

The Fighting Tenderfoot

By William MacLeod Raine

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WNU Service

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. Garrett accidentally witnesses a meeting between Barbara and Ingram. They are lovers, Garrett and the Englishman buy a ranch with Steelman as silent partner. Pitch Steelman man, kills an Ingram follower. A posse, including Quantrell and Sanderson, capture and hang Pitch. 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. Barbara agrees to marry Ingram. Quantrell is horewhipped by Ingram and swears vengeance.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Smith-Beresford caught sight of her as she rode forward, and came to meet her. "It's been a thousand years since I saw you," he protested, smiling up at the girl. "The day has turned a lot brighter. Won't you alight?" "I want to see Mr. O'Hara." He helped her from the saddle and they moved together toward the house. Barbara waited on the porch while he went in to get his partner. When O'Hara joined her the girl moved with him, as though unconsciously, toward the hitch rack. It was like her to begin without devious explanation. "I've just left David Ingram. He's ready to make peace on any reasonable terms," she said. He looked quickly at her. A crimson stain streamed through her cheeks. "I sent him a note by that Mexican Garcia," she went on. "I asked him to meet me. We've talked it all over. Well do whatever's right." "In spite of Quantrell's attack?" "Yes, I can't go to either yet. I'm not ready to explain everything. Will you meet Mr. Ingram and then take his message to Father?" "Of course I will." He felt as though the bottom had dropped out of his heart. There was more to this than she had told him. In her soft and shining eyes was the light of a dear dream come true. "We . . . had a talk," she said, almost in a murmur, dropping her long lashes. Before he spoke again he made sure that none of the emotion which surged in him would show in his voice. "When am I to meet him—and where?" he asked. She gave him directions. Neither of them referred to what was in both their minds, his love for her and hers for another man. They discussed the peace terms between Steelman and Ingram. He saddled a horse and rode with her until the path forked. Before they separated she had one last word to say to him, and she said it with her hand on his coat sleeve. "I want peace more than anything else in the world, Garrett. You will do yore best, won't you?" His brown eyes rested on hers as he promised. "I'll do my best, Barbara." Perhaps his smile was a little wistful as he added: "I want you to have what you want more than anything else in the world." "Would you want me to have it if you thought it wasn't best for me?" she asked. "No, but I wouldn't want to stand in the way of your having it." He thought many times later of that last remark of Barbara. Had she some prescience in her mind of short-lived happiness, some intuition that her love craft was likely to be wrecked by stormy seas? In the light of subsequent events he came to think so. The peace negotiations, now that Ingram had made up his mind to them, turned out to be absolutely simple. Confronted by this new situation, a foe willing to make concessions, Wes Steelman made a mental right-about-face. He did not want to be outdone in generosity. Therefore he met his foe at least half way. Within four months of the date of the treaty Wesley Steelman had to swallow a bitter pill. He stood up beside his only daughter, the child he idolized, and saw her married to David Ingram. One aspect of the matter troubled Barbara. She had thought it would be a great blow to his pride, but she saw it was his love that was hit. He grieved because he

was sure that she would be unhappy in her marriage. And before she had been David Ingram's wife two weeks Barbara knew he was right. She summoned her pride and her courage to keep him and others from finding out.

CHAPTER X

"A Man With Sand"

It was agreed in a conference attended by the governor of the territory, the sheriff of the county, Ingram, Steelman, and the United States marshal, that the slate should be wiped clean of all offenses committed during the Jefferson County war unless indictments had already been found against the law breakers. In the event that any of these latter were convicted the governor promised a pardon.

Bob Quantrell was not party to the armistice. Tacitly he refused to recognize the new conditions. He went on the dodge and disappeared into the chaparral, emerging from it only to get food and supplies or to raid some ranch and rustle stock. Three or four desperate characters had rallied around him, men who preferred to steal rather than to work for a living. Deever was one of these. Pankey was another. The depredations of the Quantrell gang, as the outlaws came to be called by common consent, were high-handed and flagrant. They killed a clerk at the Indian agency, an innocent youth from the East who chanced to come on them as they were driving away a bunch of horses belonging to the government. They preyed particularly upon cattle bearing the Diamond Tail, the Hashknife, or the Circle S O brands.

The outlaws were protected by their friends. Young Quantrell was popular among the Mexicans. Posses organized by Ingram and Steelman, nominally under the leadership of the sheriff, could not move against him without warning reaching the outlaw.

The relationship between Steelman and Ingram was a stiff and formal one, though in this matter of putting the cattle thieves out of business Steelman knew there must be co-operation.

He discussed the situation with Smith-Beresford one day. "We're not gettin' anywhere, Lyulph," he said. "Nor we won't with this Jim What's-his-name sheriff. He's got no guts. He won't go out after Quantrell an' sleep on his trail till he gets him. I had a talk with him yesterday. He's willin' to resign if we can find a good man to take his place. Well, I've found the good man. What would you think of my partner, Garrett O'Hara? What kind of a sheriff do you think he'd make?"

"He'd make a bully one. That's not the point. I'm thinking about Garrett and his safety. Dash it all, I'd rather go broke from that young scoundrel Quantrell's raids on our stock."

"Some one has to stop this rustling, I'm too busy. My boy is too young. Ingram is the logical man, but he claims he hasn't time for it. Run your mind over the men you know in the neighborhood, then tell me who is best qualified for it."

"But Garrett is no trailer. He doesn't know this country well," protested Smith-Beresford. "We'll give him deputies who can follow a trail to h—l an' back. Besides, this probably won't be a trailin' job. What it needs is a man with sand in his craw who'll never quit. I've watched Garrett an' I've noticed one thing about him—he rises to his opportunities. When the emergency breaks he's right on the job. By rights, if you go by logic, he ought to have been killed half a dozen times since he came to Jefferson county. Some folks say he's lucky. I don't. He's alive because he's the gamest I'll fightin' cock on the river, an' because he uses his head. That last is where he'll have the edge on Quantrell."

"I see you've already got him appointed," the Englishman said drily. "Isn't Garrett going to have anything to say about this?"

"He won't want the job, of course," Steelman admitted. "Who would? But if he thinks it's his duty he'll take it."

"I don't see that it's his duty any more than yours or mine or a dozen other men I can name. I'm against this, Steelman. He's too good to be killed by that young devil Quantrell. Thought you liked Garrett?"

"Nobody I like better. What's that got to do with it? I'd put my own son on the job if he was old enough and good enough. I'm paying Garrett a big compliment. This country has got to be made safe from such men as Quantrell. Some one has to take law into the chaparral, an' I believe Garrett is man enough to do it. Now, he'll get a chance to say 'No.' If he makes good there's a big future for him here."

The younger man smiled. "Glad to know you and Ingram are so keen on law enforcement. I'm jolly well for it myself, but—"

Steelman interrupted him. "Don't class me with Ingram, boy. I've always been for law, even if I wouldn't

stand for lettin' him run over me. Start to finish you can't point to a thing I did contrary to law. Naturally, I wouldn't take the law dished out by his hand-picked scalwags. I'm surprised to hear you talk thataway, Lyulph."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders. "I don't mean to get your back up, old chap, but I do think your ideas of law out in this country are a bit elastic. Eh, what? Want me to see Ingram about Garrett's appointment? Hadn't we better talk with Garrett first?"

"We'll see him right now." O'Hara's first impulse was to refuse instantly, but he waited to hear Steelman out. Before the older man had finished he was not so sure. Some



"You Will Do Yore Best, Won't You?"

one had to take the place as a public duty. He was extremely reluctant to be the one, and he had reasons that seemed to him to have weight. He put them into words.

"Bob saved my life from Sanderson once, perhaps twice. Until he raided the Hughes place we were very friendly. If I were sheriff it would be my duty to hunt him down, perhaps to kill him. I don't want to do it. It doesn't seem quite sporting for me to go after a man in whose debt I am."

"Certainly not," agreed Smith-Beresford. "Wouldn't think of it, Garrett. Let some one else do it."

Steelman took another view of it. "He interfered with Sanderson because of a whim. They didn't like each other. You were incidentally benefited. This isn't a personal matter between you and him. He'll understand that perfectly. Say you're appointed sheriff. If he keeps h—lin' around that's not yore fault. Let him go straight an' you'll not trouble him. The long an' the short of it is that here's a plain public duty callin' to some he-man. I don't say you're that man. Up to you to say whether you are or not. But I do say that yore relations to Quantrell don't figure in the case."

O'Hara thought it over and decided that Steelman was right. He had no right to pay any debt he owed to Quantrell at the expense of the public. "Give me twenty-four hours to think it over," he said.

At the end of that time he told the old cattleman that he would take the

appointment if it was satisfactory to Ingram. Within a week the governor of the territory had appointed him.

As a young bride at the Diamond Tall ranch Barbara was very popular with the riders in her husband's employ. In Cattleland women were scarce, and charming young ones who bloomed like wild roses could be counted on the fingers of one hand with several digits to spare. Barbara would have been less than human if she had not appreciated the homage of these bow-legged, young bipeds.

None the less, she was not happy. The one man whose homage she wanted offered it rarely. Dave Ingram belonged to the old school of husbands which regards a wife as a property. He had won her, and it was not in character for him to keep on winning her. She was his woman under the law. Naturally, she would take it for granted that he was fond of her.

He never consulted her about business. He rarely told her where he was going or when he would be back. It did not occur to him to kiss her when he left or when he returned. There were hours when his passion for her flamed like tow. Yet Barbara, hungry-hearted for affection, resented these as much as his days of absorption in affairs from which she was excluded.

Barbara withdrew into herself, narrowing her life. A hard, fierce pride welled up in her, and bitterness lay like a lump of lead in her bosom. Not a girl given to self-pity, she did her share of weeping now when alone behind bolted doors. Sometimes she told herself that she was to blame, that she expected too much of a man. But since she was what she was this was small comfort. For she knew there could be no happiness for her in being less to a husband than his lover and his comrade.

At breakfast one morning Ingram lifted his eyes from the newspaper. "See yore friend O'Hara has been appointed sheriff," he said. "If he's no better than Jim, might as well have none at all."

"Thought you favored the appointment," she answered. "I did. He's got guts. If he is a tenderfoot. But Quantrell's a lot more likely to get him than he is to get Quantrell."

"I noticed that everybody was urging him to take the place an' that nobody wanted it for himself," she observed sharply. "I think it's a shame to let him go out against that Apache Quantrell—for that's all he is—knowin' no more about trailin' and such things than a child. You say yoreself he hasn't got a chance. I don't see what Dad was thinking about when he let him take it."

"Yore friend is a full-grown man, ain't he?" her husband asked indifferently. "An' I didn't say he hadn't a chance. I said the odds were against him if he really goes after Quantrell an' doesn't lie down on the job. Maybe he'll just make a bluff an' let it go at that."

"He won't," she said decisively. "He wouldn't have taken it if he hadn't meant to do his best."

"Hope his best is good enough. I'll sure not do any mournin' if he gets that young killer," Ingram replied. O'Hara rode across to the Diamond Tall that afternoon.

Barbara came out to the porch to meet him. At sight of her a wave of emotion crashed through him. After the usual banalities of greeting he told her that he came to see her husband. "Dave is not here. I don't know just

where he is. I hear you are our new sheriff."

"For want of better," he said apologetically. "I wanted to speak to Mr. Ingram about that, but there's something else on my mind, Barbara. Quantrell was in Concho yesterday for a little while visiting the Gomez girl. He headed this way when he left town. It was after dark, but Steve Worrall saw him for a moment. I don't want to worry you. He's got friends on Buck creek, an' maybe that's where he was making for. But I think Mr. Ingram ought to keep a careful lookout. Quantrell is dangerous."

"Dave knows that as well as we do. But he's so sure of himself, and anyway, he is a sort of a fatalist. He says he'll not die till his time comes. I wish you'd stay an' talk to him. Maybe he'll listen to you more than he will to me."

"I'll stay if you like. I want to discuss my deputy with him. It's important to get a good one."

There drifted to them a sound, a faint pop that might have been the explosion of a far firecracker. "What's that?" she cried, lifting a hand so that he would listen.

The breeze brought two more shots, and presently after an interval of seven or eight seconds three more.

The blood washed from Barbara's cheeks. She caught at her friend's arm to get strength from personal contact.

"Some one shooting at a deer, or more likely a bear," O'Hara said. But her fear had infected him. He felt no conviction that his guess was true.

Barbara ran to the hitch rack and mounted a saddle horse. It was not a side saddle but she did not wait to have a change made.

"Come on," she cried to O'Hara as she wheeled the horse and put it to a gallop. Already he was hard on her heels. They dashed down the road in the direction from which the shots had come.

On the day that O'Hara rode to the Diamond Tall to warn him Ingram had gone to a gather of bees with Roche. He was rounding up a trail herd to drive to San Jacinto. The two riders cut across the country. They could hear the bawling of cattle in motion, and after a little, from a summit, three or four bunches of cows converging toward a common point. Behind each bunch rode one or two men. A faint "Hi-ya!" drifted on the breeze to them.

"Shorty comin' Horse Prong," Roche said. A trickle of cows emerged from a draw just below them. These merged with those already on the roundup ground, a pocket in the hills where they could be held easily while being worked. The beef herd, cut out from the herds gathered during the past week, were held apart from the stock now drifting in.

Ingram superintended branding and cutting, gave directions to his men, and personally kept the tally. He left the beef herd with his segundo in charge. As he headed toward home Jack Phillips joined him. For a mile or two their way was the same. Roche cantered after them and joined the two.

"Better look out, Dave," Phillips said. "It's come to me three-four times that Bob Quantrell is layin' for you. He made his brags what he was gonna do to you in the Square Deal saloon at Agua Caliente Saturday. One of our boys was there an' heard him."

"No news to me that he's sore," Ingram replied, with a thin grim smile. "He's got a license to be, according to his way of it. If this new sheriff is any good he'll put Quantrell outa business. No use arrestin' him. O'Hara has sand in his craw, but he's a tenderfoot. I've a notion to throw in with him an' clean out the gang. Trouble is I'm so pushed for time."

Phillips ruminated aloud. "If anyone was to ask me what was the most important business Dave Ingram could attend to right now I'd say it was runnin' down Quantrell. If he ever gets the deadwood on you, Dave—"

"Why then I reckon I'll be number seventeen for him," Ingram finished carelessly. Phillips drew up to deflect for the Circle S O. "Well, they claim threatenin' folks live long. Maybe so. Adios."

The other two struck a road gait across the mesa. They talked casually of one topic and another: the number of bees the gather would total, the need of rain, the best route along which to send the San Jacinto drive in order to get good grass. As Ingram talked, his keen eyes searched the wooded hill slopes and the arroyos filled with scrub oak. He might appear to take Quantrell's threats lightly, but he had no intention of offering himself as an easy mark.

They were dropping down a hill to the road which swung around a bluff to the ranch. The horses picked their way slowly through the rubble ready to start sliding at the least pressure. Knowing how sure-footed their mounts were, both riders leaned back and gave them their heads. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAP AND BELLS



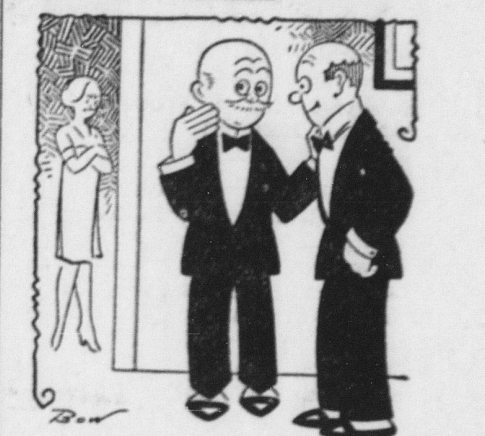
IT'S A BITTER BLOW

Cop—Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?
Woman at the Wheel—I did not.
"Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?"
"I did not."
"Didn't you hear me holler at you to stop?"
"I did not."
"Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing any good here."

Times Change

"Times certainly change."
"Whatcher driving at now?"
"I was just thinking that the statues of great men in the future may show them speaking into a microphone instead of astride a horse with a sword dangling."—Florida Times-Union.

HADN'T KNOWN HER



"You had known your wife for a long time before you married her, I believe."
"I believed so, too, but I assure you it's not true."

Caution

Speak gently. It is better far at least while feeling ground. The man may be a puglist. And heavy on the pound.

Unidentified Retributions

"Do you believe that our sins are punished on this earth?"
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "I don't doubt that we deserve all our boredom and annoyances. But it would be more satisfactory if we were allowed to know just what delinquency of conduct each penalty is intended to fit."—Washington Star.

Growing Suspicious of Science

"What makes you so indignant with science in general?"
"It's altogether too powerful and mysterious," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "After our experience with drought so far, I'm wondering what would happen if Science were to take a notion to put rain permanently out of fashion."—Washington Star.

NOT SAFETY PINS



First College Boy—Has the coed you mention any pins?
Second C. B.—I'll say she has! And there're no safety pins either when you take too long a look.

Standards of Beauty

Secrets of beauty rest unknown. A knock-kneed goddess carved in stone in ancient days was stood apart and was considered Real Art.

Done Intentionally

"You have said some very nonsensical things in your speeches."
"Intentionally," answered Senator Sorghum. "In studying the requirements of my time I have decided that the great demand is not so much for politicians as for comedians."—Washington Star.

Some Difference

Wife—You don't give me such nice presents as you used to.
Husband—No; but I pay for those you give yourself now.

Poor Burglar

"Just think! While I was out with some of the fellows the other night, a burglar broke into our house."
"Did he get anything?"
"I'll say he did—my wife thought it was me coming home."

Worse and Worse

Uncle Hiram—It says here in the paper a robber robbed a bank on Sunday, Matilda.
Aunt Matilda—Well, what is the world coming to—robbing banks on Sundays, Hiram?

Ancient Cannon Linked With Japanese History

An old Dutch gun was recently located in the Kanzaki shrine, Saga, by Prof. Chozo Muto of the Higher Commercial college of Nagasaki, which is an authority on the history of the early Christian civilization. It has for a long time remained unknown to the public, but when Professor Muto visited the shrine and saw the gun, the marks it bears were declared by him to be those of the United East India company. The gun has also a letter H on it, and Professor Muto believes this to stand for Hoorn, a city in the Netherlands, where there was a branch office of the trading company.

History records that on the outbreak of the riots in Shimabara and Amakusa by the Christians in 1637 against the Tokugawa government rule, the government ordered the governor to mobilize 100,000 troops to

bring to an end the civil disturbance. The governor succeeded in defeating the rebels the following year with the assistance of Dutch men-of-war, which were then anchored off Nagasaki. Professor Muto connects this historical fact with the gun that has stood unobserved in the grounds of the Kanzaki shrine.—Osaka Mainichi, Japan.

Orchids for Every One
The middle of May is the height of the orchid season in the tropical countries to the south of us and at that time it is possible to buy orchids by the bunch on the streets of the City of Mexico at a price which would make the American girl envious. The blooms grow wild in the Mexican country and are gathered by the peasant people and carried into the cities. The promenades of the City of Mexico are lined with men and women from the country districts who have come loaded with the blooms. These rival in size and beauty the flowers which are readily sold for several dollars each. In the City of Mexico one may buy a bunch of about two dozen flowers for a price about equal to 25 cents of American money.

When Washington Flew
In 1818, when Trumbull exhibited in Faneuil hall (Boston) his famous picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, he prevailed upon the venerable John Adams to inspect it. Approving the painting, the latter pointed to the door next to the chair of Hancock and said, "There, that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for commander in chief of the American army."

Curb Market Old
The curb market in New York city had its origin in 1702.