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### Warwick Priory to be Built in United States.

Warwick Priory, dating from the twelfth century and famous as part of the setting for Scott's "Kenilworth," is to be transplanted to the United States, its materials to be used there to build a reproduction near Richmond, Va., of Sulgrave Manor, home of George Washington's English ancestors in Northamptonshire.

Mysterious reports which have circulated for some days concerning the sale of the famous mansion to a United States agent were explained by the announcement that the Priory has been purchased by Alexander W. Weddell, United States Consul-General at Mexico City, and Mrs. Weddell, descendant of the Washington family. They plan to use the Warwick brick, stone and oak beams of the old structure to reproduce on their property on the outskirts of Richmond the ancestral Washington home. This will be presented to the Virginia Historical Society. A special ship will be used to convey the material to Richmond.

The first Warwick Priory was that of St. Sepulchre, founded by Henry DeNewburgh in the reign of Henry I. The present structure on this site was erected in 156, and since has undergone some alteration. It was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1575, during her visit to the Earl of Leicester at Warwick Castle, described in "Kenilworth." Recently it has been used as a private residence.

Two French airmen recently remained in the air for just over 45 hours. This is practically equivalent to two days and two nights, and is a record for aeroplane flights.



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Put the potatoes in an SMP Enamelled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off all the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

## SMP Enamelled POTATO POTS

ISSUE No 41-28.

## The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)  
All the time the smell of smoke was getting stronger. It made them cough, and brought tears to their eyes. Then there was a crackling sound behind them, and clouds of heavy smoke broke forth.  
"The forest's on fire," someone yelled.  
The attackers dropped their battle, stricken with fear, and fled for their horses. As they broke their way ahead of the oncoming flames through the forest, Terence darted to Mary's side.  
The choking smoke was becoming thicker and unbearable. Exhausted, as the suffocating fumes overcame her after all the excitement of the day, Mary had succumbed, and lay on the ground in a dead swoon.

"Mary, Mary!"  
Terence picked the girl up in his arms. Behind him the flames were beginning to break through, and the smoke became thicker and thicker. Blinded by the smoke, staggering and choking, Terence pushed his way forward with his dear burden in his arms.

When Taggart returned to the ranch house he found the plane landed, and Bud and Miquel waiting for him. While he was in the midst of giving them details of the stealing of the cattle and payroll money by rustlers, Buck McLeod and his men rode into the ranch. Buck, seeing the plane, and recognizing Bud as the man who had dropped on him to recover Terence's map, hung back out of sight, and another of the men reported to Taggart.

"O'Rourke and the girl have been caught in a forest fire."

Bud jumped to his feet, alert.  
"Perhaps I can do something," he cried. "Least I'll do my damndest."

He rushed toward the plane and swung the propeller preparatory to flight.  
Miquel followed.  
"Wait a minute," Taggart cried. "One of you ought to notify Marshall. Tell him about this, and about the rustlers, and that he'd better come up here at once. He's needed. Take one of these horses with you."

"Yes, you run back to the boss, Miquel," shouted Bud. "I'll go after Mary and O'Rourke."

He climbed to the seat, the plane taxied off, and a moment later ascended. A horse was brought to Miquel and he sped off for Marshall. Buck came up to Taggart grinning. "They won't get out of that fire alive," he said. "They had no horses."

"Send Willets to me," said Taggart, and entered the house.

Willets came in.  
"Doc," said Taggart, "we're going to settle this thing once and for all now. The girl and O'Rourke are probably dead. At least they're not around, and now is the time to put the thing over. Marshall, the old fool, will be riding up here in about an hour. Now, that would be very interesting news to the sheriff. Taggart winked. "He's been waiting fifteen years for just such an opportunity, and you can bet he would have a posse out on the road as a reception committee to Marshall. Now, it wouldn't do for it to appear that I framed him. But—there's no reason why you should just sit off the fence of law and order." Taggart winked again, and Willets leered comprehendingly.

"I get you, Topaz," he replied.  
"With Marshall out of the way for a while, the Bar M. Ranch, at the sheriff's sale for taxes, and we'll be sittin' pretty, Doc," Taggart went on. "Well, then, get on the phone, Doc,—at your own ranch; I don't want the tip to come from here—and tell the sheriff he'd better watch the road."

Grinning, Willets went off on his errand.  
CHAPTER XIV.  
THE CAPTURE.  
It was a broken man, this John Marshall, who rode alongside Miquel on the way to the Bar M. Ranch. It was not the real, strong fighting John Marshall. The news that Mary—his little Mary—was probably dead had completely unstrung him, and taken all the fight and hope and heart out of him.  
Vainly Miquel tried to console him. "There is still a chance that she lives, Senor Marshall," he kept saying. "Bud, he look for them, he find them, he bring them back safe."

But Marshall was inconsolable and hopeless.  
They had almost completed the sad journey to the Bar M, when coming around a bend in the road, they were confronted by the waiting sheriff and a posse of men, all pointing guns.  
"Halt," commanded the sheriff.  
"Senor, the sheriff," cried Miquel in terror.  
Marshall made no move. He replied, simply:  
"Miquel, doesn't matter now. Nothing matters any more. Let them put me in jail. My Mary's gone."

"In the name of the State of Arizona, I arrest you, John Marshall, for the murder of 'Black' Benway," said the sheriff.  
"I surrender, sir," Marshall replied. Miquel was sobbing. They placed a guard on each side of Marshall, and behind, and the procession started on its way.

After what seemed like an eternity of struggle through the forest of flames and smoke, Terence at last came to the rim of the woodland, on a steep blue, overhanging a crevice, Mary was still unconscious in his arms. The flames were creeping up to this last line of trees. Descent down the bluff was the only hope of escape.

But the face of his bluff was almost vertical. Clinging to shrubs, roots, and breaking footholds into the dirt, he might have scrambled down it

somehow alone. But that was impossible with Mary. Then a plan flashed into his mind.

He laid the girl on the ground, and unfastened his jacket. Making a loop around her body, and another around a tree trunk to use it as a pulley, he again lifted her into his arms. Then, clinging fast to the rope, he cautiously swung over the side of the cliff, getting footholds where he could, and gradually playing at the edge of the cliff between his hands, he lowered their two bodies slowly toward the bank of the creek. As he let the loose end of the rope go up, the one tied to their bodies let them down.

They at last reached the bank of the creek. He carried Mary to the water, and bathed her face, watching anxiously. The sight he waited for finally appeared—she opened her eyes, and smiled.

Meanwhile Bud in the plane circled as low as possible above the smoking forest, looking down intently through field glasses for any sign of the lost ones. It seemed a hopeless and futile task. He could see nothing, and if he had seen them he could figure no way in which he could reach them.

Giving up, but still flying low, he swung over the stream which flowed below the bluff at the edge of the forest. Looking down he saw two waving figures. He came lower and recognized them. But there was no place to land on this side of the stream, which was rapidly becoming a flat spot on the other bank. In a few minutes he swooped down, brought the plane to a stop there, and climbed out.

He was half a mile or so below the spot where he had seen Mary and Terence. He waited impatiently, and soon saw them coming down the other bank. They waved, plunged into the stream, and waded and swimming, finally joined him.

"We must hurry right back to the ranch," Bud said after expressing his joy to find them alive after their ordeal. "They have sent for your father, thinking you are dead. He will be worrying himself to death."

They climbed into the plane and started aloft.

Just as the sheriff's posse, with its prisoners was passing the gates of the Bar M. Ranch, there was a buzzing sound in the sky. Miquel, excited, pointed upward and cried:  
"Senor Marshall, look—the plane. Maybe she is in it—maybe Miss Mary is saved."

New hope started in old Marshall's breast. He begged the sheriff for permission to stop a few moments. It was granted. The procession halted, and waited while the plane swooped toward the ground. Miquel rushed into the ranch to meet it. At the same moment Taggart came out of the ranch house.

Marshall gazed nervously at the machine descending, trying to make out who was in it. At last it touched the ground, taxied to a stop.  
"Thank God," cried Marshall, as he saw the three figures climb out of the plane.

Miquel seized Mary by the hand and dragged her to her father. Terence, Taggart, and Bud followed.  
"See, Senor, she lives, she lives," Miquel cried. "Oh, I knew she must—I was praying so hard."

"Daddy, daddy," screamed Mary. "What does it mean? Where are they taking you?"  
Marshall dismounted—the sheriff and his men, touched, did not interfere, even though it was a technical violation of the rights of a prisoner. Mary flew to his arms.

"Don't worry, my dear," Marshall said, kissing her, stroking her head, and choking back his emotions. "They got me at last—but I'm happy—so happy that you are alive."  
Taggart came up, shook hands with Marshall, and feigned the deepest sympathy.

"But don't worry," he said. "I'm a lawyer and I'll take care of your interests. I'll see the judge first thing in the morning about bail."

Terence and others came up and shook Marshall's hand and tried to cheer him. Finally the sheriff broke in with:  
"Sorry, Marshall, we'll have to cut it short now and go along."  
Mary raged in tears and protests, and clung to her father's neck.  
"Daddy, Daddy, dear, they can't, they mustn't take you away," she screamed.  
He tried to calm her.  
"Don't worry, dear, it will all come out all right in the end," he said. He clasped her in a last long embrace, and finally tore himself from her arms as the sheriff's men began to show impatience.

Mary, supported in Terence's soothing arms, stared vacantly down the road as the procession moved on and vanished in the distance.  
CHAPTER XV.  
The news of John Marshall's arrest, reviving interest in the old murder case that had remained unsolved for fifteen years, created a stir throughout the State of Arizona. It was shrieked from the headlines of every newspaper.

Up in the city of Bisbee, Ariz., a woman who had once been pretty, and

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who still made herself attractive, awakened just before noon, slipped into a fancy silken negligee, lighted a cigarette and rang for her maid to order breakfast. She reclined on the lounge in her luxurious apartment, which was furnished like an Arabian Nights dream, and the morning paper was brought to her.

The headline caught her eye:  
**JOHN MARSHALL CAPTURED**  
Fugitive For 15 Years,  
Well Known Cattlemen  
Faces Trial For Murder  
Of "Black" Benway

She straightened up and read the despatch with great eagerness, her eyes jumping from phrase to phrase: "Trapped while making a stealthy return last evening to his ranch near Pico, after hiding across the Mexican border for fifteen years, John Marshall, well-known cattlemen, once reputed wealthy, was arrested and taken to the Pico jail to await trial for the murder of 'Black' Benway."

"After the slaying of Benway on the night of —"  
Stella Montrose dropped the paper and rang excitedly for her maid. "Pack my bag right away, Annie," she ordered, "and call for my car. I'm driving to Pico to-day."

Marshall, a sick and weary man, sat in his cell. Mary, Terence, and Taggart, who had come up to Pico first thing in the morning to visit him, sat clustered about him.  
"Daddy, we must get you out of this terrible place at once," Mary was saying.

"Taggart was acting the part of the solicitous friend and attorney. "Don't worry, don't worry," he kept saying. "I'll take care of your father. We'll get him out of this. The jury will free him."  
"But can't we do something in the meantime?" Mary begged.

"Well, I'll try," Taggart answered. "I'll go right over to the judge now and see about bail. Meanwhile, I advise that you transfer your money from Latigo to the Pico Bank at once,

so that it will be ready for this and other emergencies."  
"Oh, I can't leave Daddy at this time to go," said Mary.  
"Let me go," Terence volunteered. She accepted his proposal, and digging the bankbook from her bag, gave it to him with an order for the money. "We'll get busy at once," said Taggart. "You stay with your father a while, and come to my office later, and I'll let you know what the judge says about bail."

Terence and Taggart went out together, and mounting their horses parted on their respective missions.  
But as Terence disappeared on the road to Latigo, Taggart, instead of going to the judge, turned to the Pico Bar. He found Buck McLeod and several of the men inside.  
Buck grinned as Taggart whispered to him.  
"Lay for him in the Upper Canyon, when he's riding back with the money," Taggart concluded his directions. "He will come back through the Upper Canyon—you understand?"  
They left the bar, Buck and his gang taking the road to Latigo, Taggart starting for his law offices.  
(To be continued.)

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