

The Fighting Tenderfoot

By William MacLeod Raine

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THE STORY

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, on his way to practice at Concho, wild western town, is shot at from ambush by Shep Sanderson, who mistakes him for Judge Warner, whom certain cattle interests wish to prevent holding court. Barbara Steelman, who thought the shot was directed at her, warns Garrett not to go to Concho because of the big cattle war. In town Sanderson picks a fight with Garrett and is getting the worst of it when Ingram, cattle baron, interrupts. Steve Worrall tells Garrett about the cattle war between Ingram and Steelman. Garrett tells Ingram he desires to remain neutral, but the latter declares there can be no neutrality. Bob Quantrell, young killer for Ingram, saves Garrett and an Englishman, Smith-Beresford, from being shot by Sanderson. The three become friends. Garrett accidentally witnesses a meeting between Barbara and Ingram. They are lovers, Garrett and the Englishman buy a ranch with Steelman as silent partner. Fitch, Steelman's man, kills an Ingram follower. A posse starts in pursuit and Fitch stops at the "tenderfoot ranch." The posse, including Quantrell and Sanderson, capture and hang Fitch. Sanderson starts a fight at the ranch and Garrett and the Englishman are wounded. Ingram and Barbara appear and put an end to the fight. Quantrell changes sides and joins with the two "tenderfeet."

CHAPTER V—Continued

With a glance of careless contempt Ingram's eyes swept the room. "Well, I told you what would happen if you stayed in this country," he said to O'Hara.

"Did you tell him what would happen to three or four of your killers when they tried to murder him?" Barbara asked, her eyes flashing indignation.

Ingram looked at her with an expressionless face. "Are you in this, girl?"

"Yes, I'm in it. They're my father's friends. Your hired bad men shot them for no cause." She stood straight and slender, quivering with indignation at the man whom she held responsible, with sympathy for the two victims of the outrage.

"Tried to obstruct a posse in performance of its duty. If they got hurt, don't blame me. They carried arms in defense of a criminal wanted by the law."

"I don't believe it—and what's more you don't, either, Dave Ingram. Would two young tenderfoots attack a dozen armed ruffians? It's not reasonable. That scrawling Shep Sanderson an' his friends started it."

"They got excited when these scoundrels here shot up three-four of them. Who wouldn't? Why, it's common report that both these men here have been practicin' with guns ever since they came into the country. They were spollin' for a fight. Dangerous killers like they are ought not to be allowed loose on a decent community."

Barbara read the faintest flicker of ironic mirth in Ingram's eyes. "You don't believe a word of what you're sayin'," she flung hotly at him. "I'm not going to argue with you. What do you want here? Why have you come? I've got to get help to look after these wounded men. But I can't leave them like this."

"I've sent to town for both doctors. One of 'em can come here. Even criminals are entitled to medical attention. I'll look after them till he comes. Bring me fresh water from the spring."

Ingram rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and washed his hands before he approached Smith-Beresford. With his pocket knife he cut the shirt and undershirt from around the wound, then bathed it, using the cold water Barbara had brought from the spring.

"I'm afraid he's awfully sick," Barbara murmured, her troubled eyes on the delirious patient.

Ingram turned to Garrett. "How about you, young fellow? Get your coat off an' let's see where we're at."

Barbara helped the lawyer remove the coat.

The cattle man washed and examined the wound.

"Pain much?"

"I'm noticing it."

"Thought so. Bullet hit the bone likely. You're lucky it's no worse. From what the boys tell me a lot of good lead was wasted. If anyone had told me that Quantrell an' Deever an' Sanderson an' a whole posse more of willin' lads would have cut down on you with their hoglegs with nothing to show for it but one ornery ill-flesh wound I'd 'a' said it was a story that listened fine an' for some one to tell a better one."

young desperado. "I suppose, in a way of speakin', you might call them yore patients."

"No, sir. I reckon not. The band began to play before I got here. Credit Shep with the job. Does he get another notch on his gun?"

"Too early to tell yet. The only notch up to date goes to innocent Mr. O'Hara."

Quantrell laughed, slowly and insolently. "He sure tamed a bunch of wild wolves so's they was willin' to eat out of his hand. My hat off to you, Mr. O'Hara. You're a sure enough wolf tamer."

"You ought to be gratified, O'Hara. This is praise from an expert," Ingram said grimly.

"What do you want here?" Barbara demanded. "Why have you come?"

Quantrell swept the sombrero from his head. "Don't you worry, miss. I'm through with that bunch of wolves. I'll throw in with yore paw if he needs a top hand."

"Why? You fought these men. Half an hour ago you were tryin' to kill them."

"All in the way of business. Fact is, I like the way they called the turn on Shep's crowd. They've got sand in their craws, these two birds. A man can swap bosses, can't he?"

Ingram made comment. "I'll be glad to write to yore father, Barbara, recommendin' Quantrell's faithful services," he said.

The young killer's pale blue eyes rested on the cattle man. He understood the spirit of the remark though it was not obviously ironical.

"Meanin' anything in particular, Mr. Ingram?" he asked, very gently.

The older man was not afraid of him. Ingram's courage had been tried and never found wanting. It took nerve to rule the lawless bunch of which he was leader. But, on the other hand, he could see no profit in a duel with this cold machine-like vehicle of death. It would not be an even match, since he considered his life far more valuable than that of Quantrell.

He smiled. "Let it ride as it lays. Bob. Like you say, a man can change his boss. No law against that. Since we're here we better make ourselves useful. I've sent for a doc. Till he shows up I'm subbin' for him. Take a look at yore patient's shoulder here. Nice clean flesh wound, wouldn't you say? Ought to heal in no time."

Quantrell looked at the wound. "Seems like it ought. Not my patient, Ingram. Shep gets the credit, like I done told you."

"So you did. I forgot. Well, the main thing is that he'll be rollin' his tail high as ever right soon."

"Shep ain't what I'd call a top hand at his trade," Quantrell drawled. "That's twice now he hasn't cut it. He don't live up to his rep. I can't see how he reads his title clear to call himself a bad man from the fan-handle. If I was his boss I'd read him the riot act."

"I'll take yore advice," Ingram said. "That bandage pad ready yet, Barbara?"

They busied themselves over the wounded man.

The sound of horses' hoofs came drumming down the wind. Barbara stepped to the door.

She spoke quietly, as though what she was mentioning had no special significance. "Father's here."

Neither Ingram nor Quantrell made any comment. They were tying a

strip of linen around O'Hara's shoulder to hold the bandage in place and they continued to work on this. But both of them shifted positions in such a way as to face the door.

The galloping horses pulled up. A voice asked sharply, "The boys hurt, Barb?"

"Hired killers," Steelman corrected. "By G—d, some one will pay for this." His eyes swept the room and rested first on Smith-Beresford then on O'Hara. Of the latter he asked a question: "Both of you shot?"

"Both of us," Garrett answered, a gleam of wintry humor in his eyes. "I'm a botched job, but poor Lyulph is hit in the chest. Afraid he'll have a hard time of it."

"Who did it?"

"Sanderson and his friends. After we had been shot we backed into the house and stood them off."

Bob Quantrell laughed. "Not the way I noticed it. You picked the belted earl up an' carried him in. You stood us off by yore lone. Never saw the beat of it. One tenderfoot, some shot up at that. A dozen gunmen on the prod. An' by crapes! he stood us off two-three hours. He's sure the most eat-'em-alive pilgrim ever drifted into the San Marcos."

"I notice you're not worried about the health of any of the posse, Steelman," the leader of the other faction jeered. "But just so you'll get the record straight I'll tell you that yore young partner here killed Brad Sowers, shot up Pankey so bad he won't live, probably, an' wounded two other members of the posse. All this whilst he was resistin' arrest, you understand."

"Resistin' arrest what for?"

"For aidin' an' abettin' the escape of a murderer wanted by the law."

"That's the way you wrap it up. Different here. Tom Fitch was murdered in cold blood. As for O'Hara here, I'm with him till the cows come home. If he did all you claim he did he's the best fightin' man on the San Marcos an' I'll be proud to ride the river alongside of him."

"Here, too," chimed in Quantrell. "Bob is thinkin' of takin' you on for a boss, Steelman," Ingram drawled. "Glad to give him a recommend."

"I can speak for myself, Ingram," the boy said. "Far as that goes I don't reckon yore recommend would help me much with Mr. Steelman."

"Not none," Steelman spoke with emphasis. "An' comin' down to recommendations, Ingram, I'll make one right now. Get out. Hit the trail. Or my boys might follow the example you've set an' do some hangin' their own selves."

Coolly Ingram looked around. Steve Worrall had come into the room, and at his heels were Texas Jim and young Curt Steelman.

Worrall spoke up. "Mr. Steelman does not mean quite that, Dave. Still an' all, that's good medicine about takin' the road while it's open."

"Good of you to have my interests at heart, Steve," the cattle man jeered. "I'll go when I'm ready to go an' there won't be any hangin', either."

"Not while I can fan a gun," Quantrell added. "We've come to different forks of the road, me an' Mr. Ingram. But I don't reckon anyone better get on the prod yet, not about today's rookus. He wasn't here during the trouble an' when he came he stayed to fix up these boys."

"Well, he's fixed 'em up," Steelman replied roughly. "After his hired men shot 'em. Nothin' more to stay for. I'm part owner here, an' I say he goes."

Barbara spoke in a low voice to Ingram. "I think you'd better go."

Ingram smiled hardily at her. "I'm comin' to that same notion myself. Looks like I'm being handed my hat. Adios, Miss Steelman. So long, Wes. See you later."

The boss of the Diamond Tail sauntered to the door, spurs jingling as he moved. He passed through the group of cowboys as though they had not been there, superbly indifferent to them. When he reached his horse he swung to the saddle and rode leisurely away beside the man he had left with the two animals.

A hundred yards up the trail he met Doctor Holloway.

"Did Doc Manley go to my ranch?" Ingram asked.

"Yes, sir. I understand some one has been hurt here, too."

"Two wounded men, one of 'em shot up pretty badly."

tion. This was only the beginning, the first battle of a war. There would be lively times on the San Marcos.

CHAPTER VI

A Trip to Town

After the battle at the Cross ranch there was a lull in the Jefferson County war, as the conflict between the Ingram and the Steelman forces came to be called in later days. It was as though both sides were waiting to get their breath again. The less dangerously wounded men were afoot within a week. Pankey and Smith-Beresford hung for a few days between life and death, then very slowly began to mend, edging away from the guf into which they had almost been plunged.

Meanwhile talk swept the countryside as a fire does a dry prairie. There were some amazing aspects about the Cross-ranch battle. Old-timers found the facts hard to reconcile. That O'Hara had stood up to the blazing guns of Sanderson, Sowers, Deever, and others, had driven these notorious gunmen back out of range, and later had fought off the entire posse for hours could be classed only as a miracle, but a miracle made possible by the coolness, the courage, and the accurate fire of the tenderfoot. In a community where gameness was a matter of course, the one essential quality of anyone not a weakling, Garrett O'Hara had become set apart as one who had fought his way to fame.

The defection of Bob Quantrell from the Ingram faction was another detail that received much comment. Few knew that the callous young desperado had liked Smith-Beresford from the first, that he admired the courage of both Smith-Beresford and his partner O'Hara, and that he had signed up with them as a rider in order to protect them as well as he could.

"A queer bird, young Quantrell. Eh, what, Garrett?" the Englishman said to his partner one day as he sat in the pleasant sunshine in front of the cabin.

His eyes were on the young desperado, who was sitting in front of the bunk house whittling out of wood a horse for little Bennie Ford. Bennie was the five-year-old son of Mary Joe Ford, a young widow who had come to do the cooking at the ranch. He was a favorite of Bob Quantrell and ordered the boy-gumman about with implicit confidence.

Garrett shook his head. "Too much for me. There he sits, gay and good-natured and full of the milk of human kindness. You feel he is utterly dependable and loyal. I'd trust him in any crisis or with any amount of money. I get to thinking of him as just a nice boy—and then that gory record of his jumps to my mind, cold-blooded and deliberate killings done without mercy or apparent remorse."

"By Jove, you know, sometimes I rub my eyes and wonder if it isn't just a bally dream."

"It's real enough, old chap. I dare say you know that when you feel your wound. Better not stay out too long and get tired. I'll trot along and see how they're getting along with the house."

"Don't let Matson cut down the size of the fireplace, Old Top. His notion is all bally rot, but he's a stubborn mule."

The Circle S O ranch, as the Cross place was now called, had become a hive of industry. Cattle in large bunches had been shifted to the contiguous range and had to be worked. At all hours of the day and night cowboys drifted to and from the ranch. Just now half a dozen carpenters, imported from Aurora, were camped in the pasture. They had been engaged to build a new house.

The Lodge, as Smith-Beresford called it, was to be a commodious structure, rustic in type. The hewn-log walls were already up and the roof on. One of the chief features was to be a large open hall with an immense stone fireplace at one end. This hall extended to the roof, but a stairway wound to a second-floor gallery

Museum Gets Relic of Days of Ancient Rome

The British museum has acquired a fine relic of the days when England was garrisoned by the Romans—a discharge certificate issued to a Roman auxiliary soldier—over 1,800 years ago.

This man, Gemellus the Pannonian, was serving in this country in A. D. 122—the year in which Emperor Hadrian crossed the channel to inspect the great wall which bears his name.

Only about 100 of these diplomas of discharge are known to exist, and seven alone have been found relating to soldiers who were stationed in Britain. This new acquisition, in a wonderful state of preservation despite its 1,800 years of existence, is far finer than the few others in the Bloomsbury collection.

It was found at Ozony (the Roman Brigetti), in Hungary, Gemellus having

been one of the Pannonian (or Hungarian) auxiliaries who were sent to Britain in accordance with the Roman principle that a conquered country should be garrisoned with troops raised in other lands of the empire.

The diploma will be exhibited in the room of the museum devoted to relics of Greek and Roman life, where there are already three other specimens, none of them anything like so well preserved as this one.

Two of a Kind
Thomas Hardy was once dining with Gen. Sir Redvers Buller of Boer war memory, when the subject arose of social blunders. Buller described what he called a "double-barreled" one of his own, says Mrs. Florence Emily Hardy in "The Later Years of Thomas Hardy." He inquired of a lady next him at dinner who a certain gentleman was, "like a hippopotamus," sitting opposite them. He was the lady's husband.

which extended around three sides of the hall. From this gallery opened the sleeping rooms. Rough slabs and logs had been used instead of sawn lumber wherever possible. In time the Englishman expected to decorate the walls with big game heads, trophies of the chase to be brought down by himself and his partner. He had come to the West to enjoy himself. If he could make money at the same time that was all to the good, but he did not intend to take business too seriously.

O'Hara passed the bunk house and stopped a moment. "Did Mr. Steelman say anything about that bunch of Bar B Y cows?" he asked Quantrell.

"Said he'd buy at a whack up if he could, but he wouldn't pay any big price. It's a sorry herd, cutbacks most of 'em. The Old Man said he wouldn't look at 'em twice if they weren't here already clutterin' up the range. At that, there's some good cows wearin' the Bar B Y. Kinda uneven, scrubs an' nice stock mixed. You'd be buyin' a home yard to start with, but they'll take on flesh if they're put on a good range."

"More trouble than they're worth, I'd think."

"Maybeso." Quantrell showed his prominent teeth in a grin. "Up to you an' the Old Man. I ain't paid to do



Quantrell's Eyes Took on a Far-Away Reminiscent Look of Satisfaction.

the buyin'. My forty per comes to me for forkin' brones an' being an alleged top hand with cows."

"In about an hour I'm ridin' into Concho. Want to go along?"

"Sure do." The cowboy got to his feet with one lithe twist of his body. The two men saddled and dropped down out of the hills. As they rode Quantrell unexpectedly began to talk about himself.

He blamed the law for starting him on his troublous career. From his infancy he had fought his own way in the world. His father he had never known and he had lost his mother when he was seven. At the age of eleven he had been arrested for breaking into a store and stealing a gun.

"Didn't have a thing to do with it. Wasn't anywhere near there when it took place. But the kid who did it got scared an' traded me the gun. The marshal found I had it an' the prosecutin' attorney wished the burglary on me right off. Why not? I was only a kid an' had no parents who could vote. So he aimed to send me to a reform school. Got me in his office an' tried to bully me into sayin' I did it. Grabbed me an' shook me. I cut him with my pocketknife an' lit out leavin' him yelpin' for help."

"Two years ago I met that fellow in a saloon in El Paso, an' I went right up to him an' asked him if he remembered me. Didn't know me, of course. Didn't want to. I was only a kid cowboy who had drifted to town outa the barranca. So I kinda reminded him."

Quantrell's eyes took on a far-away reminiscent look of satisfaction. He relapsed into silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Few Little Smiles

THE AWFUL TRUTH
Two faces were close together, the man's grim, tense; the other face was small and white, with two slender hands pressed tightly against it. It was those frail hands that riveted the man's horrified gaze.

"Heavens!" he said, still staring; and in his voice was hopeless, stark tragedy, for that other face was the face of his watch, and those little hands told him that he had missed the last train home.—Tit-Bits.



IN JAIL ON ACCOUNT
"I hear you were in jail again."

"Yep, got thirty days on account."

"On account of what?"

"On account of not being able to run faster than the cop."

The Game of Football
We'll give it gentle, courteous charm—The task will be a hard 'un—But when we break a player's arm We'll always say, "Beg pardon!"

Never Figured It Out
Mrs. Neadore—How much a week do you pay your maid?
Mrs. Hiram O'Fann—Really, I can't say. I always pay them by the hour. They never stay a week.

A Wise Guy
"Why don't you and Bilkins go into partnership?"
"He was engaged to my wife before I married her. You don't suppose I would take a smarter man than I am for a partner, do you?"

He Had Lost a Meal
Beggar (with show of emotion)—How would you like to hear your little ones howling for bread?
Harassed Parent (sighing)—It would be heavenly! At present they do nothing but howl for chocolates.

Proof
Real Estate Agent—You can hear a pin drop in this apartment.
Prospective Tenant—What's that noise?
Real Estate Agent—Oh, there's a bowling alley on the first floor.



SAVE ON STOCKINGS
Miss Stork—I think I'll go in for the bare-legged style. Just think what I can save on stockings.

Be It Ever So Humble—
Of home he had grown weary—so He traveled East and traveled West; Then traveled North and traveled South— But he's back now and swears home's best.

The Doctor Plays Safe
Doctor—You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again.
Widow—Oh, doctor, is this a proposal?
Doctor—Allow me to remind you, madam, that a doctor prescribes medicine, but he doesn't take it.

On White or Rye?
Ernest—Didn't you enjoy the obelisks in Egypt?
Dora—M-m, delicious!

Divided Authority
"Who is really the boss in your house?" inquired the friend.
"Well, of course, Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog, the cat and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."

Proof Enough
"Do you love me?"
"Do you think I'd eat coffee and sinkers for lunch all week to have money to date with you if I didn't?"