THE STORY

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, on his way to practice at Concho, wild western town, is shot at from ambush. He hears the desperado who fired the shot, Shep Sanderson, talking to Barbara Steelman, who thought the shot was directed at her. Garrett's resemblance to Judge Warner convinces Barbara that Sanderson fired at Garrett thinking he was Warner. She advises Garrett not to go to Concho, center of a big cattle war. He insists. She tells him to see Steve Worrall, In town Sanderson picks a fight with Garrett and is getting the worst of it when Ingram, cattle baron, interrupts. Worrall tells Garrett about the cattle war between Ingram and Steelman.

CHAPTER III

"If Not For Us, Against Us"

O'Hara had no difficulty finding the place for which he was looking. There were only two large stores in the town. The one at this end had a long sign along the front which read: "INGRAM & HARVEY."

Into the big adobe building O'Hara walked.

Five or six men were lounging near the front of the store. All of them were openly armed. Some wore a holster swung low on the front thigh. One had his harnessed to the breast. Two carried a pair of revolvers. More than one had a rifle also.

Two men were in the little office shut off from the rest of the store. One of them was Ingram. He called to O'Hara.

"Come in. Meet my partner, Mr. Harvey." To Harvey he said: "Tom, this is the man I was tellin' you about."

Harvey was a short, thickset man with hard, protruding eyes. His face was pallid, his mouth a slit narrowed by thin lips tightly pressed together. A ruthless man, one might guess, but without the character that gave his partner individuality.

"Glameechou," he unlocked his lips to say, all in one gulped word.

If he was glad he did not look it. There was no expression whatever in

his chalky eyes. "Where you from, Mr. O'Hara?" asked Ingram.

The Easterner told him. He answered other questions, put sharply and incisively. Where had he studied law? Who did he know in Concho? Why had he come here?

O'Hara had taken an instant dislike to Harvey, but he did not feel the same toward his partner. It was odd. too, he reflected later. Evidently it was a matter of personality. This bronzed handsome man, who carried himself with such lithe ease, came none too well recommended. He could snuff out a human life with no regret. Undoubtedly he was unscrupulous, probably a cow thief. But he had the force that goes with a strong character, either good or bad. Masterful he was and always would be.

"How come you to start trouble with Shep Sanderson?" asked Harvey, speaking for the first time since his word of gulped greeting at introduction

"Did I start trouble with him, Mr. Harvey?" O'Hara replied, a steely note in his voice. "He shot at me from ambush while I was on the public road. Later he assaulted me in a dance hall. Afraid we differ in our points of view."

"I'm not chewin' words but talkin' turkey. Shep's ugly as galvanized sin when he's sore at anyone. Well, he's sore at you."

Ingram flung this aside with a gesture. "Forget about Shep. He'll lay off this young fellow. I'll see to that." He turned abruptly to the lawyer. "How about you, O'Hara? Can you live under yore own hat? Will you stand by yore boss long as there's a button on Jabe's coat? Have you got sand in yore craw?"

O'Hara answered, in the low, gentle voice that was sometimes so deceptive, since it led men to believe that he was meek, "To take your questions in order, Mr. Ingram: I do not talk, about my clients' affairs, if that's what you mean. Nor do I sell out to the opposition when I engage to carry on legal business. Only time will tell whether I am too timid to live in Concho."

"Listen, O'Hara," said Ingram, looking straight at him. "Wait till I tell you the line-up. We're startin' a finish fight against Wes Steelman. He's run the San Marcos country long enough. He sure can't come up here into the hills and dictate what's what. It's a showdown. We're callin' his hand. Our friends are his enemies. His friends are our enemies. Everybody that amounts to a tinker's dam will have to choose which side he'll be on."

"Why? Why not be neutral?" "If you're not for us you're

against us." O'Hara rose from the chair where he was sitting. "I don't accept that conclusion, Mr. Ingram. But let me first reply to your offer. I decline it. I won't be anybody's man and wear a collar round my neck. I'll not engage o support a cause beyond the point where it seems to me just. You want me to be your lawyer and yet tie me hand and foot. I can't do it. No man of spirit could."

"Then you'd better get right out of Concho. You're not wanted here," Ingram said bluntly.

"Why? I'm not in this fight. I've nothing to do with it. I don't intend to have."

"You chuckle-headed fool, you'll be in it an' out of it inside of three days !

By William MacLeod Raine

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if you stay," Harvey jeered. "Shep ! Sanderson will take care of that. All we've got to do is say the word."

"Why should you say it?" asked O'Hara, his eyes steadily on Ingram. "I've done you no harm. I'm not in this fight against you. I'm a stranger here and intend to take no part in it."

Ingram gave a short scornful bark of laughter. "You're one of these fellows that know it all an' can't be told anything. All right. Play yore own hand. Sults me if it does you. But before you walk out of this room listen to me. It's good medicine, what I'm tellin' you. There's not a gather of beeves in this country that either Wes Steelman or I haven't a hand in, not a ton of freight moves that one of us ain't interested in directly or indirectly. If you can read yore title clear to practice law here an' not do business with the one or the other of us you'll sure have to be fed by the ravens. You got to make yore choice

if you stay here-him or me, one." The other partner cut in unpleasantly: "Maybe he's made it, Dave. I reckon he's already tied up with Steelman."

O'Hara looked at Harvey. "I've never even met him," he said with a touch of anger.

"You might of met his agent where you come from. We'll know right soon where you're at, young fellow." The jeering voice was an insult.

The lawyer's jaw set. "I don't have to explain my private business to you, Mr. Harvey. I'm a citizen of a free country.'

At which Harvey laughed maliciously. "All right, Mr. Free Citizen, go right on down the road an' see where you head in."

There was something cruel, inhuman, about that laughter. It was without any of the milk of natural kindness in it. Later, remembering it. O'Hara was able better to understand some of the events that followed.

Ingram rose. "All right. 'Nough said. Adios, Mr. O'Hara," he cut in by way of curt dismissal.

O'Hara turned away, not without regret. He had made the only choice possible to him. None the less, he was sorry. The personality of this strong fighting cattle man rather fascinated him.

He caught sight of the Innocent Bystander and stopped to say "Goodmorning." Worrall was standing in the road, one foot on the hub of a wagon wheel. He was giving instructions to a mule skinner about to start on a two-hundred-and-fifty miles drive to the rallroad. He finished what he had to say to the teamster and then strolled over toward the Gold Nugget,

in front of which O'Hara was waiting. Out of the Gold Nugget came a young man. He was a slight boylsh fellow in the garb of a cowboy: highheeled boots, flannel shirt, open waistcoat, wide gray hat, and two sixshooters. His eyes were a very light cold blue, his chin receded, two prominent buck teeth showed. He seemed friendly and amiable, and on the whole was not bad looking. O'Hara remembered him as one of the young fellows in Ingram's store.

He stopped to grin at Worrall. "How's the temperature up where you live. Shorty?"

The freighter smiled down at him from his six feet plus. "Meet Mr.



"We're Startin' a Finish Fight Against Wes Steelman."

O'Hara, Bob. Mr. O'Hara, shake hands with Bob Quantrell."

This ceremony concluded, Quantrell remarked that it was right hot for so early in the summer and continued, spurs trailing, on his casual way.

Worrall lowered his voice. "You may like to know that you've just shaken hands with a real killer. Bob Quantrell has bumped off a heap of men in his time."

O'Hara was amazed. "That boy? Why, he can't be more than nineteen or twenty."

"Eighteen last month. He told me so himself. I can name seven or eight he's killed, an' the story is that's not more'n half of those he has

got." "He doesn't look like a desperate character."

"I didn't say he was." Worrall da.

murred. "But he sure would make yore friend Shep Sanderson look like a nickel Mex if they got in a rumpus. Say, I got news for you. There's another stranger in town, an' the boys are expectin' some fun. He's a belted earl."

"A what?" "That's what we call these rich Englishmen that maverick around."

"What's he doing here?" "I dunno. He'll go into cattle an' drop a fortune. They all do. Conditions here ain't what they been used to. He parts his name in the middle. Smith-Beresford is what he calls him-

At dinner, which of course was in the middle of the day, O'Hara had his first opportunity to see the Englishman. Smith-Beresford was a round ruddy man in riding boots and breeches. He had the clean scrubbed

look characteristic of some of his race. Bob Quantrell came into the hotel to get dinner and sat down in the only vacant chair at the long table. It happened to be next to Smith-Beresford. and the Englishman at once engaged him in talk.

O'Hara noticed that Quantrell's voice was low and soft. At first he was inclined to be reserved, but evidently the overseas man took his fancy, for he warmed up and ceased to answer in monosyllables. Before dinner was over he and the Englishman had their heads together and were planning a bear hunt. Afterward the two disappeared. Smith-Beresford had taken the young fellow to his room to show him the collection of hunting guns he had brought. Later they came back to the lobby, the Britisher accompanying his guest to the front door.

"We'll have a jolly good hunt, old chap," he said. "I'll depend on you to look after the horses and that sort of thing. I suppose you know a good horse when you see one."

"I think so." "Then, by Jove, we'll have a rippin' time."

O'Hara departed. On the street he met Steve Worrall. The owner of the Longhorn corral wasted no words in greeting.

"Judge Warner come through as expected an' appointed Wes Steelman administrator of the estate of Jess Hughes. 'Most every man in the room was wearin' an arsenal. Wes had half a dozen gunmen with him an' so did Dave. Wouldn't have surprised me if war had started right there an' then, but I reckon the orders were for none of the boys to make a play. Well, soon now. That's my guess."

Worrall spoke in a low voice, for walls sometimes had ears. Concho was a town divided against itself. Sples and partisans were everywhere. "Isn't there any way of stopping it? Couldn't they compromise?"

"They could, but they won't," Worrall answered. "Miss Barbara, she's worked on Wes consid'rable, but he's stubborn as a government mule. An' talkin' about angels, if we can't hear the rustle of their wings. Look who's sashavin' down the road."

O'Hara looked. A party of riders was coming down the dusty street. Those in advance were a grizzled, heavy-set man in his late forties and a young woman whom O'Hara at once

recognized at Barbara Steelman. Miss Steelman spoke to the man beside her and the party drew up beside Worrall and the lawyer. There were seven men in the group, all armed with rifles as well as sixshooters.

"This is Mr. O'Hara," the young woman said. "Mr. O'Hara, this is my father. I've been tellin' him about you."

Wesley Steelman's strong face had

some hives eight miles from the near-

est nectar supply. The bees made

dally trips to the alfalfa, loaded with

honey, and returned. Since the bees

flew this distance regularly, the de-

Helpful Hint

Slackputer of Petunia, "What in tor-

ment d' ye mean fiddling and phil-

andering all over the streets with that

automobile the way you've been a-do-

"This is my first car," answered the

offender, "and I baven't more than

half learned how to drive it yet. I

want to turn around, but there doesn't

seem to be room enough in any of the

"Well, you just drive over to Tor-

pidville, six miles away, circumnavi-

gate the public square there, come

back here and you'll be turned around."

"Here! now!" yelled Constable

of flight by bees.

ing today?"

streets here."

-Kansas City Star

tanned to a leathery brown by a thousand summer suns and winter winds. Deep blue eyes looked straight at the man to whom he was being introduced. He had fought his way up from the ranks, asking no man's favor, rising by sheer force of will and brain to the position he held of cattle king of the San Marcos. Looking at him, O'Hara could understand why. He was a man's man, with a frank and friendly manner. Probably generous and kindly to those who supported him.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. O'Hara," he said heartily, and swung from the saddle to shake hands with the lawyer. "My daughter says you think of stayin' here. Hope you decide to do so. We can use some good

"That's not what I told him," Barbara said, smiling at the young man. "Fact, just the same. Time this country was gettin' civilized. Mr. O'Hara, lemme make you acquainted with my friends. Shake hands with

Jack Phillips an' Texas Jim." While O'Hara's hand passed from one strong grip to another he became aware that another group of horsemen was approaching. They rode three abreast, in two rows. Ingram was in front, Harvey on his left, and Bob Quantrell on the right and nearest the other group.

As they passed, Quantrell laughed, insolently, gaily. "They're sayin' good-by to each other," he murmured, just loud enough to be heard. "Well, you never can tell,"

Lyulph Harcourt Smith-Beresford came down the street. He joined the Steelman party. Already he had met the big cattle man and his daughter.

With a lift of the hand toward the lawyer, Barbara said: "Make you acquainted with Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Smith-Beresford." The two men shook hands.

Steelman spoke: "We've got to be gettin' along home. Then we'll expect you out tomorrow mornin', Mr. Smith-Beresford. Better bring Mr. O'Hara with you. We'll show you some good huptin' and fishin'."

"Afraid I'd be some trouble, Mr. Steelman," O'Hara said, much desiring to accept the invitation.

"Not any in the world," the cattleman answered carelessly. "We don't ask you if we don't want you, Mr. O'Hara.'

"Then I'll certainly come." After the Steelman party had ridden away the Englishman dismounted and tied his horse to a hitch rack. "I say, Mr. O'Hara, feel like a B.

and S.?" O'Hara did not, but he walked into the nearest saloon with the other tenderfoot. They sat down at a small table and the Easterner took a small glass of beer.

They chatted for a few minutes. At first they were alone except for the bartender, but presently three or four men came in. One of them was young Bob Quantrell, another Shep Sanderson.

The Ingram men were standing at the bar, ready to drink. Sanderson became aware that there were two other men in the saloon. Scarcely looking in their direction, he waved them forward.

"On me. Everybody drink." There was arrogance in the invitation, which was almost a command. The two men at the table did not

move. Sanderson swung his head. "Hear

me? Come an' drink." Then he recognized first O'Hara, and afterward the Englishman. His hand slid slowly toward the butt of his .44 and he moved a step or two toward the sitting men.

"So it's you, eh?" His shallow cruel eyes rested on O'Hara. They narrowed, taking on a curious glitter. "Well, you ain't teacher's pet any longer, young fellow, see, an' you're my meat. Me talkin'-Shep Sanderson. Understand?"

Smith-Beresford did not, at least.

Honeybee Travels Far for Load of Sweetness Confirming the honeybee's reputa- | partment agriculturists assume they

tion for diligence, the United States might fly even farther if necessary. Flying these 16-mile trips, however, Department of Agriculture recently learned that a bee will sometimes fly some bees fail to return home because as much as eight miles and return with sand storms overtake them, or head its minute load. Under such circumwinds impede them. Laden with stances a single pound of honey would honey, they are forced to rest often on the way home, particularly when flyrepresent approximately 18,000 trips of 16 miles each, or nearly 300,000 miles ing into the wind or in cool weather. When they reach the hive after such In a locality in Wyoming where irrilong trips they often make abnormal gated alfalfa is virtually the only landings and frequently fail to alight source of honey the department placed

Great Medical Discovery

at the entrance of the hive.

A young Canadian surgeon, Dr. F. G. Banting, returned from four years of service at the front in the World war with the idea of the new remedy, insulin. He submitted his plans to Professor MacLeod of the University of Toronto, and under the latter's direction, with the assistance of Mr. C. H. Best and others, experiments were begun in May, 1921. After a preliminary trial of the remedy on himself, Doctor Banting saw the first case of diabetes to be treated with insulin to receive his injection in the Toronto General hospital, January 10, 1922. This date marks an Important discovery in modern medicine.

Wall at High Altitude Some of the mountains over which the famous Chinese wall was built ranged as high as 5,000 feet.

He rose to his feet. "See here, my man, you've been drinking. You mustn't come in and interrupt gen-

"What!" roared the gunman. "Who in hot Mexico are you to tell me what I must an' mustn't do? Listen, fellow! I saw you pow-wowin' with old man Steelman a while ago. I'm gonna make it two right now. Both of you cash in, you an' the other tenderfoot, too, onless you talk me outa the notion, an' I'll bet my boots you ain't

got a chance in the world to do it." Still the Englishman failed to realize the perilous position in which he and O'Hara stood. He would not believe that in a fraction of a second the barrel of the revolver might be thrown down on him and a finger crooked that would send death roaring at him. This fellow Sanderson was a drunken bully and he did not propose to put up

The plump little man strutted forward, his face flushed with annoyance.



"He'll Give You a Game His Own Self, Hooray!"

"See here, my man, if you think you can come in here and bully me-

O'Hara interrupted, to cry out sharply, "He's not armed. Neither he nor L Both of us unarmed."

His voice was a warning rather than an appeal. It served notice on the killer that to slay now would be outside the code, that even his own companions would disapprove and perhaps not protect him from Steelman's vengeance.

Sanderson sputtered. "You're packin' a gun somewhere an' you're scared to draw it. You're a liar when you

claim-" The man's .44 jerked up swiftly, for Smith-Beresford had done an amazing thing. The little man had thrust his head forward, so that now his eyes were not six inches from the end of the barrel.

"Shoot an' be hanged, you coward,

You haven't the pluck to fire." O'Hara thought that for one dreadful moment his heart had stopped pumping. To plunge forward, to make the least move, would be the signal for Sanderson to shoot. He could only wait helplessly in the heavy silence while the drama worked itself out.

It seemed forever before Sanderson's slow mind made its choice. He spoke hoarsely, savagely, "Go an' get heeled, both of you, an' when you see me, come a-shootin', fellows."

Quantrell's boyish laugh rang out and broke the tension. "He sure went for you all spraddled out, like he thought you was a big wind pudding. Another minute an' I reckon he would have crawled yore big frame the way his friend did last night. I'm buyin' chips, Shep. This gent has got sand in his craw, an' he's my friend. Lay off him."

"This other tenderfoot yore friend,

too?" Sanderson asked sulkily. The boy looked at O'Hara. He had watched this episode with wary, cool detachment, and he had seen the lawyer step forward to join his companion in front of the furious bad man. Tenderfoot he undoubtedly was, but like the other he had shown courage of a high order.

"Lay off him, too, Shep, an' see you do or I'll give you a game. I'm yore loadin', any jump in the road." Quantrell laid down the law to the other killer carelessly, almost casually, with the supreme confidence of one who knows himself chief.

O'Hara's pride was touched. He did not want to hide behind an eighteenyear-old boy. "I don't know anything about a gun, but if you'll give me three weeks I'll get ready for this man," he said.

The young desperado's eyes lit. "Good enough, Shep. Lay off three weeks, an' then hop to it if you like. He'll give you a game his own self. Hooray!"

"Him! That pilgrim! Gimme a game-me, Shep Sanderson! Fool talk. That's all it is." The bad man snorted contemptuously.

"If it's fool talk maybe he's gauging It to the capacity of yore understandin', Shep. Sounds like fool talk to you. But is it? Those who saw him swarmin' over you last night, when you was hollerin' for some one to take him off, claim he looked like he could whip a stack of bobtailed wildcats," "Jumped me when I wasn't lookin,

I tell you," growled Shep, "I heard you the first time, Shep.

Well, the boys say he was certainly sailin'. I'd admire to see another performance."

"You'll see it. Soon's the bridle is off," Sanderson boasted.

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Fault and Misfortune

George Ade once remarked that you couldn't blame a man 'or having club feet, but that side whiskers were his own fault,-American Mag-

> tired morning

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