

# The Fighting Tenderfoot

By  
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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. Bob Quantrell, young killer for Ingram, saves Garrett O'Hara and an Englishman, Smith-Beresford, from being shot by Sanderson. The three become friends. 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. Quantrell changes sides and joins with the two "tenderfeet." A lull in the cattle war follows. Quantrell kills Sanderson and another Ingram gunman. A tentative peace is patched up through Garrett's efforts. Quantrell jeopardizes the peace prospects by leading an unauthorized raid on the Hughes ranch.

**CHAPTER VIII—Continued**

"Maybe not. But I didn't aim to let any of his warriors get away to town for to have a powwow with Ingram. I'd heard you belly-achin' about how Ingram was hangin' on to the Hughes place contrary to law an' how you aimed to drive him out. Well, I figured I'd save you the trouble."

"Instead of which you have involved us in fresh trouble," O'Hara said curtly. "You've put us in the wrong, in the most flagrant way. There's just one thing for us to do, and that is to show Ingram if we can that this attack took place without our knowledge and against our wishes. We can't keep you in our employ, Quantrell."

The brown eyes of O'Hara met steadily the light blue shallow ones of the young killer.

"Scared of Ingram, eh?" the boy sneered. "Snits me if it does you, Mr. O'Hara. I'm to get the gate because you want to play up to this fellow, you not havin' sand in yore craw enough to go through with what you started. All right. 'Nough said. I'll ride down the river today."

"Understand, Bob, we've got no personal feeling against you," Steelman explained. "I'll go farther than that. I've still got cattle in Texas, an' I'll give you a note to my foreman there to take you on at once at the same wages. You won't lose a day's pay. After we get things straightened out here you can come back an' ride for me on the river."

"I don't aim to go to Texas, but to stay right here, Steelman," the young fellow answered. "I wouldn't wonder none but there'll be times aplenty when you wished I was in Texas."

O'Hara tried again to get him to understand. "You've forced our hand, Bob. We don't want to lose you, but—"

"But you've got to do it to save yore face with Ingram," interrupted the boy rudely. "No need to explain to me. I understand what you're drivin' at."

"We're under obligations to you, Bob," O'Hara went on. "You saved my life and Lyulph's, too, from Shep Sanderson's vengeance. We like you, both of us. But you knew perfectly well what the orders were, that our riders should keep out of this feud if they wanted to stay with us. You deliberately overrode our wishes."

"Orders," broke out Quantrell. "Say, fellow, don't you use that word when you're talkin' to me. I don't take orders from you or anyone else."

"But, by Jove, that's just the trouble, Bob," interposed Smith-Beresford amiably. "We can't have you shootin' up people all over the shop. It won't do you know."

"We want to part friends," O'Hara said. "There's no reason why we shouldn't. You're too—impulsive, let's say, to ride for us just now, but—"

"Friends," interrupted Quantrell, his cold blue eyes narrowed to slits, his voice filled with scornful anger. "Me. I was ready to ride the river with you. I'd have gone with you to the end of the trail, through, under, between, or over. An' you drop me like a hot potato because you're scared of what Ingram will think. Don't talk to me about friends, fellow. I'm through with you, but you'll find you're not through with me by a h—l of a lot."

"I say, old chap, let's be reasonable," Smith-Beresford said. "It's not Ingram that's involved so much as our good faith. We've got to play our cards aboveboard, you know. Can't let you go raiding his men while we're talking peace to him. But we're deduced sorry to lose you, and our personal feeling isn't changed at all. Some day we'll laugh about this together, and to show our appreciation of your services we want you to accept this little bonus from us."

Quantrell took the check handed him and tore it into twenty pieces. He turned on his heel and clumped out of the room. Fifteen minutes later he disappeared over the hill on horseback.

"Well, we sure turned a good friend

word of it. My father didn't know what Bob Quantrell meant to do. Neither did the others, his partners at the Circle S O. You know Bob Quantrell, how he is. I should think you'd understand."

"It's certainly lucky you've got Quantrell to blame everything on," Ingram said with a flash of anger. "Everybody innocent but him, that sounds to me."

"But just the same it's the truth," he looked long into her eyes, then spoke harshly. "All right. Say it is. You want peace, you claim. How much do you want it? You can have it, soon as you like—if you'll take it on my terms."

"And they are?"

"Marry me. Do that, an' I'll agree to make peace with Wes Steelman an' these young squirts he has taken up with."

She felt the blood beating into her face. "You want to make a bargain with me," she cried bitterly. "I'm to sell myself to you in order to get you to do what a reasonable man would

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**CHAPTER IX**

**Garrett O'Hara Loses**

At the Hughes ranch all was busy preparation. Guns were being examined, horses saddled, Ingram himself grimly supervised his men as they made ready.

Deever called to him: "Guy comin' up the creek, Dave."

Garcia rode up, fumbled in his sash, drew out an envelope, and handed it to Ingram. The owner of the Diamond Tail tore it open and read it with an impressive face. Meanwhile Garcia was busy answering questions. He had been captured by the enemy, taken to the Circle S O ranch, and had less than two hours before made his escape. All this he explained in Spanish. Ingram drew him to one side. "Did Miss Steelman give you this letter herself?"

"SI, senor."

"An' then she helped you make yore getaway?"

The Mexican hesitated, then decided it was better to tell the truth. "Senor Steelman he tell me vamos."

"Did he know about this letter—see her give it to you?"

He had not, Garcia explained. She had slipped it to him and begged him to deliver it to Senor Ingram.

Ingram dragged the Mexican from his horse and flung him into the arms of a man standing near. "Keep him till I come back," he ordered. Then, to Harvey, he said: "I'm postponin' this expedition a few hours, Tom. Got to see some one first."

"Who have you got to see, Dave?" asked Harvey.

"Private business of my own," Ingram answered curtly.

Ingram chose a fast horse and cut across the park to the eastern rim of it. From here he pushed into the hills, heading farther to the north. At the summit of a wooded ridge he dismounted and tied the horse, then moved forward cautiously, rifle in hand. His keen eyes scanned the terrain carefully. At times he stopped and stood perfectly still for minutes at a stretch, then once more crept through the brush toward a mesa arroyo that dropped swiftly to a mesa below. It was the spot where he and Barbara Steelman had been used to meet before the feud had flamed into open warfare.

Ingram had been there only a few minutes when a lone rider emerged from a draw. The approaching horse clambered up to the ledge plateau and Barbara Steelman drew the animal to a halt.

Out of the brush came Ingram to meet her. No words were wasted by him in greeting. Before he spoke his flinty blue eyes searched her for a moment.

"I got yore note, an' I'm here," he said.

She plunged at once into what she had to say. "I had to talk with you. I had to tell you how it was about the attack on the Hughes place. My father had nothing to do with that, neither he nor his partners. My father had started for the river ranch after a conference with Mr. O'Hara an' Mr. Smith-Beresford. It was agreed they should start negotiations with you to stop this dreadful war. Bob Quantrell was to blame for the attack, an' he has been discharged since. We're all so sorry about it."

"I'll bet you are," the cattle man grimly replied. "Sorry Quantrell fell down on his end of it after it had all been fixed so pretty. A nice alibi arranged for everybody, an' those two pilgrims in town drawin' the wool over my eyes. You tell 'em from me that the first time I meet either of 'em he'll have a hide so full of holes it wouldn't hold hay."

"But you're wrong," she persisted desperately. "I've got to make you see that. It's true what I say, every



From Here He Pushed into the Hills.

be glad to do because it is right. That's no way to—ask a girl to marry you. It's an insult. Even if there was a chance for a girl to be happy that would ruin it to start with."

"What makes you always quarrel with me?" he asked impatiently. "Why do you twist what I say an' put something in my mind that's not there? Girl, I want to marry you. I've always wanted to since I first saw you. What's the sense of always rovellin' me with yore spiteful words?"

"Why do you want to marry me?" she flamed at him. "Because it would madden Father. Because you'd have the whip hand. Because you'd like to break my spirit."

His hands went out and caught her arms just above the elbow. She could feel the pressure of his strong fingers on the firm flesh of her forearms. Somehow, though the grip did not hurt her, she felt the force of his vital strength coursing through her blood, and with the feel of it excitement pounded in her veins.

"No, by G—d!" he cried in a low hoarse voice. "Because I want you for my mate an' mean to have you. Because there's no girl like you on the river—no, nor anywhere else. Because—he gulped the words out, almost savagely—"I wouldn't give yore IT finger for any other woman I've ever known."

He snatched her into his arms and held her close, looking down hungrily into the dark eyes which now denied him nothing, which in their soft and shining depth held gifts never before offered to any man.

There was a little rustling movement of her body toward him. Perhaps it was only an unconscious sigh of happiness. She felt love pouring through her quivering being.

Ingram kissed the palpitant brown throat, the glowing eyes, the red lips between which gleamed perfect ivory teeth. The touch of love had awakened her. She was a flaming flower, incomparably desirable in her soft and joyous vitality. From her surrender, so full of innocent and passionate abandon, the man plucked an emotion new to his experience.

"My mate! My woman!" he cried exultantly.

In her bosom there was a burst of song. From her soft throat came a happy little laugh. "If you care as much as that," she murmured.

Shyly she withdrew from his embrace, her cheek flying a flag of color. "We're all alike, we women," she laughed tremulously. "We want our man and—a home."

He came to earth and the less important business of the day. "Tell yore father it's to be peace between us. I'll sure be easy to do business with."

"I can't tell Dad. He mustn't know I've been here. It's to be a secret yet—about us. You'll have to make friends with him first. I'll tell Mr. O'Hara, an' he'll meet you."

They talked long before they parted. Ingram watched her ride out of sight before he turned to climb the mesa above. For the hour at least she had given him a new vision of life. Through all the harshness and hatred of the feud she had contrived to remain sweet and fine as the song of

a meadow lark. He felt himself a small thing, infinitely removed from the stars to which she looked so bravely. But he realized this conviction was but for the moment.

He knew that he was what he was, what the years and environment and his ancestry had made him, a hard and wilful man, one who would go his own way at all cost. Men were not born again, not in this workaday world. He would make peace, because circumstances forced his hand, because the path he wanted to follow lay that way. But he must continue, since it was in his horoscope, to trample down those who opposed him on his road to success.

As he rode up to the Hughes ranch he recognized a claybank cow pony at the hitch rack near the house. Several men were sitting on the porch, including Harvey, Deever, and Roche. Leaning against one of the end posts, a rifle across his legs, sat Bob Quantrell, smoking a cigarette insolently but warily.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Ingram harshly.

The lad took the cigarette from his mouth and blew out a fat smoke wreath lazily. "The short an' sweet of it is that I'm here lookin' for a job. I'm through with that other outfit. I don't like their ways an' they don't like mine."

"You've got the nerve to come here, after what you did the day before yesterday," Ingram said blackly.

"All in the way of business, Dave," the boy replied airily. "What would you expect? I was workin' for Steelman's crowd then. Like I said, I've quit 'em. If you're needin' a top hand, either with a bunch of cows or a six-shooter, just say the word. I'm yore gooseberry. Any of the boys here can recommend me."

The big cattle man did not lift his eyes from the slim lad with the receding chin. This youngster grinning at him with his back teeth showing was the most notorious bad man in the territory. In time men would come from afar to write books about his wild career, though none of those present could guess that his repute would some day be nationwide.

Ingram was not afraid of him. He was afraid of no man alive. His pride was too arrogant and domineering to leave room for fear.

"You're an insolent young devil, Quantrell," he said, measuring his words carefully. "You've run on the rope all yore life till you think you're chief. You're not—not on this range. Listen. You're through with this country. Get out. Push on yore reins an' shove. I ought to have you arrested right now for murder. If I didn't know you'd break jail that's just what I'd do. Serve you right if we shot you down here on the spot. But I'm servin' notice on you. If you stay in this country I'll have you hunted down like a wolf."

"You're the big anger, are you?" jeered Quantrell. "Big talk, with all yore men sittin' around here to back yore play. You listen awhile, Dave Ingram. There ain't men enough in all yore wolf pack to drive me out."

The cowboy Roche, standing near him with a coiled rope in his hands, watched him with eyes that never lifted. He had spent the past ten minutes hating the young outlaw impotently, for the man whom Quantrell had shot as he left the park had been a close friend of his. They had slept under the same tarp many a night.

Quantrell glared at Ingram. What was in the lad's mind nobody knew. Apparently he did not move, but there was a sort of ripple of tensed muscles that foreshadowed motion of some sort. In the same breath the loop of Roche's lariat snaked forward. It dropped over Quantrell's shoulders as low as his waist. Instantly the cowboy drew the rope tight with a savage jerk, pinning the other's arms to his side.

Before Quantrell could free himself Ingram closed with him. In the hands of the big cattle man the killer was like a child. Ingram wrenched the rifle from his grip and sent it flying

through the air. Struggling desperately, the boy was flung to the ground and his hands were pinned down by one of Ingram's. The six-shooters of the gunman were wrenched from their scabbards and tossed aside.

The cattle man caught his shirt at the throat and dragged him to his feet. They stood for an instant glaring at each other, the youngster held at arm's length by the powerful grip of the Diamond Tail owner.

"I'll kill you for this," Quantrell cried with a furious oath, his voice breaking into a boyish falsetto.

Ingram did not answer. He was not through. His eyes had fallen on a quilt hanging from a nail driven into the wall of the house. Toward this he propelled his victim, forcing him up the steps to the porch. The boy tried savagely to fight himself free.

As Ingram reached for the whip Quantrell realized what he meant to do and shrieked protest.

"Don't you dast touch me! Don't you! Don't you!"

The cattle man paid no attention. His muscular forearm held the boy off while the lash hissed through the air and coiled itself around the slender body protected only by a flannel shirt. Six—nine—twelve times the quirt rose and fell. Quantrell fought to escape the torture, snarling and biting like an animal.

Those watching the scene stood silent, started at what they saw. There were no sounds except the swish of the lash, the scuffle of the shifting feet, and the whine of wild-beast fury issuing from the throat of the writhing man.

Ingram stopped, flung away the whip.

"Gather those guns," he ordered Roche.

When the cowboy had done this the cattle man threw the young outlaw down the steps.

"Get out of here," he ordered. "Out of this country or I'll hunt you down like I promised."

Quantrell rose to his feet. He was sobbing with the fury of uncontrollable humiliation and pain. His voice was so broken that he could hardly make coherent the dreadful threats he poured out.

Grimly, Ingram looked down at him. He did not answer the man's ravings. Standing there, straight and stern, he was a picture of masterful strength.

The young killer limped to his horse, dragged himself to the saddle, and rode away.

Harvey was the first to speak. "I'll say you're thorough, Dave."

"I'll run him outa the country," Ingram turned to the others. "Boys, our party is off for today. The Jefferson county war is about over, looks like. Wes Steelman an' I are gonna patch up our troubles. Don't any of you get on the prod with any of the Hashknife warriors for a day or two till we see what's what. Come on into the house, Tom. I want to talk it over with you."

Barbara did not ride straight home after her talk with Ingram but turned aside to the Circle S O ranch. She wanted to talk with Garrett O'Hara before she saw her father. As she traveled the hills and the gulches between the creeks on which the ranches lay her heart was lifted as it had not been for many days. Yet back of the excitement and the joy that thrilled her was a premonition of disaster. It was not in the cards, so some deep instinct told her, that she and her lover should be happy together.

Though a rising tide of emotion had swept this away for the time, she knew that his ways were not her ways. They were temperamentally at war. In spite of the fact that he fascinated and allured her. Just now she was willing to hope, passionately eager to believe, that love would fuse their spirits to harmony. It must be so, she told herself. His cry for her had been wholly genuine. Surely, beneath the hard surface, she had found at last the real man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Adrift With Humor

**AS POLITICS IS PLAYED**

"Do you miss the serene dignity which distinguished politics in days gone by?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Fortunately politicians fought duels in deadly earnest. At present politics is more like a football game. It looks terribly rough. But at the finish it is always discovered that nobody is very seriously injured."—Washington Star.

**The Adjustment**

A street car inspector was watching the work of the new conductor.

"Here, Foley," he said, "how is this? You have ten passengers, and only nine fares have been rung up."

"Is that so?" asked Foley. Then, turning to his passengers he yelled: "There's one too many on this car. Get out, one of yez."

**WHY HE WAS PLEASED**



Friend—Why were you so pleased when that luncheon opened just opposite to your store?

Druggist—Our sales of dyspepsia cures have doubled in less than a month.

**Tragedy**

We bought her the sweetest gown on sale.

And thought it a lucky catch. But all the day she wept because she hadn't a hat to match.

**Great Affairs**

"Do you like to discuss political affairs?"

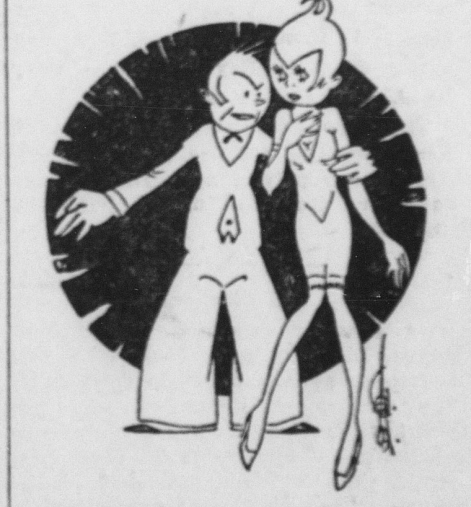
"Not those of Europe," answered Miss Cayenne, "except in the cases where ancient families have avoided getting their political affairs mixed up with their love affairs."—Washington Star.

**No Left Hand Turns**

Passenger—How do you know the way back?

Aviator—I just notice the shapes of the clouds and then it is easy.—H Travasa.

**LUCKY DAUGHTER**



He—Darling, you may be only an undertaker's daughter, but you sure are the burys.

**Wedding Announcements**

No matter what the gossips say of matrimonial matters new. Folks marry in the good old way. And live for an affection true.

**His Trouble**

Cashier—You don't look well lately!

Butter Clerk—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

Cashier—Nonsense; your lungs are all right!

Butter Clerk—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

**It's Pretty Simple**

"Do you know what I think of married life?"

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

**Impossible**

Bride—Will you always love me like this, darling, even when I become older and uglier?

Groom (Who married for money)—You may become older sometime, dearest, but you will never be uglier.

**Must Be a Mistake**

Simpson—These reporters tell awful fibs.

Sampson—What do you mean?

Simpson—One of them interviewed my wife and said that she had nothing to say.

**First Known Reference to the "Wandering Jew"**

The first recorded reference to the legend of the "wandering Jew" is made by an English chronicler in the year 1228. Roger of Wendover, a monk of St. Albans, who died in 1237, gave the story as having been received from an Armenian bishop while on a visit to England, and who claimed to have personally met the doomed man.

According to this version the wanderer's name was Cartaphilus, and he was doorkeeper at Pilate's palace. When Jesus was being led forth to be crucified Cartaphilus contemptuously struck him on the neck, saying: "Go, Jesus; go on faster! Why dost thou linger?" Whereupon Jesus replied: "I go, but thou shalt remain waiting till I return." And under this decree the offender goes wandering through the world unable to die, and waiting for the coming again of Christ.

The Armenian bishop, according to the story, said that this wanderer died with him shortly before the bishop left Armenia and that he was now

**Comfort in the Desert**

A train ride through some of the southwestern country, often very unpleasant on account of the intense heat, is to be made more tolerable by the use of railroad coaches that have been made hump-proof to a considerable degree. A special window glass is made use of which cuts off much of the heat of the sunshine. It also cuts off some of the light, but in this open country there will be sufficient for all purposes. The woodwork of the car is also treated to resist the action of heat.

a penitent man; that he was baptized by Ananias, who also baptized Paul, under the name of Joseph. At the time of the Crucifixion he was thirty years of age, and when he completes a century he becomes faint, and on recovering consciousness he is again as young as he was when the doom was pronounced.

**Woman's Long Fast**

When Madame Hanau a short time ago completed her hunger strike of 28 days in a French prison, Scotland came forward with the assertion that the feat was by no means a record, and that it had been exceeded several times in Scotland. It cited a case in 1772 which became known as "Pennant's Fasting Woman of Ross-shire," from the fact that Pennant described it in his "Tour of Scotland." Katharine McLeod, aged thirty-five, was attacked with a fever, and almost total inability to take food. Her parents sometimes put a little into her mouth, but for a year and three-quarters they had no evidence that either food or drink passed her lips. By forcibly opening her mouth and depressing her tongue, they tried to compel the passage of food, but a smothering constriction led them to desist.

**Tribute to Music**

This is the luxury of music. It touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. Love it for what it makes you forget and for what it makes you remember.—Britaine.