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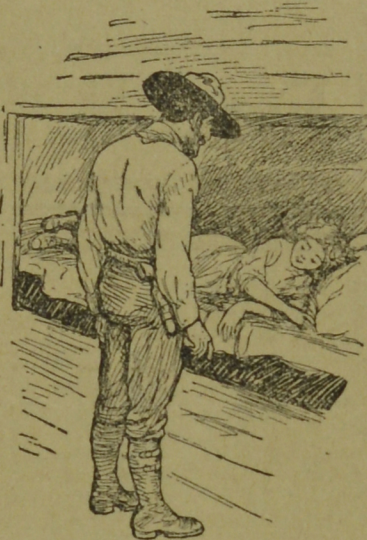
Ad Wogast's brother Johnny is to box in one of the preliminaries when the former champion meets Joe Rivers in Milwaukee next week. Bombardier Wells is not discouraged over his recent defeat by Carpenter and is planning to take another fling at the game.

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," "Hearts and
the Highway," "As the Sparks
Fly Upward," etc., etc.
Illustrations by Elsworth Young
Copyright 1912 by W. G. Chapman

that awful journey.
The woman struggled a little at first, then finally resigned herself to the situation; indeed, she thought swiftly, there was nothing else to do, she had no choice, she could not have been left alone there in the rocks in that rain, she could not walk. He was doing the only thing possible. The compulsion of the inevitable was upon them both.

They went slowly, the man often stopped for rest, at which times he would seat her tenderly upon some prostrate tree, or some rounded boulder, until he was ready to resume his task. He did not bother her with explanation, discussion or other conversation, for which she was most thankful. Once or twice during the slow progress she tried to walk, but the slightest pressure on her wounded foot nearly caused her to faint. He made no complaint about his burden and she found it, after all, pleasant to be upheld by such powerful arms; she was so sick, so tired, so worn out, and there was such assurance of strength and safety in his firm hold of her.

By and by, in the last stage of their journey, her head dropped on his shoulder and she actually fell into an



He Stared at Her in Great Alarm.

uneasy troubled sleep. He did not know whether she slumbered or whether she had fainted again. He did not dare to stop to find out, his strength was almost spent; in this last effort the strain upon his muscles was almost as great as it had been in the whirlpool. For the second time that day the sweat stood out on his forehead, his legs trembled under him. How he made the last five hundred feet up the steep wall to a certain broad shelf perhaps an acre in extent where he had built his hut among the mountains, he never knew; but the last remnant of his force was spent when he finally opened the unlatched door with his foot, carried her in the log hut and laid her upon the bed or bunk built against one wall of the cabin.

Yet the way he put her down was characteristic of the man. That last vestige of strength had served him well. He did not drop her as a less thoughtful and less determined man might have done, he laid her there as gently and as tenderly as if she weighed nothing, and as if he had carried her nowhere. So quiet and easy was his handling of her that she did not wake up at once.

So soon as she was out of his arms.

He stood up and stared at her in great alarm, which soon gave way to reassurance. She had not fainted, there was a little tinge of color in her cheek that had rubbed up against his rough hunting coat; she was asleep, her regular breathing told him that. Sleep was of course the very best of medicines for her, and yet she should not be allowed to sleep until she had got rid of her wet clothing and until something had been done for her wounded foot. It was indeed an embarrassing situation.

He surveyed her for a few moments wondering how best to begin. Then realizing the necessity for immediate action, he bent over her and woke her up. Again she stared at him in bewilderment until he spoke.

"This is my house," he said, "we are home."

"Home!" sobbed the girl.
"Under shelter, then," said the man. "You are very tired and very sleepy, but there is something to be done; you must take off those wet clothes at once, you must have something to eat, and I must have a look at that foot, and then you can have your sleep out."

The girl stared at him, his program, if a radical one under the circumstances, was nevertheless a rational one, indeed the only one. How was it to be carried out? The man easily divined her thoughts.

"There is another room in this house, a store room, I cook in there," he said. "I am going in there now to get you something to eat; meanwhile

you must undress yourself and go to bed."

He went to a rude set of box-like shelves draped with a curtain, apparently his own handiwork, against the wall, and brought from it a long and somewhat shapeless woolen gown.

"You can wear this to sleep in," he continued. "First of all, though, I am going to have a look at that foot."

He bent down to where her wounded foot lay extended on the bed.

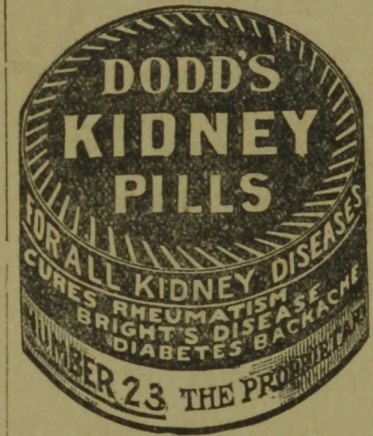
"Wait," said the girl, lifting herself on her arm, and as she did so he lifted his head and answered her direct gaze with his own. "I am a woman, absolutely alone, entirely at your mercy; you are stronger than I, I have no choice but to do what you bid me. And in addition to the natural weakness of my sex I am the more helpless from this foot. What do you intend to do with me? How do you mean to treat me?"

It was a bold, a splendid question, and it evoked the answer it merited.

"As God is my judge," said the man quietly, "just as you ought to be treated, as I would want another to treat my mother, or my sister, or my wife"—she noticed how curiously his lips suddenly tightened at that word—"if I had one. I never harmed a woman in my life," he continued more earnestly, "only one, that is," he corrected himself, and once again she marked that peculiar contraction of the lips. "And I could not help that," he added.

"I trust you," said the girl at last, after gazing at him long and hard as if to search out the secrets of his very soul. "You have saved my life and things dearer will be safe with you. I have to trust you."

(To be Continued)



Sh! Close the door. An Eastern scribe has exposed the basest record of Governor Tener, the new president of the National League and of Bancroft Johnson, the American League boss. Spouteth, the scribe. "Where do Tener and Johnson fit in making a boiler against the Federal League invasion? Tener jumped the Chicago team to the Brotherhood in the early '90's and Johnson led the raid on the National League ten years later." Mum's the word.

A boxing club is to be opened in Cincinnati with a fifty-cent admission charge.

It is said that Willie Ritchie has tucked away \$50,000 since he won the lightweight title from Ad Wogast.

HEART WAS SO BAD Could Not Do Her Housework

Many women get run down and are unable to look after their household duties owing to the heart action becoming impaired or the nervous system unstrung. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, eat nor walk about the house. I could not do my housework at all, and what my husband could not do had to go undone. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills some years ago, and insisted on my trying them, so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Any one suffering from heart or nerve trouble should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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BUILD the kind that will keep your ensilage always at its best. Build the kind of silo that does not have to be repaired or painted every other year. Your dairy herd will show its appreciation in the additional quantity of milk it gives. The best silo, by keeping ensilage perfect, increases output and soon pays for itself.

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is the dairyman's surest dividend payer. It keeps ensilage in just the right condition and does not permit it to dry out or get mouldy. A concrete silo cannot leak, rot, rust or dry out. It has no hoops to replace. Requires no paint and needs no repairs during an ordinary lifetime.

Send to-day for this free book "What the Farmer Can do With Concrete." It tells how to build a concrete silo and many other things on the farm that will save you many dollars.

Farmers' Information Bureau
Canada Cement Company Limited
519 Herald Building, Montreal

Pitcher Edgar Willett, of the Detroit Tigers, has put one over on the golfing ball players. Edgar has been playing in the same links as President Wilson at the Mississippi Country Club. Yes, sir, the very same links.

The New England league has dropped Brockton, Fall River and New Bedford and formed a new circuit with clubs in Worcester, Lawrence,

Lowell, Lynn, Fitchburg and Haverhill, Mass., and Portland and Lewiston, Me.

Manager O'Neill, of the Utica New York State league team, believes he has landed three stars in Moore, Hardy and Higgins, of the Lincoln, Ill., team. Moore led the Illinois-Missouri league sluggers last season with a batting average of .440.

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