## THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



The term, tenderfoot, was applied to every newcomer to the old West and stuck to him or left him according to the degree of his proficiency in assimilating the ways of the country. One essential process in his education was mastery of the use of firearms. If naturally "handy" with a six-gun, he outgrew the tenderfoot characteristics more rapidly than his less skillful brethren.

Faithful novelists, such as William MacLeod Raine, who have relied upon true types and authentic backgrounds have not minimized the influence of the six-gun as a civilizing element. The first resort of cowards and ruffians, it naturally became the most potent implement in combating and subduing them. No amount of courage or determination on the part of peace officers availed without the assistance and accomplished use of well-oiled "blue hardware." In many sections no man could be considered well dressed for either social or business occasions unless he wore it.

Most novels of the West have dealt with seasoned residents of the country-people equipped to take care of themselves under all circumstances. The heroes generally have been men inured to the life. It has remained for William MacLeod Raine to paint a stirring picture of the experiences of a tenderfoot; to draw a hero who was pitched into the midst of a trying environment and who had to learn to fight before he had comprehended any other of the elements of existence in the place of his location.

You will follow the romance of this story and the adventures of the fight-ing tenderfoot with rare interest; for they are mainly true records, accounts from historical sources and types of character in one of the most pictur-esque and colorful eras the world has ever known.

### CHAPTER I -1-

### **A Desert Greeting**

On horse and man the evidence was written plain that they had traveled far. Yellow dust, fine as powder, had sifted into every crease of the rider's trousers. It covered his boots, his black hat, his coat. It streaked the young fellow's face and caked his burning throat. The eyes of the man were sunken and bloodshot. As for the animal, sweat stains blotted flank and withers. Hoofs dragged and head drooped.

Garrett O'Hara nodded in the saddle. The heat of the sun made him sleepy. No pressing engagement awaited him at Concho. Why not throw off among the trees and lie down in the shade for an hour? So, sleepily, he mused, hand on the horn to steady his lax body.

Out of the slumberous heat of the afternoon came sinister greeting. The traveler's hat, tilted to protect the face from the sun's rays, was lifted from his head as though by a sudden current of wind. The sound of an explosion boomed. From the chaparral smoke drifted skyward.

O'Hara's languor vanished-and so did he. Before the booming of the Judge Warner?" The statement was

| didn't go for to shoot at you-if I did. I was aimin' at an antelope. I've done apologized. Cain't do anything more can I?" he wheedled sulkily.

O'Hara slipped quietly forward and stepped down into the arroyo. The young woman saw him first. She stared at him, eyes wide with surprise. Her expression warned the big man, With unexpected swiftness he whirled, the rifle jumping to his hip. "Who are you?" he demanded.

The answer came smoothly and easily: "I'm the antelope you shot at, Mr. Sanderson."

The big man glared at him. Shep Sanderson was that unusual combination, a slow thinker and a fast shooter. He had a one-track mind and had no room in his brain for simultaneous cross currents. Either Barbara Steelman or this man was wrong. He had fired only one shot. As his mind functioned he knew, with considerable relief, that it had been the stranger at whom he had flung the bullet from his rifle. The girl must have been in the brush between him and the road. What was she doing here, anyhow? And how did this man know his name was Sanderson? What was the best thing to do now?

O'Hara lifted the hat from his head with a bow to the young woman. She caught sight of the holes in it and her eyes dilated.

"Did he do that just now?" she asked. "Just now, miss, with his little

bullet." She felt the blood ebb from her heart

as she stared at him. Somehow, in the rush of the moment, she had not been afraid when she thought Sanderson had fired at her. There had not been time for fear. But now, with the evidence that red tragedy had grazed so near, stamped in the hat, she was shaken.

"Why did he do it?"

"That's what I've come to ask him."

The manner of the young man altered. Brown eyes and volce were no longer gentle. In his bearing was a certain poised inflexibility. Yet he did not raise his voice or change his attitude. The difference was of the spirit. "Why

pick on me as a target, Mr. Sanderson?" "I don't know you, fellow," Sander-

son growled. "Which makes your greeting to me

all the stranger. Did you mistake me for one of your friends? Or was it my purse you fancied?"

The girl was puzzled at this young man who had dropped down upon them from the sky, as it were. "Tenderfoot" was written all over him. Clothes, manner, bearing, personality, all spoke of the city rather than the range.

She spoke quickly. "You're not

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O'Hara. "I ain't been hired to wrangle for no tenderfoot."

"Don't you think, since it was your fault his horse got away, it would be decent to-?"

"For this hombre? Me? Say, I'm Shep Sanderson."

This seemed to be answer enough. His cold shallow eyes, light as skim milk, slid from O'Hara to Miss Steelman and back again. He moved away, his face toward the younger man, till he reached a dense clump of prickly pear. Behind this he vanished.

The girl spoke, "First off, we better get our horses."

They found hers where she had left it when she slipped from the saddle to take refuge in the brush.

"We'll look for yours," she said, busying herself with a stirrup. She was disturbed that he should find her wearing leathers, using a man's saddle. She wanted to explain to him that in such thorny chaparral one had to wear leathers to protect the clothes and flesh against cruel clutching spikes, that she was no crazy tomboy who raced around the country dressed up like a man. But any approach to the subject was embarrassing.

"We want to be careful," the young woman said in a low voice. "He's a bad crowd, Shep Sanderson is. . . Which way did your horse go?"

They had reached the road. "There it is, back of that prickly pear," O'Hara said. "I knew it wouldn't wander far. Too tired."

He reclaimed his horse and swung to the saddle.

"This way," said Miss Steelman, and swung her mount deeper into the you off."

For nearly half a mile she led the man silently in and out among the brush. Then she reined up to ride beside him.

Disapprovingly, she looked at his fancy boots. "They'll be ruined in all this cactus," she told him. "You have to wear leathers in this country. It's not a question of how you look."

He understood that this was not so much a criticism of him as a defense of herself.

"Yes, miss. I can see it's better." he agreed. "But I was expecting to stick to the road when I started."

"Started where from?" "From Aurora."

"For Concho?"

chaparral.

"Yes, miss."

She was still puzzled to place him. Though in the mountains, Concho was in the heart of a cattle country. There men talked cows, worked them, llved them. It was the basic occupation upon which all others were dependent. It was an easy guess that this stranger had never ridden out the stampede of a trail herd. Yes, tenderfoot was sure enough the word for him.

know there? Who sent for you? hinted, one which made it unsafe for him, an insignificant stranger, to prac-Whose man are you?"

It was the last query that snagged tice his profession in the town? No doubt he would find out soon enough. his attention. "What do you mean, whose man A steep trail dropped like a crooked

am 1?" She did not answer that. Her reply

was wholly unexpected. "Better turn round and ride back to Aurora tomorrow."

His eyes flashed interest, and something more than that. "Why, if the court please?"

"It's not your kind of a country," she said. "What kind of a country it is, where

snubbing post. With saddlebags over men shoot at strangers because they his arm the young man mounted the may be law officers?" porch steps and walked into the adobe She flushed. "It's a good enough hotel.

country, of its own kind. That Shep Sanderson is a low-down killer. You can't judge folks by him."

"I hope not, though I think you sugheels resting on a drum stove that gested that some one hired him." "I don't know whether anyone did or not," she responded, and he no-

ticed that at the thought her face clouded again. Her next remark seemed to bear no

relation to what had gone before. "Do you know Dave Ingram? Or

my father, Wesley Steelman?" "No, miss."

Apparently she was a young person of abrupt transitions. "That hogleg you carry! Can you use it?"

"Hogleg?" "Six-shooter," she said impatiently. 'Do you carry it for show?"

"Mostly," he admitted. "I killed a rattlesnake with it today." "Can you shoot?"

"I can hit a barn if I am near enough." "Could you hit a man who was firing

at you?" "Don't think so. I'd hate to try."

"Then don't carry it. You'll be a shinin' mark for some one to bump

"Do what to me?" "Shoot you. I'd throw it away and

play I was a preacher while I stayed at Concho. You'll be safe then. The town is full of hard men, quick on the shoot. That's how they settle difficulties."

"I'd say what Concho needed was law," he said drily.

"Don't you understand?" she cried. "Men make their own law. They carry it in a holster by their side. Just now trouble is brewing-a lot of it. There's a feud on. Among such men a lawyer's arguments wouldn't last a minute. Go back where you came from."

He shook his head. "I'm headed for Concho, miss."

She threw up a hand with a gesture that waved aside responsibility. "All right. It's none of my business, anyhow. I'm interferin' where I shouldn't." "I'm sorry you want to hand me my



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#### Goal Attained

Null-I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me. Void-And you found it?

Null-Well, rather. I'm in the hole now .-- Churchman



He Found a Well, a Tin Wash Basin and a Dirty Towel.

rope down the mountain side to a vil-

lage which nestled at its foot. As he

descended he could see that Concho

had one business street. From it, up

draws and hollows, two or three wind-

ing roads started tentatively toward

the adobe houses that formed the resi-

O'Hara drew up in front of the Con-

cho house and tied his sorrel to a

Three or four men were seated in

the office, chairs comfortably tilted

back. One of them was talking, his

dence section.

had not been lit for many months. He continued to talk. Neither he nor any of the others paid the least attention to the entrance of the stranger. "Is the proprietor in?" O'Hara asked. "I run this shebang."

"Can I get a room?" "I reckon you can get a cot somewheres."

"Would you mind showing me where It is? I'd like to wash."

"Go down that passage an' turn to the right. There's four beds in the second room. You can roost in one of them unless some guy squawks an' claims it's his. Wash basin back o' the house." His duties as host concluded, he returned to unfinished busi-

It was characteristic of Garrett

he had seen of the place fascinated

worked in it. If it had not been wild

and untamed he would have been dis-

He wandered up the street and his

haphazard footsteps took him toward

a sound of music. A Mexican baile

was in progress. He paid the price

of admission and stepped inside. A

lithe, bright-eyed girl was doing a fan-

dango with a young fellow in Spanish

costume. O'Hara watched the scene

eagerly. This was the sort of thing

he had come West to see. It had color,

There came a disturbance at the

door, disputing voices, an irruption of

men, not Mexicans. There were four

of them, and at the head of the group

the room. There was no way out ex-

cept by the front door unless he

volver was at the hotel in his saddle-

As yet Sanderson had not seen him.

The music stopped when Sanderson

was close to O'Hara. The big man did

appointed.

rifle had died, before the first thin shred of smoke had appeared, he had flung himself out of the saddle and was scuttling for the brush. As he ran he stooped to scoop up his hat.

Not till he had dodged past much greasewood and mesquite did he stop to reconnoiter. For one glance had shown him two holes in the hat. A bullet had passed through the side and erown. If the ambusher had fired two inches lower the lead would have crashed through the victim's brain.

The running man pulled up to consider ways and means. The position of the holes in the hat showed him that the shot had come from the right. What was the object of this attack? O'Hara was a stranger. He could have no enemies, not in this frontier land. Since he was unknown, nobody could have acquired a grudge against him. Robbery, then, could have been the only motive. Somebody had tried to assassinate him to get his wallet, or else his horse and saddle. Who? O'Hara meant to find out, if it could be done without too much risk.

Slowly, with the greatest precaution against the snapping of twigs or the rustle of bushes, he moved toward the road, revolver in hand. He stopped. Something or some one was moving rapidly in the brush parallel to him.

A voice, two voices, came abruptly from the left. The first, a rough, heavy one, startled by surprise: "You, by cripes!"

The other high and clear, on a note of excited resentment: "Who did you expect? Who were you trying to kill?" "Why in Mexico do you ride around

in them clothes?" The rough voice held both apology and exasperation.

"Suppose you mind your own business, Shep Sanderson," came swift, sharp answer. "What I want to know is why you shot at me?"

O'Hara, edging forward, could see them now from the cover of a cholia. They were in a draw. One, a light slender figure, stood against a bank. revolver in hand. The other, the big hulking man, carried a rifle.

The eavesdropper had a swift suspicion, which he verified by craning his neck around the cactus. The one who had spoken last was a young woman. She wore the shiny chaps of a cowboy, plain wide leathers into which she had thrust her skirts.

"I ain't admittin' I shot at you, but if I did I had no way of knowin' it was a woman, let alone you. You got no license to wear that get-up." There was outraged virtue in the heavy growl.

"You shoot first and find out afterward who you're shootin' at. Is that it? I'll see what Dave Ingram has got to say about that. If you want to know, you're nothing but a low-down murdering wolf."

"Now looky here, Miss Steelman, I

a question. "No," he replied.

She turned on Sanderson, and her words almost leaped at him. "I know why you tried to kill this man. You thought he was Judge Warner."

Though he denied it in words, the man stood convicted. There was confession in the blank, amazed look he turned on her.

"Why, I-I- Nothin' to that," he stammered. "I done told you I shot at an antelope."

"Who is paying you for this?" she cried. "Who hired you to do murder to prevent Judge Warner holdin' court tomorrow?"

Sharply she had flung out her questions, but O'Hara noticed that the assurance had died out of her before



"Can't Do Anything More, Can 1?" He Wheedled Sulkily.

she finished speaking. Some thought had occurred to her that filled her with fear.

"Tell you I shot at an antelope." the fellow insisted, shifting his feet uneasily.

"A trained antelope, one riding a horse," suggested O'Hara.

Sanderson turned sullenly a shifty eye to him. "Stranger man, you better fork yore fuzzy an' light out."

"Or you'll send another blue whistler at me," the young man said, brown eyes gleaming.

The girl spoke. She did not care to see the issue pressed too far. Sanderson had a bad reputation. "Talkin' about his horse, Shep, where is it? | the he is bred no more but spends his You'd better round it up for him." "Me?" The big man glared at Trainer fish constantly have their

She had a feeling that he was headed for trouble quite unconsciously and that he was poorly equipped to meet it. The combination of ignorance and courage is not a good one, not in a hard country like this into which he was riding.

He volunteered information timidly. "My name is Garrett O'Hara. I am a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Oh. you're going to Concho as one of Judge Warner's party."

"I'm going to live there."

She drew up her horse and looked at him in surprise. "Live there! What are you going to do?" "Practice law." "In Concho." A mouthful of white

teeth flashed in laughter. "Don't you think I'd make a good

lawyer?" he asked, too shy to let her comment pass unanswered. "I don't know. But why Concho?

Who wants a lawyer there?" "Prosperous town, isn't it?"

"Yes." "Then there must be business there

Why had she made so much of warn-

## Siamese Fighting Fish Put Up Hot Contests

Meet Mr. Wat Chant Alur Bopiter, | bodies mutilated as do United States two inches of forked and flailing lightning, famed fighting minnow of Siam. This ferocious though diminutive fish lay immersed in a bowl in the New York aquarium, the object of admiration of a huge crowd, according to a report in Time, the Newsmagazine.

In Siam, fish fighting occupies much the same place that cock fighting once did in the United States. In each of Bangkok's ten halls there are several tables about which are grouped seats for spectators. When the audience is ready, two bowls, each containing a contestant, are placed on the table. A fight is guaranteed if they charge at one another and pump their noses on the intervening glass. The betting commissioner books bets, the limit being \$44. The two fish are then dumped into one big bowl together. They charge furiously, first ripping off each other's ruby-red ventral fins. Next to go is the red top fin, while frequently they bite off chunks of side meat, drawing blood. With good fish a fight will last for six hours. Unpedigreed ones are exhausted in 15 minutes. After a fish has lost a batdeclining days training small fry.

hat before I've really started to call on your country," he said. ness

"Anwhow, look the ground over before you decide to stay. Talk with Steve Worrall. Say I sent you. He's cots he dropped the saddlebags, after in the freight business. You'll find dusting them with a gunny sack which him at the Longhorn corral." he found in one corner of the room.

"I'll do that," he promised. "Steve has a lot of horse sense, and you can trust him."

He finished washing just in time to They had left the road and swung answer the supper bell, to the right. At the summit of a long climb Miss Steelman drew up her horse. O'Hara that he did not call at once "Our ways part here," she said. on Steve Worrall at the Longhorn "Take that trail to the left. It's corral. He wanted first to get his own about five miles to town. When you impressions of the town. As much as come to a creek go right through it. That's Squaw Crossing. You can't him. It was raw and crude, but the miss the road." yeast of young and exuberant life

He hesitated, trying to find words to thank her for her kindness. He knew the color was driving into his face, the effect of shyness. A quotation from "Fane Shore" came to his mind, and he blurted it out:

... Your bounty is beyond my speaking. But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you.

She flashed a quick look at him, gave a short laugh, and took the hill trail

the charm of the unusual. -cattle, contracts, real estate, lands." Ing him against staying at Concho?

> one whom O'Hara at once recognized. the fellow whom he had met that afternoon, Shep Sanderson. They were intoxicated, primed for trouble. The Mexicans drew back, scowling at fisticuff trainers. Their advantage over the United States equivalents: them they can regenerate broken parts. O'Hara took one quick look around

### Famous Police Quarters

climbed through a window. His re-Scotland Yard in London derives its name from the palace, which from bags. He grinned, a foolish little the time of Edgar to Henry II, was smile. Probably he was in for a very assigned for the residence of Scottish unpleasant experience, to put the case kings whenever they visited that city. mildly. Scotland Yard in London is the headquarters of the Metropolitan police The fellow had seized hold of a girl force. The first police office was loand was dancing with her much against cated in Whitehall in Scotland Yard her will. The natives shouted proand from there removed in the autests and muttered oaths of anger. tumn of 1890 to the new building on but they were not prepared for active the Thames embankment, now known resistance. as New Scotland Yard, in which all the branches of the Metropolitan police force, including the famous criminot trouble to see that his partner nal investigation department, are located.

### Iodine Human Need

Observation has shown that occasional visits to the seashore render people practically immune from goitre. Sea spray blown inland lodizes the soil, the plants, and to some extent the air. Marine foods, such as oysters and fish, contain lodine in useful quantities.

effective in smaller doses SAFE SCIENTIFIC O'Hara headed down the long hall toward the bedroom of which he was to be part occupant. Upon one of the Huhl

Blinks-That real estate agent knows his business. Jinks-Yes, he knows lots-but not Back of the house he found a well, much else. a tin wash basin, and a dirty towel.



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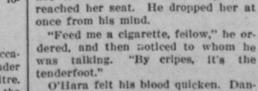
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ger always had that effect upon him. "At your service," he replied. "Who invited you to this tendejon?"

the man demanded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)