

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," "Hearst and
the Highway," "As the Sparks
Fly Upward," etc.

Illustrations by Elsworth Young
Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Edith Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled 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 II.—His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer.

CHAPTER III.—Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help.

Before she realized what he would be about he swerved his horse toward her, his arm went around her suddenly. Taken completely off her guard she could make no resistance, indeed she scarcely knew what to expect until he crushed her to him and kissed her, almost roughly, full on the lips. "How dare you," cried the girl, her face aflame, freeing herself at last, and swinging her own horse almost to the edge of the road which here ran on an excavation some fifty feet above the river.

"How dare I?" laughed the audacious man, apparently no whit abashed by her indignation. "When I think of my opportunity I am amazed



Mr. James Armstrong Was Desperately in Love With Enid Maitland.

at my moderation. "Your opportunity; your moderation?"

"Yes, when I had you helpless I took but one kiss; I might have held you longer and taken a hundred."

"And by what right did you take that one?" haughtily demanded the outraged young woman, looking at him beneath level brows while the color slowly receded from her face. She had never been kissed by a man other than a blood relation in her life—remember, suspicious reader, that she was from Philadelphia—and she resented this sudden and unauthorized caress with every atom and instinct of her still somewhat conventional being.

"But aren't you half way engaged to me?" he pleaded in justification, seeing the unwonted seriousness with which she had received his impudent advance. "Didn't you agree to give me a chance?"

"I did say that I liked you very much," she admitted, "no man better, and that I thought that you might—"

"Well, then—" he began.

But she would not be interrupted. "I did not mean that you should enjoy all the privileges of a conquest before you had won me. I will thank you not to do that again, sir."

"It seems to have had a very different effect upon you than it does upon me," replied the man coolly. "I loved you before, but now, since I have kissed you, I worship you."

"It hasn't affected me that way," retorted the girl promptly, her face still frowning and indignant. "Not at all, and—"

"Forgive me, Enid," pleaded the other. "I just couldn't help it. You were so beautiful I had to. I took the chance. You are not accustomed to our ways."

"Is this your habit in your love affairs?" asked the girl swiftly and not without a spice of feminine malice.

"I never had any love affair before," he replied with a ready masculine mendacity, "at least none worth mentioning. But you see this is the west; we have gained what we have by demanding every inch that nature offers, and then claiming the all. That's the way we play the game out here and that's the way we win."

"But I have not yet learned to play the 'game,' as you call it, by any such rules," returned the young woman determinedly, "and it is not the way to win me if I am the stake."

"What is the way?" asked the man anxiously. "Show me and I'll take it no matter what its difficulty."

"Ah, for me to point out the way would be to play traitor to myself," she answered, relenting and relaxing a little before his devoted wooing. "You must find it without assistance. I can only tell you one thing."

"And what is that?"

"You do not advance toward the goal by such actions as those of a moment since."

"Look here," said the other suddenly. "I am not ashamed of what I did, and I'm not going to pretend that I am, either."

"You ought to be," severely.

"Well, maybe so, but I'm not; I couldn't help it any more than I could help loving you the minute I saw you. Put yourself in my place."

"But I am not in your place, and I can't put myself there. I do not wish to. If it be true, as you say, that you have grown to care so much for me and so quickly—"

"If it be true?" came the sharp interruption as the man bent toward her, fairly devouring her with his bold, ardent gaze.

"Well, since it is true," she admitted under the compulsion of his protest. "That fact is the only possible excuse for your action."

"You find some justification for me, then?"

"No, only a possibility, but whether it be true or not, I do not feel that way—yet."

There was a saving grace in that last word, which gave him a little heart. He would have spoken, but she suffered no interruption, saying:

"I have been wooed before, but—"

"True, unless the human race has become suddenly blind," he said softly under his breath.

"But never in such ungentle ways. I suppose you have never run up against a real red-blooded man like me before."

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualities even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you"—and in that indeed lay some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-five."

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to

but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Maitland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

"I like to hear you say things like that," she answered. "Nobody quite like you has ever made love to me, and certainly not in your way, and that's the reason I have given you a half way promise to think about it. I was sorry that you could not be with us on this adventure, but now I am rather glad, especially if the even temper of my way is to be interrupted by anything like the outburst of a few minutes since."

"I am glad, too," admitted the man. "For I declare I couldn't help it. If I have to be with you either you have got to be mine or else you would have to decide that it could never be, and then I'd go off and fight it out."

"Leave me to myself," said the girl earnestly "for a little while; it's best so; I would not take the finest, noblest man on earth—"

"And I am not that."

"Unless I loved him. There is something very attractive about your personality; I don't know in my heart whether it is that, or—"

"Good," said the man, as she hesitated. "That's enough." He gathered up the reins and whirled his horse suddenly in the road. "I am going back. I'll wait for your return to Denver, and then—"

"That's best," answered the girl. She stretched out her hand to him, leaning backward. If he had been a different kind of a man he would have kissed it; as it was he took it in his own hand and almost crushed it with a fierce grip.

"We'll shake on that, little girl," he said, and then without a backward glance he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously down the road.

No, she decided then and there, she did not love him, not yet. Whether she ever would she could not tell. And yet she was half bound to him. The recollection of his kiss was not altogether a pleasant memory; he had not done himself any good by that bold assault upon her modesty, that reckless attempt to rifle the treasure of her lips. No man had ever really touched her heart, although many had engaged her interest. Her experience therefore was not definitive or conclusive. If she had truly loved James Armstrong, in spite of all that she might have said, she would have thrilled to the remembrance of that wild caress. The chances, therefore, were somewhat heavily against him that morning as he rode down the trail alone.

His experiences in love affairs were much greater than hers. She was by

ly enough in the merry conversation of the way.

Mr. Robert Maitland, as Armstrong has said, had known him from a boy. There were things in his career of which Maitland did not and could not approve, but they were of the past, he reflected, and Armstrong was after all a pretty good sort. Mr. Maitland's standards were not at all those of his Philadelphia brother, but they were very high. His experiences of men had been different; he thought that Armstrong, having certainly by this time reached years-of discretion, could be safely entrusted with the precious treasure of the young girl who had been committed to his care, and for whom his affection grew as his knowledge of and acquaintanceship with her increased.

As for Mrs. Maitland and the two girls and the youngster, they were Armstrong's devoted friends. They knew nothing about his past, indeed there were things in it of which Maitland himself was ignorant, and which had been known to him might have caused him to withhold even his tentative acquiescence in the possibilities.

Most of these things were known to old Kirkby, who with mastery skill, amusing nonchalance and amazing profanity, albeit most of it under his breath lest he shock the ladies, toiled along the four nervous, excited bronchos that drew the big supply wagon. Kirkby was Maitland's oldest and most valued friend. He had been the latter's deputy sheriff, he had been a cowboy and a lumberman, a mighty hunter and a successful miner, and now, although he had acquired a reasonable competence, and had a nice little wife and a pleasant home in the mountain village at the entrance to the canon, he drove stage for pleasure rather than for profit. He had given over his daily twenty-five mile jaunt from Morrison to Troutdale to other hands for a short space that he might spend a little time with his old friend and the family who were all greatly attached to him on this outing.

Enid Maitland, a girl of a kind that Kirkby had never seen before, had won the old man's heart during the weeks spent on the Maitland ranch. He had grown fond of her, and he did not think that Mr. James Armstrong merited that which he evidently so overwhelmingly desired. Kirkby was well along in years, but he was quite capable of playing a man's game for all that, and he intended to play it in this instance.

Nobody scanned Enid Maitland's face more closely than he, sitting humped up on the front seat of the wagon, one foot on the high break, his head sunk almost to the level of his knee, his long whip in his hand, his keen and somewhat fierce brown eyes taking in every detail of what was going on about him. Indeed there was but little that came before him that old Kirkby did not see.

To be continued.

Silverton

Fine weather for the farmer and all are taking advantage of it.

Amos Kuykendall is plowing. Melburnes boys are haling bean pulings and other feed stuffs.

Mr. R. F. Clark is helping his son-in-law, Rex Meador, to build his new house.

W. S. Buckner and Mr. Whilton are hauling wood.

W. F. Ware has rented Mrs. W. W. Crawford's ranch and will soon go to keeping batch, and this is his first experience at batching we predict he'll not batch very long. He'll be hunting a cook or board one.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Meador spent Saturday in Estancia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fugate, after having made final five year proof on their claim north of here, have gone south to spend a few months where Mr. Fugate has a good position.

W. F. Ware and Robt. Steele started for Albuquerque last Sunday morning. Wonder what the attraction is over there? This makes only five trips across the mountains in the past two months and we guess Mr. Ware is hunting deer. They will be accompanied back by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Steele, who will reside near this place.

Miss Etta Meador left for San Antonio, N. M., where she will teach school.

George Clark began his school at Thompson school house last Monday. Success to him.

Mrs. Frank Clark visited her daughter, Mrs. Ethel Meador on Thursday last.

Miss Ona Chandler is confined at home with rheumatism.

Miss Annie B. Kuykendall has been confined to her bed for several days with fever and cold.

Forest and Harold Johnson have the whooping cough and are out of school a few days.

Miss Vera Goodner was thrown from her horse while going home from school one day last week.

Misses Pearl and Hettie Stewig of the Blaney district are attending school in Silverton this term.

Miss Lucy Miller has been kept from school on account of a cold.

Rev. Pope and wife spent the day on Wednesday of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Kuykendall. We are glad to have these good people in our midst. Mr. Pope is an excellent gentleman. He preaches well, prays well, and is a good hand at joking which makes him very popular, among us Kentuckians and Texas people and his wife is a very quiet lady as all preachers wives are supposed to be and is also an excellent singer.

We have also in our midst a new editor, Mr. Constant, and we give him a hearty welcome, but we are loath to give up Mr. Speckmann and wife as they are excellent people and I think a better newspaper man than Mr. Speckman will be hard to find, and we hope he will locate near this place in a short time. However a new broom sweeps well, but the old one knows where the dust lies—Sure.

Mr. Cowley has rented his baler to the Norman boys who will run it the rest of the season. There seems to be a great deal of feed to bale.

Mrs. Kellogg of Cedar Grove, visited her brother, Mr. Arendall, one day last week.

Jesse Hubbard, who spent a few days visiting his brother, George, at Winslow, Ariz., has returned to his claim north of here.

Nute Goss expects to visit his father in Nevada, this spring.

Buster Gist and family expect to spend the winter in Albuquerque, we have been informed.

Plenty of farms to rent. It seems that a great many of our farmers are not going to crop so heavy another year, as every few days we hear of another farm to rent, or more horses for sale.

Bob Finley purchased a fine bunch of Jerseys in Albuquerque last week. Did not learn whether he will start a dairy or sell them.

Pale Faces

Pale-faced, weak, and shaky women—who suffer every day with womanly weakness—need the help of a gentle tonic, with a building action on the womanly system. If you are weak—you need Cardui, the woman's tonic, because Cardui will act directly on the cause of your trouble. Cardui has a record of more than 50 years of success. It must be good.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Effie Graham, of Willard, Ky., says: "I was so weak I could hardly go. I suffered, nearly every month, for 3 years. When I began to take Cardui, my back hurt awfully. I only weighed 99 pounds. Not long after, I weighed 115. Now, I do all my work, and am in good health." Begin taking Cardui, today.