The Fighting Tenderfoot

By William MacLeod Raine

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, arrives at Concho to practice law. He finds the place the center of a cattle war between the Ingram and Steelman interests. Shep Sanderson, Ingram gunman, picks a fight with Garrett and gets the worst of it. Garrett tells Ingram that he wants to keep out of the war, but is informed he must take one side or the other. Garrett meets Bob Quantrell, young killer tor Ingram, and an Englishman, Smith-Beresford, looking for a ranch. Quantrell saves Garrett and the Englishman from being shot by Sanderson, and the three become friends. Garrett witnesses a meeting between Ingram and Barbara Steelman, daughter of Ingram's enemy. They are lovers. Garrett and the Englishman buy a ranch with Steelman as silent partner. Fitch, Steelman man, kills an Ingram follower and is pursued by a posse. He stops at the "tenderfoot" ranch and is caught and hung. Sanderson starts a fight and Garrett and the Englishman are wounded. Quantrell changes sides, joi ing the two ranchers. A lull in the cattle war follows.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—8—

"Shep an' the Texas Kid are layin' for you. They're givin' you an hour to leave town."

"Much obliged. I've been looking for this letter."

Garrett and his friend stepped out to the sidewalk.

"Come on down to the corral with me," Steve proposed.

"Not now. You come to the Gold Nugget with me."

The long man flung a quick look at him. O'Hara's eyes were shining with excitement.

"You're not going to the Gold Nugget, are you?"

"Thought I would. Shep and his friend are sending word out that I've got one hour to leave town. I'll spend part of that hour at the Gold Nugget."

Steve reflected that the safe thing would be to take Bob Quantrell with them to the Gold Nugget. But evidently his friend was not looking for the safe thing.

"All right. I'll throw in with you," he said.

As O'Hara walked up the adobe-lined street beside the lank freighter he felt again that odd lift of the spirit that came to him when danger was near. He was going to meet it, audaciously, foolhardily. The roar of guns might at any moment greet him. On the frontier a man did not lightly serve notice that he was "looking for" another. Such an announcement meant business.

A short, thickset man came out of the Ingram store and down the street toward them. Out of a pallid face protruding fishy eyes looked at O'Hara. Thin lips opened to say insolently, "So you're still here."

"I'm still here, Mr. Harvey."

"Struttin around, I reckon, because you've had a little luck."

More than once O'Hara had talked with Steelman about the posse which had attacked the cabin. It was the opinion of both of them that Harvey's hand had been back of the sheriff, his mind the dominating one. Ingram had been at the ranch and could not have known what was intended.

"Not your fault I'm strutting around, Mr. Harvey. I acquit you of blame. You did your best to make good the promise given in your store that I would not cumber the ground long." O'Hara's eyes bored into those of the merchant.

"Meanin' what?" demanded Harvey. "Say, young fellow, if you claim—"

O'Hara brushed rudely past him. There was always a chance that Harvey might be detaining him in the street while his killers were making ready.

The lanky owner of the Longhorn corral looked at his friend, and in that look were both admiration and distress.

"Great jumpin' horn toads, you sure go outa yore way to make enemies. Harvey ain't used to being treated thataway," he said. "Just what's yore play? An' why get on the prod all of a sudden?"

"This is the way I look at it, Steve," O'Hara answered, his glance sweeping doors and windows as he moved forward. "It's one thing for Sanderson to say he's going to get me. It's another for him to give me an hour to leave town. He thinks I'm hiding behind Bob Quantrell. I've got to show him I'm not. All you've got to do is to ask me that question when I give the signal."

"You mean the one you was speakin' about before we met Harvey?"

"Yes. You may not get time to ask it, but if you do I'll use it as a cue. If there's trouble, you keep out of it."

"Keep out of it? You sure bump into food notions, boy. When the guns begin to smoke I've got to join in to save my hide."

"I've a notion they're not going to smoke. Here we are."

They turned in at the Gold Nugget.

Sanderson and the Texas Kid were drinking while Shep talked. He boasted how bad he was and what he meant to do to O'Hara. The words died in his throat as he caught sight of the two men who had just entered the place. His jaw dropped with astonishment.

O'Hara gave Shep's slow brain no time to guess what this meant. Lightly the two men walked to the bar, not more than five feet from his enemy. He ordered liquor which he did not intend to drink.

Sanderson glared at him, uncertain what to do. Was this a plant? Had he sat around drinking and boasting while his foes had gathered to ambush him? If not, why would this tenderfoot walk in so jauntily, knowing that he had no chance to beat the gunman at the draw?

The short red-headed cowboy known as the Texas Kid passed through much the same mental reaction, but he was decidedly more fearful than his companion. Why had he let the drink in him talk so loudly? Of a sudden he was sober, sick with terror.

"What makes you so white, Garrett?" asked Worrall, following instructions.

O'Hara did not look at him as he answered. His gaze was fastened on Sanderson. But in his voice was a lilt of triumphant excitement. So far his plan had worked perfectly. Would it carry through?

"I'm scared to death, Steve, of two scalawags who are going to run me out of town. One of them is a big bully puss fellow ugly as sin, a he-wolf on the howl, to hear him tell it. The other is a hammered-down red-headed runt. If you see them let me know so that I can run, Steve."

O'Hara's mocking eyes looked straight into those of the big bully. They taunted him and defied him and made light of his prowess.

The question that Sanderson growled made clear his thoughts. "Where's Bob Quantrell at?"

"Bob had better hit the trail," O'Hara said to Worrall. "These fellows who have me so frightened will drive him out, too, probably."

Uneasily the bartender polished the top of the counter. He decided to drop to the floor before the shooting began. A patron of the house flitted inconspicuously out of the back door. Four cowboys at a a poker table suspended their play and watched the antagonists alertly.

Sanderson spoke vehemently. "I never claimed I'd drive him out. Never gave out any such word. If anyone says I did he's a liar."

"You can tell Bob not to be frightened, then, Steve," O'Hara said easily. "The scalawags I told you about don't intend to worry him."

"Where's Bob at?" reiterated Sanderson hoarsely.

"How do I know? I'm not his keeper. Stick to the business in hand, Mr. Sanderson. If you should meet either of those terrible bad men I've described tell them I'm a tenderfoot so scared that I'm shaking. This goes for you, too, Mr. Texas Kid. Say I'm staying in town because I'm too frightened to travel. Ask them not to be too hard on a poor tenderfoot."

"They was funnin', don't you reckon?" the Texas Kid offered by way of explanation.

"Better tell them not to scatter jokes like that around. They might explode and hurt some one. Don't you think so?"

"I'll be movin' along," the Texas Kid said from a dry throat.

"Don't hurry. Stay and keep Mr. Sanderson company. He won't want to be left alone."

"Say, fellow, lay off me," Sanderson growled. "If this here's a frameup you can't start smokin' too soon to suit me. I don't scare worth a whoop. See?"

Nevertheless, his eyes left O'Hara for a moment to sweep toward the door and window. He was plainly worried and anxious to be gone with a whole skin.

"You don't think I'd better get out of town, within the hour, say?" O'Hara asked.

Already the red-headed cowboy was moving toward the back door. Sanderson discovered himself deserted and began to follow, backing away slowly. His right hand hovered near the butt of a revolver, but he made no motion to draw.

"Don't ride me, fellow," the bully warned. "I can be pushed just so far. I'm not scared of you, not for a holy minute. Don't you think it. I'll meet up with you one of these days an' send you to h—l on a shutter."

O'Hara's voice was a good imitation of that of the Texas Kid. "You're just funnin', don't you reckon, Mr. Sanderson?" he quavered.

"You or me, one, when me meet," Shep warned.

"Always tomorrow with you, isn't it? Well, it will be a thousand years till we meet, Mr. Sanderson."

The big man slid out of the back door. Outside he whirled swiftly, at the same time dragging out his weapon. His eyes stabbed here and there looking for enemies. He saw nobody but the Texas Kid. That warrior was legging it on a run for the safety of Ingram & Harvey's store.

After Sanderson slid out of the half-open back door of the Gold Nugget there was a long moment of silence. The stage had been set for red tragedy. All present felt that it had been shaved by a narrow margin.

Steve Worrall let out a little whoop of delight. "Bluffed 'em out, by jinks—made 'em back down an' crawl off with their tails between their legs. Oh, boy, you're some wolf tamer."

One of the cowboys at the poker table slapped another a mighty blow on the back. "Made Shep take water, the tenderfoot did. Never saw the beat of it. Didn't think Shep would of quit for h—l or high water. Well, you live an' learn, boys." He swept off his sombrero in a bow to O'Hara. "You're one sure enough bad-man buster. I'll be doggoned if Shep didn't tackle more'n he could ride herd on that time, an' you lookin' no more dangerous than a brush rabbit."

Now that this crisis was past O'Hara felt a little sick and faint. "Let's get outside," he said to his friend. His desire was to get back to the safety of the store. Excitement no longer buoyed him up. It shook his nerve to think what a chance he had taken, how he had staked his life on the audacity of a swift frontal attack. Not for a moment did he fool himself into the delusion that he was Sanderson's equal with a six-shooter. The big man had not been afraid of him, but of Bob Quantrell and his allies. Shep had been obsessed by the suspicion that they were trying to trap him into drawing his weapon in order to give them a plausible reason for shooting him down.

O'Hara and Worrall walked past Ingram & Harvey's on their way down the street. They turned in at Steelman & McCarthy's store. A little man sat on a dry goods

"Shep an' His Friend Went to Sleep in Smoke."

box talking excitedly to those present. He was ragged and unshaven. His boots were down at the heel, his hat coneshaped. He was the same Hank the lawyer had seen some cowboys making fun of once in Ingram's store, the one who had been "arrested for fragancy."

"Right then I lit out," Hank narrated. "No place for me. Like I said, that doggoned tenderfoot stood there devillin' Shep to draw, crowdin' in on him, tellin' how scared he was of Shep, an ridin' him all the time. You go order that pilgrim a coffin, Mr. McCarthy."

McCarthy was facing the door. His hard eyes did not change expression. "He can order it himself, Hank. Here he is now." The storekeeper spoke to O'Hara. "Hank has been worryin' about you. Glad to see it was not necessary."

Worral sank down on the top of a barrel and mopped his face with a bandanna. "Some one worry about me awhile," he implored. "I'm wore to a frazzle worryin' about myself. This white-haired lad here is bullet-proof, I reckon. Different here. All I'm thankful for is you don't have to order a coffin for me, extra long size."

"Tell us about it, O'Hara," urged McCarthy. "Hank left in the middle of it."

"Not much to tell," O'Hara answered. "I had a talk with Sanderson. That's all. It was a mistake about his wanting me to leave town. At least he did not mention it when we met."

"Lemme tell the story," Worrall said. "I was among those present, an innocent bystander who stood to get all shot up if trouble began. Some one feed me a cigarette, then listen an' tell me if we ain't both loco."

The lengthy owner of the Longhorn got his cigarette and told his story. He told it with humor, making the most of its drama. When he had finished a red-faced cowboy spoke.

"I don't savvy yet why Shep didn't come a-shootin'. Was he scared, do you reckon?"

O'Hara knew why, but it seemed to him unwise to minimize the effect he had produced by stressing the fact that Sanderson had been afraid of a trap. It was possible that, having been plunged into this feud unwillingly, he might need all the reputation he could get as a dangerous man to attack.

"He was scared but bluffin' he wasn't," Worrall replied. "The Texas Kid didn't even make any claims he wasn't."

"What was they scared of?" the cowboy persisted. "Shep had better'n an even break, hadn't he?"

"Say, young fellow, how many men do you know who have stood off Shep an' Bob Quantrell an' Deever an' this Texas Kid an' 'steen other warriors for half a day? How many do you know who have crawled Shep's carcass an' branded him with grapplin' irons an' got away with it? I don't know so doggoned many myself." This contribution was from Worrall.

The cowboy rasped his chin and looked sideways at O'Hara. Certainly this slim, young, pink-cheeked youth with the soft brown eyes did not look like a man-eater. Still, what he had done was written in the records.

"Well, if anyone had told me you could run a sandy on Shep—"

"Question is, what will Shep do now?" interrupted McCarthy. "He'll have to make some kind of a play to explain why he didn't get on the peck. Right now he's sore at himself as a toad on a skillet."

"Yep. He'll make a play," Worrall agreed. "Soon, too. Got to do it or lose his rep with the crowd he trails with."

There came the sound of a shot, of several in quick succession, of another. The men in the store listened. More than one made sure that his revolver would slide easily from the holster. McCarthy stepped back of the desk in his office and came back with a rifle.

"From the other store, sounds to me," he said. "I'll go take a look up the street."

He moved a step or two toward the front, then stopped. A man had come into the store. He stood by the cigar case, a revolver in each hand. From the barrel of one of them a thin wisp of smoke lifted. The man was Quantrell:

"What's up, Bob?" asked McCarthy.

The eyes of the boy killer gleamed savagely. "They tried to get me—Shep an' Deever an' that Texas Kid."

"You hit?"

"Me? No." His buck teeth showed and his receding chin dropped as he laughed harshly. "Not me. Ask about them."

"What about 'em?"

"I got Shep an' the Kid. Came outa the store, all three of 'em. Shep called to me an' smoked right up. Right away all of us went to it. That's all, except that Shep an' his friend went to sleep in smoke an' Deever took cover in the store. Me, I skedaddled down the street muy pronto. I didn't know how many guys were inside."

"Well, he's made his play, Shep has," Worrall said. "He was sure enough a bad picker. Off hand, looks like he might have had better luck with me and Garrett. All I got to say is it might have been a lot worse—for us." He looked at O'Hara. "Am I right, old horn toad?"

O'Hara nodded. "Quite right, I'd say."

CHAPTER VII

Peace Terms.

NO THRILL as of wine raced through Barbara's veins these days when she rode the hilltops. Life had lost its savor. She did not at early morning drink in the air with unconscious joy because a new world had been born for her delight.

Until lately she had been queen of her little world with all the privileges that implies. The only daughter of Wesley Steelman, cattle king of the San Marcos, held an enviable position in that roughriding frontier country. Her personality had enhanced her value. By reason of vital youth, high spirits, and abounding good looks she was an individual in her own right. It had not occurred to her that she could not mold life to her liking. What was the use of wealth, power, a heady will, and a full share of charm (she was not absurd enough to deny to herself that she had a way with men) if these would not get her what she wanted?

Now she rode with diminished head. An immovable force had brought her up short. It had seemed to her, not many weeks since, a fine thing to draw David Ingram and her father together. Eagerly she had adventured to that end. By her means friendliness would grow in that divided community where enmity had been. Signally she had failed. That, she recognized now, had been inevitable.

A bitter personal humiliation had accompanied the failure. It had come to pass soon that when they met she had moved toward Ingram with gifts in her eyes, and what she offered meant so little to him that self-will and stubbornness were more necessary to his life. Love! What was that to him? He had snatched at her roughly, not because he needed her and could not bear to do without her, but as a weapon with which to wound her father. When she let herself think of it Barbara became a river of woe because of the shame and sorrow in her bosom. She was young enough to feel that what had happened to her was tragic. It was not yet within her experience that time mellows the sharpest sting of shame to a tender memory.

In the company of Garrett O'Hara she found comfort. In spite of his shyness he had a gift of companionship. She liked to explore his mind. He did not in the least object to being made fun of by her, for he sensed that she liked and respected him.

Once she referred to the secret that he knew. "Nice girls back East don't do what I've done. Down in yore heart what do you think of me? How much do you despise me?"

"I told you once that I'd want my sister to be like you," he answered.

"So you did, before you had time to think over what I had done. It's not fair to press you too hard. Only—I'll wish yore sister better luck than that." Her smile was bitter. It seemed to him that her lips quivered with disdain of herself.

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 of—of 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—till—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

Owen D. Young

The life of a country boy in rural New York fifty years ago was made up of much work and little play. It meant getting up before daybreak on the cold winter mornings, helping with the stock, cleaning stables. It meant cutting and hauling wood, plowing, seeding and harvesting in season. Early to bed and early to rise was the program.

Most of the day during the summer was spent in tasks that made for a strong body. The development of the mind was left largely for the winter. Then a boy took his books and sometimes trudged miles through the snow to the little rural school house. He had to quit a warm bed, dress by candlelight in a chilly room and do his share of the chores before he set out on his tramp to school in quest of an education.

That was the sort of a life Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric company, financial genius and diplomat, led as a boy. He was born in Van Hornesville, N. Y., in 1874. His ancestors had settled there before the Revolution. His father owned a farm five miles from the town. The boy had to perform all the tasks that fell to the lot of other youngsters in the same environment.

The Young farm was 15 miles from the railroad. Itinerant peddlers were its chief contact with the outside world. Their coming was eagerly awaited. Trips to town were taken only when necessary. Such excursions meant much lost time in the days of the horse-drawn wagon and poor roads. Electric power, which has lightened the work in rural sections, the radio, which has put the farmer in touch with the world and its affairs, were not thought of as farm equipment when Owen D. Young was a boy. They were made largely possible for the farmer through his genius for organization.

Education, beyond the rural school, was seldom considered worth while for farm boys of the time unless they planned on a professional life in town or city. If they could read and write and do simple problems in arithmetic, they soon qualified for the job of running a farm. Such a rudimentary training with books was bolstered by hard and practical schooling in matters of agriculture.

Owen D. Young was not the average farm boy. He walked five miles a day to the rural school and back during the term, helping his father the while with the chores. He was an only son.

It was a red letter day in the boy's life when he was taken to Cooperstown, the county seat of Herkimer. Dressed in blue jeans he went to the courthouse and heard the lawyers argue a case. They wore boiled shirts, stiff collars, black ties and broadcloth, impressive garb to the little boy from the farm. He decided that when he grew up he would be a lawyer.

But there were many obstacles in his path. He had to obtain a better education than the rural school offered, if he was to qualify for his chosen profession.

When an uncle came to help his father the way to an education opened for the lad. He went to the East Springfield academy, encouraged by his parents in his ambitions.

His father drove Owen to school each week and brought him back home on Friday. His mother prepared the food on which he lived while away from home. Each week the boy carried away with him, packed in a big box, the good things his mother cooked for him.

He was ready for college when he was fifteen years old. He wanted to go to Cornell, thinking he could win one of the state scholarships there. But he was too young to be eligible to try the competitive examinations. So he returned home to help his father again. He became interested in church work and conducted the Sunday school in the little church in Van Hornesville.

Alpheus Baker Harvey, then president of St. Lawrence university, came to the town to preach. He heard Owen Young speak in church. The lad interested him so much that the educator persuaded the elder Young that the boy was deserving of a college education even at a great sacrifice to his parents.

So the father borrowed $1,000 and on that money, and his own earnings, Owen D. Young went through college. He got his bachelor of arts degree from St. Lawrence in 1894.

He still held to his ambition to be a lawyer. He entered Boston university, knowing that he would have to work his way through the law school. He served as a librarian and tutor to earn all the money needed to meet his modest expenses. He completed the three-year course in two years.

After being admitted to the Massachusetts bar he went to work for the General Electric company. His promotion was rapid. The farm boy of 50 years ago is now the organizing genius of the electrical industry and one of the financial wizards of his time.

Origin of the Diamond Mystery to Scientists

Diamond beds valued at millions of dollars having been discovered in recent years along the coast of southwest Africa, the theory of a submarine origin of this precious gem has been advanced, only to be refuted by investigations.

The first hypothesis was that the diamond beds were the result of the disintegration of a submarine pipe, or vein, off the coast, washed up on the shore by wave action. But since the discovery of the Lichtenburg and Namaqualand deposits much new evidence has been brought to light, and the opinion now prevails that these diamonds are from an inland source.

"The finest diamonds are found, and always have been found, in or near the beds of fresh-water rivers," a diamond expert is quoted in the New York Times. "They are not hidden in ocean bottoms or along sand beaches unless carried there by tides and time. In other words, they are not formed there. Small streams that have layers of silt and other material indigenous to known 'fields' are likely digging places for diamonds.

"Both in India and Africa, as well as in Asia, diamonds have been discovered in shale and soft rock of former waterways. In the Kimberley diamond beds, among the largest and richest in the world, the natural crystals were unearthed in a top layer of yellow sand. Many prospectors who rushed to Africa in 1870 left after the yellow sand was exhausted, believing the veins or 'pipes' had been exhausted. But the soft green rock below the sand yielded more diamonds. So did the harder rock lower down.

"The trail of the diamond is one of the most difficult that geologists have ever tried to follow."

Carried Souvenir of Somme Fourteen Years

The true stories of strange war wounds are legion, but one of the most curious concerns a Kintore man, John Garden, who is employed as a gardener in Inverurie, Scotland. Mr. Garden served in France with the Fourth Gordons, and was wounded by shrapnel during the battle of the Somme on August 18, 1916, near Guillemont. Quite recently, in the course of his work, Mr. Garden had occasion to make a heavy lift and felt a severe pain in the back of his hand beneath the bone of the middle finger. The pain became worse, and his hand swelled so alarmingly that he had to go to a hospital. An operation was performed, and a rifle bullet an inch and a quarter long and a quarter of an inch in diameter was extracted. It had been lodged all these 14 years in the hand, beneath the bone, until the sudden wrench had loosened it from its position.

Icelanders in Manitoba

It is estimated that of Greater Winnipeg's 300,000 people, nearly 10,000 are Icelanders or their immediate descendants, and that of Manitoba's 630,000, Icelanders number nearly 50,000. Soon after the Fort Rouge colony of Alexander, Lord Selkirk, was established in 1812, an Icelandic ship full of settlers arrived in Hudson bay. The pioneers pushed southward, and many hauled up eventually at Winnipeg.

Seek Submerged City

An expedition has been organized to search under water near Sebastopol, Crimea, for an ancient Greek town believed to have been submerged by the shifting of earth strata. Objects washed up by the Black sea seem to support the theory which led to the organization of such an expedition.

No Precedent

"Your honor, my client is merely guilty of dumb foolishness."

"Unfortunately, I can't let him plead to dumb foolishness in the first degree."