

SYNOPSIS.

nd, a frank, free and un-Phailadelphia girl, is taken do mountains by her uncle, land, James Armstrong, otege, falls in love with her, twoolng thrills the girl, but chief and the series of the se

CHAPTER XIX-(Continued). ogether admirable had been s Armstrong's outwardly success-In much that is high and and manly his actions-and his -had often been lacking, but base can love, and sometimes forms, if it be given a The passion of Cymon for Iphla, made a man and prince out of le boor, and his real love for faitland might have done more for Armstrong than he himself or anythere were who had such There was one thing that could not do, however; it d not make him a patient philer, a good waiter. His rule of He was not very high, but in one way irable, in that prompt, bold re action was his chiefest charac

On this certain morning a month the heart-breaking disaster, his pover of passive endurance had been to the vanishing point. at white range was flung in his face hallenge. Within its secret reses lay the solution of the mystery. ere, dead or alive, beyond the rampart was the woman he It was impossible for him to quiet any longer. Common reason, every argument that madduced, suddenly became of tht. He lifted his head and d straight westward, his eyes the long semicircle of horizon s which the mighty range was the string of a mighty bow. Each te peak mocked him, the insolent ression of the range called him iregression of the sistibly to action.

"By Heaven," he said under his reath, rising to his feet, "winter or er, I go." Robert Maitland had offices in the

me building. Having once come to a nation, there was no more untainty or hesitation about Arm g's course. In another moment standing in the private room of his friend. The two men were not along there. Stephen Maitland sat in a low chair before another window ed from the desk somewhat, taring out at the range. The old was huddled down in his seat, mery line of his figure spoke of grief and despair. Of all the places in Den-ter, he liked best his brother's office ng the rampart of the mounins, and hour after hour he sat there tly looking at the summits, some es softly shrouded in white, some-es swept bare by the fierce winter es that blew across them, some s shining and sparkling so that scarce sustain their reflection the dazzling sun of Colorado; and er times seen dimly through its of whirling snow.

Oh, yes, the mountains challenged also to the other side of the His heart yearned for his ld, but he was too old to make pe as he could still cherish unbreak up of the spring came. s noticed him, nobody marked him, dy minded him. Robert Maitland ted his business a little more tly, a little more gently, that was Yet the presence of his brother a living grief and a living re-Although he was quite ameless he plamed himself. He had bot known how he had grown to love ece until he had lost her. His ce accused him hourly, and or how he could have done diftly. It was a helpless and hopeuation. To him, therefore, en

Maitland," he began, "I can't stand any longer. I'm going into the moun

You are mad!"

and face them, damn them, and remain quiet.

"You will never come out alive. "Oh, yes, I will; but if I don't, I swear to God I don't care."

Old Stephen Maitland rose unsteadily to his feet and gripped the back of his chair.

"Did I hear aright, sir?" he asked, with all the polished and graceful courtesy of birth and breeding which never deserted him in any emergency whatsoever. "Do you say-

"I said I was going into the moun-ther. tains to search for her."

"It is madness," urged Robert Mait-

But the old man did not hear him. "Thank God!" he exclaimed with deep feeling. "I have sat here day aft- "Armstrong here," continuous er day and watched those mighty hills, and I have said to myself that if I had youth and strength as I have love, would not wait."

would have been hard to have heard and seen that father unresponsively; "and I am not going to wait, either."

"I understand your feelings, Jim. and yours, too. Steve," began Robert Maitland, arguing against his own emo tions, "even if she escaped the flood. she must be dead by this time."

"You needn't go over the old argu-ment, Bob. I'm going into the mountains, and I'm going now. No," he continued swiftly, as the other opened his mouth to interpose further object tions, "you needn't say another word. I'm a free agent, and I'm old enough to decide what I can do. There is no argument, there is no force, there is no appeal, there is nothing that will restrain me. I can't sit here and eat my heart out when she may be there."
"But it's impossible!"

"It is impossible. How do I know that there may not have been some-body in the mountains; she may have wandered to some settlement, some hunter's cabin, some prospector's hut." "But we were there for weeks and saw nothing, no evidence of humanity."

"I don't care. The mountains are filled with secret nooks you could pass by within a stone's throw, and never see into; she may be in one of them. ere who had such I suppose she is dead, and it's all fool-him, dreamed was ish, this hope; but I'll never believe it "Jim Armstrong," answere

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

By Cyrus Townsend Brady Author of "The line and the tian."

"The Island of Regeneration,
"The Better tian, "Heart's and
the flighway," "As the Sparks
Fly Upward," a Mustrations by Claworth Young

"Kirkby," said Robert Maitland, smil-

"And I, cannot I accompany you?"

"You ain't got the stren'th, of

pleaded Stephen Maitland, eagerly

could do, you'd jest be a drag on us.

an' Bob Maitland an'-

"Bring him in," directed Maitland, on turning to Stephen Maitland, "an' eager to welcome him.

He fancied that the newcomer would believe I can understand better than indoubtedly assist him in dissuading any one else yere what you are feelin'." Armstrong from his foolhardy, useless enterprise.

"Mornin', old man," drawled Kirkby. little as he bowed respectfully toward you two myself." Mr. Stephen Maitland, a very sympathetic look in the old frontiersman's eyes at the sight of the bereaved fa-

"Kirkby, you've come in, the very nick of time," at once began Robert man.

Maitland. "Allus glad to be Johnny-on-the-

"Armstrong here," continued the other, intent upon his purpose, "says he can't wait until the spring and the snow melt, he is going into the mountains now to look for Enid."

"You are right," returned Arm-strong, equally moved, and indeed it didn't care for him a little bit, but there was something in the bold hardihood of the man, something in the way which he met the reckless challenge of the mountains that the old man and all the others felt that moved the inmost soul of the hardy frontiersman He threw an approving glance at him.

"I tell him that it is absurd, impossible, that he risks his life for noth ing, and, I want you to tell him the same thing. You know more about the mountains than either of us."

"Mr. Kirkby," quavered Stephen Maitland, "allow me. I don't want to influence you against your better judgment, but if you could sit here as I have done, and think that maybe she is there, and perhaps alive still, and in need, you would not say a word to deter him." "Why, Steve," expostulated Robert

Maitland, "surely you know I would risk anything for Enid. Somehow, it seems as if I were being put in the selfish position by my opposition."

"No, no," said his brother. "It isn't that. You have your wife and chil-

dren, but this young man-"Well, what do you say, Kirkby? Not that it makes any difference to me what anybody says. Come, we are wasting time," interposed Armstrong, who, now that he had made up his

"Jim Armstrong." answered Kirkby,



keep the three who remained from I ain't no kin to her, but, by gosh, I freezing to death. Fortunately they were favored with a brief period of pleasant weather, and a few days served to make a sufficiently habitable ing at the other two, "you have gone clean back on me. I thought you had strong worked with the rest. There "Howdy, Armstrong, my respects to you, sir," he said, sinking his voice a contagious, for I am going along with lives depended upon the erection of a suitable shelter, and it was not until the helpers, leaving their burdens behind them, had departed, that the three men even considered what was

drawing near to the other three.
"Not much," said old Kirkby prompt-"We must begin a systematic search tomorrow," said Armstrong decisive-You don't know them mountains. ly, as the three men sat around the nuther. You'd be helpless on a pair o' snow shoes; there ain't anything you cheerful fire in the hut.

"Yes," assented Maitland. "Shall we go together, or separately?"

Without sayin' anything about myself, "Separately, of course. We are all wich I'm too modest for that, there ain't three better men in Colorado to hardy and experienced men. Nothing tackle this job than Jim Armstrong is apt to happen to us. We will meet Well, as I here every night and plan the next

"Well, for Ged's sake, old cried Armstrong, impatiently, "what did you find, anything?" This," answered Kirkby, carefully producing a folded scrap of paper from

his leather vest. Armstrong fell on it ravenously, and as Maitland bent to him, they be read these words by the firelight.

"Miss Enid Maitland, whose foot is so badly crushed as to prevent her traveling, is safe in a cabin at the head of this canon. I put this notice here to reassure any one who may be seek ing her as to her welfare. Follow the stream up to its source.

"WM. BERKELY NEWBOLD." "Thank God!" exclaimed Robert Maitland.

"You called me a fool, Kirkby," said Armstrong, his eyes gleaming. "What do you think of it now?" "It's the fools, I find," said Kirkby

sapiently, "that gener'ly gits there. Providence seems to be a-watchin' over 'em." "You said you chanced on this pa

per, Jack," continued Maitland. "It looks like the deliberate intention of Almighty God." "I reckon so," answered the other, simply. "You see He's got to look

after all the fools on earth to keep 'em from doin' too much damage to their selves an' to others in this yere crook ed trail of a world."

"Let us start now," urged Arm-

strong.
"'Tain't possible," said the old man. taking another puff at his pipe, and only a glistening of the eye betrayed the joy that he felt; otherwise his phlegmatic calm was unbroken, his de-meanor just as undisturbed as it always was. "We'd jest throw away our lives a-wanderin' round these yere mountains in the dark. We've got to have light, an clear weather. Ef it should be snowin' in the mornin' we'd have to wait until it cleared."

"I won't wait a minute," said Armstrong. "At daybreak, weather or no weather, I start."

'What's your hurry, Jim?" continued Kirkby, caimly. "The gal's safe; one day more or less ain't goin' to make

"She's with another man," answered

Armstrong quickly.
"Do you know this Newbold?" asked Maitland, looking at the note again. "No, not personally, but I have heard of him."

"I know him," answered Kirkby quickly, "an' you've seed him too, Bob; he's the feller that shot his wife, that married Louise Rosser."

"That man!" "The very same."

"You say you never saw him, Jim?" "I repeat I never met him," said Armstrong, flushing suddenly; "but I

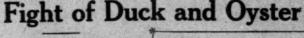
knew him wife." "Yes, you did that-" drawled the old mountaineer.

"What do you mean?" flushed Arm-

strong.
"I mean that you knowed her, that's all," answered the old man with an in-nocent air that was almost childike. When the others woke up in the morning Armstrong's sleeping bag was empty. Kirkby crawled out of his own warm nest, opened the door and peered out into the storm.

"Well," he said, "I guess the damn fool has beat God this time. It look to me as if even He could save

"But we must go after him at once," urged Maitland. "See for yourself," answered the old



"I am going up the canon instead of Bivaive Conquered by Clinging to the Fowl's Bill Until the Bird Was Drowned.

> Not long ago there occurred a lively contest in Maryland waters between a duck and an oyster. The oyster was victorious, but it was a fatal victory, for when the bivalve had killed

The combat between the duck and where about where you did. We can get enough husky men up at Morrison who ble kind. The duck was large and will pack in what we want, and with

> long plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell.

> a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller bivalves clinging near the dock, where it was captured. When taken from the water the oyster was clinging to the bird's beak with such force that considerable difficulty was had in breaking its hold.

amazed at the clever manner in which the "buffet" bag was arranged. It contained specially marie places for sand-wiches and ple, besides a flask-like arrangement with a screw top for the coffee. To cap the climax, salt and pepper shakers were set in the sides. "It's a little idea of my own," explained the young womm. "I had the bag, that looks just like an ordinary hand bag when you carry it on the street, made from my own drawings."

"I have washed every window in my house myself, and all in one fore-noon," said a young woman who is house myself, and all in one forenoon," said a young woman who is
noted for knowing the easiest and
quickest ways to do housework to a
writer for the New York Sun. "And
what's more, I did not use a drop of
water. No slopping around with wet
rags for me." "How do you manage
it?" asked the friend. "Just this way,"
was the reply. "I buy a pint of denait?" asked the friend. "Just this way,"
was the reply. "I buy a pint of denatured alcohol which will wash two
dozen windows. Then I simply put a
little on a cloth and rub the window
briskly a moment. The dirt comes off
in a twinkling and the windows are
left clean and bright. It takes just
one-half the time and is only one-quarter the work of the old soap and water
way." Way."

Wanted It Located.

Her Luncheon Bag.

While calling on a business friend about the lunch hour yesterday I was greatly surprised to see his fair stenographer eating and drinking from what had the appearance of being an ordinary hand bag. Invited to inspect the article in question, however, I was

HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering all of the time with an aching back has a heavy burden to carry. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered at all. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women suffering in this way. It is the best-recommended special kidney remedy.



Unconscious Verity "Was the Indian scalping story of Tom's thrilling?" "Thrilling? It was hair-raising!"

A great majority of summer ills are due to Malaria in suppressed form. Las-situde and headaches are but two symp-toms. OXIDINE eradicates the Malaria germ and tones up the entire system. Adv.

"The papers say carrots will make

one beautiful."
"Huh! "That's only yellow journal At the Opera.

"That singer has a powerful voice."
"I should say so. I can't hear my self speak when he's singing." For the Car.

"She worries every time he takes the car out."

"Yes, I don't blame her. They had to save a long time to get that car.

Easy Road in Music.

"My boy Louie is indolent," said the usician, "but I must sa he is smart."
"Is he going to follow in your footsteps?"

"No. I learned to play the clarinet and I've got to march at least eight miles every time there is a parade. Louie is learning the harp, so that they will have to let him sit down.

It was the time of the singing lesson at the local council school, and the teacher was explaining to the young hopefuls that if a "trebie," and "alto," a "tenor" and a "bass" sung together, their united efforts would constitute a quartet.

There seemed no trouble about that, and the teacher thought the class was getting on very nicely.

"Now, Jimmy, leave off pinching your brother's leg and listen to me," said she. "If a bass and tenor sang to-gether, what would you call that?"

Jimmy was the son of the local milk-man, and a bright lad withal. His answer was not long in coming

"Please, miss," said he, "that would be a 'pintette."

TEMPORARY POSSESSION.



Willie-It's all right, gran'pa, I'm

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS. He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. An overworked Ohio doctor tells his

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and con-stipation, loss of weight and appetite,

stipation, loss of weight and appette, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of

salt or sugar.
"My improvement was rapid and permanent, in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often

for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, The Road to
Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy
patient along with the indicated rem-

"There's a reason Name given by Postum Co., Battle reek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new ne appears from time to time. They ire genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.



"It is Madness," Urged Robert Maitland.

the longest, even."

attempt. He could only sit and do that as soon as the spring opens; with you."

and wait with such faint and fadbut what's the use of trying to do it "Oh, the

for ber there."

"But you will never come back if you once get in those mountains alone."
"I don't care whether I do or not. It's no use, old man, I am going, and that's all there is about it." Robert Maitland knew men. He rec-

ognized finality when he heard it, or when he saw it, and it was quite eviwhen he saw it, and it was quite evident that he was in the presence of it said cautiously. "So far's I'm conthen. It was no use to say more.
"Very well," he said. "I honor you for your feeling, even if I don't 'think

much of your common sense."
"Damn common sense," cried Arm-

At that moment there was a tap on the door. A clerk from the outer of fice bidden to enter, announced that old Kirkby was in the ante room.

Nobody's gold to show he the tound and there, all working like beavers, they built a rude but which they covided bidden to enter, announced that girl, is as good as anybody's I erred with canvas and then with tightful that girl, is as good as anybody's I guess You're her father." he drawled, ly packed show, and which would

until I have examined every square decidedly. "I never thought much rod within a radius of 50 miles from you in the past, an' I think sence your camp. I'll take the long chance, you've put out this last projick of yourn, that I'm entitled to call you a "Well, that's all right," said Rob-ert Maitland. "Of course, I intend to

"Oh, thank God!" cried Stephen

now?"

"It's use to me. I'll either go mad here in Denver, or I must go to seek here in Denver, or I must go to seek ed Armstrong. "That's neither here nor there. Perhaps you have cause to dislike me, perhaps you have not. I don't like you any too well myself, but there's no man on earth I'd rather have go with me on a quest of this kind than you, and there's my hand

Kirby shook it vigorously. Maitland, but I admires your spirit,
Armstrong, an' I'm goin' with you.

Tain't no good, 'twon't produce nothin', land camp The place was covered cerned, you ain't good enough for Miss most likely we'll never come back with snow, of course, but on a shelf of strong, triumphantly. "It's love that agin; but jest the same, I'm goin' rock half way up the hogback, they moves me now."

"God bless you all, gentlemen," faltered Stephen Maitland. "I think, perhaps, I may have been wrong, a little prejudiced against the west. You are men that would do honor to any family, to any secrety in philadelphia or any. in Philadelphia or any- that he ha

"I'm Goin' Into the Mountains With You."

"My plan," said Armstrong, "is to go

to the old camp.
"Yep," said Kirkby, "that's a good

point of deeparture, as my seafarin' fa-ther down Cape Cod way used to say;

down," said the man, with a flash of

"That ain't no bad idea, auther."

assented the old man. "We looked the

ground over pretty thoroughly down the canon. Mebbe we can find some

"And what do you propose to take

that as a basis we will explore the up-

"There is a train for Morrison in

A week later a little band of me

rock half way up the hogback, they

with you?" asked Maitland.

per reaches of the range.

"And when do we start?"

an' wot's next?"

inspiration.

thing up it."

said, I won't mention no other names." | day's work. What do you say, Kirk-

where else."

"Lord love ye," drawled Kirkby, his touches on this yere camp, I come eyes twinkling. "There ain't no three men on the Atlantic seaboard that kin match up with two of us yere, to say nothin' of the third."

"While you was puttin' the finishin' touches on this yere camp, I come acrost a heap o' stuns that somehow the wind had swept bare, there was a big rift in front of it which kep' us from seein' it afore; it was built no

match up with two of us yere, to say nothin' of the third."

"Well," said Robert Maitland, "the thing now is to decide on what's to be done."

"My plan," said Armstrong, "is to go acrost it by any chance an—"

"See for yoursell, many lead to the man, throwing wider the door. "We've man, throwing wider the door. "We've man, throwing wider the door. "We've was no trees, an' in our lumberin' operations we less we give the Almighty the job o' lookin' after three instid o' one."

"To be continued."

Fight of Duck and Oyster

the duck there appeared a man who killed the oyster and ate them both. "What we can carry on he backs of men. We will make a camp somewhere about where you did. We can get

cles frequently seen in those waters. Now when the oyster feeds it opens itself is plainly visible. The sight of two hours," answered Armstrong. "We such a morsel was too great a tempta-can get what we want in the way of tion for the duck. He made a head-

can get what we want in the way of sleeping bags and equipment between now and then, if we hurry about it."
"Ef we are goin' to do it, we might "Ef we are goin' to do it, we might as well git a move on us," assented duck's beak. Then came a struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite Kirkby, making ready to go.
"Right," answered Robert Maitland grimly. "When three men set out to make fools of themselves, the sooner to it, the cluster being heavy enough they get at it and get over with it the better. I've got some business matters to settle. You two get what's needed, and I'll bear my with the oysters, and thus it drifted snow shoes, wrapped in furs to their eyes, every one heavily burdened with