THE FIGHTING TENDERFOOT

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

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THE STORY

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, 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. Bob Quantrell, young killer for Ingram, saves Garrett O'Hara and an Englishman, Smith-Beres-ford, 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, includ-ing Quantrell and Sanderson, capture and hang Fitch. Sanderson starts a fight at the ranch and Garrett and the Englishman are wounded. Quantrell changes sides and joins with the two "tenderfeet." A lull in the cattle war follows. Quantrell kills Sanderson and another Ingram follows. gunman. A tentative peace is patched up through Garrett's ef-

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

Some one misunderstood. He was either too anxious or he was nervous. A shot rang out from the bluff and the three men below scrambled into instant motion. The one at the creek scudded for the house. The other two ran around the barn to find safety

Instantly Quantrell's rifle cracked. Other weapons boomed out. The man running from the brook stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, and disappeared limping into the house. The other two vanished into the stable.

Quantrell was disgusted. "You spilled the beans proper, Mac. We had three of 'em salted an' we didn't get a one. Oh, well, no use beefin' about it now. Come on, boys, before they get time to get set."

He slid down into a brushy draw, ran through it, and emerged into the open. Straight for the stable he ran, the others at his heels.

From the ranch house guns spat bullets at the running men. Quantrell reached the stable. Texas Jim and Whitey and Mac were at his heels. The deputy sheriff came panting in twenty yards back of them.

Quantrell sat down on a feed box and cursed bitterly and fluently. The object of his maledictions was the party of Ingram's gunmen at the ranch house. The adventure he had planned and led had gone wrong. He found his party besieged in the stable, two out of the six wounded, a seventh separated from them by a stretch of four hundred yards that might as well have been miles, and the horses quite out of reach. Quantrell did not need anyone to point out to him how badly he had blundered in charging down the bill. He had acted under impulse like a fool boy.

All firing had ceased. Those at the ranch house made no immediate attempt to molest the invaders. Presently Whitey made an announcement. "Fellow just got on a horse the other side the house an' rode off."

"Gone to let Ingram know," Texas "An' after a while Dave will be back here with a whole passle of war-

riors." Sommers added. "It'll be a round-up of Hashknife waddles, looks like." Mac said.

"You never can tell till you've ridden circle an' brought the longhorns

in." Quantrell contributed blithely. "But none of you fellows have got to stay when you're ready to go. Me, I'm stavin'."

Texas Jim nodded. "Same here," he said briefly.

The deputy sheriff said nothing. In his opinion this enterprise had gone to wreck on Quantrell's folly. If a good opportunity came to get out with a whole skin he intended to do so.

During the next hour or two there was desultory firing on both sides, though it was plain that the men in the ranch house were waiting for reinforcements before they forced the

"Coupla fellows on horses comin' through the willows," announced the white-headed cowboy abruptly. Quantrell picked up his rifle and

went to the door. What he saw was certainly unexpected. Two men were riding along the edge of the creek among the willows. They had with them a led horse.

"Dad gum my skin if it ain't the belted earl an' his friend the good bad man," exclaimed Texas Jim excitedly. "What in Mexico are they doin' here?"

The young desperado laughed, his voice when he spoke filled with gay and careless mirth. "Where else would they be? Don't they always head straight for trouble, those lads?" A moment, and O'Hara and his partner were in the stable.

The Circle S O partners consulted with each other.

"Nothing to do but ride over to the

knife boys. If they've got Ingram's men penned up we'll probably be in time," O'Hara said.

"What shall we do with Garcia?" asked Smith-Beresford.

"Better take him along. He can guide us over the hills and get us there quicker."

The Mexican rode in front of them. He was covered by his own rifle in the hands of Smith-Beresford. Unerringly he led them through a maze of hilltons.

"Quantrell must have left the horses somewhere," O'Hara told his partner. "Juan says they came down from the rim rock on foot. Likely they left some one with the mounts. Hadn't we better swing around that way and see if he's still there?"

"Not a bad idea, Old Top. He could give us the latest developments. It would be deuced awkward if we met Ingram's men before we did our own." They skirted the edge of the park. Garcia pulled up to listen, lifting a hand for silence. Some one was riding toward them. They could hear the hoofs of horses striking rocks. Riderless horses came over the brow

of a hill. Behind them rode a single man. The man was Joe, one of Steelman's cowboys. At sight of Garcia and the others he stopped and wheeled abruptly, driving in a spur for flight, O'Hara called to him by name. Joe jerked his horse to its hind feet, so sharply did he check it.

The Circle S O partners Joined him. Joe made clear the situation,

"The boys are in the stable. One of 'em is wounded bad, looked like.' "Has there been a lot of shooting?" Smith-Beresford asked.

"Quite a lot. Some one rode away from the ranch hour an' a half ago. Gone for help, I'd say. I'm movin' the horses. Figured they might come up to collect 'em soon as they got around to it."

The partners talked together and afterward O'Hara gave Joe instructions. "We'll leave Juan here with you. Hold him till we see you again. In about half an hour move the horses to the south end of the meadow. to the place where the creek runs out. We're going to try to follow the creek through the willows to the stable. We'll take a led horse along for the wounded man. If our plan works out we'll join you as soon as we can."

"What if I'm jumped by Ingram or some one else?"

"Then you'll have to look after yourself. But I don't think he can get here before night."

The partners rode back to the creek, by way of the park rim, dropping down to the meadow land over a pine-clad hill. Smith-Beresford carried the rifle. O'Hara led the extra horse. They moved up the creek, keeping on the far side from the house and using the willows as a screen.

"Getting close to the stable," Smith-Beresford whispered over his shoulder to his friend. "There's a sort of ford where the horses drink just ahead. Think we'd better spinsh over and make a run for it?"

"Might as well," O'Hara agreed, The horses waded through the little creek and climbed the slope beyond. They broke into a canter, headed straight for the stable.

Quantrell let out a yell of glee as the two men swung to the ground. "Made it, by cripes, you doggoned old hella-

O'Hara did not share his enthusiasm. He had come to get the raiders out of trouble if he could, but he did not intend to condone their offense. "Who has been hurt?" he asked

"Amen is shot up right bad. I'm carryin' one pill in my leg as a souvenir. How did you find out we was here?"

"Met a Mexican you drove away." O'Hara walked across to the place where Owen lav on the hay. "Can he ride?" he asked Texas Jim.

The Lone Star state man scratched his head. "I dunno. Doubt it. He's a mighty sick man,"

Apparently Owens had been dozing. He opened his eyes. "Sure I could ride, if I was put on a horse," he said. "Then we'd better get out before Ingram's reinforcements arrive. The

rest of the horses are at the entrance to the park. If we slip around and keep the stable between us and the house we might make it." Quantrell's eyes gleamed. "You're d-n shoutin', O'Hara. You fellows go. I'll stay an' hold 'em back till you

after you." "That's good medicine," Texas Jim agreed. "I'll stay with Bob."

cross the creek. Then I'll light out

The deputy sheriff spoke up. "There's an old door boarded up this side. If we break that down we can slip out an' not be seen at all." Five minutes later the door had

Owen was lifted to the saddle of a horse. He clung to the pommel, teeth O'Hara turned to Quantrell, "You take my horse. With that hurt leg

been knocked to pieces with an ax.

you can't make a run for it if you | those shores. It may be that the name have to. I'll stay with Texas," "No, sir," answered Quantrell, "It's liable to be hotter'n h-1 with the

Hughes ranch and call off the Hash- | blower on here. I wished this on myself."

> "Get on that horse," O'Hara ordered quietly, looking straight at the young desperado. His voice had a ring of command, his brown eyes blazed.

> Quantrell laughed. "'I'm wagon boss here,' says he. All right. Have it yore own way. But understand, everybody. I'm not to blame if they collect him." The boy limped to the horse and pulled himself into the saddle. "Adlos." he called back with a jaunty wave of the hand as he rode out of the building.

The deputy sheriff was already on his way. Only Smith-Beresford remained. He was reluctant to leave his friend and he argued the point. but O'Hara brushed aside his objections. "I've got a better idea than yours,

Garrett," he said, consenting at last. "I'll leave my horse here. You two may be in a hurry when you start. He'll carry double till you reach us."

The Englishman followed the others. Hidden by the stable, the little cavalcade got some distance before it was



"Cut for the Creek an' Get Acrost It," Texas Jim Advised.

seen by those in the house. Then men poured out of the house as seeds are squirted from an orange. One of them, leading the pursuit toward the stable, gave a yell compounded of triumph and rage. O'Hara recognized him as Deever.

Already O'Hara had given orders to his companion but he reinforced them by a reminder. "Remember, Texas, you're not to hit any of them unless we can't drive them back otherwise." The firing from the stable took the

Ingram men by surprise. They wavered, broke back for the house. "If we can give our boys fifteen minutes' start they ought to make it,"

O'Hara said. "Can't do it," the Texan answered. "Just about now it's gonna strike those fellows to slap saddles on their horses an' swing round to cut the

boys off from the mouth of the park." Texas Jim anticipated their thoughts by less than five minutes. Presently they could see Deever and the others slipping up from the creek to the hitch rack by the house.

"Time to say 'Adlos' if we don't aim to be cut off," the cowboy said. "Right you are," agreed O'Hara.

A moment later he was on Smith-Beresford's horse, with the Texan behind him. They dashed into the open at a gallop. A bullet whistled past

"Cut for the creek an' get acrost it," Texas Jim advised.

O'Hara swung to the left and sent the horse plunging into the young willows. They crashed through, the supple branches whipping their faces. The animal lost its footing as it went down into the creek and both men were flung into the water. Texas Jim caught the bridle and dragged the bronco to its feet. The riders were soaked, but O'Hara had managed to keep the rifle out of the water when he made his dive into the stream's shallow depth.

Into the saddle the Texan dragged himself. He stiffened his foot and O'Hara used it for a step to swing himself behind. A moment, and the horse was charging through the saplings fringing the opposite bank.

Glancing back, O'Hara could hear the excited voices of the pursuers. They were too far away for him to make out the words, but he realized that they were already in motion. Some one shouted to them. O'Hara

caught sight of young Quantrell riding down the creek.

"Came back to chew over old times. he called gally to them. "Where are the others?" asked

"They're humpin' right along. We can hold these roosters back if we have to. If they get on the prod we'll educate 'em proper."

"We're not looking for trouble, Boh. What we're trying to do is to get away with our skins whole. Don't forget that. I won't have any unnecessary shooting. We've had more than

The volces of the pursuers came closer. Quantrell grinned cheerfully. "What shooting I will do will be necessary, looks like."

"If we can only reach the gateway of the park," O'Hara said, glancing "Sure enough. If my toes only reach

the ground when they hang me it won't hurt much," Quantrell jeered. The riders behind swung into sight. By way of warning O'Hara dropped a

bullet in front of them. The Ingram gunmen opened up into loose formation, each man riding wide of his neighbor. But they kept coming. Shots sounded. A bullet cut off the branch of a willow five feet from "Another balf mile, boys, an' we'll

make it." Texas Jim said anxiously. "Onct we reach the boulder field there we can stand 'em off."

Bob Quantrell slid from his horse, "I'm gonna stop those birds." He rested his rifle across the branch of a willow, took careful aim, and fired.

A man tumbled from a horse. Quantrell let out a "Hi-yi" of triumph, "Got that fellow good," he called across to Texas Jim. "Guess they won't push on their reins to get

any closer." He was right. The pursuers made for such cover as was available. One object lesson at a time was enough. The fugitives took advantage of this

to increase the distance between them and the Ingram men.

"They ain't such curly wolves as

Easy Method of Escape From Wrath of Tornado

Most tornadoes move toward the ! northeast, a few toward the southeast, and the rest, with almost negligible exceptions, in some other easterly direction, says the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. Moreover, the path generally varies but little from a straight distance. line, so that the direction in which a storm is seen to be moving is likely

It dies out. From these facts it follows that when a tornado is sighted several miles away a person generally has time to escape by taking a course at right angles to its path, and the automobile is obviously a valuable adjunct for escape, provided there is a road

to be the one that it will follow until

leading in the right direction. One positive proof that a storm is a tornado is the elongated funnelshaped, or cylindrical cloud dangling from the sky toward the earth. This cloud is not always seen, but the general appearance of the sky in the direction of a tornado is usually very striking. The clouds are thrown into

Named for the Days of the Week In the South Pacific ocean there are islands bearing the names of Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The tradition is that with the exception of Thursday Island, they are so-called because those are the days on which Captain Cook visited of Thursday island originated in the same manner, but natives insist that such was not the case.

a wild turmoil and are strangely colored-jet-black, greenish, or purple, but often mingled with steamlike grays and whites. A terrifying roar, which has been compared to thousands of railroad cars crossing a bridge, may be heard at considerable

Early Puritan Picnic

Perhaps the gentle reader would be interested in knowing how the Puritan chleftain of the Massachusetts Bay colonists spent his first day in New England.

After exchange of greetings with Governor Endicott of the Salem colonists, Governor Winthrop says: "We . . . returned with them to

Nathumeak, where we supped with a good venison pasty and good beer, and at night we returned to our ship. "In the meantime most of our peo ple went on shore upon the land of

Cape Ann, which lay very near us,

and gathered store of fine strawber-

ries."-Boston Post. Make Best of Mistakes

Mistakes are just as natural as siw. and nothing in the world is more common. But the commission of neither is fatal. They constitute experience. Mistakes can't be undone, it is true, but they can be taken advantage of .-

Works Both Ways

Practically every child-psychology problem is at bottom a parent-psychology problem.-Woman's Home they think they are," Quantrell shouted gleefully to his two companions. "I'll show this bully puss bunch whether they can push me more'n so

The hills that fenced in the park grew closer. Not far ahead was the cleft through which ran the creek. Into this the horses galloped. They passed to a boulder-strewn field beyond which was a guich.

At the upper end of this they found the rest of their party. With them were Joe and the horses he had brought to the rendezvous.

Owen, his face drained of blood, looked like a man ready to collapse and sustained only by a resolute will

"Can you go on?" O'Hara asked him. Both of his hands clung to the saddle horn. He nodded, not wasting the energy to answer in words.

"We'll try to make the Circle S O." O'Hara said. "It's less than four miles by the mesa." He rode on one side of Owen, his partner on the other. Quantrell and

Texas Jim brought up the rear, watch-

ing alertly for the pursuers. The deputy sheriff and Joe rode in the van of the procession. Joe was an old-timer and picked with a sure eye the easiest way across the hills to the ranch.

Owen succumbed within sight of the ranch, slipping from the saddle into O'Hara's arms. One of the men rode forward at a gallop and brought back a buckboard into which he was lifted. A few minutes later he was carried unconscious into the house.

O'Hara sent a messenger for a doctor and another for Steelman. That the attack upon the Hughes ranch would be interpreted as a challenge he was quite sure. Coming as it did on the heels of the offer to compromise. Ingram would be justified in consider ing it black treachery. He would retallate swiftly, probably with deadly efficiency, unless it was possible to get him to see the affair in its true light. Quantrell and the men who had rid den with him on the raid must be discharged It must be made clear that neither Steelman nor his partners of the Circle S O ranch countenanced in any way what had been done.

He talked it over with Smith-Beres ford. The Englishman suggested a

difficulty:

"It's all very well talking about getting rid of Quantrell and the other young devils who rode with him on this raid, but let's not go too fast about it, old chap," he said. "The Assyrian may come down like the wolf on the fold, and it would be deuced convenient to have a few of these wild hellions around to repel boarders, you know. We can't discharge Quantrell until we know what Ingram means to do, even if he did spill the apple carr for us. Better wait till Steelman gets

"If we keep Quantrell we tell Ingram that we're standing back of the raid. No two ways about that. Lyulph."

"I know, Confound the young ruffian! But if we don't keep him and the others we're inviting the enemy to come and wipe us out." Smith-Beresford laughed ruefully. "Queer. by Jove. We thought we could keep out of this feud, you and I. Scattered the word broadcast that we weren't in it and didn't intend to get in it. and we're dashed center of the whole show whether we want to be or not. Every move we make turns out wrong or anyhow it's interpreted wrong. I suppose we'll be blamed for going to the Hughes place to try to stop the

row. "Of course. It's unfortunate that one of Ingram's men was shot after we got there. What luck would I have if I rode to town to see Ingram at once? Would there be any chance of persuading him that the situation got out of hand before we reached home?"

"No go. You'd never get back alive. We'll have-to sit tight till Steelman comes."

Steelman arrived the evening of the next day. He was accompanied by half a dozen armed men.

After he had talked with his partners the owner of the Hashknife sent for Bob Quantrell. That young man came in sheepishly, expecting to be raked over the coals. "You've certainly spilled the frijoles.

young man," Steelman said bluntly. 'What have you got to say for yoreself? Who asked you to raid the Hughes place?"

"Me! Oh, I was kinda playin' : lone hand. Would you call it a raid when we was a sheriff's posse all swore in regular an' proper?"

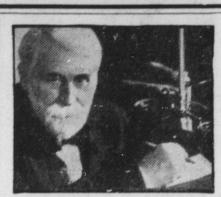
"At the very hour you were pullin' off this fool business my two partners here were tryin' to arrange a compromise with Ingram. What do you suppose he'll think about us?"

"He'll probably onload his private can of cuss words." The boy put one thigh over the edge of the table and sat on it by way of showing that he was at ease. "What's the use of compromisin' with him? We've got him whipped, looks to me. The banks are closin' in on him like buzzards on n dead cow at a water hole. That's the story I hear. Lemme ask you a question. Say I'd made my play good. Would you have bawled me out then or would you have figured it good

medicine?" For a moment Steelman was taken nback. It was not just the question

he wanted asked at the moment. "Let's say yore plans had worked out the way you originally expected Bob," he said. "You'd have surprised Ingram's warriors early in the mornin'. Say word had reached him while he an' our friends here had been talkin' compromise. What do you reckon he would have done to them? Would they have had a dead man's chance

to get out of town alive?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



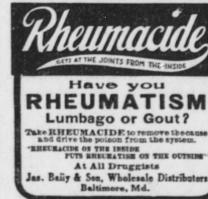
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"I couldn't tell you that, sir, but you might ask the inquiry office."-

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