# The Fighting Tenderfoot

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 di-rected 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 de-clares 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. Gar-rett 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, includ-ing Quantrell and Sanderson, capture and hang Fitch. Sander-son 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 Quantrell kills war follows. Sanderson and another Ingram

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued

He could not leave the subject on that note. It was incongruous that all the splendid life of her should be submerged in a shame born of an unhappy experience for which he did not feel her to blame. He looked away at broken line of the silhouetted hills pushing their crests skyward. Presently he said, as though the comment were a casual one, "I wouldn't think much of a man who couldn't do something foolish if-if he was fond ofof some one."

"You mean of a girl," she specified. "Say of a girl," he admitted, and the color came again into his face. Never before had he talked about such things to a woman.

"Yes, but a girl is different. You know that well enough. It's her place to be modest and wait. She mustn't show her feelings. If she's nice she's not supposed to have any-not till-

O'Hara summoned his courage and blurted out what was in his mind. "You couldn't be anything but sweet and good. I wish-I wish you wouldn't talk that way. All you've done is him rather than to his enemies in this what I'd want you to do if-if-"

He stopped. The hot blood stained his face from throat to forehead. Barbara's soft and shining eyes

thanked him. "I'm glad you came here to live,"

she said softly.

He did not let his eyes meet hers, for he was afraid they might tell too much. She offered him only friendship, and already he knew that he wanted more than that.

The Jefferson County war had become more than a local issue. Both factions were justifying themselves in long letters to the newspapers. The territorial government favored Steelman because of his business connections, and Sheriff Banks had been removed from office on a technicality connected with his bond. Rumors of the feud had even reached Washington and there was talk of national interference.

Ingram's warriors had "jumped" two of Steelman's cowboys while they were branding a calf claimed by the Diamond Tail. There had been a fight and the two Hashknife riders had been left dead beside their fire.

In reprisal the Hashknife forces had captured Houck, a notorious gunman from the Indian territory employed by Ingram, and had left his body in a

Smith-Beresford suggested compromise to Steelman. "What say Garrett and I ride over

and have a cozy little talk with Ingram? Might make the fellow see reason. Eh, what?" Steelman reflected that it could do

no harm. Moreover, it would be a good talking point later to be able to say that he and his partners had tried to arrange a compromise. Also, there was urgent need of peace financially if it could be brought about, "Sults me, Lyulph," he said.

"Question is about a compromise. What can we offer him?"

"What had you thought of offering?" Steelman asked, a flicker of cynical humor in his eyes. He had not faith in the success of this mission. "He'll think you've come to tell him we've had enough an' want to quit. But have it yore own way, boys. Go talk with him. Make yore proposition an' see what it gets you."

The three men talked terms while Barbara listened. One thing Steelman insisted upon. There could be no settlement of the trouble until Ingram moved his men bag and baggage from the Hughes place. If he would do that it would be evidence that he really

wanted peace. The three men drafted a letter and sent it to Ingram by one of the Hashknife riders. Word of what was in the air spread and Bob Quantrell suggested to O'Hara that he would be glad to go to town with him to meet

"Much obliged, Bob, but I don't thing that would be wise," O'Hara told him promptly. "Since our latest

red rag to a bull as far as Ingram goes. No, we'll leave you at home." "Some of his warriors are liable to make trouble. Who do you aim to

take along with you?" "Nobody but Lyulph. We want to make it plain that this is to be a peace powwow. Perhaps we'll go absolutely unarmed."

"Hmp! You've still got a lot of those fool notions you brought West with you. There will be a dozen Ingram men in town, every last one of 'em armed. What guarantee you got that Ingram or his pardner Tom Harvey won't sic' some of 'em on you like Harvey did those fellows on me?" "We'll have to take a chance on

But after O'Hara had talked the matter over with his two partners it was decided that the envoys should wear their revolvers, not as a threat but because it was the habit of cowboys and cattle men to carry them. There was always a chance that the fact they had them in plain sight might save them from attack.

To Ingram and Harvey, sitting in the office of the store, came one of their clerks, a young fellow who had recently moved to the territory for lung trouble. His name was Millikan.

"They're alone," he reported. "Just rode up to the Concho house and have gone inside. They stopped for twothree minutes at the Longhorn corral before they went to the hotel." "Steelman not with them, then?"

"No, sir." "Drift out into the street an' make

sure none of their men join 'em." After the clerk had gone Ingram turned to his partner. "We'll let 'em wait a while, Tom. Don't want 'em to get the notion we're anxious for a compromise."

Harvey agreed, but added a rider: 'Just the same I reckon we better meet 'em halfway. If this war goes on much longer we'll be busted higher than a kite, you an' me."

Ingram looked out of the window at the red hill shoulder dotted with jack pines. Reluctantly he admitted to himself that what Harvey said was true. The expense of maintaining the little army of gunmen had been high. Trade had fallen off. It was a bad year for cattle from the market point of view. He had been forced to carry his allies, the small ranchers in the hills. Moreover, to meet Steelman's encroachments he had borrowed heavily and his short-time notes were falling due. He could borrow no more. The owner of the Hashknife had had business with most of the bankers in the territory and they were friendly to eud. Add to all this the fact that there was talk of intervention from Washington. If soldiers came in from the fort there was little doubt that they would support Steelman, for he and Colonel Randolph had fought side by side in the Civil war.

In the field Ingram could hold his own. He was not disturbed about that, providing always that the United States troops did not come in. But he had read of generals who won every battle and lost the war. The thought of compromise was bitter to him, but he knew that if Steelman made a reasonable offer he must

accept it. Yet he was reluctant to admit even the possibility of defeat. "How about Steelman?" he said. "He must be near the end of his rope, too. His expenses are beavier than ours. It hasn't been any better year for cows for him than it has for us. He's borrowed more than we have, don't you

"Maybeso. But he's got more money backing him than we have. Far as we can see, Dave, we're down to the blanket."

"Well, let's hear what these fellows have got to propose."

Ingram and Harvey walked down the street to the Concho house. The fat hotel keeper Brad Helm waddled forward and wheezed a greeting. "The other gents are waitin' for

you in the dining room," he added. The cattle man moved with light strong tread into the dining room, His cool flinty eyes fastened on the two men sitting at the table. Both of them rose to greet the newcomers, though neither of them offered to shake hands.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen." Smith-Beresford said genially, "Make yourselves comfortable. Cigars? Whisky? Beer?"

"Nothing, thanks," Ingram answered brusquely. "You have a proposition to make, I understand."

"About time we have a talk. Eh, what? Sit down gentlemen."

Ingram flung himself carelessly into a chair. "I'm ready to listen," be said. O'Hara opened the conference. "I don't know what you think, Mr. Ingram, but as law-abiding citizens Mr. Smith-Beresford and I feel that the present conditions are outrageous and deplorable."

"Are you talkin' for yoreselves or for Wes Steelman?" asked Ingram curtly.

"We're talking for him and for ourselves, too. He is ready to patch up a peace if you are." "Had enough, has he?" jeered Har-

O'Hara looked at him. "If that's the spirit in which you are coming to this conference, Mr. Harvey, I'm

afraid we won't get far," he said. "Say, young fellow, you're a fine bird to come here preachin' to us." Ingram's partner retorted angrily, "Why, you've done more to make trip to town I expect you'd be like a | trouble than any other gunman on the | career.-Golden Book.

# Willaim MacLeod Raine

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range, except maybe yore sidekick Bob Quantrell. Who jumped pore Shep Sanderson an' devilled him an' finally got yore hired killer to bump off both him an' the Texas Kid? Who tried to stop a posse from doing its duty an' killed Brad Sowers an' shot up three more deputies? Who egged on Wes Steelman to all the deviltry that's been going on all over the range, dry-gulchin' an' what not?"

"That's bally nonsense, you know. Mr. Harvey," Smith-Beresford replied. "O'Hara is as peaceably inclined as I am. Both of us would go a long way to stop the wicked foolishness that has started simply because conflicting interests have not been sensibly adjusted. You know perfectly well that he wanted no trouble with that fellow Sanderson and that neither of us obstructed the posse in its duty. He fought for his life."

"Let that ride, Tom," Ingram spoke up. "Let's hear how these two quiet



Bob Quantrell Roped and Saddled at the Corral in a Cloud of Dust.

just the conflictin' interests referred to. Knowin' Wes Steelman like I do. I'd say he's perfectly willin' to lie down with the lamb-if it's inside of him."

"The only way to settle this thing is to start from now. If we get to discussing our wrongs our feelings will become involved. Steelman feels he has a good deal to complain of. So do you, I presume. Let us forget all that and come to the actual business questions at issue."

O'Hara named, without argument, the concessions Steelman was willing to make. He would keep his cattle on the range east of the pass. He would leave the San Jacinto market to Ingram and his friends if they would not compete with him at the Indian agency. He would discharge any of his men against whom there was proof of rustling cattle. As to the lawlessness of the past few months, he was willing to let bygones be bygones.

Harvey laughed unpleasantly, "He's sure promisin' a lot. Has our friends shot up by hired killers an' then is willin' to call it off. Offers to keep outa the San Jacinto market when he knows Dave has got it corralled, but wants us to leave him lay at the agency where we've been outsellin' him right along. Yes, sir, I'd sure call that a Wes Steelman compromise."

"What about the Jerry Hughes place?" asked Ingram. "Will he quit gumshoein' around tryin' to euchre me out of it?"

"He's willing to leave that to the law," O'Hara answered.

"To the slick judge he bought to make him administrator. Not by a jugful. The only compromise I'll discuss is one where he gives up all claim to the Hughes place. Jerry was my friend. He owed me money when he died. I've a right to run the place till I'm paid what he owes. Steelman butted in without any claim whatever, merely because he wanted to devil Well, he won't get away with Ingram slammed his heavy brown fist down on the table, his eyes gleaming savagely.

O'Hara said, "Tell us the very best you'll do, the concessions you are willing to make. Perhaps we can offer inducements to have you leave the Hughes place."

"No, sir, I'm stayin' right there, an' you can pass the word that he'll rue the day he an' his killers try to drive us out."

O'Hara smiled, the friendly flash of white teeth that made men like him. "I haven't got much yet from you that Steelman will enjoy hearing. Haven't you any compromise in your system at all? We're supposed to be talking peace and not war."

"I'm ready to talk it any time. All I want is my rights. This trouble is none of my startin'. All I've done is defend myself."

"That's so," his partner chimed in. "We're right an' Steelman is wrong all the way. But we're good citizens not lookin' for trouble even with him. If Dave's agreeable I'm willin' to leave him the Indian agency market. He's got no claim to it, but just to show where we stand."

"An' I'll accept his proposition about the pass an' keep my cows on the west side. If he really means business let him fire that bunch of killers he has got hired," Ingram said. "Will you get rid of yours if he does his, Mr. Ingram?" asked Smith-Beres-

"I'll meet Steelman half way there. too, an' turn off those I don't need as

range riders." The difficulties between the factions were talked over in detail. When the two Circle S O partners rose to go they felt that as a first conference it had not been entirely unsuccessful. Ingram had made concessions-ungraclously and reluctantly, to be sure. but the fact that he had made them at all was encouraging.

"He talks just like Steelman does." O'Hara said to his friend, laughing ruefully. "You'd think to hear him that he was the most reasonable man in the world and that he never had wanted anything but the barest jus tice. But we've made a start, Lyulph, If we can keep the fire-eaters quiet long enough to come to an agreement we may succeed."

They rode out of Concho over the same trail O'Hara had followed the day he first saw the place. The valley looked parched and lifeless, as level as a floor, all undulations

smoothed away. As they looked down upon it a rider dashed around the curve of the trail and at sight of them dragged his horse to a halt. He was a Mexican vaquero in a steeple straw hat and earrings. While his horse was still in motion the man flung up a rifle and fired. The horse went up into the air, bucking furiously. The rifle clattered to the ground.

The Mexican was a superb rider, but the trail was narrow. It looked as though the bucker would pitch down the slope. To save himself the man flung his body from the saddle toward the hill, went clambering up a precipitous rocky outcrop of gneiss, lost his footing, and slid down again. Before he could regain his feet a sharp voice gave orders. "Stick up your hands. No funny

business.' O'Hara had slipped from the saddle

and run forward, revolver in hand.

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## Controversy Ended by "Mason and Dixon" Line

As a boundary division the "Mason ! and Dixon" line got its name from the two men who surveyed and established it, Charles Mason and John Dixon. It was run by agreement between the Calverts, of Maryland, and William Penn to settle a controversy regard ing the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, Mason and Dixon came from England in 1764 for that express purpose. They were both men of scientific attainments, Mason at one time being assistant at the royal observatory at Greenwich. They ran the line with great care, cutting a space eight feet wide through the forest and setting up a stone at the end of each mile. Every fifth stone was larger than the others and had on the north side the arms of William Penn and on the south those of Lord Baltimore. The smaller, intermediate stones had the letter "P" on the north surface and "M" on the south, for

Shakespeare's Income Not all of the earlier authors were as badly treated as their legends have led the public to believe, Shakespeare, for example, may have been profilgate but he was not necessarily penniless. He received about 10 pounds -the equivalent of \$400 today-for each of his plays, and he produced them at the rate of two a year. He also made \$800 a year and more as an actor during most of his active Pennsylvania and Maryland. The line has nothing to do with slavery, except as it ultimately became the boundary line between free states and the slave. though that was not the thought at the time. When the line was established slavery existed in Pennsylvania as it did in the colonies, and was not abolished in Pennsylvania until 1780 and then only by a law providing that all colored persons thereafter born within the state should be set free at the age of twenty-eight years.

Damaged

Potter arrived at his studio one morning and found that during the previous night it had been ruined by

He at once telephoned to his insurance agent to come and estimate the damage. An hour later the man arrived.

"Now, with regard to these canvases?" went on the agent. "You say they cost about \$2.50 each," "About that."

"Were they just plain canvases?" asked the insurance man. "No. I'd painted on most of them," Potter returned.

"Ah," said the agent thoughtfully. "Then supposing we say \$1.25 each?"

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Up went the Mexican's arms. "Si. senor," he answered submissively. "You're one of Ingram's riders?" "SI, senor."

"What made you shoot at us? Have you been told to kill us at sight?"

The man broke into a torrent of Spanish, then interpreted it with excitable broken English. The Circle S O partners understood from what he said that a battle was in progress at the Jerry Hughes ranch. A group of Hashknife warriors had made a surprise attack upon the place and he. Juan Garcia, returning from the pasture with a bunch of horses, had been fired upon by them and made his escape. When he had caught sight of the Circle S O partners he had jumped to the conclusion that they were there to cut off his retreat. Wherefore he had not waited for them to open hostilities.

"Steelman told us this morning he was riding down to the valley ranch today," Smith-Beresford said.

"Yes," agreed O'Hara. But the thought was in his mind that Steelman might have said this to divert suspicion. He might be with the attackers, or he might have ridden away, tongue in cheek, knowing that his men were going to try to seize the Hughes ranch. This latter alternative did not seem like him. Whatever else might be said of him, Wesley Steelman had the courage of his decisions. He would not leave his men to undertake what he would not attempt himself. More probably his hired gunmen had decided on their own initiative to force the issue.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Quantrell's Posse Rides

Bob Quantrell roped and saddled at the corral in a cloud of dust raised by milling horses. Others were roping at the same time. The young man swung astride of his horse and looked around.

"All caught?" he asked, and counted heads. Five men were mounted in addition

to himself. "All caught," Texas Jim answered. The riders cut across to the upper rim of the park and headed into the

rough country beyond. "Where at will Jake meet us?"

asked Texas Jim. "At Salt Springs. He camped there last night. Leastways that was the

arrangement." Another man spoke up; a squat cowboy. His name was Owen, and he went by the sobriquet of Amen for

some long-forgotten reason. "The Old Man won't get sore, do you reckon?"

Quantrell looked at him. "Why should he? Didn't Judge Warner make him administrator? An' hasn't Ingram kept a bunch of gunmen on the place ever since? Wes has been leanin' backward so as not to get in bad with the territory authorities, seein' as he has them on his side now. Bet you my new saddle against a dollar Mex he'll be plumb tickled to have us jump the ranch without his knowin' a thing about it. Jake is a deputy sheriff, ain't he? We'll all be sworn in as special deputies. Everything legal an' aboveboard. The Old Man won't have a thing to kick about. With no trouble a-tail to him the sheriff executes the order of the court. He'll come back from the lower ranch to find himself sittin' in the saddle

high, wide, an' pretty." They were crossing difficult country, filled with ravines, gulches, and steen ascents.

"Salt Springs." Texas Jim called back from the forefront of the line. "An' some lone bird is sure enough roostin' down there before a fire of niggerheads."

The lone bird turned out to be Jake Sommers. His horse picked and slid its way down the face of a bluff, "I been waitin' here quite some time," he complained. "You told me you'd be along either last night or be-

fore daybreak." Sommers was a hard-eyed, frozenfaced specimen. He had been a professional gambler until recently.

"I said, barrin' accidents," Quantrell corrected. "We were held up at the ranch. The belted earl an' his friend O'Hara were over there to stick around till the Old Man had got off for the lower ranch. We didn't get started till ten o'clock." As they drew closer to the timber

above the Hughes place the men rode warily. They might by chance come at any moment on some of the enemy. In the timber, near the upper edge of it, the men dismounted. Boy though he was, Quantrell by common

consent took command. They stole forward through the grove, Quantrell and the deputy in the lead. From a bluff well sheltered by brush they could look down on the Hughes ranch house, not more than two hundred yards away.

A couple of men were at the stable, sitting in the shade cast by the building. One of them was whittling, the other oiling a revolver. A third man was at the brook which ran back of the house. He was washing some socks and hanging them on the branches of some willows that fringed

the stream. "Looks like we'll have to disturb a right happy home," Quantrell murmured ironically to the deputy. "Get yore artillery ready, boys, an' we'll send some lead plums down there, I'll take the fellow by the creek. The two sociable guys will be yore ment." The young killer glanced around at his "Are you all ready?"

OTO BE CONTINUED.



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