

Ingram's voice was like the crack of

a whip. The men to whom he spoke

were hard fighting men, two of them

at least "warriors" from Texas Im-

ported because they were known kill-

ers, but they had not a word to say

for themselves except muttered ex-

cuses, sullen but restrained. They

laughed to make the best of it and

went swaggering out of the building.

Sanderson whispered a word in his

Garrett O'Hara had a capacity for

hero worship. Looking at this bronzed

Westerner, whose word had sent these

ruffians trooping from the room, he

recognized a leader of great force,

strong, iron willed, master of himself

"I'm in your debt, sir," the tender-

"Who are you? Where d'you come

"Expecting to settle somewhere in

"A lawyer!" Ingram's voice ex-

"Yes, sir. Some one recommended

There was a moment of full silence

before Ingram spoke. "Come and see

me at the store tomorrow-early," he

ordered, then turned on his heel and

CHAPTER II

"My Name Is O'Hara"

to the Conche house. His thoughts

raced excitedly as he tried to reduce

them to order. Luck had certainly

been with him, or he could not have

escaped with any credit from a hand-

to-hand scuffle with Shep Sanderson.

He had been very fortunate, too, that

Dave Ingram had come at the nick

Who was this Ingram? Beyond

question, he was important in the com-

munity. Judging by what he had

heard at the hotel, the man was the

owner of the Diamond Tail, or at

least the manager of it. Also, he

seemed to be proprietor of a store in

town. He had said to meet him there

Garrett O'Hara walked slowly back

this country. Looking for a location.

from?" Ingram asked brusquely.

chief's ear before he left.

as well as others.

O'Hara told him.

I'm a lawyer."

Concho."

walked out.

of time.

pressed surprise.

"Here on husiness?"

foot said.

out !"

THE STORY

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, on his way to practice at Con-cho, wild western town, is shot at from ambush. He hears the desperado who fired the shot, Shep Sanderson, talking to Bar-bars Steelman who thought tha Shep Sanderson, talking to Bar-bara Steelman, who thought the shot was directed at her. Gar-rett's resemblance to Judge Warner convinces Barbara that Sanderson fired at Garrett think-ing he was Warner. She advises Garrett not to go to Concho, cen-ter of a big cattle war. He in-sists. She tells him to see Steve Worrall.

CHAPTER I--Continued -2-

"Are you the floormaster, Mr. Sanderson?" Though he knew it was not safe, O'Hara could not keep a touch of jauntiness out of his retort.

The bad man's shallow eyes, a washed-out blue in color, narrowed to points of savage cruelty. He had found a safe object upon which to expend his venom.

"Sa-ay, pilgrim, don't get funny with me. It ain't supposed to be safe. I aim to fix yore clock right now. After I've worked you over for a spell you hive off for parts unknown an' don't never let me see you again."

"Or you'll shoot straighter than you did this afternoon," suggested O'Hara. "You don't have to get on the prod with me, fellow. I'm startin' to clean up on you right now."

A prize fighter had once given Garrett O'Hara six rules for rough-andtumble fighting. He forgot the last five but remembered the first. It was to carry the attack rather than to wait for it. Now he reached for his foe's big outcropping ears, gripped them tightly, and jerked the unkempt head toward him. With all the force of his well-muscled arms O'Hara thrust back the head of the helpless giant, then leaped on him, twining his legs back of Sanderson's stocky ones. His feet moved up and down, swiftly and savagely.

The bully let out a yell of pain. "Take him off! Take him off! He's killin' me."

The dancers had pressed back from the fighting area. They stared at the entwined men, amazed at Sanderson's -cry for help. For the stranger's hands still clung to the flapping ears. It was certain that he had not knifed the big man. Nor had he shot him. Why.

"You an' him had any row?"

"Not then. We'd never seen each other. This evening we had a difference of opinion."

"How d'you know it was Shep?" "He admits it. Claims he thought was an antelope. That won't wash." Worrall groped in his waistcoat pocket for another match. "Well, you got some idea why he shot at you, haven't you?"

"Miss Steelman had an idea. She told Sanderson he was trying to kill Judge Warner and had mistaken me for him."

The lank man whistled. "Great jumpin' horn' toads! Could it be that? You do kinda favor the judge. About his size-an' store clothes. What did Shep say when she told him?"

"He denied it, but the way he denied it was a confession. He had no time to think up a good lie, because she was so quick about it. The fellow was flabbergasted. Of course he stuck to his antelope story."

"What d'you mean about Miss Steelman being shot at?" "Perhaps I'd better tell you the

whole story." "All right. Hop to it." Worrall put

his boots on the table and tilted back his chair.

He did not interrupt with a single question until O'Hara had finished, but there was at least one large one in his mind. What was Barbara Steelman doing on the edge of the flats so close to the entrance of Box canyon? He thought he knew the answer, but did not want to believe it.

"So Miss Steelman wanted you to go back home where you come from? An' she wouldn't tell you why?"

"As I understand it, she sent me here to ask you why."

"Maybeso." The freighter rolled out some fat smoke rings and watched them. "You been here only a few hours. Likely you never heard of Dave Ingram."

O'Hara's answer came smilingly; 'Heard of him, met him, got an appointment to meet him tomorrow at the store."

The front legs of Worrall's chair came sharply to the floor. Into the long man's face had come an instant wariness. A blank film had taken all expression out of his eyes. "Oh! You know Mr. Ingram."

"Not exactly. I never heard of him

Ke rose and picked up his hat. "Don't push on yore reins, Mr. O'Hara," the freighter told him. "Sit down. I'll tell you whatever you want to know."

Promptly, O'Hara tossed his hat on the table and sat down. "I want to know the inside politics of this town: who is fighting who and why, the reason Shep Sanderson wanted to kill Judge Warner, and the ground for Miss Steelman's advice that I had better not stay here to practice my profession. That will do to begin with." The crow's feet around Worrall's eyes crinkled to mirth. "You're sure enough a lawyer. Boy, if I answer those questions thorough you won't

need to ask any more." "I've got all night before me," the lawyer said.

Worrall made himself comfortable by resting his weight on the lower end if his spine and his shoulders. He talked. "If you want it in one word, short

an' sweet, that word is 'cows,'" Worrall said. "Cows are the cause of all the trouble in this man's town. Goes clear back to the war. Down in Texas them days cattle ran wild, unbranded. All the men folks in the Confederate army. Well, when they come home, licked an' ragged, cows sure dotted



"Hmp! He's P'ison Mean. That's Reason Enough for Him."

they belonged to the fellow who threw the widest loop. Many a herd got its start in the next few months by real industrious brandin' of mavericks. Lots of cows, but no market for 'em. Last few years a market has been developing. Texas got crowded. The boys an' their herds began to emigrate. Some pushed into the San Marcos valley. The one with the biggest herd was old Wes Steelman. Right now, today, he don't begin to know how many cows are carryin' the Hashparty." knife brand."

main one in the valley. Both Dave an' Wes are what you might call arbitrary an' bullheaded. There's no compromise in either one of 'em, an' each thinks he ought to be chief. Consequence is, trouble. It grew to a head after a fellow called Shat Brown was killed. Shat was one of the li'l' hill ranchers up Jim Wilson creek an' he was lined up with Ingram. You've got to understand that while Ingram an' Steelman are major-domos, as you might say, of their factions, they can't

trails along with them." "I think I see," O'Hara said drily. 'They reap the benefit of murder without being responsible for it. A convenient arrangement."

ride herd on every ornery waddy that

"That's no word to use, not in this country," Worrall told him severely. "If you aim to live long in the land you'll have to get educated. When folks have trouble out here they may have a difficulty resultin' in a shoot-

ing. I've been present at some killings, but that word of yours ain't either discreet or polite. There are some skunks it applies to, but we most generally hang them to the end of a propped-up wagon pole or a cottonwood."

"I'll have to learn the technical differences in homicides." the lawyer said.

Worrall detected a faint flavor of irony in this remark. He dropped his feet from the table and rested an arm upon it, leaning forward toward his guest.

"See here, young fellow, I'll offer you advice free gratis, seeing as Miss Steelman sent you to me an' seeing as I kinda cotton to you anyhow. Keep yore mouth padlocked. Folks fight here at the drop of the hat. Maybe you got sand in yore craw. I ain't sayin' no. Worse for you if you have. for you wouldn't last a split second when some low-down bird smokes up. Where was I at? After Shat Brown got killed Ingram an' his store pardner Tom Harvey began to bring in Texas warriors. So did Steelman an' McCarthy. I'm not tellin' any secret when I say that right soon now some one is gonna drop a match in a keg of powder an' our li'l' private war will begin to pop."

"You mean-"

"I mean that If Shep Sanderson hadn't made a mistake in his man today an' had shot straighter, if he had killed Judge Warner, the fat would already have been in the fire."

"How does Judge Warner come into it?"

"Another long story in that, but the upshot of it is that tomorrow he's expected to make Wes Steelman adminstrator of the estate of Jerry Hughes. Jerry was a friend of Ingram's an' his place is a sort of strategic point between the Diamond Tail an' the upper Hashknife ranch. Both Wes an' Dave want mighty bad to control it." Worrall added, to make the situation clearer: "Dave stepped in an' took charge of the place when Jerry died. He'd hate to give it up."



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Correct Spelling

That Waferlike Slimness

that bread I sent you out for?

loaves that are already cut,

Soda Fountain Boss-Did you buy

Clerk-Yessir, I bought these

Boss-All right, get busy and slice

"You mean f-l-o-u-r."

"Why?"

them.--Life.

"It's paste!"

"My husband examined many dia-

DAME

THE KIDNEY

then, was Sanderson bellowing like a frightened calf?

O'Hara felt a hand clutch his shirt and coat collar just back of the neck. He was snatched violently away from Sanderson and flung up against the wall of the room. A hard, low voice asked a question, not of him but of his antagonist.

"What you blattin' about, Shep? This little fellow's only a mouthful for you. . . . Get yore hand away from that gun."

A man had come into the room. He wore a blue flannel shirt, a broadbrimmed soft gray hat, an open vest, and no coat. His trousers were stuffed into the tops of high-heeled cowboy's boots. To the casual glance he was not a large man, certainly not compared with the bulky Sanderson. But he was powerfully built from the muscular slope of the neck down, and he -carried himself as one having authority. The light blue eyes were cool and flinty.

Reluctantly, Sanderson's hand fell away from the butt of the .44 which hung at his side. He glanced at the newcomer. The urge struggled in him to defy the man, to wipe out with one swift lift of the arm and crook of the forefinger the tenderfoot who had discomfited him. But he was listening to his master's voice. He knew Dave Ingram too well to set himself against him.

The big bully looked down at the thighs of his legs. From them the trousers had been ripped and blood was dripping into the boots.

"His spurs roweled me," Sanderson sputtered.

"Quite some," agreed the other drily. He turned to O'Hara, studying him for a moment. That he was a tenderfoot was palpable, yet he was wearing Mexican wheel spurs with long cruel rowels, a note in his costuming that seemed wholly incongruous.

O'Hara interpreted the question in the glance. "I bought them of a cowboy in Aurora who was hard up. He said they would be useful."

"He was right," agreed Ingram, smiling. "Good for man or beast." "I'll get this pilgrim right one o'

these days," Sanderson cut in vindictively. "Very likely, but not now," his mas-

ter said.

To Ingram a Mexican poured out a swift protest of flowing vowels. Other hatives joined in, with much impulsive gesticulation. The cattle man listened, nodded, made answer in rapid and crisp Spanish. He turned to his henchmen.

"What d'you mean comin' here an' breakin' up the baile?" he demanded masterfully. "D'you want all the Mexicans against us, right at this time when we've got war enough on our hands? What's the matter with Pete's Paradise or the Gold Nugget? Can't you raise enough cain in them without

next day, early. What hour was 'early" here? He had not conde scended to give him name or mention the location of the store. Evidently he expected people to know him, or if not to find out who he was. There

was no doubt of his arrogance. It was unconscious rather than assumed. He had, to back it, good looks, a forceful personality, probably wealth, and no doubt power. One thing more O'Hara knew about him. Very recently he had killed a man for reasons unknown.

Decidedly, before keeping the appointment with Ingram it would be well to find out more about him. O'Hara did not turn in at the Concho house but kept on down the street to the Longhorn corral. Of an attendant, a half-grown boy, he inquired for Mr. Stephen Worrall.

"I dunno where he's at," the wrangler answered. "He was here awhile ago. Might try the Gold Nugget. He bucks the tiger there sometimes." O'Hara tried the Gold Nugget. A

young fellow pointed out Worrall to O'Hara.

Worrall was a tall lanky man with the look of the West stamped indelibly on him. He was perhaps in his late twenties. As he was turning away from the wheel after cashing in his chips O'Hara accosted him.

"You don't know me, Mr. Worrall. My name is O'Hara. I'm a stranger here. This afternoon a young lady made me promise to Introduce myself."

"A young lady?" the lank man repeated.

"Miss Steelman."

Worrall took him by the arm. "We'll get outa here," he said, and guided him toward the door. "I was leavin', anyhow. Picked up seventy-five bucks at the wheel. Enough for one night." They walked down to the Longhorn corral. Worrall asked his companion when he had arrived, what kind of trip he had had, and how he liked the town: but it was not until they were seated in the little office at the corral that he mentioned the name of the girl.

"Are you a friend of Miss Steelman's?" he asked, offering O'Hara a cigar while he himself bit the end

from another. "I can't claim that," the tenderfoot said. "I met her today for the first time. It was a question for a few minutes which one of us had been shot at."

"What's that?" demanded Worrall, a match burning in his hand.

"Just as I say." O'Hara smiled. "I had conclusive evidence to settle the matter." He picked up his hat from the table and looked at the two holes

in it. "You mean some fellow shot at you an' hit yore hat?"

"Yes. To be definite, Shep Sanderson."

"Shep shot at you! Why?" "That's what I came to have ye

tell me."

"You don't know why?"

till today."

"I see. You an' he are strangers, but you jest happened to meet him an' get an appointment for tomorrow." The young lawyer knew he had

prejudiced his case and he tried to set himself right. He told the story of the evening's adventure. His account was a brief

and modest one, but the sallent fact could not be obscured that he had roughed it with Bully Sanderson and had not come out second best.

"He velped for the boys to take you off after you had climbed his frame," Worrall repeated incredulously.

"I was tearing the flesh from his thighs with my spurs," explained the lawyer. "He couldn't shake me off and he couldn't stand the gaff."

Worrall looked at this stranger, shrewd eyes appraising him. "Mr. O'Hara, I don't know you from Adam's off ox," he said. "But if Miss Steelman sent you to me it goes as it lays. That young lady is fine as split slik, an' that's all there is to that. You look like a right limber young fellow. but you can't make Bully Sanderson look like a pore plugged nickel an' get away with it. Seems to me like you've tackled more'n you can ride herd on."

"Likely enough," O'Hara agreed. "I was lucky this time. But there's no reason why he should hold a grudge against me. I was only defending myself."

"Hmp! He's p'lson mean. That's reason enough for him. You made him look like a two-spot. One of these days he'll get the deadwood on you an' do you a meanness. You can bank on that, sure as h-l's hot. I know that bird. He may lay off you right now because Dave Ingram has given orders. That won't mean he's forgot, only that Dave is the big auger. Offhand, I'll bet you're no kind of a hand with a six-shooter."

"You win the watch on that bet." O'Hara admitted.

"My advice is for you to cut dirt back to the land of marshals, calabooses, an' plug hats." "I think I'm going to like it here,

Mr. Worrall." "You're liable to rue yore decision if you stay. By the way, what's yore

line, Mr. O'Hara?" "I'm a lawyer."

"A lawyer. Great jumpin' horn' toads !" A thought stabbed the Westerner and brought his alert attention to another phase of the matter. "That's why Dave Ingram told you to come see him. Young fellow, if I knew where you were at !"

"I'm a total stranger, as I told you before. Until today I never met a soul in this neck of the woods. I've had no correspondence with anyone. My purpose in coming was to find a good town to hang out a shingle. Now my cards are on the table. I came to talk this over with you because I ple faith must have once more proved promised Miss Steelman I would. But its superiority to that nasty, know-all since you doubt me-----

"I've heard of the Hashknife brand. Didn't they use to call Steelman the king of the San Marcos?"

"Do yet," Worrall nodded, "The Lord sure blessed his herds an' they multiplied, if that's the way you want to look at it. Some folks didn't see it jest thataway. Other folks came into the San Marcos, mostly in the upper end of it an' in the hills above the valley. They were small cattle men, what they call nesters. The small cattle men drew together under the leadership of Dave Ingram. Dave owned the Diamond Tail, a right numerous brand. If you listen to his enemies Dave usta be one of that kind of cow man that it would hurt his health to eat a critter with his own brand on it. You don't need to take that at par value. They say the same about every one who has got ahead. Dave can see a dollar far as anyone. He started a store at Concho an' a freight outfit. He got in with the government officials an' secured fat beef contracts to supply the reservations. Small-fry nesters came to him an' he staked them. Dave got to be about the king pin up here in the mountains. What he said went.

"Well, Wes Steelman wasn't anyways pleased at the way things were shapin'. He had to go farther for markets. His range began to get crowded. Every which way he turned some nester had squatted, an' on top of that was Dave Ingram hornin' in on his markets. Time for him to get busy, he thought. So he started a store in Concho with Patrick Mc-Carthy as his pardner. Then he bought out a fellow on Dead Horse creek an' stocked a ranch of his own in the hills seventy miles above the

him talk. In its own way the treat-

ment is not illogical-and it embodies

man's capacity for "blg ju-ju."

Odd Prescription That "Cured" African Native

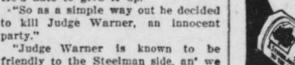
There are modernists even umong | lacy on which the treatment was the witch-doctors of Africa, to judge based. by the story told by a missionary on

One would like to know that witchfurlough about the native who was doctor's recipe for deafness. Probtreated with powdered gramophone ably he gives his patients a strong record mixed with water from a locoinfusion of the telephone directory .---motive-the engine water to make Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. him move and the record dust to make

Weight of Asbestos

It would be difficult to say how an obvious compliment to the white light asbestos is in its native form. It is quite a heavy stone, but it may be It is water that makes the engine fluffed up until it is very light. The move and the record which makes amphibole variety is very weak and is the gramophone talk-the only flaw used principally for pipe covering, etc. in the argument is that the patient The chrysotile variety strong and if was neither a phonograph nor a locolong enough may be used for spinning. motive. However, he recovered the -Exchange, use of his limbs and tongue-so sim-

It is bad manners to talk about spirit, by falling to perceive the falwhat luxuries you have to poor people.



friendly to the Steelman side, an' we don't know that Dave knew a thing about what Shep was aimin' to do. Myself, I don't hardly think he did. If you want to stay in Concho an' be Dave Ingram's man or Wes Steelman's why hop to it an' hang up yore shingle. I wouldn't wish to insure monds before he chose this one, and yore life, but that's neither here nor he says this is the flower of them there, as the fellow said when his two 811." wives met an' he lit out for the chaparral."

O'Hara rose. "If I hang out my shingle I'll be by own man."

The long man grinned. "You'll have a heap of time on yore hands to learn yore Blackstone thorough," he answered.

"And you, Mr. Worrall? Do you expect to sit on the fence and keep out of this fight?"

"I wish I knew," Worrall answered impulsively. "I'd like to, but here's where I'm at. Ingram an' Harvey have got their own freight outfit. I haul for Steelman's store an' for private parties. Looks to me like I'm gonna be drug in whether I want to or not, but you'll sure hear me yellin' for a while that I'm an innocent bystander."

Imps of mischlef kicked up their heels in O'Hara's brown eyes. His remark apparently had no connection with anything that had gone before "Yes, Miss Steelman is a very attractive lady. As you say, if you're going to be dragged in anyhow-"

Worrall blushed beneath the tan "Who said anything about Miss Steelman?"

The young lawyer fied, but he flung a grin back at the "innocent bystander."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

have to do around the house. Through one of your booklets found how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped other women and I went to the drug store and got me six bottles. It has done me good in more ways than one and now I work every day without having to lie down. I will answer all letters with



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