

THE FIGHTING FOOL.

BY DANE COOLIDGE.

Comes From the Desert to Make Lawless Texans Behave Themselves in Hackamore.

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It wasn't the Fourth of July in Hackamore—and no one was getting killed, either—but the prairie dogs out along the edge of the town, who were gun-shy, had already taken to their holes and several prominent citizens had done the same. Further out on the flats the dogs were sitting on their haunches in families, jerking their tails and chirruping within the city the houses were closed, and up and down the main street a band of twenty or thirty cowboys rode and rollicked, casting their eyes at everything that moved and shooting off their pistols. It was the kind of woolly G Bar outfit, in a desert.

At the head of the bunch rode G Bar Hopkins, as reckless a border-line on over-branded a freighter's ox team or swam wet horses across the Rio Grande. G Bar was a good hand with cattle and caught lots of prospects for the town, but he had one limitation common to his kind—lacked the eight of a Mexican worse than a hydrophobia clinic. Not that a Mex was not all right in his place; but that place, according to him, was up on a wood wagon or swamping around some coral—assuredly not on the saloon corner with a big badge labelled Town Marshal. G Bar had his punctures had spent many a pay check in Hackamore, spent it gladly never asked for change; and if in their cups they had happened to stop far they had always been arrested by an officer who was a Texan and a gentleman—a man to whom any cowboy might give up his gun with a good will. But now what had this prairie dog village done but elect a Town Marshal? A Mexican! And that a cow-town, dependent on the good will of Lone Star punchers? This thought rankled deep in G Bar's mind and he would not do down with drink—he could not leave the town until he had registered his protest. So he roared up and down the street, whooping and shooting and casting a show, and at last he pulled before Garcia's store, where the town marshal was supposed to be, and gave voice to his proud defiance.

Come out of that, you saddle-clad ossifier! he shouted as his clan heeled in at his back. "Come out and arrest us, you chili-con-carne wasser! We done heard you was roared and we want to see you act! You scourt, hey!" He turned to his side and laughed heartily. "Bill, you low-down, Teohanno cow!" he yelled. "I'll jar you to go there and get 'em!" "I'll go you!" shouted three cowboys named Bill, and the rest, not kept back by the general call of arms, responded to the general call of cow thieves. The result was a small, malicious and felonious invasion of private property, in which three dozen elk and half a dozen deer were taken from the stock of E. Garcia y Cia and ordered charged to the account of Juan Bustamante, the same being the Mexican marshall, who had important business here, and the peace and dignity of the Territory of Arizona was, in fact, by these acts all shot to pieces.

The citizens of Hackamore were not clear through. The minute the G Bar boys galloped out across the plain they swarmed out of their houses like ants from a trampled nest, some dragging ropes and all bearing arms, and at sight of the devastation they went up for revenge—revenge and a cowboy even to Mr. McMonagle of the Cow Ranch Saloon that something would have to be done, and while E. Garcia, who by a liberal dispensation of medical had selected his brother-in-law marshall, pulled down his hat and called and showed the bullet holes to sympathetic citizens, the Village Committee went into executive session on the spot.

"These G Bar boys are getting a little rough," conceded McMonagle, who had sold them most of their liquor. "I'll get 'em!" repeated Garcia, raising his eyebrows. "I guess so—look at dat! Forty years in these bolto, gentlemen—twenty centers a year—and luke at dat hole clear through!"

"Oh, what do we care about your squaw-colored calico," broke out an indignant citizen. "Why didn't you call in that brot boys arrested?"

"Arrested!" shrieked Garcia, throwing up his hands. "Arrested! Them Texasos? Keef he—"

"Well, if he can't hold down the office, 'em get out!" broke in the citizen again, and his words roused a chorus of approval.

"Sure," thundered J. F. Benson, the principal American merchant, "and be paying him for, anyway!"

"I move we abolish the office," chimed in the indignant citizen, whose pet dog had been roped and who had cleaned up this town ourselves!"

"But this here breaker into stores is what gets me," ruminated Benson, speaking loud for the crowd to hear. "First thing we know, boys, we'll be nothing but a wide place in the road. We won't have no town—'ll be all tore up or burned down by these here Texas cowboys. Now you all know me—I'm a law-abiding citizen—but, Judge, I think we ought to abolish this job of constable and town marshall and tend to look after ourselves."

It was a momentous question, and while the gentleman addressed as Judge did not know it, the peace of Arizona was waiting on his words. Old Judge Purdy was a weak, cadaverous little man with sunken eyes and a thin, pointed nose.

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Advice to Lovers

By Betty Vincent

THE best age to marry is always a debatable question. Are marriages contracted very early in life the happiest, or does success more surely accompany the marriages of the men and women between thirty and forty?

The truth is that the hasty, ill-considered marriage of the boy and girl is a risky proposition, and that, on the other hand, persons who wait too long before going to the altar are less likely to "grow together" than they had married earlier. The consensus of sane opinion seems to be that a girl's best chance for happiness when she marries is in the period between nineteen and twenty-five, and that a man should wed between his twenty-first and thirtieth birthdays. He should wait until he is in a position to maintain a household, and a girl should not become a wife until she is prepared to accept the responsibilities and duties which accompany her new station. On the other hand, persons who wait to be rich or middle-aged before marrying miss much happiness.

"Wishing Her Heart." "R. C." writes: "I am twenty-three years of age and in love with a certain young woman, but although she seems to see her often she is not in love with me. What would you advise me to do?"

Don't be discouraged and don't be in a hurry. Try in every way to recommend yourself to the young woman's affections, and do not despair until she shows distinct signs of preferring some one else.

"R. M." writes: "I am acquainted with two young women, both of whom appear to be in love with me. I like each of them as a friend, but I would not care to marry either. I am only twenty-four, and I had rather remain a bachelor for several years than accept the burden of maintaining a household. Still, I do not want to injure the peace of mind of these young women. What shall I do?"

In the first place, how do you know these girls care for you? It seems to me that you are trusting entirely too much to your vanity. Furthermore, if you are perfectly frank and open about your position in marriage in

your conversations with all your friends, and if you do not pay other than friendly attentions to the girls, your acquaintances, you need not worry about their wearing the willow on your account.

"J. G." writes: "Is it proper for a young lady to be punctual in keeping dates? Some one told me that a young man likes to be kept waiting. Am I to infer from that statement that a young man is inclined to think a young girl is too anxious for his company because she is punctual? It is my habit to be punctual in everything."

I am sure the young men you know must be devoutly grateful for that habit. The lazy, unpunctual woman likes to cherish the idea that she endears herself to a man when she is always late, but quite the contrary is true. Unpunctuality is simply bad manners, in either a man or a woman.

"S. L." writes: "I am going away for two months this summer, and of course I shall enjoy hearing from my friends during my absence. I have asked the girls I know to write to me and have given them my address. Would it be wrong to make a similar request of my young men friends?"

It would be decidedly bad form. Naturally, the young men of your acquaintance will know that you are going away. That knowledge gives them the opportunity to ask you if they may write, and to prescribe your summer address. The initiative rests with them, and it would be most forward on your part to suggest that a correspondence be started.

"E. B." writes: "I have quarrelled with a young lady whom I like very much indeed and whom I have known since we were children. I believe she likes me. The quarrel was silly, one of those flare-ups over nothing which will happen and for which people are sorry the next day. The trouble is that I don't want to speak first, and I suppose she feels the same way. But it seems a pity for our friendship to be destroyed. What do you advise?"

Don't let it be destroyed. Put your silly pride in your pocket and write the young woman a note apologizing for your share in the disagreement and asking to be friends. I am sure you will find her willing to meet you



black eyes and wry whiskers which he stroked when he studied the law. There was mighty little law in his few dusty books—and little of that he knew—but respect for authority had struck in through the calfskin bindings and he made the wrong guess for Arizona. Also for Sycamore Brown, the fighting fool. "Well—ahem—gentlemen," he began. "Of course, while I deprecate the lawless acts which have prevailed and—ahem—well, it seems to me that the machinery of our law is not at fault so much as—well—" "That's ill!" broke in McMonagle, the saloonkeeper, who had seen his profits in the jack-pot, "that's the idea! Get a gun-man on the job and let him do the work!" "Well, somebody's got to take their guns away from 'em," announced J. F. Benson, "and enforce this ordinance about riding through the streets! Do you know a man that can do it—because if you do, he can have the job!" "Lum Martin!" shouted McMonagle. "That's the man—Lum Martin! He's 'ridin'' shotgun for Wells Fargo—was until last week—and he's over in my saloon right now, playing 'solitaire!'" "He killed a man over in El Paso last year," interposed E. Garcia heartily. "It was only a Mexican!" retorted McMonagle ruthlessly. "Well—bring Lum down here then," ordered Benson. So it came that Lum Martin, express messenger, border deputy and gun-fighter, was summoned before the council, and he listened till they had all finished before he said a word. He was a tall, hulking man, close-eyed and bent, and those who knew him best said that his dark skin was from a strain of Indian blood. As each man began to speak he glanced up at him, and the rest of the time he looked at the ground; but when they all sat waiting for his answer he wot his lips and seemed to wait for words. "What's the matter, Lum?" urged McMonagle, "ain't the pay enough? You ain't scared, are ye?" The piercing black eyes leapt up and met his for a moment, and then Lum Martin spoke. 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