

The Fighting Ranger

By F. J. McCONNELL
and GEORGE W. PYPER

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued

"Rush her to Pico for medical aid," said Terence. "Then bring the sheriff and a posse to Sierra Diablo with all possible speed."

"But aren't you coming with us?" Mary asked.

"I'm going to the cave of the Yaquis," Terence answered. "I have sworn to get Buck McLeod—alone!"

They tried to dissuade him from his solitary, dangerous mission, but their pleas were unavailing. He was determined. Mary made Stella as comfortable as possible in the car, taking her place beside her to care for her, the others boarded the machine, and Terence watched them off on their way. Then he strode off on his lone hunt.

After a hike of more than two hours, Terence came to the base of Sierra Diablo. He took out his map, studied it.

"At the letter D," he muttered.

He followed the trail indicated by the map, and finally stumbled upon the narrow winding passage between the rocks, leading to the cave. On he strode, into the cave.

He found Buck, lifting and dropping handfuls of the treasure, still glistening with miserly joy over the piles of marvelous gems and glistening gold. As Terence appeared, he gave a cry like a trapped animal, then whipped out his gun. Terence made a leap for him and knocked it out of his hand. The men rolled about in the treasure in a mad rough-and-tumble.

"I've licked you before, and I'm going to get you again—with my bare hands," Terence threatened, as they lay, temporarily separated, after a whirlwind of wild blows.

The two men jumped at each other, and the combat was on in earnest. Buck, realizing he was no match for Terence, and in fear, was maneuvering for a break to the entrance and escape. But Terence blocked the way. At each attempt Buck made to run for it he was met by a row of hard knuckles which sent him flying back into the cave.

Buck gave up that alley of escape finally, and retreated back into the cave. Terence followed. He was dazed and startled by the untold heaps of glittering treasure that lay about him, so far surpassing even his wildest expectations, but he kept his mind nevertheless to the business at hand—to get Buck!

Finally, as Buck fell farther and farther back in the cave, he noticed a hitherto unseen crevice through which the daylight streamed, leading up and out of the cave. He darted for it and started to climb through, but Terence, close behind, seized him and pulled him back. Seeing he must fight his way out, Buck started for Terence. He was knocked down by a crashing blow to the jaw. Coming to his feet, he picked up a handful of the gold and jewels and flung them at Terence.

"Can't you see your hands, eh?" muttered Terence.

He made a flying leap for Buck, battering him mercilessly as they went down together, Terence on top.

Both men were torn, bleeding, disheveled. Buck struggled, managed to shake Terence off, and both staggered to their feet again. Then they met head on. Terence delivered a terrible thrashing, and after several minutes of fierce fighting, Buck went down again and lay still—licked—beaten—broken—cowed. Finally he scrambled to his knees, raised his hands supplicatingly. Terence seized him by the throat, his face set sternly, and with grim menace gasped:

"Buck McLeod—if you want to live—answer me—one thing—QUICK!"

Buck, begging for mercy, nodded and stammered that he would answer anything.

"Who killed Michael O'Rourke, my father?"

Buck, breathing hard, gasped:

"Spade Sinclair—his partner—shot him down in cold blood—for the topaz."

"Tell me the whole story."

"They were hunting the Yaqui gold from an old map," Buck went on. "Yer dad found how to read the signs. We wrote the secret down—and sealed it up in the topaz with wax. Sinclair knew the stone had something to do with the loot—but didn't savvy what was in it."

"An' it was this Sinclair—the same man—as killed Black Benwell. But old Marshall was driven from his ranch, hunted for years, and finally convicted for it. Sinclair fired the shot from hiding while Marshall and Benwell grappled—jes' when Marshall's gun barked by accident. Sinclair wanted Marshall's ranch—for the treasure he knew was on it."

"Who is this Sinclair?" Terence demanded. Where is he?"

Buck snarled, with hate:

"The snake—he changed his name—an' his looks. The double-crosser. He is—"

Buck paused. Terence's hand, clenching his throat, tightened, menacingly.

"Speak—quick—who is he?" he demanded.

"He's—Topaz Taggart!"

CHAPTER XVIII

A Round-Up

"Well, Taggart," said the sheriff, "here we've spent most of the day around Sierra Diablo on the trail you give us, and we haven't picked up your man yet."

"He's probably around somewhere near," replied Taggart. "We'll get him yet."

The men of the posse had become restless. They had spent too many hours on the fruitless quest.

Taggart himself was becoming increasingly irritable and nervous. On the one hand he felt that Buck would get ahead of him and get the treasure, and he was beginning to despair of his last desperate effort to secure it for himself by enlisting the aid of the sheriff. On the other hand, he began to feel that perhaps he had made a mistake—he was beginning to have a premonition that something would happen to queer his game. He was becoming panicky with fear that his own deeds would be shown up, and he wanted to break away from the sheriff's party, and flee. He was even ready to forsake all hope of the treasure, and would have been content to simply escape, if he could only think of a reasonable excuse for quitting the sheriff.

The men at the head of the posse shouted, and spurred their horses. Ahead of them they saw a group of horsemen. They started in pursuit. Taggart hung behind, then turned tail, and fled back in the other direction.

He had scarcely started when his way was blocked by a racing automobile. It was the ranger's car with Mary, Bud and Jack. Taggart turned

As they came up to the porch of the ranch house, Mary asked:

"Oh, say, Bud, is Daddy in?"

"Yea, he's in there," Bud replied.

"Well, listen," Mary whispered into his ear. Bud's eyes grew big, and his lips broadened in a huge smile.

"What?" he cried. "Do you mean it?"

Terence stood smiling, embarrassedly and nodded his head, and Mary said: "Yes, really!" and sunk back into Terence's waiting arms.

"Well, I'll be blowed," said Bud, the great benevolent smile on his face growing wider. "Sure, I'll tell him—he's glad to tell him."

As he stalked into the house, Terence rocked Mary in his arms, and bent his head over toward her face till the magnetism of her lips became irresistible, and his own were drawn against them.

"Terence, that's the eighty-seventh time today," she protested, but her eyes sparkled with happiness.

"And not the last either," said Terence with an enchanted smile.

Inside the house old Marshall was sitting at his desk, working over the ranch accounts, straightening them out after his long absence and the manipulations of Taggart. He had been a free man—back as boss of his own outfit, for two weeks now.

"Mr. Marshall," said Bud, entering.

"Mrs. O'Rourke wants to see you."

"Who?" asked Marshall, looking up from his books.

"Mrs. O'Rourke, sir."

"And who is Mrs. O'Rourke?" Marshall asked, puzzled. "I don't know any such person."

"Oh, yes, you do, pardon me, sir," Bud contradicted.

A smile of sudden comprehension crossed Marshall's face.

"Oh, perhaps I do," he said.

He strode out onto the porch and found Mary still in Terence's arms, the two of them gazing rapturously into each other's faces.

"Mary," Marshall called, in a stern voice, and frowning upon her as she responded.

"Am I to understand that, without even asking my consent or advice, you have run off and married this young fellow?"

"Well, Daddy, dear, I was sure you would approve of Terence," Mary pleaded.

"Then you HAVE married him, have you?"

"Yes."

Marshall's frown changed to a smile, and he stepped forward with outstretched arms to both of them.

"I'm glad you knew I would—"

But the last words of his sentence were smothered by Mary, drawing both father and husband to her in one loving embrace.

[THE END.]

Scotland Forever

Jean entered a butcher's shop in a little town in Scotland and demanded to see a sheep's head.

"Is it English?" she asked when one was shown her.

"No, lass, it's Scotch," replied the butcher.

"Then it'll no do," said Jean. "Misses is English and she said I was to be sure and bring English meat."

"Here, Jock!" said the butcher, tossing the sheep's head over to his assistant, "take the brains out of that, will you?"—Vancouver Province.

Two Optimists

Two hikers passing a motorist on the road: "How far is it to Rochester?"

"Seventy miles," he replied.

"Not so bad," laughed the optimists. "Only about thirty-five miles apiece."—Transportation News.



Is Winter Time Your Backache Time?

Does Your Back Foretell Every Change of the Weather? Do You Feel Old and Stiff and Suffer Sharp, Rheumatic Pains?

Then Look to Your Kidneys!

DOES every cold, chill or attack of grip leave you lame, stiff and aching? Are you nervous and depressed; feel tired, worn out and miserable? Does your back throb and ache until it seems you just can't keep going?

Then look to your kidneys! Colds and chills throw a heavy strain on the kidneys. They overload the blood with impurities that the kidneys have to filter off. The kidneys are apt to weaken under this rush of new

work, become congested and inflamed.

It's little wonder, then, that every cold finds so many folks suffering with torturing backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness and annoying kidney irregularities.

If this is the case with you, don't risk neglect! Help your weakened kidneys with a stimulant diuretic. Begin using Doan's Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. Local users testify to their worth. Ask your neighbor!

"Use Doan's," Say These Good People:

G. W. FITCH, retired farmer, Atlantic St., Roseville, Calif., says: "When I took cold, it settled on my kidneys and caused backache. I could hardly stoop, I had such pains in my back. I had to pass the kidney secretions frequently at night, and they were highly colored and burned like hot coals. I also had dizzy spells. Doan's Pills soon cured me of the attack."

MRS. M. E. SPANGER, 701 Oak St., Roseville, Calif., says: "The flu left my kidneys in bad shape. I had a weak feeling in my back and when I tried to stoop I had catches in my kidneys and was hardly able to get around. My kidneys acted too often. My head ached and I was so nervous, I nearly flew to pieces. After using Doan's Pills, I was cured."

Doan's Pills

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Blue Sky Average

Charles W. Suto of Suto & Co., San Francisco financial house, tells a story about President Mortimer Fleishacker of the Anglo-California Trust company.

It seems that Mr. Fleishacker asked a Pullman porter the amount of his average tip. The negro replied that the average amount was one dollar. Mr. Fleishacker handed him a dollar. The porter caressed the silver coin affectionately and said: "Yassuh, boss, but you is de fust pishon what has come up to the average."—The Coast Banker.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching, by hot oaths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

An Injustice

"America is now called in Europe the World Shylock," said Oscar Wells, the new president of the American Bankers' association, during the convention at Atlantic City. "Europe is as unjust to America as Nagz was unjust to matrimony."

"George," said Mrs. Nagz, "have you read this book, 'How to Be Happy Though Married'?"

"Nope," said Nagz. "I don't need to. I know how already."

"Well, how, then?" said—

"Get a divorce," said he.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Start Alike, Anyway

A teacher in the junior high school of Anderson was giving a lesson recently in the study of the Constitution and Declaration of Independence. In the course of the lesson she called for an explanation of the statement that all men are created equal. A small lad, overflowing with the ginger of youth, answered:

"No, they all weigh about the same when they are born."—Indianapolis News.

Granulated eyelids, sties, inflamed eyes relieved overnight by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial convinces. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Woman Has "Made Good"

Among women who have made good in local politics may be mentioned Miss Grace Schiska of Eugene, Ore. Miss Schiska made her political debut as a candidate for city recorder and was elected. Later she became a police judge and now she has been appointed to the office of county treasurer.

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HAS BEEN

Relieving Coughs

for 59 Years

Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

Painful Surprise

Doro surprised Mrs. Abramovitz at her home, 2485 East Fifty-seventh street, and fired a shot at her alihrd pal amfwoan.—From a crime report in the Cleveland News.



"Those bilious headaches can be prevented"

"I know how agonizing they are. For years I was a chronic sufferer."

"And the headaches were not the worst part of it. The strong drugs I used to take to relieve the pain upset my stomach and slowly but surely undermined my general health."

"Finally I found out that my headaches were due to constipation. My doctor advised Nujol. After taking it regularly a few weeks the trouble disappeared."

"Since then I have never had another headache. There is no reason why I should, for the cause has been corrected."

Nujol Corrects Constipation in Nature's Way

Constipation is dangerous for anybody. Nujol is safe for everybody. Nujol simply softens the waste matter and thus permits regular and thorough elimination without overtaxing the intestinal muscles. Medical authorities approve Nujol because it is gentle, safe and natural in its action.

To insure internal cleanliness, it should be taken regularly. Unlike laxatives, it does not form a habit and can be discontinued at any time.

Ask your druggist for Nujol today and begin to enjoy the perfect health that is possible only when elimination is normal and regular.

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THE INTERNAL LUBRICANT
For Constipation

You can take Nujol for any length of time without ill effect.