



SYNOPSIS.

End Maitland, a frank, free and un-... young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protegee, falls in love with her...

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

Ever as they went they called and called. The broken obstructions of the way made their progress slow. What they would have passed over ordinarily in half a day, they had not traversed by nightfall and they had seen nothing. They camped that night far down the canon and in the morning, with hearts growing heavier every hour, they resumed their search.



It Was a Woman's Sweater.

evidences of discoloration still re- mained, "looks like there'd bin blood on it." "Great God!" cried Maitland, "not that bear; I'd rather anything than that."

They searched the pile eagerly, pry- ing under it, peering into it, upsetting it, so far as they could with their naked hands, but with little result, for they found nothing else. They had to camp another day, and next morning they hurried straight over the moun- tains, reaching the settlement almost as soon as the others. Maitland with furious energy at once organized a re- lief party. They hurried back to the logs, tore the jam to pieces, searched it carefully and found nothing. To drag the lake was impossible. It was hundreds of feet deep and while they worked it froze. The weather had changed some days before, heavy snows had already fallen; they had to get out of the mountains without further delay or else be frozen up to die. Then and not till then did Mait- land give up hope. He had refrained from writing to Philadelphia, but when he reached a telegraph line some ten days after the cloudburst, he sent a long message east, breaking to his brother the awful tidings.

And in all that they did he and Kirkby, two of the shrewdest and most experienced of men, showed with singular exactitude how easy it is for the wisest and most capable of men to make mistakes, to leave the plain trail, to fall to deduce the truth from the facts presented. Yet it is difficult to point to a fault in their reasoning, or to find anything left un- done in the search! End had started down the canon; near the end of it they had discovered one of her garments which they could not conceive any reason for her tak- ing off. It was near the battered body of one of the biggest Grizzlies that either man had ever seen, it had evi- dence of blood stains upon it; still, they had found no body, but they were as profoundly sure that the man- gled remains of the poor girl lay with- in the depths of that mountain lake as if they had actually seen her there. The logic was all flawless. It so happened that on that Novem- ber morning, when the telegram was approaching him, Mr. Stephen Mait- land had a caller. He came at an un- usually early hour. Mr. Stephen Maitland, who was no longer an early riser, had indeed just finished his breakfast when the card of Mr. James Armstrong of Colorado was handed to him.

The Chalice of Courage Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered A Romance of Colorado By Cyrus Townsend Brady

"If you please, sir," began James hesitatingly, as he re-entered the room, "he says his business is about the young lady, sir." "Confound his impudence!" ex- claimed Mr. Maitland, more and more annoyed at what he was pleased to characterize mentally as western as- surance. "Where is he?" "In the hall, sir." "Show him into the library and say I shall be down in a moment." "Very good, sir." It was a decidedly wrathful individ- ual who confronted Stephen Maitland a few moments afterward in the li- brary, for Armstrong was not accus- tomed to such cavalier treatment, and had Maitland been other than End's father he would have given more out- ward expression at his indignation over the discourtesy in his reception. "Mr. James Armstrong, I believe," began Mr. Maitland, looking at the card in his hand. "Yes, sir." "Er—from Colorado?" "And proud of it." "Ah, I dare say. I believe you wish- ed to see me about—"

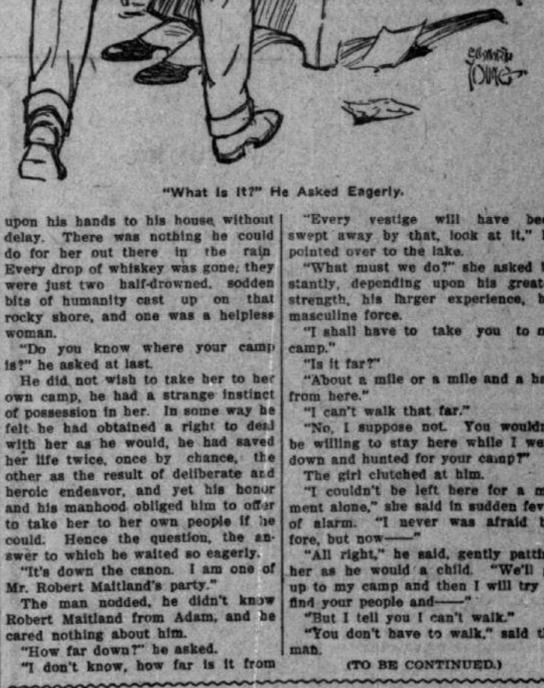
as death, sat collapsed in the chair gasping for breath, his hand on his heart; the telegram lay open on the floor. Armstrong recognized the se- riousness of the situation, and in three steps was by the other's side. "What is it?" he asked eagerly, his hatred and resentment vanishing at the sight of the old man's ghastly, stricken countenance. "End!" gasped his father. "I said I would rather see her—dead, but it is not true—I—"

CHAPTER IX. "Over the Hills and Far Away." Recognition—or some other more potent instantaneous force—brought the woman to a sitting position. The man drew back to give her freedom of action, as she lifted herself on her hands. It was moments before com- plete consciousness of her situation came to her. The surprise was yet too great, she saw things dimly through a whirl of driving rain, of a rushing mighty wind, of a seething sea of water, but presently it was all plain to her again. She had caught no fair view of the man who had shot the bear as he splashed through the creek and tramped across the rocks and trees down the canon, at least she had not seen him full face, but she recognized him immediately. The thought tinged with color for a moment her pallid cheek. "I fell into the torrent," she said feebly, putting her hand to her head and striving by speech to put aside that awful remembrance. "You didn't fall in," was the an- swer, "it was a cloudburst, you were caught in it." "I didn't know." "Of course not, how should you?" "And how came I here?" "I was lucky enough to pull you out."



This unfortunate accident made him the more anxious to get her to a place of shelter without delay. It would be necessary to take off her boot and give the wounded member proper treatment. For the present the tight shoe acted as a bandage, which was well. When the man had withdrawn him- self from the world, he had inwardly resolved that no human being should ever invade his domain or share his solitude, and during his long sojourn in the wilderness his determination had not weakened. Now his coming desire was to get this woman whom fortune—good or ill!—had thrown here to where you—where—where— we—"

"About a mile," he replied, quickly fully understanding her reason for faltering. "Then I think I must have come at least five miles from the camp this morning." "It will be four miles away, then," said the man. The girl nodded. "I couldn't carry you that far," he murmured half to himself; "I question if there is any camp left there any- way. Where was it, down by the wa- ter's edge?" "Yes."



"What is it?" He Asked Eagerly.

upon his hands to his house without delay. There was nothing he could do for her out there in the rain. Every drop of whiskey was gone; they were just two half-drowned, sodden bits of humanity cast up on that rocky shore, and one was a helpless woman. "Do you know where your camp is?" he asked at last. He did not wish to take her to her own camp, he had a strange instinct of possession in her. In some way he felt he had obtained a right to deal with her as he would, he had saved her life twice, once by chance, the other as the result of deliberate and heroic endeavor, and yet his honor and his manhood obliged him to offer to take her to her own people if he could. Hence the question, the an- swer to which he waited so eagerly. "It's down the canon. I am one of Mr. Robert Maitland's party."

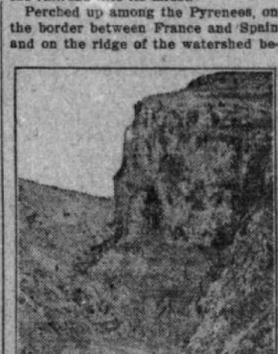
That settled it. They found a Frank and a Flossie were married and Frank lived then at 53 Essex street, Lynn, from where he was traced. Flossie, before she became Mrs. Brown, was Miss Lauckner of 41 Porter street, Lynn. FINDS GREAT STORE OF LOOT Stocks of Silks and Satins Valued at \$25,000 Is Discovered by Alert Policeman. New York—A policeman passing a tall loft building on Tenth avenue heard men's voices coming from an upper floor, and broke in to investi- gate. In a closet on the fourth floor he found a muscular young man who jumped at him so quickly that they both rolled down three flights of stairs together. The young man was underneath at the foot of the stairs, and was promptly handcuffed. A search of the lofts revealed a great stack of silks and satins, valued at \$25,000, packed up ready to be taken away. The prisoner told the police later that three other men escaped while he was struggling on the stairs. They had an automobile outside the building to use in carrying off their loot, he said.

Canary an Ardent Motorist

Atlanta Man Has a Bird That Has Traveled More Than 20,000 Miles in Automobile. Many dogs and cats regularly re- ceive their airings in motor cars and have shown distinct preference for these rides, but a canary bird is the latest addition to the ranks of motor- ists. Dick Levi of Atlanta, Ga., is the par- ticular canary that has the distinc- tion of being the first in this field and he is said to have traveled over twenty thousand miles in a motor car. J. E. Levi of Atlanta tells an interesting story of Dick. Dick's first ride in an automobile was in a Premier 24, bought by Mr. Levi in Philadelphia in 1906. Dick was one year old at that time, and with Mr. and Mrs. Levi his mileage around Philadelphia, in- cluding several trips to Boston, was ten thousand miles. The three motorists made a trip of twelve hundred miles from Boston to Atlanta in October, 1906, being the first to cover this route in a motor car. They went by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia over the mountains, along the Southern railway. On several occasions they were out all night in their car, sleeping by the roadside. Mr. Levi says they spent three weeks in a constant rain during this trip. All the time running on low gear Mr. Levi is almost always accompanied by Mrs. Levi, who is also an expert at the wheel of a car, and Dick is always the third member of the party. He has become so enamored of motoring

LITTLE NATION OF ANDORRA

Republic is a Veritable Rip Van Win- kle Land Hidden High Among the Pyrenees. Paris, France.—There is nothing else in the world quite like the little "pro- tected republic" of Andorra, a verita- ble Rip Van Winkle land, hardly yet stirring from its thousand years' slum- ber, and in its dreams it still hears echoing the march of the valiant pal- adins of Charlemagne, by whose help it came into being. But it is likely to waken soon and be made to realize that it, too, belongs to the 20th cen- tury. For a railroad is being built across the Pyrenees just east of An- dorra, and then will be sure to come a wagon road—the valley can be en- tered now only by a bridge path—from the railroad into its midst.



Old Stronghold in Andorra.

tween the Atlantic and the Mediter- ranean, the flag of this proud little na- tion flutters over a region that is al- most as much the land of the free and quite as much the home of the brave as is that of the Stars and Stripes, al- though it includes but 175 square miles and contains a population of only 6,000 souls. For over 700 years Andorra has thrived under a modified double pro- tectorate, the rule of France on the north and that of the Bishop of Urgel on the south. A representative of each lives in the valley, administers justice and receives a small biennial tribute. Otherwise Andorra is an independent and self-governing state. Its relations to these two "over-lords" are a quaint survival of medieval feudalism.

FINDS HIS LONG-LOST RING

Man Gets Wedding Band Buried in Sand Three Years at King's Beach in Massachusetts. Boston, Mass.—Three years ago this summer J. Franklin Brown, now head bookkeeper in a shoe factory at Chelsea, lost a wedding ring while in bathing on King's Beach, Swamp- scott. Today he has the ring, and be- hind its restoration is a story of a bit of detective work. Two weeks ago Arthur Getchell, mail clerk in the Lynn postoffice, was rolling around on the beach in a bathing suit when the sandy recess in which the ring had lain hidden for three years was exposed. The only clue to the identity of the owner was an inscription on the inside which read, "From Flossie to Frank, Oct. 11, 1905."

FINDS GREAT STORE OF LOOT

Sells Stove to See Show. Hardin, Colo.—Daniel Hardin, a far- mer, sold his cook stove that his wife and five children might see a circus performance. Hardin had promised his family that they might see the show, but a halftomorrow a day or so ago destroyed his crops and left him without money for tickets. When a ditch crew offered him \$15 for his stove he accepted. No Pay Check, No Wash. Chicago.—Judge Gemmill of the do- mestic relations court told "Bill" Coughenour if he didn't bring his wife his pay check Saturday night, she didn't have to wash his clothes. Use Barrel as Collection Plate. Waukegan, Ill.—Instead of a collec- tion plate, a barrel was used for con- tributions at the Zion City tabernacle. Deacons announced that it contained \$7,600. Men Lays Huge Egg. Springfield, L. I.—A hen belonging to Stephen Decker has laid an egg eight and a half inches around and weighing four and a half ounces.