons of the silkworms, remain quiet for five days, at the end of which time the fly comes forth an adult. So the development of the fly occupies ten

days. They multiply at this rate, 120 to 130 to each mother, and perhaps 12 generations in the Northern States, and through 14 in the Southern, each Summer. The average duration of life in the fly has not been determined, owing to the fact that it is very sensitive to captivity.

The possibilities of tragedy in the life of the house fly are many. Beetles and parasitic flies nip at its heels, and some of them are birds which he must outwit or outfight, or they will gulp him! Toads secreted behind leaves may surround him by a jump; stealthy snakes may seize him as he sways upon a blade of grass, and hornets must be artfully dodged or he will be massacred and fed to their young. Small wonder he stays in the house!

Its Deadly Enemies.

Within the house there is less liability to distressing or fatal accidents, but even there eternal vigilance is the price of life. How often in heedless flight a fly becomes entangled in the meshes of the web of a spider who, after throwing around him a sticky web, victim a few silken lassoes, poisons him with the venom which can be transuded from his claw and then sucks the fluids from his body? True, the good housewife keeps the living rooms clear of cobwebs, but in their place she substitutes fly paper, made by spreading over it a mixture of resin and castor oil. While the spider's web has slain its thousands, the fly paper has slain its ten thousands. A minute reddish mite multiplies upon him and slowly saps his vitality. The house centipede thinks him his legitimate prey, and a new fly-killer, consisting of a piece of wire gauze on a handle of wood, being invisible and causing no current of air to drive the fly from under it as it descends, is certain death. To avoid these dangers he surely needs every one of his six hundred eyes.

In the autumn a new danger lurks for him. Perhaps today we slap at him in vain, as he ticks our nose, or takes first bite of our breakfast and tomorrow find him dangling by his tongue from the window-pane, surrounded by a pale, smoky cloud. What is the matter? Poor thing, he swallowed with his supper a germ of *Empusa muscae* which began to multiply within him, growing so fast that by morning it had completely filled the body, and, penetrating the skin, spread its pores to be blown here and there to imperil the lives of other flies.

An entomologist says: "The fly fungus silences more house flies than all the brushes, traps, poisons and swarms devoted to the extermination of the insect."

Menace to Health.

The fly menaces our health and lives through his being a common carrier of germs of all sorts and especially of the filth diseases. The microbe of erysipelas is frequently carried by flies to some slight fissure or raw spot—more frequently to the nose than to any other point. The newborn, who are unable to protect themselves from flies, furnish a greater proportion of

cases of erysipelas than those of any other age.

Typhoid fever is frequently fly borne. The fly, reeking with filth, bearing the germs, alights upon food and leaves them there.

In the report of the Government board for the investigation of the epidemic of typhoid fever in the volunteer regiments during the Spanish-American war, it is stated that infected water was not an important factor in the spread of typhoid fever in the national encampments in 1891. Flies undoubtedly served as carriers of infection.

Each of the contagious diseases of childhood often is carried by the fly and blood-poisoning from a fly infecting a scratch or crack in the skin is not uncommon. So, the life history of the fly is not an uneventful one.

How Protect Yourself?

How may the fly nuisance be abated? The most important effort to answer this question was made by Prof. L. O. Howard, entomologist to the Department of Agriculture, who, after making as many as 200 puparia to the cubic inch of manure at the department's stable, began experiments to determine how the larvae and pupae could be destroyed in the heap. All methods of treating the waste by chemicals were proved destructive to the larvae were too expensive for general use. But, it was found that the breeding of flies could be easily prevented by protecting the waste from them.

A rigidly enforced ordinance providing that stable waste shall, during the summer months, be thrown into a fly-tight closet having screened windows would rid a city of the pest. The building and use of such closets is a good economic proposition, because it would make a great saving in the cost of sickness and death from fly-borne diseases.

My Ship That Never Comes.

June McMillen Ordway in July Sunset Magazine.

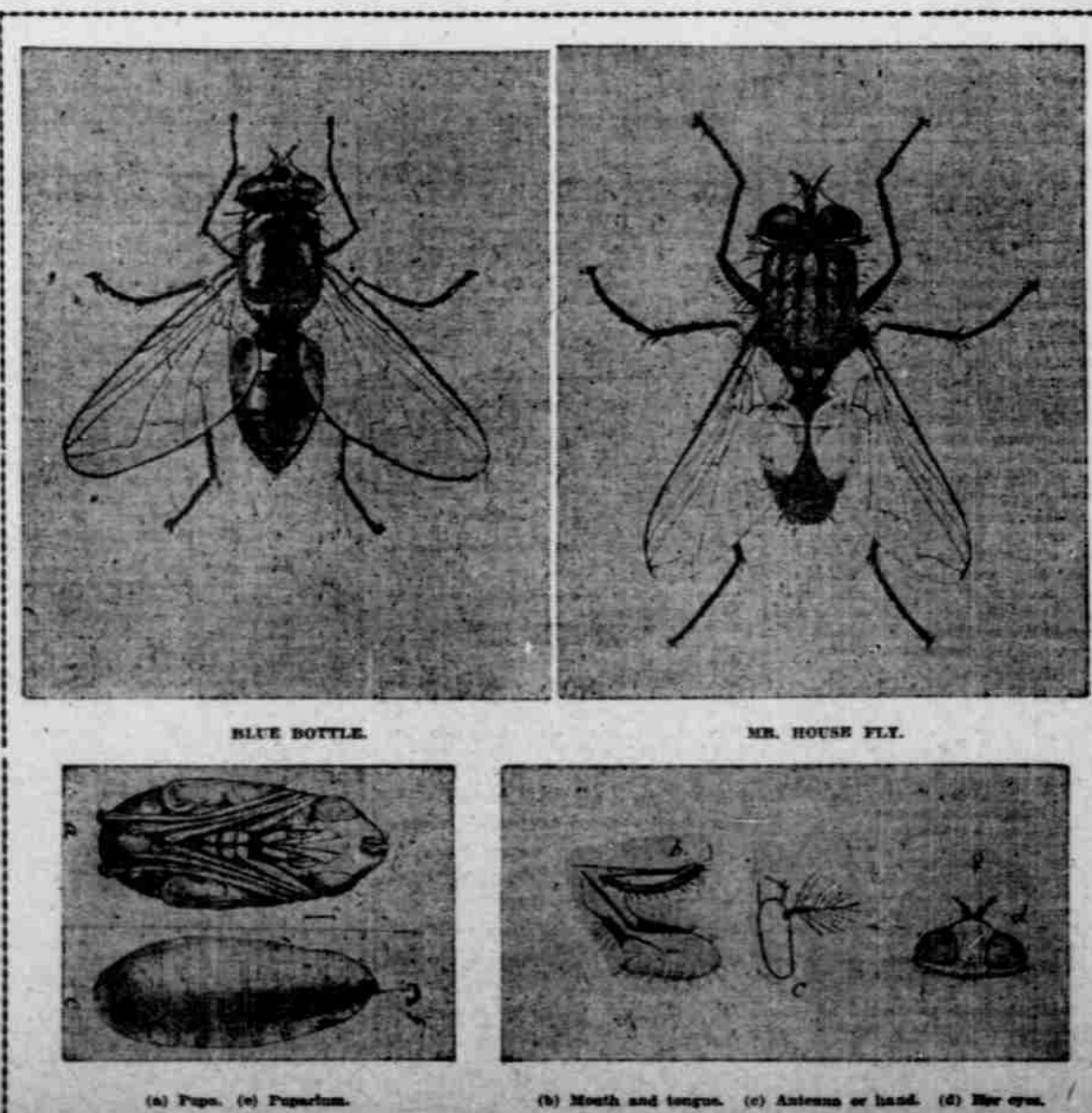
I stood upon the shore today And looked far out upon the sea, And many, many ships were there, But none was bound to me.

Ah! none is there for me. Yet, I am sure, I launched one there And bade it haste across the main, Through long and weary years I've hoped To see my boatish ship again.

Ah! there none for me! No light of sun, shines on their way, For they are freighted down with fears, With sorrow, sighs and blighted hopes, They've gathered, through the untold years, Through many restless years.

I stand upon the shore again And look for sails like fairy wings, For in those happy childhood days The freight was love and all bright things, Upon the calmest sea.

My little ship that sailed away, My ship with freight of sunny years, I'll see you yet, some other day, Just off some brighter, happier shore, Just off God's fairest shore.



BLUE BOTTLE.

MR. HOUSE FLY.

(a) Pupae. (b) Pupa. (c) Pupa.

(b) Mouth and tongue. (c) Antenna or hand. (d) Eye.