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**Richard  
the  
Brazen**  
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...By...  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY,**  
Author of "For the Free-  
dom of the Sea," "The  
Southerners," Etc.,  
AND  
**EDWARD PEPE,**  
Author of "A Broken  
Rosary," "The Prince  
Chap," Etc.

In "Richard the Brazen" we  
put before the reader a knight  
errant worthy of the best days  
of chivalry, though he is of the  
present, and we find him in the  
garb of a cowboy. The superb  
courage with which he rescues  
from certain death a young wom-  
an whom he had never before  
seen, and the reckless daring  
with which he risks his reputa-  
tion in an attempt to win this  
woman under an assumed name,  
will appeal strongly to every  
lover of romance and admirer  
of courage. How Richard prospered  
in his enterprise under  
difficulties which would discour-  
age any but the most stout hearted  
we leave the reader to find  
out, and a most delightful pas-  
time it will prove.

CHAPTER I.  
**M**R. JACOB RENWYCK, a mul-  
tillionaire New Yorker, had  
gone to Texas in order to  
straighten out several busi-  
ness complications. Besides his north-  
ern interests, he was connected with  
many new enterprises in the southwest,  
—mines in Arizona, cattle and cattle  
lands in the Lone Star State and  
projected railroads through the cotton  
belt. For a time his vast schemes had  
prospered until his ideas as to their  
conduct began to clash with those of  
old Bill Williams, the great Texan  
land speculator and cattle king, with  
whom Renwyck had for many years  
joined forces, the one controlling the  
east, the other the west. Correspond-  
ence had proved unsatisfactory; there-  
fore the New Yorker determined to set-  
tle the business personally by a flying  
trip to San Antonio, Tex., where he  
intended to hear the lion in his den.  
Miss Harriet Renwyck, the only  
daughter of the capitalist, had induced  
her father to take her with him on the  
trip. She was a beautiful and high  
spirited girl of twenty years, the idol  
of the old man's heart, and the one  
person on earth who could manage him  
even when his arrogant temper reached  
the outbursting point. On their ar-  
rival at San Antonio they learned that  
Mr. Williams had departed the week  
before for his cattle ranch, which lay  
about 200 miles to the westward. He  
was not expected to return for some  
time, so Mr. Renwyck determined to  
follow him without delay.

The two travelers took a branch road  
which carried them to a point twenty  
miles distant from the ranch, and here  
they engaged horses, a camping outfit  
and a guide for the balance of the  
trip. Both were used to the saddle,  
and to Miss Renwyck this long free  
gallop across the plains was a new and  
exhilarating experience. It was spring  
time, when the prairies are at their  
best, rolling away like some vast green  
sea as far as the eye can reach. The  
sun, which in another month would  
parch the grass to a dry and crackly  
stubble, now sent out a lazy, comfort-  
able warmth which was further tem-  
pered by an intermittent breeze.

They passed great herds of browsing  
cattle that munched the grass or lifted  
their heads in bovine languor as the  
riders centered on. Once they thread-  
ed their way through the very center  
of a "bunch," and the girl, with a wo-  
man's inborn dread of cows, grew  
alarmed at the proximity of the sur-  
rounding longhorns, but the guide  
assured her that there was not the  
least danger "unless she projected with  
the mavericks." This, being inter-  
preted, was a warning against molest-  
ing the young calves, a sport which  
was not to Miss Renwyck's taste for  
various reasons, and she soon lost all  
fear of the sad eyed brutes before her.

Toward sunset they came in sight of  
Bill Williams' ranch, and, having skirted  
a wire fence for several miles, they  
entered at last and dismounted before  
the mud thatched palace of the Texan  
cattle king, where the jovial despot  
himself came out to welcome them.  
The two financiers, each approaching  
Dr. Osier's line of uselessness, formed  
a complete antithesis. The New York-  
er was a typical financial potentate  
adorned, cultivated, cold, deliberate in  
speech, calm in demeanor, composed in  
method, faultless in every detail of  
his dress. His features were proud  
and severe, the ruddy hue of his  
face relieved by a gray mustache and  
side whiskers. In every step and  
movement he showed the unmistakable  
birth, breeding and  
prosperity. Yet there was not a better  
operator on the  
change than Renwyck. Old Bill Wil-  
liams was a man of grim countenance,  
different as to appearance from  
language. His  
gained in the  
the leather. He  
was  
was not  
and the  
and the

face was clean shaven, round and joy-  
ful, lit by a pair of steel gray eyes  
that twinkled continually in harmony  
with the genial smile which sometimes  
caused the careless to lose sight of the  
firmness of the clean cut lips and the  
square, resolute jaw—a man who was  
known and honored in seven states  
and loved by every ranchman within  
a radius of a thousand miles. Ren-  
wyck was ice, Williams fire, so that  
an fond there was not a great deal of  
difference between their methods, for  
heat and cold both burn.  
Mr. Williams, who, like all Texans,  
was the soul of hospitality, offered his  
guests the best his ranch afforded, and  
neither Miss Renwyck nor her father  
found cause to murmur. When supper  
was over and Miss Harriet, who was  
sleepy from her long ride, was shown  
to a simply furnished but clean, free-  
room, the two magnates sat down to  
discuss their business differences. At  
the outset they locked horns, and mid-  
night found them as far as ever from  
an amicable settlement.

"Good Lord, Renwyck," the Texan  
laughed, "it's after 12 o'clock, and  
we're losin' a sight of beauty sleep.  
Let's stop buckin' an' take a drink.  
That's somethin' no honest man can  
squabble over unless the whisky's had,  
which this ain't. Here's how! Turn  
in, but don't thrash around your bunk  
all night. We can do our wrastlin' in  
the daytime."  
But Mr. Renwyck did "thrash  
around his bunk" all night, and not  
once did he close his eyes. On several  
crucial points he was in the wrong,  
and no one knew it better than him-  
self, yet with bulldog tenacity he  
clung to his false position. With loss  
of sleep his irritation increased, and  
morning found him eager for the fray  
and more insistent than ever in his  
unjust claims.

Breakfast over, the two went at it  
hammer and tongs, but without adjust-  
ment of the difficulties. The New  
Yorker's craft and legal knowledge  
were wrecked on the rocks of the  
Texan's common sense and humor, and  
at last Mr. Renwyck's temper  
burst all bounds. In one short angry  
speech he severed every business in-  
terest with his host and former partner  
and turned that gentleman into a calm  
but remorseless enemy.

The horses were ordered without de-  
lay, and, greatly to Miss Harriet's re-  
gret, for there was much that she  
wanted to see on the ranch, they left  
the place at once, in order that the  
angry Mr. Renwyck might get to the  
distant railroad by 2 o'clock and  
hurry back north as fast as steam and  
his hope of vengeance could carry him.  
However, they were not to reach that  
point without experiencing another  
phase of Texas life, with its infinite  
possibilities of excitement and sur-  
prise.

Their wagon had broken down, and  
the outfit, with the guide and the others,  
had been left behind at the ranch,  
with instructions to follow after so  
soon as things were put in shape. A  
guide was hardly a necessity, for the  
route to the railroad station lay straight  
south over the prairie. There was a  
range of hills to the right, and with  
that and a pocket compass even such a  
tenderfoot as Jacob Renwyck could  
scarcely lose the way.

The two centered along in the pleas-  
ant morning. The enjoyment of the  
ride greatly mollified Mr. Renwyck's  
exasperated temper, although it in no  
wise altered his determination to make  
Williams suffer on account of the cap-  
ture. As for Miss Harriet, she thor-  
oughly enjoyed it and only regretted  
that the experience would soon termi-  
nate in the luxurious monotony of her  
father's private car. From time to  
time her father left her and rode to  
the top of one of the hills to the right  
to survey the country and to make  
sure, in so far as he could, that they  
were going in the right direction.

About midday they overtook a great  
herd of cattle drifting along the prairie  
as they fed. Mr. Renwyck was on the  
hill at the time. So far as the girl  
could see, the rolling prairie was dotted  
with hundreds of steers. There were  
perhaps 2,000 in the bunch. They were  
grazing peacefully enough on the short  
grass. Here and there a steer had lain  
down for a midday rest and was quiet-  
ly chewing the cud of the morning  
meal. Remembering the assurance of  
the day before, she fearlessly centered  
along, threading her way through the  
animals, supposing her father would  
join her in a few moments. She was  
thinking carelessly of the great dif-  
ference between her situation then and  
her ordinary environment, which might  
be typified by upper Fifth avenue, New  
York.

Her reveries were broken by a sud-  
den commotion. One of those myste-  
rious impulses which are felt without  
being seen or heard suddenly awoke  
the great mass of steers to action. One  
lazy old fellow, lying down for a noon-  
day siesta perhaps half a mile ahead,  
unfortunately had his tail stepped on  
by a fellow brute heedless of where he  
was going. The force of the blow tore  
off the tuft on the end of the tail. The

blood spurted from the wounded mem-  
ber. The maimed steer scrambled to his  
feet, bellowing. In his anguish he  
began lashing his sides with his tail.  
The steer that had caused the trouble,  
infuriated at the sight and smell of  
blood, immediately dashed at his  
wounded companion. The victim, in-  
stinctively realizing that he was be-  
come persona non grata to the whole  
herd, turned and fled for his life.

With the swiftness of a military man-  
euver the nearest cattle fell in line  
and joined the chase. Before Miss  
Renwyck realized what had happened  
the herd of cattle, "barking" madly, as  
the short, sharp bellow on such occa-  
sions is called, was racing directly at  
her forty abreast. In the twinkling of  
an eye every one of the brutes was in  
frantic motion. She was petrified with  
astonishment, although blissfully igno-  
rant of the extent of her danger. She  
heard a shrill, frightened cry from  
her father and looked back. Other  
steers—for she had reached the middle  
of the herd—were racing past her in  
such a way as to sweep around and  
join the pursuers. Her pony, an ill  
trained broncho not used to the range,  
more frightened than she, began to cut  
up viciously. Blind with terror and  
utterly uncontrollable, at last he bolted  
directly toward the oncoming animals.  
Then she knew her peril. Instinctively  
she screamed and waved her  
free hand. The leading rank of the  
stampeding herd was diverted from the  
direct course by her approach and  
her cries and turned aside. They swept  
around in a great circle, the other  
steers blindly following. Before the  
girl realized what had occurred she  
found herself caught, as it were, on  
the edge of a maelstrom of panic  
stricken animals and swept irresistibly  
along with them.

CHAPTER II.  
**A**WAY on the other side of the  
herd, two cowboys had been  
lazily lying on the grass in the  
shade cast by the motionless  
bodies of their ponies. They had been  
keeping such indifferent watch that  
neither of them had seen Miss Ren-  
wyck. It was the noon hour. The  
morning shift had gone back to camp,  
and the afternoon gang had not yet ar-  
rived, so there were only these men  
watching the herd. The quiet had  
made them relax their usual vigilance.  
The instant they heard the first "bark"  
from the steers they leaped to their  
feet and sprang to saddle.

"They're off!" cried the taller of the  
two as he drove his spurs into his  
pony and took a straight cut across the  
prairie so as to head them off.  
"We'll get 'em millin' under the hills  
all right!" shouted his companion as  
they raced along.  
A quarter of a mile, however,  
brought them in sight of the woman.  
The first man, who was a little ahead,  
pointed.

"Look yonder!" he shouted.  
"My God!" said the other. "Right in  
their direction. She's a goner!"  
"Faster!" cried his companion.  
He saw that unless the onrush of the  
cattle were diverted the girl would be  
overwhelmed and trampled to death in  
the stampede. Try as he might, he  
could not reach her in time, yet he had  
the fastest pony on the range and rode  
like a centaur. He fairly lifted the  
broncho through the air in his mad  
impetuosity. A woman was a quicken-  
ing sight on the range, and all the  
chivalry in the souls of the men re-  
sponded to the appeal of her peril;  
but, try as they might, they realized  
they could do nothing.

"We'll be too late!" cried the leading  
man.  
"Yep," answered his companion la-  
conically, driving his spurs home again.  
"No," cried the first man as the cattle  
swerved; "she's kept her head. That  
woman knows her business. They'll be  
millin' in a minute."  
"She'd ought to be gittin' out'a it  
now, though."  
"Yes, God, they've got her!" he  
cried as he saw the girl caught on the  
periphery of the whirling mass.  
"We'll git her out!" cried the other.  
"If she lives long enough to give us  
a chance."

When stampeded cattle get to mill-  
ing they turn in upon themselves,  
either involuntarily or because of pres-  
sure put upon them by cowboys seek-  
ing to control them. They sweep  
around in concentric circles in a great  
spiral. The pressure on the outside  
tends to constrict the circles more and  
more until the cattle are jammed into  
a whirling vertiginous mass, of which  
nothing can be seen but uplifted heads  
and upturned horns. This mass, frant-  
ic with fear and fury, sways and  
whirls over the ground like a tornado,  
with a motion of rotation and transla-  
tion at the same time. Above the dust  
of its trampling comes the cliking of  
the dew claws and the cleft hoofs as  
the feet are lifted sharply from the  
ground. These, with the rattling of  
horns and the bellowing of those on  
the outer edge, make the animal whirl-  
pool a perfect inferno of noise and  
clamor.

The mill sweeps around and around,  
and the only way to break it is to un-  
wind it—that is, to cut into the bunch  
and start the outer edge off on a tan-  
gent, so that the whole unwinds itself  
mechanically by reversing the process  
which brought it together. This is an  
operation of much difficulty, attended  
with great danger. The man who  
breaks in must do it backward, as it  
were. He must follow the movement  
of the perimeter of the great circle,  
heading as the cattle do, and by skill  
and dexterity force out first one and  
then another until he gets the circum-  
ference broken. In the end the break  
is apt to come quickly and the awful  
sight of maddened animals dis-

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