

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. FIFER

CHAPTER XXXI.

BUCK WINS THE FIRST LAP.
It was past midnight. Except for Terence, Mary and Bud, riding up and down the street aimlessly, and talking in low voices, the streets of Pico were deserted. They had found no trace of Buck nor any clue to follow.
Suddenly the street was flooded with the glare of automobile headlights.
"Look out!" cried Terence, and they pulled their horses to the edge of the road just in time to avoid being struck by the madly racing car. In the fleeting instant that the machine was passing them Terence caught a glimpse of the two tense faces in the front seat.
"Did you see who was in it?" he cried excitedly. "It was Buck, and that Monrose woman. Come, quick, we must get a car and follow."
They spurred their horses down the street, stopped at the public garage, awakened the reluctant man in charge, and hired a machine.
"No time to lose," shouted Terence, jumping to the wheel. Mary and Bud leaped in beside him, and they sped off in the direction in which the other machine had vanished.

There was a tremendous pounding on the door of the sheriff's office.
"I've been robbed—I've been robbed," cried a voice.
The sheriff, half-dressed, came to the door. He found Taggart in an excited rage, his face white and nerve-racked.
"They broke into my house, attacked me while I slept, and robbed me," cried Taggart. "My topaz—and some valuable papers are missing. They were precious. Quick, get a posse. I think I know who it is, and I know just about where they would go."
"All right, all right—control yourself, man," the sheriff answered, noting Taggart's almost hysterical excitement. "Give me time to get dressed, and do some telephoning to get the posse together. Wait here."
He darted back into the house, and left Taggart in front of the door.
Taggart was on his last legs. In the dark he had caught a glimpse of the men who had broken into his house. They were his own men—led by Buck McLeod. Realizing that he had been double-crossed in his double crossing, that his gang had gone back on him, and that he had no one to fall back on, as a last resort he had decided to enlist the aid of the law. He was still motivated by greed—he wanted to lay hold of the Yaqui treasure and streak for the border. He figured that if the sheriff's posse would overtake and arrest Buck, he would recover the map and the topaz, and get away alone with the treasure before the prison on the ranch would be freed and his own criminal operations discovered.

The sheriff came out, got his horse, joined Taggart who hastened to tell him more of the robbery. Other men, deputies, phoned by the sheriff, were beginning to ride up.
"They'll be going for Sierra Diablo," said Taggart. "You've wanted this Buck McLeod for a long time, anyway, sheriff. Well, here's your chance."
The posse, at last complete, started off on the gallop for Sierra Diablo.
"Look—we're catching up!" cried Terence.
Mary and Bud strained their eyes forward. Sure enough the lights of their madly racing car lighted up for an instant the shape of the rear of the automobile they were pursuing. They had been tearing along the perilous canyon road at breakneck speed for more than an hour.
The shape ahead suddenly vanished around a sharp bend in the road.
"More speed," yelled Bud. "We'll get 'em."
"We're giving her all she can take now," said Terence.
They took the curve practically on two wheels. The shape of the car ahead again came into view for an instant. Then it disappeared around a second and sharper curve. As Terence took this curve the car missed going off the edge of the road by an inch.

Both cars were swerving and skidding perilously now, as the road wound around rocks, jets and crevices. The road at this point paralleled a sheer embankment along a stream, many feet below.
They were gradually gaining ground on the leading car, and congratulating themselves when suddenly something happened—the car staggered ahead uncertainly, swerving toward the embankment.
"The steering knuckle's broke," cried Terence, as tense horror spread over all their faces.
He clutched wildly for the brake—too late.
"They've gone over!" Stella, looking back, cried into Buck's ear.
She saw the pursuing car, after it had gone out of control leap to the edge of the road, hang there uncertainly for a brief moment, then topple and plunge down the steep embankment.

"Good," said Bud, with elation, as they kept on their way, slowing down slightly for safety. "They almost had us. Now we're safe."
Terence and Bud struggled out from under the submerged, overturned car, rose to the surface, and bumped into each other, swimming.
"Mary—where's Mary?" cried Terence.
Both looked frantically about them, but there was no sign of the girl.
"She must be caught under the car," Bud replied in horror.
"Quick! We must dive and reach her!"
It was only a few feet to the bank.

The two men swam in, clambered up, and both took deep running dives toward the car.
Their eyes open under water, they found Mary, her clothes caught under the car, trapped, after she had gotten herself half freed from the wreckage. She had apparently made a frantic struggle, till her strength had given way, and was unconscious, near drowning.
The two men tore at the wreckage, and at the caught part of the girl's clothing with all of the force they could muster between them. After a struggle during which they exhausted themselves, and were themselves endangered of drowning, they finally wrenched her free and brought her to the surface.
The few feet to the shore now seemed miles, but they managed to swim it with the unconscious girl between them, and dragged her up on the bank. Bud fell exhausted beside her.
Terence started to work resuscitating Mary at once. He shouted with joy, as after frantically moving her arms up and down a few minutes, he saw her breath slowly returning. Bud came out of his exhausted daze and helped. They soon had Mary revived, sitting up.

"You had better stay with Bud, Mary," said Terence. "I'm going to run down that McLeod yet, in spite of everything, before Taggart gets a chance at that treasure."
"I'm quite alright now," was Mary's firm reply, "and Bud and I are going wherever you go!"
Bud vouched for his own determination.
Terence took them by the hands, and looked into their steadfast eyes, exhilarated by their spirit.
"We three—together through the crisis—to the end, whatever it may be!" he said with emotion. They jumped up, crying, "All right. Let's go. There's not a moment to spare. Over the next divide—it's quite a hike, but we'll make it before dawn—is a forestry station. I know the ranger well. He has both airplane and auto for scout service. He will aid us."

CHAPTER XXXII.
THE SECRET OF THE TOPAZ.
"And now for the secret of the topaz!" exclaimed Buck jubilantly.
The dawn was just breaking over the purple summit of Sierra Diablo. They had left their car at the mountain's base, and were sitting on rocks, in front of a flat topped boulder upon which Stella had spread the two pieces of the map.
Buck drew forth from his blouse the weirdly cut topaz he had stolen from Taggart. Both their eyes gleamed as they regarded it.
"Taggart carried it for years—knowing it meant something—but never knowing what," grinned Buck. He turned the gem over in his hand, and finally, his face lighted in triumph, he pointed to a tiny picket, sealed up with wax.
"There," he said, "the secret is in there."
He laid the topaz on the boulder table, and using the hard steel of his revolver as a hammer, pounded it. Stella looked alarmed at this action, but before she could stop him the topaz was smashed. From among the pieces Buck extracted a tiny scroll of paper, unrolled it, and their eager eyes read:
"Cave at letter D."
They feverishly consulted the map. Scribbled across the topographical lines were the words "Sierra Diablo." Buck's finger moved across the words, stopping at the letter D. He studied the map carefully at that point, then exclaimed:
"I know the opening! Stumbled onto it once before, but never thought of it. Come. It's not far."
He led the way, and they trudged over rocks and ledges for half an hour. Finally they reached a weird, shaped passage cut between high, oddly shaped rocks.
"This is the entrance," Buck cried in feverish glee. Stella followed on, trembling with excitement. After winding their way through the rocks for five minutes, they stopped suddenly, in frozen astonishment at the mouth of a cave in the stone wall of which was carved a weird Yaqui god, which frowned down upon them. They pushed in past the idol into the cave.
"The treasure!" Buck cried, and Stella echoed his words.
There, glittering in the weird light that streamed through the cave opening, lay huge piles of gold, virgin gold diamonds, precious gems of all kinds—ancient jars and vessels and boxes, filled with yet more gold and jewels.
Almost transfixed with wonder, they knelt in the midst of the treasure, picked up handfuls of it, and let the precious metal and gems slide through their fingers, in an ecstasy of greed. At last, when they had marvelled at the treasure for several minutes, Buck's thoughts returned to earth, and he cried:
"Quick. Back to the car. Bring the boys to help move the stuff. I sent them up to the camp where you jumped with the parachute. You'll find them there by now. Rush them back here. I'll stay on guard."
"They'll want proof," said Stella.
Buck filled her hands with gold and gems, which she placed in her hand-bag, then started off.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
THE CRASH IN THE CLOUDS.
Stella's car had been faikering. Suddenly it stopped dead on her. She got out to inspect.
"Out of gas!" she exclaimed.
She started to survey the regions. Down the road, a short distance, her eye lighted on a white house. She darted toward it. As she came up she saw a sign: "U. S. Forestry Station." She approached the door and knocked. A woman answered.
"My car is stalled, out of gas," said

NURSES

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Stella, pointing. "I wonder if I could buy a few gallons from you? I must reach Pico as soon as possible on a vital mission."
"Why certainly," answered the woman, the forest ranger's wife. "I'll be glad to help you. My husband's out, but I guess we can manage."
The ranger's wife disappeared, returning in a few moments with two five-gallon cans. She helped Stella carry them to the car and fill the tank.
"You can't think how grateful I am," said Stella, and reaching into her purse to pay, she found she had no money, but withdrew a few lumps of the gold from the cave. "Oh, I've run out of cash, but an old Yaqui friend staked me to this—won't you take some of it?"
She handed several pieces of the gold to the woman, leaped to the car, still overwhelming the puzzled woman with voluble thanks, waved good-by, and sped away.

The ranger's wife returned to the house with the gold, perplexed and suspicious as to its origin.
Mounted on horses they had borrowed from a friendly group of prospectors they had run across during their hike, Terence, Mary and Bud were now rapidly approaching their destination. Joyfully Terence pointed to the sky where an airplane hovered.
"That must be my friend," he cried. "We're almost there."
They pulled up at the ranger's house at almost the same moment that he had descended to his field in back. He came running from the machine to greet them.
"Hello, Jack. Surprised to see us?" asked Terence as they shook hands. After they had been introduced all around, the ranger's wife excitedly drew forth the gold she had received, and told of her strange visitor.

Understanding leaped to Terence's face.
"That must be Stella Montrose," he exclaimed, examining the gold. "Yes, it means they've found the treasure."
He explained briefly the situation to Jack.
"Take my plane to spot her," Jack cried. "We'll follow up in the car."
Bud went with Terence toward the plane, while Mary was led by Jack to the pilot's seat while Bud spun the propeller, then ran back and jumped in with him. They were off. As the plane took to the air, the automobile containing Jack and Mary rolled swiftly out upon the road.
(To be continued.)



Aren't Patients Still Bled?
"Queer old custom, wasn't it, the way doctors used to bleed their patients?"
"Why speak of it as a custom that has passed?"
Strength and Longevity.
There is not much connection between great muscular strength and longevity. Sigmund Breitbar, an extraordinary creature who used to exhibit himself supporting incredible weights and biting iron chains apart, scratched his finger the other day—and died of blood poisoning. And Eugene Sandow, a more famous Samson, died in middle life from a broken blood vessel that he got from over-exerting his great strength in lifting a ditched automobile single-handed. But perhaps these Titans would rather go in this way than to see old age slowly and pitilessly rob them of that strength which was their glory.



Italy's Bell of Remembrance, dedicated by the king at Revere on the Trentino front. It will be rung and broadcast for a minute every night at 9 o'clock.



THE PRINCESS FROCK.

"There's magic in the word 'princess'—it seems to mean something slim and delicate and very lovely; and there's magic in the princess frock, too, for it gives one a slim silhouette and smart appearance. The versatile neck may be worn high, or low with turn-back revers and sequined vestige. The sleeves are long and button trimmed. Cuckoo brown microlean fashions this model, having silk crepe in a contrasting color facing the revers and the long tie collar. Golden brown velvet or velveteen would make one of the smartest dresses, with the revers, vestee and tie of gold metal cloth. The diagram pictures the simplicity of the partly finished frock. No. 1245 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 5 yards of 36-inch, or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Broke Her Engagement.

In the old days when a young man took his sweetie out to ride in a side-car buggy behind a high-stepping nag instead of in an automobile, a certain betrothed couple of my acquaintance went forth of a summer evening for a romantic drive, wrote Dorothy Dix in the New York Evening Post.

On the way the horse somehow angered the man, and he gave it a merciless beating, whereupon the girl promptly broke her engagement to marry him.

"Thank God I have found out what sort of a temper you have in time to save myself!" she told him, "because I do not propose to spend the balance of my life cowering before any man's rages or walking on eggs when he is about, for fear I will do or say something to rile him. Furthermore, I am no fool. I can take a tip when I am handed one, and I know that any man who will be cruel to a defenseless animal will be cruel to a woman when she is once in his power. So I am through."

We are human bulbs attached to the great universal current of force and power, and the light which we give off depends on the candle power of our lamps. Many people go through life with a little dim four-candle light, not because they lack power to generate a stronger light, but because they never learned how to express their power.—O. S. Marden.

High Quality—Always "SALADA" TEA

The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield richly of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.

MONEY IN GROWING CRANBERRIES

Canada is yet but skimming the surface of her great wealth and slowly getting down to intensive production of all kinds. This is as true of the Dominion's first industry of agriculture as other activities. There are, for instance, all over Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces literally thousands of patches of bog and marsh land regarded as so much waste territory. Yet these sections are economically of the greatest value if rightfully regarded as the ideal locations for the production of cranberries, for which there is generally a good local market as well as great possibilities in export. This is an industry of great potentiality which Canada and Canadian farmers have seriously neglected.

The Cape Cod section of Massachusetts, where the industry has been intelligently and intensely developed, furnishes an excellent example of what certain areas of Eastern Canada might effect with those pieces of land considered a liability. Such land in Cape Cod could not be purchased for \$1,500 an acre. Here crops average about 50 barrels to the acre, though on well-cared-for fields yields of 300 barrels to the acre are not uncommon.

In 1924 these sold for \$10 per acre, and in 1921 for as high as \$30 per acre, returns of \$3,000 and \$9,000 per acre, giving some idea of what might be done with a piece of waste land. Fourteen hundred bearing acres in the Cape Cod section, described as a mere corner of a sand dump, produced \$2,000,000 worth of cranberries last year. There is no doubt about the cranberry being a very profitable crop. The United States Department of Agricul-

ture estimates the gross return to the growers of about \$200 per acre after the picking, packing and marketing charges have been paid. This figure is based on an average price of \$8.70 per barrel over a period of years and a yield of 35 barrels to the acre. As already indicated, very much more may be made of the cranberry patch. Cranberries are little grown outside of the United States and have been tried without success in Europe. But little is produced in Canada except for some plantations in Nova Scotia. It seems entirely probable that in the Maritime Provinces especially cranberries could be profitably added to the list of farm products, and that without competing with any other berry on the market to-day. Without much doubt a profitable market could be found for all that could be raised on the sites available. The Maritime Provinces would seem especially to be eminently adapted to this crop, there being extensive stretches of territory where the small wild cranberry grows profusely.

The assurance of a market lies in the fact that Canada to-day is consistently importing cranberries in some volume, whilst there is absolutely no export trade. In the past three years the Dominion has brought into the country from the United States for consumption 20,344 barrels worth \$212,896; 25,727 barrels worth \$220,013; and 19,966 barrels worth \$194,263. There is possibility of a great Maritime industry here, with the deserted bogs of this wide territory producing thousands of barrels of cranberries, and supporting factories to prepare them.

Day Dreaming.

No dreaming is in vain
Castles that shine afar
Lead on to mountain peaks
Topped by a wonder star.

No hour is lost because
Some glory of unknown
Into its grey with splendor
Of fairyland has shone.

But this I surely charge you
That he who dreams no more
Has shut from his soul a heaven
And lost a magic store.

—George Elliston.

Quite a Different Case.

Finding a patient in a very pessimistic mood one morning regarding his chances of recovery, the young doctor started to banter him in an effort to put him in a more cheerful frame of mind, but without success.

"I don't know why it is, doctor," said the patient, "but I feel I shall never pull through."
"Nonsense, nonsense!" replied the doctor. "Why your case is absolutely the same as an illness I had years ago, yet look at me, strong and hearty as ever."

"Yes," retorted the other in a hopeless tone, "but then I expect you had a good doctor."

An Impediment.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher form.

It is needless to say that her parents were very pleased with her and extremely anxious to hear how she would get on in the new class.

When she returned home at lunch-time, the first question her mother asked her was this:

"Well, darling," she said, "how did you like your new teacher?"
"She seems very nice," replied Millie, "but I can't understand all she says."
"How is that?" asked her mother.

"Does she talk too quietly?"
"Oh, no, mummy," returned Millie, "but—with the air of one who knows—" "I think she's got a predicament in her speech."

The Largest Animal.

The blue whale, which reaches a length of 87 feet, is the largest living animal.

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

About all that you can say for grade crossings is that they eliminate slow thinkers.



Ample Supply of Nuts.

Hubby—"I really believe you've forgotten to get any nuts for my dinner party, dear."

Wife—"I didn't think it necessary. Aren't those friends of yours going to attend?"

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Making a Park.

Mary—"I don't see any park here."

Peggy—"That is simple. There isn't any."

Mary—"Then why does that sign say, 'Park Here'?"



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Mr. Strachan and, in a sense, people seem to be in a position of England's national morale that we are in I regret that we should have Canada and tained because they're contrary.
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A despatch The body of Q Thursday night of St. James's by candles, guarded by s day morning in sion through the Westminster A service repete cent and awe which Britain is the dead Queen.

After lying through the at the body was tal Windsor, wh burial after a sh

At the latter few others were George's expres ceremony was st Friday was the when Britons in bowed their head while military ba hundreds of sol martial mourning this pomp faded, son and daughter and a few rel gathered around last tributes of before she was husband, King E

The Queen's ham absolutely wishes of her so the funeral tra doubt at which st It was 4.30, am London in almost that the train pu Station. Despit had been observ of the funeral e

teen hundred p outside. Every m and every woma motor hearse b body came out followed by severa was a glimpse casket through the hoarse of the cri Guards. That w

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Road, cut cross Mail, then into past Marlboro the dead Queen and finally into James's Palace, around the palac ple had gathered, signs of sincere passed.

After arriving of Queen Alexand Memorial Chapel, the Royal family morning. Windsor to the public th until 1 p.m. Ale British Queen to be Eleven in West others are scatter