

High Quality—Always "SALADA" TEA

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

Garden Geography.

A garden, delightful as it is in actual fact, is full of suggestion of all sorts of interesting things beyond its material boundaries. There are the associations of flowers and gardens with literature, and in a lesser but fascinating degree with history; and there is one gardener at least, mistress of only a little garden, from which she is rarely able to travel far, whose flowers—and some of them those accounted the most common and domesticated—continually invite her to picture in her mind the far and foreign lands, the towering mountains, the spacious plains, the tangled forests, the chill glacial valleys, the hot and steaming marshes from which they originally came.

"Here's a handful of nasturtiums," she will say. "Good to look at, good to smell, good for prosaic pickles. Their ancestors came from Chile. Sort of neighbors, maybe, to this marvel of Peru; the name tells where that came from. Iceland poppies, too, and African marigolds, and China asters, and damask roses,—that's Damascus, of course,—and Persian lilacs; and as for Japan, there are all sorts of things, Japanese barberry, Japanese snowball, Japanese dwarf maple, Japanese plum, Japanese cherry, Japanese iris.

"Iris, now, there's nothing lovelier or more interesting. It's a flower of history and romance—the fleur-de-lis of ancient royal France, the lily of Florence, the flower-de-luce of Shakespeare and the English poets, and one of the flowers honored by Japan, in company with the cherry blossom and the chrysanthemum. And think, too, of all the places where it grows that have sent us the many beautiful kinds we can have, even in a little garden like mine. There's German iris, and English iris, and Spanish iris, and Japanese iris, and Siberian iris—I've all those right here.

"We used to think of Siberia, when I was a little girl, as a land of exiles and wolves and snowdrifts; but you'll find 'Siberia' tucked on to a fine lot of names in the catalogues.

"Iceland poppies and Siberian iris! I suppose it isn't really cold there when they're in bloom, but I'm going to pick you a few; it sounds so cool and comforting on a hot day to have something from Siberia and Iceland!

"Take a look around your garden when you go home and study its ancestral geography a bit, my dear. I promise you'll find it worth while."

Where Weddings Are Rare.

A wedding in St. Paul's Cathedral is an extremely rare event, but there is still living at least one member of the House of Lords who must be keenly interested in the condition and preservation of Wren's beautiful church, because he was married beneath the dome.

This is Earl Fitzwilliam, whose marriage took place in the cathedral in 1896, some years before he succeeded to the title.

Nearly half a century ago a lady mayor, acting for a bachelor Chief Magistrate, was married at St. Paul's, the first wedding for over 100 years—and a few years later the daughter of a dean of St. Paul's was led to the altar there.

Volcanoes in Malaya.

There are about eighty volcanoes in the Malay Archipelago which exhibit distinct signs of activity.

Founder of Bolivia.

A man by the name of Bolivar established Bolivia in 1827.

WRIGLEYS AFTER EVERY MEAL



affords benefit as well as pleasure. Healthful exercise for the teeth and a cure to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach. The World Famous Sweetness, untouched by hands, full of flavor.

ISSUE No. 26-25.

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Terence tried to conserve his ammunition. But he was forced to fire by the bandits who kept stealing up to the entrance, feigning an attempt to rush in.

Then came a desperate moment when Terence looked grimly at Mary, and whispered tensely:

"I've got just one cartridge left."

As she looked at him, grasping the significance of his words, both their eyes filling with love at this moment of their extreme peril together, a new horror suddenly transfused the mood of a lariat, encircling Terence, and quickly drawn back so that it caught him under the armpits. Struggling to free himself, he was lifted from his feet and slowly drawn up the mountainside.

While the others had been drawing Terence's gun-fire, the fourth bandit, under Buck's instructions, had made a detour around the side of the gully, and climbed up to a ledge overlooking the spot where Terence and Mary had barricaded themselves. He was a huge, strapping, muscular fellow, this bandit, and once he had caught Terence in his lariat, had no difficulty in hauling him up.

A hard bump, as he was being dragged up, caused Terence to drop his gun. It fell at Mary's feet. Staring at it wide-eyed, she suddenly recovered her presence of mind—snatched it, and, taking careful aim, fired upward. The bullet struck the rope, cut into it, the strands parted, and Terence dropped back on the ground beside Mary. Mary knelt beside him and raised him up in her arms. He came out of his daze and staggered up dizzily.

Watching him, the bandit, he saw that the bandits, surprised and angered by the failure of their lariat manoeuvre, were getting ready to rush them. He gazed at his hands.

"These are all I have to fight with now, dear," he said grimly.

The battle was on almost before they knew it. The three bandits charged the entrance, and the fourth, dodging from his ledge above upon the butt of his lariat, caught him with the butt of his revolver and laid him out; then turned his attention to the three at the gap. He caught the leader, Buck, by the throat, and hurled him out on the road.

While he was desperately battling the other two, the reports of a volley of pistol shots sounded from nearby down the road. The hoofs of wildly galloping horses were heard. Buck, picking himself up where Terence had fallen, looked off in the direction of the sound, and took alarm. He made a dash for his horse, yelling: "Beat it, men. Looks like a posse."

He started off at posthaste. The others rushed to their saddles. The man who had dropped in from the ledge above, and been laid out by Terence, had just come to, and was menacing Mary, trying to drag her away from his hands. Terence dealt him a heavy blow to the jaw which sent him reeling out of the entrance, after his fellow. Porcely, they were fleeing under the rain of bullets from the new attackers coming down the road, who were now almost upon them, he jumped to his horse and fled also. The rescue party drew up to the gully and dismounted. It consisted of Mary's father, Bud Hughes, Miguel, and Komi.

Marshall rushed in to his daughter. "Mary dear, are you all right? Have you been hurt?" he cried.

Mary rushed to his arms. "Yes, I'm all right, Daddy dear." She withdrew and added, smiling proudly, "Thanks to Terence, here. He has had a terribly hard task, but he has saved both me and our money."

Marshall shook hands vigorously with his daughter's protector, saying: "It is I, now, who have to thank you, O'Rourke, and for so much—my little girl, Mary—you have saved her."

Marshall took Mary into his arms. "But what brought you here, Daddy?" she asked. "I don't know what would have happened if you had not arrived just when you did."

"He was three puffs of smoke," replied Marshall. "We have Komi to thank for that. He saw your trouble and built his fire. He sent his message into the air in Indian smoke talk. Three puffs—I saw it curling up in the air. I knew the signal. It was repeated again and again. Good old Komi. We rode to the rendezvous. On the way we picked up Miguel, returning to tell us what had happened when you were attacked at the springs. Komi was waiting at his fire, and led us here."

"All turned to the old Indian chief. 'Komi, he watch,' mumbled the

chief. 'Komi, he knows his friends, he help them. Komi knows too his enemies—they beware Komi if they are wise.'"

CHAPTER X. BURNING LIPS.

"I'm needing a new foreman at the ranch, O'Rourke. Will you help us out?"

Terence looked at Mary. The smile on her lips seemed to say, "Please say yes." He turned back to her father, and answered:

"I'll be glad to, sir."

And so it was arranged that Terence should accompany Mary to Latigo to bank the money for the purchase of the 2,000 feeders needed on the ranch, and then go with her to the ranch with the balance of the money to pay off the men.

Mary kissed her father good-bye affectionately, and Terence and he again shook hands. Then the lovers started off on their errand, Marshall having given up his horse to his daughter, mounted double with Miguel, and, Bud following, started back toward Paradise Canyon. Komi vanished into his hills.

The phone in the Pico Bar rang. Topaz Taggart and Doc Willets were still sitting at their table awaiting the outcome of their scheme.

"Mr. Taggart," the bartender called. Taggart grabbed the receiver with excitement. A fierce scowl crossed his face as he heard Buck McLeod's voice reporting:

"A bird named O'Rourke mixed in and spoiled the play. He and the girl are heading for Latigo to bank the coin. Then they're going to the ranch."

Taggart roared an oath. Then after a moment's thought he commanded into the telephone:

"Well, get your boys together, Buck, and come up to the ranch—secretly. I'll have more work for you to do."

Taggart returned to his table. "Marshall's girl got through," he snarled. "She's banking the money in Latigo, and then coming up to the ranch. Some bird named O'Rourke is with her."

Doc Willets whistled meditatively. "Now this Marshall girl mustn't get wise that we framed to have her lose the money," Taggart went on. "I don't want Marshall to know I'm double-crossing him until it's too late."

Willets nodded, then asked, with a leer:

"Look here, Topaz, what're you so anxious to get hold of Marshall's land for? You ain't no real dyed-in-the-wool cattlemen."

Taggart, nervously fingering his topaz watch chain, scowled suspiciously at the other man, studying his face, trying to find what was behind the question. Finally he forced a grin, and with assumed good-nature, replied:

"Ain't telling you all my secrets, Doc. But you help me get that Marshall ranch and maybe I'll wise you up to a little deal I'm aimin' to put through with that fool Injun, Komi."

Willets' eyes glinted furiously to the topaz chain and he smiled queerly to himself.

Taggart rose. "Well, I better run up to the ranch and prepare for my visitors," he said. Both men grinned.

"I want you to come along with me, Doc," Taggart added, "but not to act on the reception committee. You'll just keep yourself out of the way with the boys, and be ready to help when you're called."

The two men then left the bar, mounted their horses, and galloped off.

"And this is poor Daddy's ranch," Mary's voice trembled with sad emotion.

"Think, Terence—fifteen years since I was last here—and then, of course, I was only a little bit of a girl, and I can't remember a thing about it now. Except it all seems vaguely familiar and homelike—as though I belonged here."

They had pulled up their horses in front of the entrance, and were gazing at the corals, the ranch buildings, and the cowboys trotting hither and thither.

Mary had been impatient to complete her mission. So after arriving at Latigo she and Terence had remained only long enough to deposit \$45,000 in the bank, and then had set out at once for the Bar M Ranch.

Mary's expression was melancholy as she sat in her saddle, thinking now of the tragic night her father had fled with her in his arms from the very ranch house she was now gazing at, the place that had been his home—and crossed the Mexican border, never to return. Terence reached for her hand, pressed it, they looked into each other's eyes earnestly, and Mary's smile returned.

The door of the ranch house opened, and a man came out and strode down the path to meet them. As he reached the gate where they were waiting he raised his hat formally.

Mary greeted the man shyly, saying:

"I'm Mary Marshall—aren't you Mr. Taggart, my father's friend?"

"Well, well, well—John Marshall's girl," Taggart cried with a smile and a gesture of eager welcome. "This is a surprise."

He lifted her from the saddle and placed her on her feet with a show of gallantry that did not arouse any enthusiasm for him in Terence, who also dismounted and stood waiting.

"Why, you're a real, grown-up fine young lady now, aren't you?" Taggart went on. "When I last saw you you were just a toddling wee bit of a kid. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Taggart's welcome of the girl, originally feigned, had become genuine. His eyes sparkled with admiration and real delight as he took in the fullness of her beauty. Not in many years had anyone cast such a spell over him. In spite of his hard heart, and his crafty, evil, villainous life had filled him, there still remained in him something which responded to the delicate, irresistible blue of Mary's eyes, and the wisps of gold which stole prettily from beneath her hat.

"Father sent me with the money for the bikes, taxes, marketing of the yearlings, and payrolls," said Mary. "We've made a deposit in the bank at Latigo, and brought up enough with us to pay off the men."

"Oh, yes. The business can wait a little while," replied Taggart, continuing to eye Mary with unconcealed admiration while Terence stood uneasily by. "I haven't yet begun to get over the delightful surprise of seeing you. Do come in, Miss Marshall, and make yourself comfortable."

"Mr. Taggart, meet my friend, Terence O'Rourke," said Mary, bringing Terence forward to introduce him. It hadn't been for his help the money would never have reached you."

She beamed dazingly upon Terence, who felt a moment of awkward embarrassment as he grasped Taggart's hand.

Taggart stiffened perceptibly as he greeted O'Rourke. His "glad to meet you" was cold and formal. Somewhere back in his head the name O'Rourke beat a familiar sound—his thoughts rolled back the years, and he was suddenly seized by fear—panic showed even in his face for a moment, but he quickly bit it down. Terence's eyes caught a trace of this fleeting emotion of Taggart's, and was puzzled over it.

"Father has appointed Mr. O'Rourke to become the new foreman you need here," Mary announced.

"Ah, so—fine—fine," said Taggart. "But do come in now and rest yourselves."

He led the way to the ranch house. As they stepped on the porch Mary paused a moment with her emotions—then quickly stepped across the threshold through the door their host was holding open, into the parlor. Terence and Taggart followed, and all three seated themselves.

Mary quickly brought the conversation back to the business at hand, and Taggart, now anxious to get his plans under way, eagerly came back to it. "Well, I'll tell you what, Miss Marshall," he said. "You have brought this money just in the nick of time. We owe for 250 head of cattle already on the ranch, and the cowboys are refusing to work until they get their pay."

Mary handed him the bag containing the remainder of the money. "There's \$5,000 in there to take care of the payroll and current bills," she said. "The other things can be taken care of through the bank. I deposited \$45,000 there to-day."

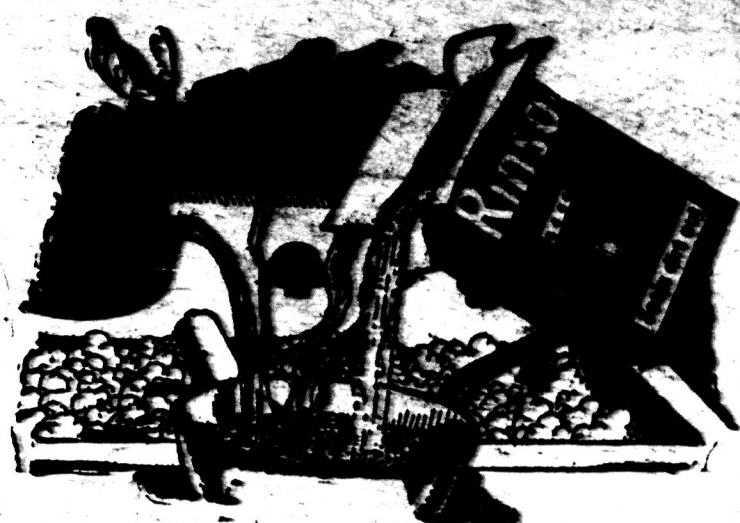
"Ah, good enough," said Taggart, taking the bag. "Well, you folks make yourselves at home, and I'll go right out and fix up the boys' back pay, and tell 'em it's round-up day to-morrow."

He smiled jovially at Mary as he passed out the door.

Now that they were alone, Terence came over and sat beside Mary on the sofa.

"I can't say that I altogether like this Taggart fellow," he said. "He doesn't look quite—straight, to me. I can't help being suspicious of him."

"Oh, but he's been Daddy's friend for years and years," Mary protested. "Well, I can't help thinking there's something wrong, Mary." He smiled tenderly at her, and added: "Maybe



Rinso dissolves completely
makes rich soapy solution
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"Oh, but he's been Daddy's friend for years and years," Mary protested. "Well, I can't help thinking there's something wrong, Mary." He smiled tenderly at her, and added: "Maybe

it's simply that I'm jealous because he likes you."

His hand sought hers, and their thoughts shifted to sweeter things. Terence's other arm stole around her shoulder and drew her closer to him. "I'd love to have a home like this—with you dearest," he said dreamily.

She replied only with a pressure on his hand, but that spoke volumes. She was dreaming, too.

"My lips are still burning from last night," Terence murmured into her ear. "I'm going, to kiss you again."

She did not demur.

(To be continued.)

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The longest non-stop run without any change on British railways is that of the Cornish Riviera Express, Paddington to Plymouth, a distance of 226 miles.

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