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### Being Bored.

Those who are bored have meager intellectual resources. An education is ineffectual if it does not make a man a good companion for himself. The comradeship we cannot shake off, our own society, makes the larger part of the difference between an enjoyable life and a dull one.

"The eye sees what it brings the means of seeing," and a mind perceives or a heart feels to the measure of its own capacity. It is an indictment often brought against our age that the present generation must be constantly thrilled and stimulated.

There were never an era in which there were not elders who deplored the mad rush of their juniors in the eight-heeled train of folly. No period had a monopoly either of the sober philosophers or of the incurably frivolous seekers after pleasure.

The ones who tire of living, lose their enthusiasm, let their optimism be smothered by bad luck or disaster, try to be those who have every-day and want without working for it, are the happiest.

Recreation is crowded into the intervals between working hours of intense concentration. Vacations are enjoyable because they have been richly earned. What does rest mean to a man who has always been resting? What does amusement mean to one who devotes his time to it?

The great delight of being with young children is that, with all the world new and strange to them, they are pleased with lots of things that give no fresh sensation to jaded and sophisticated adults. No trait of childhood is more desirable and endearing than the spontaneous delight in things that do not cost much and are easy to make or to do. There is something wrong with a program for "childhood's sunny hour" that fills them with costly entertainment and complicated toys. A childhood thus amused points to a maturity that will have seen all the sights, heard all the sounds, tested every sensation and found them all futile and vain.

### Sentence Sermons.

We Must Eliminate—The spirit of revenge if we ever realize international peace.  
—The spirit of fear if we are ever to know God.  
—The demon of jealousy if we expect to build a happy home.  
—All trace of envy if we aspire to happiness.  
—All trace of hypocrisy if we attempt to train little children.  
—All suspicion if we expect to enjoy our friends.

## WRIGLEYS

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEYS is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.



ISSUE No. 40-25.

## The Fighting Ranger

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

### CHAPTER XI.

#### L. DYNAMITE.

Taggart broke in upon the group of cowboys clustered around Doc Willets back of the barn facing the corals.

"There's no time to lose," he cried. "You boys rustle that bunch of steers across the river, while Doc and I frame up a little joke on the girl."

The cowboys rose, grinning, and made for their horses.

"Leave me your lariat, Andy," Taggart shouted to one of them.

The man tossed him his rope. Then all mounted their horses and rode off. Taggart tore open his shirt collar, ripped one of his sleeves, and hunched his clothes.

"Now, then, Doc," he said to the laughing Willets, handing him the lariat. "Take this and come in here with me."

They both entered the barn. A few minutes later Willets came out alone.

Willets mounted his horse, and rode over to the range where the cowboys were rounding up the steers, to supervise them. He found them bunching the prime steers, the pick of the Marshall herd, and shoving them across the stream at the western edge of the ranch. One group started a few of the cattle up the bank of the stream into a small canyon, at Willets' orders.

"Just to lead 'em off the track," he explained to Buck. "They'll pick up the trail and think they all went that way. They don't dream the animals are across the river."

Slowly they began to force the main herd of steers to swim across the stream—the cowboys hastening them by swimming their horses alongside and whooping wildly.

Mary was the first to recover her sense of time and reality, and break the spell of their afternoon lode idyll. She suddenly tore herself from the arms of Terence, who had forgotten that there was anyone but Mary and anything but love in the whole world, and cried:

"Terence, how long we've been here. I wonder what's keeping Mr. Taggart?"

Thus recalled abruptly from dreamland, Terence jumped up, and seeing the uneasiness in Mary's face, said:

"Let's go see."

They stepped out the door, and to their amazement, the entire ranch, which had been bustling with activity when they arrived, seemed deserted.

"Why, there's not a soul in sight," cried Mary.

The blast was off. The air was filled with broken boulders, rocks, chips, stone dust and smoke. Tons of debris were sliding into the gap which had served as entrance to the pothole.

ing fool, and he and the girl will be on our trail before we know it."

Arrived on the other bank, where the cattle were milling about, Taggart shouted to the cowboys:

"Turn 'em into the pot-hole. We'll dry 'em up till we get a chance to get 'em away."

The cowboys whooped it up and started the herd toward the single narrow entrance to the pot-hole—a curious freak of the wilderness—a cross basin-like plateau surrounded by high rocky cliffs. The cattle were almost in a stampede as the whooping cowboys by herculean efforts raced them madly through the one narrow pass entering this place.

Standing off on their horses and watching, Taggart and Willets congratulated themselves as they saw the last bunch of steers running in through the pass. Looking back toward the stream, Taggart saw two forms on horses splash in from the other bank.

"I knew it—there comes O'Rourke and the girl," he cried. "We're just in time now to plant the sticks and close it up."

They dismounted, ran to the gap, laid a heavy charge of dynamite, lighted a fuse, remounted, and rode out of sight.

As they concealed themselves at a safe distance with the other men, Taggart said:

"When that goes up and closes the gap no one will stir their steers until we're ready to."

Willets pointed toward the bank of the stream.

"Look, there they are," he cried. They saw Terence and Mary coming out of the water and riding furiously, up toward the pothole entrance. Taggart's face blanched.

"Quick—warn them of the blast," he cried.

His men remained stock still.

"Do you hear?" yelled Taggart angrily, with an oath.

Still the men remained motionless, and Buck McLeod answered:

"It's too late—we'd be blown to pieces ourselves if we go up there now."

Watching, they saw Terence on his horse mounting to the top of the ledge while Mary waited just below. They saw him reach the summit and look down into the pothole, then wave his arms excitedly to Mary, and pointed down into the pothole where he had discovered the cattle. They saw Mary wave back and—

BOO-O-O-O-OOM!!!

The blast was off. The air was filled with broken boulders, rocks, chips, stone dust and smoke. Tons of debris were sliding into the gap which had served as entrance to the pothole.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE FLIGHT TO TREASURE TROVE.

At the sound of the blast, Komi, who was riding not far off, spurred his horse and dashed to the scene. He arrived at about the same moment as Taggart and his aides, and kept himself under cover of the brush where he could watch. While Taggart, Willets, and the others bent over the unconscious form of Mary, Buck McLeod went off toward the spot where Terence and his aides had last been seen.

He returned excitedly to Taggart with a piece of parchment upon which was part of a crudely drawn map.

"I found this in his coat," he said. Taggart looked at the map with wide eyes.

At that moment they heard a loud buzzing sound in the sky, and looking up saw an airplane approaching, descending toward them.

"Buck, take that map and beat it to the Diablo Trail as fast as you can go," Taggart ordered. "I'll meet you there in an hour—come on men, let's get out of the way. We can't let anyone know we had anything to do with this blast."

As they started riding for cover, Taggart asked Willets hoarsely:

"Think they'll live, Doc?"—and added after a second, "Hope the girl does."

The plane manoeuvred, found a landing place, and dropped to earth close by where Mary lay. Bud Hughes and Miquel jumped out. They found Komi, who had come out of his cover, bending over her.

"She lucky, she live, not bad hurt," cried the old Indian.

Up above them Terence was recovering consciousness. Fortune had been kind to him also, and the slide of shale and rock had only stunned him. His first thought as he recovered his senses was of Mary. He ran down from the ridge and found her coming to under the ministrations of Komi, Miquel and Bud.

"Mary, are you all right?" Terence asked with trembling voice.

A smile quivered on her lips as her eyes opened into his, bending over her. She reached for his hand, and pressed it. In a few moments she sat up, quite recovered.

Komi touched Terence on the elbow. "Bad man Buck—he go your pocket—take something—fast go away!"

Terence's hands agitatedly went through his pockets.

"The map," he cried. "It's gone. I must get it back. It's most important—and it may mean much to you, too, Mary."

"Come on then," said Bud, pointing to the plane. "Quick, we'll find him."

They thanked Komi, who sped off on his horse, and jumped into the plane.

"You see, I did fix her up, and she's as good as new," said Bud, as the machine took to the air. "And lucky it was, too, for they found us out down in Paradise Canyon this morning. A big gang of them got in, attacked us, and would have had us beaten. But we managed to get to the plane—Mr. Marshall, Miquel, Ramon and myself—and escaped."

They were getting high enough now to survey the country below them.

## Your Grocer Sells

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Have you tried it? The tiny, rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japanese Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

"That's why I flew down here, Miss Marshall," Bud continued, turning to Mary. "Your father wanted you to know of the new hideout—we found a new smaller canyon, nearer to the ranch. He wanted Miquel and me to stop in and see how things were going at the ranch too."

Terence was peering down intently at the earth.

"There," he cried suddenly, pointing. "That must be our man."

All looked down and saw a black speck moving rapidly along the road. Bud dropped the plane down quite low over the moving form.

"Is it him, Terence?"

There was a revolver shot from below. The man on horseback was firing at them.

"Guess it's him all right," said Terence. "But we can't land here to catch him."

"You take the controls," said Bud, "and when I say so, fly very low, right over him. I'm going to show you a stunt I used to do in the flying circus."

Terence took the pilot's seat, and Bud got a rope ladder out of the cockpit. He swung himself deftly out upon the wing, attached the ladder to the bottom of the plane, and climbed down to the end of the ladder, clutching it with his hands, his feet hanging.

"All right, drop me on his neck," he cried.

Terence circled the plane back toward the horseman, then carefully dropped him. Hanging by the ladder, the plane riding along within a few feet of the ground, Bud's swinging legs caught Buck McLeod around the neck, unhorsing him. Bud let go of the ladder and the two men rolled into the dust. Before McLeod had recovered his senses, Bud had gotten the map out of his pocket, and started signaling to Terence in the plane.

Bud mounted McLeod's horse, and as the plane came hovering close over him, the ladder swinging within him, he clutched it and was lifted into the air. In a couple of minutes he climbed back into the cockpit and handed the piece of map to Terence.

"Great work, Bud," said Terence. He showed the map to Mary. "This shows where the Yaqui treasure is hidden," he explained. "If we can only find it, your father's troubles will be over. It's on the Sierra Diablo trail. Let's start looking this afternoon."

"Why that's on part of Dad's ranch property," said Mary, looking at the map.

They found a landing place near the trail, in the general vicinity of the supposed hiding place of the Indian treasure.

Mary and Terence jumped out.

"Miquel and I'll beat it back to the ranch to get a report for Mr. Marshall on whether they've caught the rustlers yet," said Bud. "Be here at 6 o'clock, and I'll return and pick you up."

They waved adieu and the plane ascended to the sky again.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SMOKE AND FLAMES.

"The trail to Treasure Trove," said Mary, smiling, as they walked arm in arm along the trail.

"But I've already found my best treasure," answered Terence looking at her lovingly. "It's you, dear."

"Now, Terence, no time for that today," said Mary. "We have business to attend to."

"Yes, you're right, Mary," he replied. "We must locate this gold. Once we do, the rest will be smooth sailing. Your father's ranch will be saved, and you and I—you and I—"

She squeezed his arm tenderly, and they pressed forward into the forest.

Taggart and a few of his henchmen waited on horseback on the Sierra Diablo trail. At last Buck McLeod, battered and dusty, rode up.

"What makes you so late?" asked Taggart glaring.

Buck told what had happened. Taggart looked disgusted.

"Then I may as well go back," he said angrily. "You fellows stick around, and if they come here see what you can do. Report back to me to-night."

He rode off.

Buck McLeod and his gang started prowling through the forest. There was a strong smell of smoke, apparently from some distance, in the air. They stopped at the sound of voices, and peering through the shrubbery saw Mary and Terence.

"It's them," said McLeod. "Now we'll fix 'em."

They dismounted, and broke through the brush. One of the men seized Mary, and Buck and two others went directly for Terence. He met their

attack bravely, knocking two of them to the ground at the first onslaught, and sloughing Buck, the remaining one, mightily. But the other two men rose and came to their leader's aid. He was attacked from behind and in front. Arms clung to his neck, and grappled his waist. He could not keep up the unequal struggle against such odds much longer.

(To be continued.)



He—"I feel right at home in the water."  
She—"Dad says you never could keep your head above water."

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Taxis Carry Millions.  
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—their legs wouldn't become so tough.

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Old Reliable Nuisance.

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will arouse father without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, madam," said the man behind the counter. "We keep just the ordinary kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing father."

Willing to Oblige.

The famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him, bitterly:

"Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"

Destructive Elephants.

Elephants of Africa do tremendous damage to native farms.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.