



# 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 King and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearis and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.

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### IN THESE DAYS OF DIVORCES

Really Nothing Remarkable in the Simple and Frank Explanation of the Small Boy.

We were walking down the street Sunday and we saw the most beautiful child sitting on the front steps of a pretty house, says Ted Robinson. His eyes were so big and blue, his curly head so golden, his innocent smile so frank and inviting that we could not resist the temptation to enter into conversation with him.

"Well, son," we said in the idiotically genial way with which an adult usually addresses a child, "how old are you?"

"Four," he replied. (He didn't really lip it, because you can't lip when you say four; but that's the way children are supposed to do.)

"Isn't that fine?" (It would have been just as fine if he'd been three, though or five. More idiosyncrasy. "And whose little boy are you?")

"Mamma's little boy."

"Aren't you papa's little boy, too?"

"Nope."

"Why aren't you papa's little boy?"

"The deuce gimme to mamma."

Then we went on our pleasant way. —Savannah Morning News.

### The Kind He Was.

Many funny things happen in the courtroom.

A short time ago a negro was tried on the charge of killing another negro in the county jail.

"What kind of a man was this man you killed?" the negro was asked.

"Well, sah, I beve me," said the witness, "dat niggah was a ignorant, ignorant, ignorant, ignorant." —Columbus Evening Dispatch.

### A Sick Man

Writes Dr. Hartman About Kidney Disease.

A gentleman writes me: "I was greatly interested in your article describing the Kaufman case of serious disease of the kidneys. The description of his case exactly outlines my condition. I am sure if Peruna cured him as you say it would cure me also. I am losing flesh rapidly and the doctors say I have every symptom of Bright's disease of the kidneys. If you think I would be benefited by Peruna I will certainly try some as the doctors have practically given me up, the same as they did him."

In reply I wish to say, first, that I never make any promises as to what Peruna will cure. No physician can make positive statements of that sort. I can say this much, however, if I were in your place I should certainly give Peruna a trial. I know of no other remedy that would be so likely to be of use to you in your present condition as Peruna. Take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime. Continue this for two or three weeks and then if there is anything you wish to ask me further write me and I will give your letter prompt attention.

If I find that the Peruna is not helping you I will be perfectly frank and tell you so, for I would not have you take Peruna unless it was really helping you. But it has rescued so many cases of kidney disease that I am quite confident you will find it exactly suited to your case.

Kidney disease begins with catarrh of the kidneys. Peruna is a cathartic remedy. Unless the destruction of the kidneys is already too great Peruna relieves the catarrh and the cause of the kidney disease is removed.

I shall anxiously await a report of your case. Remember, all letters are sacredly confidential. I never use any one's name or address without his written consent. My correspondence is absolutely private.

Peruna, Man-a-lin and La-cu-pla manufactured by the Peruna company, Columbus, Ohio. Sold at all drug stores.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Many persons inquire for the Old-time Peruna. They want the Peruna that their Fathers and Mothers used to take. The old Peruna is now called Katarina. If your druggist or dealer does not keep it for sale, write the Katarina Company, Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you all about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SYNOPSIS.

End Maitland, a frank, free and unspiced Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's friend, falls in love with her. His persistence in wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates to accept his suit. End Maitland, who is a mining engineer, goes to the mountains to see his uncle. He meets Armstrong and goes to his camp. He finds Armstrong's wife, Louise, who is mysteriously taken by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Brook into a raging torrent, which sweeps End into a whirlpool. He is rescued by a mountain hermit, who gives him a thrilling experience. End Maitland, who is a mining engineer, goes to the mountains to see his uncle. He meets Armstrong and goes to his camp. He finds Armstrong's wife, Louise, who is mysteriously taken by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Brook into a raging torrent, which sweeps End into a whirlpool. He is rescued by a mountain hermit, who gives him a thrilling experience.

have found you at last. Thank God you are safe and well. Oh, if you could only know the agonies I have gone through. I thought I loved you when I left you six weeks ago, but now—

In eager impetuosity he drew nearer to her. Another moment and he would have taken her in his arms, but she would have none of him.

"Stop," she said with a cold and inflexible sternness that gave pause even to his buoyant joyful assurance.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter? Everything, but—"

"No evasions, please," continued the man still cheerfully but with a growing misgiving. His suspicions, in abeyance for the moment because of his joy at seeing her alive and well, arose with renewed force. "I left you practically pledged to me," he resumed.

"Not so fast," answered End Maitland, determined to combat the slightest attempt to establish a binding claim upon her.

"Isn't it true?" asked Armstrong.

"Here, wait," he said before she could answer, "I am half frozen, I have been searching for you since early morning in the storm." He unbuttoned and unbelted his huge fur coat as he spoke and threw it carelessly on the floor by his Winchester leaning against the wall.

"Now," he resumed, "I can talk better."

"You must have something to eat then," said the girl.

She was glad of the interruption since she was playing for time. She did not quite know how the interview would end, he had come upon her so unexpectedly and she had never formulated what she would say to him, that which she felt she must say. She must have time to think, to collect herself, which he in his part was quite willing to give her, for he was not much better prepared for the interview than she. He really was hungry and tired, his early journey had been foolhardy and in the highest degree dangerous. The violence of his admiration for her added to the excitement of her presence, and the probable nearness of Newbold as to whose whereabouts he wondered were not conducive to rapid recuperation. It would be comfort to him also to have food at hand.

"Sit down," she said. "I shall be back in a moment."

The fire of the morning was still burning in the stove in the kitchen; to heat a can of soup, to make him some buttered toast and hot coffee, were the tasks of a few moments; she brought them back to him, set them on the table before him and bade him fall to.

"By jove," exclaimed the man after a little time as he began to eat heartily with great relish what she had prepared, while she stood over him

of yourself, End,"—he laughed. "Why, the memory of that kiss I stole from you makes me mad." He pushed the things before him and rose to his feet once more. "Come, give me another," he said, "it isn't in the power of woman to stand against a love like mine."

"Isn't it?"

"No, indeed."

"Louise Newbold did," she answered very quietly but with the swiftness and the dexterity of a sword thrust by a master hand, a mighty arm.

Armstrong stared at her in open mouthed astonishment.

"What do you know about Louise Rosser or Newbold?" he asked at last.

"All that I want to know."

"And did that damned hound tell you?"

"If you mean Mr. Newbold, he never mentioned your name, he does not know you exist."

"Where is he now?" thundered the man.

"Have no fear," answered the woman calmly, "he has gone to the settlements to tell them I am safe and to seek help to get me out of the mountains."

"Fear!" exclaimed Armstrong, proudly, "I fear nothing on earth. For years, ever since I heard his name in fact, I have longed to meet him. I want to know who told you about that woman—Kirkby?"

"He never mentioned your name in connection with her."

"But you must have heard it somewhere," cried the man thoroughly bewildered. "The birds of the air didn't tell it to you, did they?"

"She told me herself," answered End Maitland.

"She told you? Why, she's been dead in her grave five years, shot to death by that murderous dog of a husband of hers."

"A word with you, Mr. Armstrong," said the woman with great spirit. "You can't talk that way about Mr. Newbold; he saved my life twice over, from a bear and then in the cloudburst which caught me in the canyon."

"That evens up a little," said Armstrong. "Perhaps for your sake I will spare him."

"You," laughed the woman contemptuously. "Spare him? Be advised, look to yourself. If he ever finds out what I know, I don't believe any power on earth could save you."

"Oh," said Armstrong carelessly enough, although he was consumed with hate and jealousy and raging against her clearly evident disdain. "I can take care of myself, I guess. Anyway I only want to talk about you, not about him or her. Your father—"

"Is he well?"

"Well enough, but heart-broken, crushed. I happened to be in his house in Philadelphia when the telegram came from your uncle that you were lost and probably dead. I had just asked him for your hand," he added, smiling grimly at the recollection.

"You had no right to do that."

"I know that."

"It was not, it is not, his to give."

"Still when I won you I thought it would be pleasant all around if he knew and approved."

"And did he?"

"Not then, he literally drove me out of the house, but afterwards he said if I could find you I could have you; and, by Heaven, I have found you and I will have you whether you like it or not."

"Never," cried the woman decisively.

The situation had got on Armstrong's nerves, and he must perforce show himself in his true colors. His only resources were his strength, not of mind but of body. He made another most damaging mistake at this juncture.

"We are alone here, and I am master, remember," he said meaningly. "Come, let's make up. Give me a kiss for my pains and—"

"I have been alone here for a month with another man," answered End Maitland who was strangely unafraid in spite of this threat. "A gentleman, he has never so much as offered to touch my hand without my permission; the contrast is quite to your disadvantage."

"Are you jealous of Louise Rosser?" asked Armstrong suddenly seeing that he was losing ground and casting about desperately to account for it, and to recover what was escaping him.

"Why, that was nothing, a mere boy and girl affair," he ran on with a specious good humor as if it were all a trifle. "The woman was, I hate to say it, just crazy in love with me, but I really never cared anything especially for her; it was just a harmless sort of flirtation anyway. She afterward married this man Newbold and that's all there was about it."

The truth would not serve him and in his desperation and desire he staked everything on this astounding lie. The woman he loved looked at him with her face as rigid as a mask.

"You won't hold that against me, will you?" pleaded the man. "I told you that I'd been a man among men, yes, among women, too, here in this rough country, and that I wasn't worthy of you; there are lots of things in my past that I ought to be ashamed of and I am, and the more I see you the more ashamed I grow, but as for loving or not, that I've never thought or felt or experienced before now is just nothing."

And this indeed was true, and even End Maitland with all her prejudices

could realize and understand it. Out of the same mouth, was said of old, proceeded blessing and cursing, and from these same lips came truth and falsehood; but the power of the truth to influence this woman was as nothing to the power of falsehood. She could never have loved him, she now knew; a better man had won her affections, a nobler beag claimed her heart; but if he had told the truth regarding his relationship to Newbold's wife and then had completed it with his passionate avowal of his present love for her, she would have at least admired him and respected him.

"You have not told me the truth," she answered directly; "you have deliberately been false."

"Can't you see," protested the man drawing nearer to her, "how much I love you?"

"Oh, that; yes I suppose that is true; as far as you can love any one I will admit that you do love me."

"So far as I can love any one?" he repeated after her. "Give me a chance and I'll show you."

"But you haven't told the truth about Mrs. Newbold. You have calumniated the dead, you have sought to shelter yourself by throwing the burden of a guilty passion upon the weaker vessel. It isn't manlike, it isn't—"

Armstrong was a bold fighter, quick and prompt in his decisions. He made another effort to set himself right. He staked his all on another throw of the dice, which he began to feel were somehow loaded against him.

"You are right," he admitted, wondering anxiously how much the woman really knew. "It wasn't true, it was a coward's act, I am ashamed of it. I'm so mad with love for you that I scarcely know what I am doing, but I will make a clean breast of it now. I loved Louise Rosser after a fashion before ever Newbold came on the scene. We were pledged to each other; a foolish quarrel arose, she was jealous of other girls—"

"And had she no right to be?"

"Oh, I suppose so. We broke it off anyway and then she married Newbold, out of pique I suppose, or what you will. I thought I was heart-broken at the time, it did hit me pretty hard; it was five or six years ago; I was a youngster then, I am a man now. The woman has been dead long since; there was some cock-and-bull story about her falling off a cliff and her husband being compelled to shoot her. I didn't believe it at the time, and naturally I have been waiting to get even with him. I have been hating him for five years, but he has been good to you and we will let bygones be bygones. What do I care for Louise Rosser, or for him, or for what he did to her, now! I am sorry that I said what I did, but you will have to charge it to my blinding passion for you. I can truthfully say that you are one woman that I have ever craved with all my heart. I will do anything, be anything, to win you."

It was very brilliantly done; he had not told a single untruth; he had admitted much, but he had withheld the essentials after all. He was playing against desperate odds, he had no knowledge of how much she knew, or where she had learned anything. Every one about the mining camp where she had lived had known of his love for Louise Rosser, but he had not supposed there was a single human soul who had been privy to its later developments, and he could not figure out any way by which End Maitland could have learned by any possibility any more of the story than he had told her. He had calculated swiftly and with the utmost nicety, just how much he should confess. He was a keen witted clever man and he was fighting for what he held most dear, but his eagerness and zeal, as they have often done, overrode his judgment, and he made another mistake at this juncture. His evil genius was at his elbow.

"You must remember," he continued, "that you have been alone here in these mountains with a man for over a month; the world—"

"What, what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, who indeed knew very well what he meant, but who would not admit the possibility.

"It's not every man," he added, blindly rushing to his doom, "that would care for you or want you—after that."

He received a sudden and terrible enlightenment.

"You coward," she cried, with upraised hand, whether in protest or to strike him neither ever knew, for at that moment the door opened the second time that morning to admit another man.

### CHAPTER XXII.

The Last Resort of Kings and Men.

The sudden entrance upon a quarrel between others is invariably at a disadvantage. Usually he is unaware of the cause of difference and generally he has no idea of the stage of development of the affair that has been reached. Newbold suffered from this lack of knowledge and to these disadvantages were added others. For instance, he had not the faintest idea as to who or what was the stranger. The room was not very light in the day time. Armstrong happened to be standing with his back to it at some distance from the window by the side of which End stood. Six years naturally and inevitably makes some difference in a man's appearance, and it is not to be wondered that at first Newbold did not recognize the man before him as the original of the face in

his wife's locket, although he had studied that face over and over again. A nearer scrutiny, a longer study, would have enlightened him of course, but for the present he saw nothing but a stranger visibly perturbed on one side and the woman he loved apparently fiercely resentful, stormily indignant, confronting the other with an upraised hand.

The man, whoever he was, had affronted her, had aroused her indignation, perhaps had insulted her, that was plain. He went swiftly to her side, he interposed himself between her and the man.

"End," he asked, and his easy use of the name was a revelation and an illumination to Armstrong, "who is this man, what has he done?"

It was Armstrong who replied. If

stant Newbold had entered the room, he had thrust to leap upon him, and he meant to do it. One or the other of them, he swore in his heart, should never leave that room alive.

But Newbold should have his chance. Armstrong was as brave, as fearless, as intrepid, as any man on earth. There was much that was admirable in his character; he would not take any man at a disadvantage in an encounter such as he proposed. He would not hesitate to rob a man of his wife if he could, and he would not shrink from any deceit necessary to gain his purpose with a woman, for good or evil, but he had his own ideas of honor, he would not shoot an enemy in the back for instance.

Singular perversion, this, to which

End Maitland were in the dark, not so he; although they had never spoken, he had seen Newbold. He recognized him instantly, indeed, recognized or not, the newcomer could be no other man in the mountains. He had ex- than he. There was doubtless no other person to find him when he approached the hut and was ready for him.

To the fire of his ancient hatred and jealousy was added a new fuel that increased its heat and flame. This man had come between Armstrong and the woman he loved before and had got away unscathed; evidently he had come between him and this new woman he loved. Well, he should be made to suffer for it this time and by Armstrong's own hands. The in-

some minds are liable! To take from a man his wife by subtle and underhand methods, to rob him of that which makes life dear and sweet—there was nothing dishonorable in that! But to take his life, a thing of infinitely less moment, by the same process—that was not to be thought of. In Armstrong's code it was right, it was imperative, to confront a man with the truth and take the consequences; but to confront a woman with a lie and take her body and soul, if so be she might be gained, was equally admirable. And there are other souls than Armstrong's in which this moral inconsistency and obliquity about men and women has lodgment!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Coward!" She Cried.

### CHAPTER XXI.

The Odds Against Him.

The noise of the opening of the door and the rush of cold air that followed awoke End Maitland to instant action. She rose to her feet and faced the entrance through which she expected Newbold to reappear—for of course the newcomer must be he—and for the life of her she could not help that radiating flash of joy, the momentary anticipation of which fairly transfigured her being; although if she had stopped to reflect she would have remembered that not in the whole course of their acquaintance had Newbold ever entered her room at any time without knocking and receiving permission.

Some of that joy yet lingered in her lovely face when she tardily recognized the newcomer in the half light. Armstrong, scarcely waiting to close the door, sprang forward joyfully with his hands outstretched.

"You!" She exclaimed, almost in terror.

"End!" he cried.

Naturally he thought the look of expectant happiness he had surprised upon her face was for him and he accounted for its sudden disappearance by the shock of his unexpected, unannounced, abrupt, entrance.

The warm color had flushed her face, but as she stared at him her aspect rapidly changed. She grew pale. The happy light that had shone in her eyes faded away and as he approached her she shrank back.

"You!" she exclaimed almost in terror.

"Yes," he answered smilingly, "I can, and what's more, I will in sp-

watching him silently. "This cozy, warm, comfortable room, so snug to eat served by the finest wench in the world, the prettiest girl worth to look at—what more could a desire? This is the way it goes always in the future."

"You have no warrant whatever, saying or hoping that," answered the girl slowly but decisively.

"Have I not?" asked the man quietly. "Did you not say to me a while ago that you liked me better than any man you had ever met that I might win you if I could? You can, and what's more, I will in sp-

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### Hero Is Without a Job

Medals Even From Carnegie Are Not Legal Tender, Says Calvin C. Williams.

Calvin C. Williams, 51 years old, is walking the streets of Washington looking for work. He carries in the inside pocket of his threadbare coat, in a velvet lined case, a "Carnegie hero medal," a huge bronze medallion, a beautiful example of the highest art of the goldsmith, and a letter, dated May 1, 1911, from the Carnegie hero fund commission, Pittsburgh, Pa., promising him, in addition to the medal, a cash award of \$1,000.

Williams, formerly a hotel clerk, after a desperate struggle, saved two young girls from drowning in Wreck Pond, at Spring Lake, N. J., on August 7, 1908.

His was a conspicuous example of those acts of heroism to reward which the Carnegie hero fund was established. "But hero medals are not passports to employment, when one has reached the age of 51, and promises of \$1,000 rewards are not legal tender for board and lodging," Williams said.

"I have been trying in vain to find something to do," he continued, replacing the black leather case in his breast pocket and carefully buttoning his worn coat across his chest, "but my age is against me. I had planned to invest my \$1,000 in a little restaurant, but I have never received it, though repeatedly I have written to the commission pleading for the reward which came to me uncollected."

—Washington Post.

### World's Smallest Armies.

If ever the dream of the disarmament of the world shall be realized here are several countries that would not have much to do in this line, as, for instance, Monaco, whose army consists of 75 guards, 75 carabinieri and 10 firemen. The next smallest army is that of Luxembourg, with 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers and 30 musketeers. In the Republic of San Marino

### Simple Spelling Move.

A conference between representatives of British and American societies to extend the movement for a simplification of English spelling has just been held at University college in England, with a large number of professors connected with English universities, and the following from America: Dr. James E. Bright of Johns Hopkins university, Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard university, Dr. George Hempl of Leland Stanford university and Dr. Brander Matthews and Dr. Calvin Thomas of Columbia university. The proceedings were private, but a report of the conference will doubtless be made public after it has been submitted to the societies represented.

### Chance for One-Armed Man.

"I'm looking for a one-armed man," said the patron of a New York restaurant. "If you know of a man who has only a right hand I can make him a good business proposition—one that will save him a lot of good dollars and save me the same amount. His right hand, however, must be a No. 7 1/2."

"It's this way: Several months ago I sprained my ankle and for many months was obliged to lean heavily on a cane. To protect my left hand I wore a glove on that hand, but did not use one on the right. The result was that I wore out dozens of left gloves, but the right hand ones I never put on."

### Cough, Cold Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF. MR