

**FROM THE TROPICS TO HEALUS.**



**Cedron Seed Plant.**  
In Central America many natives are gathering the seeds of this plant, Cedron Seed, a rare medicine that has valuable curative powers. But few drug stores carry this seed, owing to the high cost of the article.

This country is a large consumer of this costly seed because it enters into the famous catarrh remedy, Peruna, sold the world over.

An astronomer tells us that a year on Mars has 730 days, but possibly Mars is married and the year only feels that long.

**The Demons of the Swamp**  
are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucaua, N. C., "three bot flies drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50c at J. W. Streetman's Drug Store.

Italy consumes less tobacco per capita than any other country in the world.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children. 50c a box at all stores.

The soil of the cotton field loosened by dynamite yields five times the usual crop.

**What Texans Admire**  
is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio. "We find," he writes, "that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made." Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c at J. W. Streetman's Drug Store.

English people consume on the average eighty-five pounds of sugar per annum.

Lame back is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the back, for which you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

A much admired girl doesn't always make an admirable wife.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Regulets. 50c a box at all stores.

A special to the Charlotte Observer say at Boonville, Mitchell county, Monday night, Arthur Hall, a deputy sheriff, attempted to arrest Dewitt Hunter for whom he had a warrant, when Hunter resisted and was shot by the officer and killed. Both men were prominent locally, Hall being a merchant and the dead man, who was scarcely 20 years old, being the son of one of the leading citizens of that county.

**DELICATE CHILDREN**  
Made Strong by Vinol  
"I wish I could induce every mother who has a delicate, sickly child, to try your delicious cod liver iron tonic, Vinol."  
"It restored our little daughter to health and strength after everything else had failed. It tastes so good she loved to take it—not a bit of cod liver oil taste.—Mrs. C. W. Stump, Canton, Ohio."  
The reason Vinol is so successful in building up puny, delicate, ailing children, is because it is a combination of the two most world-famed tonics—the medicinal body-building elements of cod liver oil, aided by the blood-making and strength-creating properties of tonic iron.  
If we can induce you to try a bottle of Vinol as a body-builder and strength-creator for your child, and you do not find it is all we claim, we will return your money on demand.  
J. W. Streetman, Druggist, Marion.

# 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.  
Illustrations by **Elsworth Young**  
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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I.**—Edith Maitland, a frank, tree and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's protege, 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.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them.

**CHAPTER V.**—While Enid is bathing in the river in fancied solitude, a big bear appears on the bank and is about to plunge into the water to attack the girl when a shot rings out and the animal is killed by a strange man.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Enid is caught in a storm which wipes out her party's camp. She is dashed upon the rocks and injured. The strange man who shot the bear finds her unconscious and carries her to shelter.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Members of the camping party realizing that Enid is lost in the storm institute a frantic search for the missing girl.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—No trace of her is found and word is telegraphed to her father. James Armstrong is asking the father for Enid's hand when the telegram arrives expressing the belief that the girl is dead. Armstrong says he will find her, and Maitland agrees to their marriage if he succeeds.

**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 complete 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 answer, "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."

"Did you jump into the flood for me?"  
The man nodded.

"That's twice you have saved my life this day," said the girl, forcing herself, womanlike, to the topic that she hated.

"It's nothing," deprecated the other.  
"It may be nothing to you, but it is a great deal to me," was the answer. "And now what is to be done?"  
"We must get out of her at once," said the man. "You need shelter, food, a fire. Can you walk?"  
"I don't know."

"Let me help you." He rose to his feet, reached down to her, took her hands in the strong grasp of his own and raised her lightly to her feet in an effortless way which showed his great strength. She did not more than put the weight of her body slightly on her left foot when a spasm of pain shot through her, she swerved and would have fallen had he not caught her. He sat her gently on the rock.

"My foot," she said piteously. "I don't know what's the matter with it."  
Her high boots were tightly laced, of course, but he could see that her left foot had been badly mauled or sprained; already the slender ankle was swelling visibly. He examined it swiftly a moment. It might be a sprain, it might be the result of some violent thrust against the rocks, some whirling tree trunks might have caught and crushed her foot, but there was no good in speculating as to causes, the present patent fact was that she could not walk; all the rest was at that moment unimportant. 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 himself 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 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 answer to which he waited so eagerly.

"It's down the canon. I am one of Mr. Robert Maitland's party."

The man nodded, he didn't know Robert Maitland from Adam, and he cared nothing about him.

"How far down?" he asked.

"I don't know, how far is it from here to where you—where—where—"

"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 anyway. Where was it, down by the water's edge?"

"Yes."  
"Every vestige will have been swept away by that, look at it," he pointed over to the lake.

"What must we do?" she asked instantly, depending upon his greater strength, his larger experience, his masculine force.

"I shall have to take you to my camp."  
"Is it far?"  
"About a mile or a mile and a half from here."  
"I can't walk that far."  
"No, I suppose not. You wouldn't be willing to stay here while I went

**DANGER IN DELAY**  
Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous For Marion People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they so often get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health will be gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease may follow as the kidneys get worse. Don't neglect your kidneys. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, which are so strongly recommended right here in Marion.

Mrs. L. Leonard, Sweeney Hill, Marion, N. C., says: "The public statement I gave in 1911, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills was correct. I willingly confirm all I said at that time. I had headaches and was dizzy and nervous. At night I was restless and arose in the morning feeling tired. My kidneys were inactive and my back pained me. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Streetman's Drug Store gave me entire relief."  
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

down and hunted for your camp?"

The girl clutched at him. "I couldn't be left here for a moment alone," she said in sudden fever of alarm. "I never was afraid before, but now—"

"All right," he said, gently patting her as he would a child. "We'll go up to my camp and then I will try to find your people and—"

"But I tell you I can't walk."  
"You don't have to walk," said the man.

He did not make any apology for his next action, he just stooped down and, disregarding her faint protests and objections, picked her up in his arms. She was by no means a light burden, and he did not run away with her as the heroes of romances do. But he was a man far beyond the average in strength, and with a stout heart and a resolute courage that had always carried him successfully through whatever he attempted, and he had need of all his qualities, physical and mental, before he finished 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 be-

**PILES DEFY THE KNIFE**

**THE CAUSE OF THEIR FORMATION STILL REMAINS.**

One place where surgery fails to bring permanent relief is in the treatment of piles, because even when the evil tumors are cut away, the cause of their formation still remains. That cause is poor circulation. Dr. Leonhardt's HEM-ROID is the tablet remedy that is taken inwardly and gets right to the inside cause.

HEM-ROID is sold for \$1 by J. W. Streetman, Marion, N. C., and all druggists. Money back if it fails. Dr. Leonhardt Co., Station B, Buffalo, N. Y. Write for booklet.

wilderness 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 handwork, 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."

"I hope," came the quick comment, "that it is not only for that. I don't want to be trusted upon compulsion."

"You must have fought terribly for my life in the flood," was the answer. "I can remember what it was now, and you carried me over the rocks and the mountains without faltering. Only a man could do what you have done. I trust you anyway."

"Thank you," said the man briefly as he bent over the injured foot again. The boot laced up the front, the short skirt left all plainly visible. With deft fingers he undid the sodden knot and unlaced it, then stood hesitatingly for a moment.

"I don't like to cut your only pair of shoes," he said as he made a slight motion to draw it off, and then observing the spasm of pain, stopped. "Needs must," he continued, taking out his knife and slitting the leather.

He did it very carefully so as not to ruin the boot beyond repair, and finally succeeded in getting it off without giving her too much pain. And she was not so tired or so miserable as to be unaware of his gentleness. His manner, matter of fact, business like, if he had been a doctor one would have called it professional, distinctly pleased her in this trying and unusual position. Her stocking was stained with blood. The man rose to his feet, took from a rude home-made chair a light Mexican blanket and laid it considerably across the girl.

"Now if you can manage to get off your stocking yourself, I will see what can be done," he said, turning away.

It was the work of a few seconds for her to comply with his request. Hanging the wet stocking carefully over a chair back, he drew back the blanket a little and carefully inspected the poor little foot. He saw at once that it was not an ordinary sprained ankle, but it seemed to him that her foot had been caught between two tossing logs, and had been badly bruised. It was very painful,