### **多市业市四里市业市**

# 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. Steve Worrall tells Garrett about the cattle war between Ingram and Steelman, father of Barbara, 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 man, kills an Ingram follower. A 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." A lull in the cattle

### CHAPTER VI-Continued

-7-"What did you do?" asked Garrett, not sure how far interest should be pushed.

The killer looked at him out of bleak, unfathomable eyes. "I decided El l'aso was no place for me."

That was all. O'Hara was left to guess what had made him so decide. They rode down the dusty main street of Concho to the Steelman store. Pat McCarthy came forward to meet them, his face as usual hard and wooden. He offered them liquor. Quantrell took a drink and departed. There was a Mexican girl in town he wanted to see.

He turned before he left the office to say, "Better stick around here till I get back, O'Hara. I saw Shep headin' into the Gold Nugget as we passed."

"I saw him, too, Bob. I'm not looking for him. My business won't take me into the Gold Nugget."

"I'd stay right in this office till I get back. Won't be gone more'n a couple hours." Quantrell was plainly a little uneasy about leaving him.

"Don't worry, Bob. I'll be here when you come back," his employer

promised. Into the store presently came Steve Worrall. He sat down in the office and chatted with McCarthy and O'Hara. The proprietor was called out by a clerk.

At once Worrall freed his mind. "You armed, O'Hara?"

"Yes. Any reason for asking me that right now?"

"I just came from the Gold Nugget. Shep Sanderson an' the Texas Kid were in there drinkin'. I'd be careful if I were you. The Kld's been mean ever since you shot him up."

"What's the Kid like?" "Got a bad rep. I've heard say he's a killer but yellow. May be nothin' to that. I'd lay off him an' Shep, too. Thought I'd drop in an' tell you. Better stay here in the store. Where's

Bob Quantrell?" "I don't know." There was a flicker of a sardonic smile in Garrett's eyes. "If that boy wants me to look after him he'd better stay closer. Otherwise I can't be responsible for what happens to him. Come on, Steve. I've got to go to the post office."

Worrall hesitated for a fraction of a second then rose promptly. He had warned his friend. That was as far as he could go. On the frontier every man must play his own hand,

Brad Helm, the fat hotel keeper, was in the post office. He nodded toward Worrall and O'Hara, got his mall, and as he passed out said in a wheezy voice audible to everybody present, "There's a letter for you at the hotel, Mr. O'Hara. It says 'Im-

portant' on it." Passing the Concho house a few minutes later, Steve and Garrett dropped in to get the letter. Helm maneuvered the latter into a corner of the room and whispered a word of

"Shep an' the Texas Kid are layin' for you. They're givin' you an hour to leave town.'

"Much obliged. I've been looking for this letter."

Garrett and his friend stepped out

to the sidewalk. "Come on down to the corral with

me," Steve proposed. "Not now. You come to the Gold Nugget with me."

The long man flung a quick look at him. O'Hara's eyes were shining with excitement.

"You're not going to the Gold Nuggett, are you?"

"Thought I would. Shep and his friend are sending word out that I've got one hour to leave town. I'll spend part of that hour at the Gold Nugget."

Steve reflected that the safe thing would be to take Bob Quantrell with them to the Gold Nugget. But evidently his friend was not looking for the safe thing.

"All right. I'll throw in with you," he said.

As O'Hara walked up the adobelined street beside the lank freighter he felt again that odd lift of the spirit that came to him when danger was near. He was going to meet it, audaclously, foolhardily. The roar of guns might at any moment greet him. On the frontier a man did not lightly serve notice that he was "looking for" another. Such an announcement meant business.

A short, thickset man came out of the Ingram store and down the street toward them. Out of a pallid face protruding fishy eyes looked at O'Hara. Thin lips opened to say insolently,

"So you're still here." "I'm still here, Mr. Harvey." "Struttin' around, I reckon, because

you've had a little luck." More than once O'Hara had talked with Steelman about the posse which had attacked the cabin. It was the opinion of both of them that Harvey's hand had been back of the sheriff, his mind the dominating one. Ingram had been at the ranch and could not have known what was intended.

"Not your fault I'm strutting around. Mr. Harvey. I acquit you of blame. You did your best to make good the promise given in your store that I would not cumber the ground long." O'Hara's eyes bored into those of the merchant.

"Meanin' what?" demanded Harvey. "Say, young fellow, if you claim-O'Hara brushed rudely past him. There was always a chance that Harvey might be detaining him in the street while his killers were making ready. The lanky owner of the Longhorn

corral looked at his friend, and in that look were both admiration and distress. "Great jumpin' horn' toads, you sure

go outa yore way to make enemies. Harvey ain't used to being treated thataway," he said. "Just what's yore play? An' why get on the prod all of a sudden?"

"This is the way I look at it, Steve," O'Hara answered, his glance sweeping doors and windows as he moved forward. "It's one thing for Sanderson to say he's going to get me. It's another for him to give me an hour to leave town. He thinks I'm hiding behind Bob Quantrell. I've got to show him I'm not. All you've got to do is to ask me that question when I give the signal."

"You mean the one you was speak in' about before we met Harvey?"

"Yes. You may not get time to ask it, but if you do I'll use it as a cue. If there's trouble, you keep out of it. "Keep out of it? You sure bump into fool notions, boy. When the guns begin to smoke I've got to join in to save my own hide."

"I've a notion they're not going to smoke. Here we are."

They turned in at the Gold Nugget. Sanderson and the Texas Kid were drinking while Shep talked. He boasted of how bad he was and what he meant to do to O'Hara. The words died in his throat as he caught sight of the two men who had just entered the place. His jaw dropped with astonishment.

O'Hara gave Shep's slow brain no time to guess what this meant. Lightly the young man walked to the bar, not more than five feet from his enemy. He ordered liquor which he did not intend to drink,

Sanderson glared at him, uncertain what to do. Was this a plant? Had he sat around drinking and boasting while his foes had gathered to ambush him? If not, why would this tenderfoot walk in so jauntily, knowing that he had no chance to beat the gunman to the draw?

The short red-headed cowboy known as the Texas Kid passed through much the same mental reaction, but he was decidedly more fearful than his companion. Why had he let the drink in him talk so loudly? Of a sudden be was sober, sick with terror.

"What makes you so white, Garrett?" asked Worrall, following instructions.

O'Hara did not look at him as he answered. His gaze was fastened on Sanderson. But in his voice there was a lilt of triumphant excitement. So far his plan had worked perfectly. Would it carry through?

"I'm scared to death, Steve, of two scalawags who are going to run me out of town. One of them is a big bully puss fellow ugly as sin, a hewolf on the howl, to hear him tell it. The other is a hammered-down redheaded runt. If you see them let me know so that I can run, Steve."

O'Hara's mocking eyes looked straight into those of the big bully. They taunted him and defied him and made light of his prowess.

The question that Sanderson growled made clear his thoughts. "Where's

Bob Quantrell at?" "Bob had better hit the trail," O'Hara said to Worrall. "These fellows who have me so frightened will

drive him out, too, probably." Uneasily the bartender polished the top of the counter. He decided to drop to the floor before the shooting began. A patron of the house flitted inconspicuously out of the back door. Four cowboys at a poker table suspended their play and watched the

antagonists alertly. Sanderson spoke vehemently. "I never claimed I'd drive him out. | burn.

Never gave out any such word. If anyone says I did he's a liar."

"You can tell Bob not to be frightened, then, Steve," O'Hara said easily. "The scalawags I told you about don't intend to worry him."

"Where's Bob at?" reiterated Sanderson hoarsely.

"How should I know? I'm not his keeper. Stick to the business in hand, Mr. Sanderson. If you should meet either of those terrible bad men I've described tell them I'm one tenderfoot so scared that I'm shaking. This goes for you, too, Mr. Texas Kid. Say I'm staying in town because I'm too frightened to travel. Ask them not to be too hard on a poor tenderfoot."

"They was funnin', don't you reckon?" the Texas Kid offered by way of explanation.

"Better tell them not to scatter jokes like that around. They might explode and hurt some one. Don't you "I'll be movin' along," the Texas

Kid said from a dry throat. "Don't hurry. Stay and keep Mr. Sanderson company. He won't want

to be left here alone." "Say, fellow, lay off me," Sanderson growled. "If this here's a frame-



"Shep an' His Friend Went to Sleep in Smoke."

up you can't start smokin' too soon to suit me. I don't scare worth a whoop. See?"

Nevertheless, his eyes left O'Hara for a moment to sweep toward the door and window. He was plainly worried and anxious to be gone with a whole skin.

"You don't think I'd better get out of town, within the hour, say?" O'Hara asked.

Already the red-headed cowboy was moving toward the back door. Sanderson discovered himself deserted and egan to follow, backing away slowly His right hand hovered near the butt of a revolver but he made no motion to draw it.

"Don't ride me, fellow," the bully warned. "I can be pushed just so far. I'm not scared of you, not for a holy minute. Don't you think it. I'll meet up with you one of these days an' send you to h-l on a shutter."

O'Hara's voice was a good imitation of that of the Texas Kid. "You're just funnin', don't you reckon, Mr. Sanderson?" he quavered.

"You or me, one, when we meet," Shep warned.

"Always tomorrow with you, isn't it? Well, it will be a thousand years till we meet, Mr. Sanderson."

The big man slid out of the back door. Outside, he whirled swiftly, at the same time dragging out his weapon. His eyes stabbed here and there looking for enemies. He saw nobody but the Texas Kid. That warrior was legging it on a run for the safety of Ingram & Harvey's store.

After Sanderson slid out of the halfopen back door of the Gold Nugget there was a long moment of silence. The stage had been set for red tragedy. All present felt that it had been shaved by a narrow margin.

poetry. The explanation offered by

that the sagas of Iceland are only na-

by the settlers, otherwise that they

western islands, of the Gaelic races

who made the emigrant stream into

Unfortunately, both the authors and

the dates of composition of the finest

sages have been lost, but the resem-

blance between the compositions and

those of Ireland is so strong that it

leaves little doubt that the Gaelic in-

fluences were largely responsible for

There are quite distinct traces of

the Celtic mythology, language and

Treatment of Burns

dren the medicine closet should con-

tain a good remedy for burns. It is

advisable to always have on hand a

bottle of olive oil and a bottle of lime

water. When mixed in equal propor-

tions this is one of the best remedies

for burns that is known. Saturate

cloths with the solution and cover the

In every home where there are chil-

the country.

their production.

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Iceland Sagas Credited to Gaelic Influences

-made 'em back down an' crawl off with their tails between their legs. Oh, boy, you're some wolf tamer."

One of the cowboys at the poker table slapped another a mighty blow on the back. "Made Shep take water, the tenderfoot did. Never saw the beat of it. Didn't think Shep would of quit for h-l or high water. Welt, you live an' learn, boys." He swept off his sombrero in a bow to O'Hara. "You're one sure enough bad-man buster. I'll be doggoned if Shep didn't tackle more'n he could ride herd on that time, an' you lookin' no more dangerous than a brush rabbit."

Now that this crisis was past O'Hara felt a little sick and faint. "Let's get outside," he said to his friend. His desire was to get back to the safety of the store. Excitement no longer buoyed him up. It shook his nerve to think what a chance he had taken, how he had staked his life on the audacity of a swift frontal attack. Not for a moment did he fool himself into the delusion that he was Sanderson's equal with a six-shooter. The big man had not been afraid of him. but of Bob Quantrell and his allies. Shep had been obsessed by the suspicion that they were trying to trap him into drawing his weapon in order to give them a plausible reason for shooting him down.

O'Hara and Worrall walked past Ingram & Harvey's on their way down the street. They turned in at Steelman & McCarthy's store. A little man sat on a dry goods box talking excitedly to those present. He was ragged and unshaven. His boots were down at the heel, his hat coneshaped He was the same Hank the lawyer had seen some coyboys making fun of once in Ingram's store, the one who had been "arrested for fragrancy."

"Right then I lit out," Hank nar rated. "No place for me. Like I said that doggoned tenderfoot stood there devillin' Shep to draw, crowdin' in on him, tellin' how scared he was of Shep, an' ridin' him all the time. You go order that pilgrim a coffin, Mr. Mc-Carthy."

McCarthy was facing the door. His hard eyes did not change expression. "He can order it himself, Hank. Here he is now." The storekeeper spoke to O'Hara. "Hank has been worryin' about you. Glad to see it was not necessary."

Worral sank down on the top of a barrel and mopped his face with a bandanna, "Some one worry about me awhile," he implored. "I'm wore to a frazzle worryln' about myself. This white-haired lad here is bulletproof, I reckon. Different here. Al: I'm thankful for is you don't have to order a coffin for me, extra long size."

"Tell us about it, O'Hara," urged Mc-Carthy. "Hank left in the middle

"Not much to tell," O'Hara answered. "I had a talk with Sanderson. That's all. It was a mistake about his wanting me to leave town. At least he did not mention it when we met."

"Lemme tell the story," Worrall said. 'I was among those present, an innocent bystander who stood to get all shot up if trouble began. Some one feed me a cigarette, then listen an' tell me if we ain't both loco."

The lengthy owner of the Longhorn got his cigarette and told his story. He told it with humor, making the most of its drama. When he had finished a red-faced cowboy spoke.

"I don't savvy yet why Shep didn't come a-shootin'. Was he scared, do you reckon?"

O'Hara knew why, but it seemed to him unwise to minimize the effect he had produced by stressing the fact that. Sanderson had been afraid of a trap at the first meeting and had been restrained by Harvey at the second. It was possible that, having been plunged into this feud unwillingly, he might need all the reputation he could get as a dangerous man to attack.

"He was scared but bluffin' he wasn't," Worrall replied. "The Texas Kid didn't even make any claims he wasn't."

"What was they scared of?" the cowboy persisted. "Shep had better'n an even break, hadn't he?" "Say, young fellow, how many men

do you know who have stood off Shep Steve Worrall let out a little whoop | an' Bob Quantrell an' Deever an' this

The Icelandic sagas are the finest of | manners. The careers of the earlier their kind, possessing qualities which generations of the Icelandic poets are singularly lacking in the native closely corresponded to those of the old Irish bards. Usually men of good the authorities on these matters is birth, and with Irish blood invariably on at least one side, they attached tive in so far as they are produced themselves to the bards, living in their courts, sharing their adventures, singare not Icelandic but the poetry of the ing their victories and hymning their

### with satire, or if necessary, sword thrust .- Montreal Family Herald.

deaths, ever ready to answer criticism

When Mind Works Best Have you ever tried to terminate at what time of day your mind works best? A scientific test with office workers indicates it is the second hour of the morning. Many nervous persons find to their dismay that their brain is most active when they are trying to go to sleep. Probably only a few have the experience of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, whose observations on the subject are republished

in the Golden Book, "The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention," Scott wrote, "When I get over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged to me."

of delight. "Bluffed 'em out, by finks | Texas Kid an' 'steen other warriors for half a day? How many do you know who have crawled Shep's carcass an' branded him with grapplin' irons an' got away with it? I don't know so doggoned many myself." This contribution was from Worrall,

The cowboy rasped his chin and looked sideways at O'Hara. Certainly this slim, young pink-cheeked youth with the soft brown eyes did not look like a man-eater. Still, what he had done was written in the records. "Well, if anyone had told me you

could run a sandy on Shep--"Question is, what will Shep do now?" interrupted McCarthy. "He'll have to make some kind of a play to explain why he didn't get on the peck. Right now he's sore at himself as a toad on a skillet."

"Yep. He'll make a play," Worrall agreed. "Soon, too, Got to do it or lose his rep with the crowd he trails

with." There came the sound of a shot, of several in quick succession, of another. The men in the store listened. More than one made sure that his revolver would slide easily from the holster. McCarthy stepped back of the desk in his office and came back with a rifle.

"From the other store, sounds to me," he said. I'll go take a look up the street."

He moved a step or two toward the front, then stopped. A man had come into the store. He stood by the cigar case, a revolver in each hand. From the barrel of one of them a thin wisp of smoke lifted. The man was Quantrell.

"What's up, Bob?" asked McCarthy. The eyes of the boy killer gleamed savagely. "They tried to get me-Shep an' Deever an' that Texas Kid." "You hit?"

"Me? No." His buck teeth showed and his receding chin dropped as he laughed harshly. "Not me. Ask about

"What about 'em?" "I got Shep an' the Kid. Came outa the store, all three of 'em. Shep called to me an' smoked right up. Right away all of us went to it. That's all, except that Shep an' his friend went to sleep in smoke an' Deever took cover in the store. Me, I skedaddled down the street muy pronto. I didn't know how many other guys

"Well, he's made his play, Shep has," Worrall said. "He was sure enough a bad picker. Off hand, looks like he might have had better luck with me an' Garrett. All I got to say is it might have been a lot worse-for us." He looked at O'Hara. "Am I

were inside."

right, old horn' toad?" O'Hara nodded. "Quite right, I'd сау."

### CHAPTER VII

Peace Terms

No thrill as of wine raced through Barbara's veins these days when she rode the hilltops. Life had lost its savor. She did not at early morning drink in the air with unconscious joy because a new world had been born for her delight.

Until lately she had been queen of her little world with all the privileges that implies. The only daughter of Wesley Steelman, cattle king of the San Marcos, held an enviable position in that roughriding frontier country. Her personality had enhanced her value. By reason of vital youth, high spirits, and abounding good looks she was an individual in her own right. It had not occurred to her that she could not mold life to her liking. What was the use of wealth, power, a heady will, and a full share of charm (she was not absurd enough to deny to herself that she had a way with men) if these would not get her what she wanted?

Now she rode with diminished head, An immovable force had brought her up short. It had seemed to her, not many weeks since, a fine thing to draw David Ingram and her father together. Eagerly she had adventured to that end. By her means friendliness would grow in that divided community where enmity had been. Signally she had failed. That, she recognized now, had been inevitable.

A bitter personal humiliation had accompanied the failure. It had come to pass soon that when they met she had moved toward Ingram with gifts in her eyes, and what she offered meant so little to him that self-will and stubbornness were more necessary to his life. Love! What was that to him? He had snatched at her roughly, not because he needed her and could not bear to do without her but as a weapon with which to wound her father. When she let herself think of it Barbara became a river of woe because of the shame and sorrow in her bosom. She was young enough to feel that what had happened to her was tragic. It was not yet within her experience that time mellows the sharpest sting of shame to a tender memory.

In the company of Garrett O'Hara she found comfort. In spite of his shyness he had a gift for companionship. She liked to explore his mind. He did not in the least object to being made fun of by her, for he sensed that she

liked and respected him. Once she referred to the secret that he knew. "Nice girls back East don't do what I've done. Down in yore heart what do you think of me? How much do you despise me?

"I told you once that I'd want my sister to be like you," he answered. "So you did, before you had time to think over what I had done. It's not fair to press you too hard. Only -I'll wish yore sister better luck than that." Her smile was bitter. It seemed to him that her lips ouivered

with disdain of herself, (TO BE CONTINUED.)



### ONE HORSE POWER

The enthusiastic motorist had been persuaded by a friend to accompany him on a cross-country horseback ride. Soon after starting the motorist's horse was seen to gallop, and its rider was leaning forward grasping wildly at something which he seemed unable to clutch. His friend gailoped along-

"What on earth are you trying to

do?" gasped the friend. "I'm-trying to-find-the brake," came the somewhat jerky reply.-Children's Newspaper.

An Important Detail The First Second-Very good! It is understood, then, that our princi-

pals shall fire on signal at 30 paces. The Other Second-But no! It is very well for your principal to fire on mine at 30 paces, but mine, being near-sighted, should be allowed to stand closer to yours when the signal is given.

# NOT LINDY



She-Who might that fellow over there be?

He-It might be Lindy, but thank goodness it isn't, 'cause he wants a dance, too.

Everything Else But

## Let's hope they ne'er Will get so rash That in tin cans They'll put up hash.

Of Course "I want to be procrastinated de nex' corner," said the negro passenger. "You want to be what?" demanded

the conductor. "Don' lose you-ah temper, boss. 1 had to look in the dictionary mys'f befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off.' "

# An El-Rotten-O

"What do you think of that clgar I just gave you? Satisfying, eh?" "I should say. One of them would satisfy a man for life."

# B. C. IN THE HENYARD



Wifie-How do you account for the hens laying so few eggs? They are certainly well fed. Modern Farmer-They're on to this

birth control business, I guess. Internal Revenue Little Willie is a funny And eccentric little walf—

Swallowed all his sister's money,

Said that he was playing safe, Then He Bought the Car Mr. Quizzer-But, my dear, if I buy a car I won't have enough money to

pay my life insurance. His Wife-But if you don't get the car you'll not be so likely to need the life insurance right away, so you can spare the money for the car.

She Ought To "I hope the wife will treat me better after this."

"Why?" "She's joined the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals,"

# As a Reward

Little Georgie and Baby Ann (rushing to mother)-Oh, Mamma, Papa says that next Sunda; we're going to have an eclipse of the moon. Mamma (absent-mindedly) - Yes, yes, but only if you've been nice and well-

### behaved children. For His Wife's Sake

His Old Flame-I hear you're given up smoking for your wife's sake, Mr. Justwed-Yes, that's true. Good elgarettes cost so much only one of us can afford to smoke them.