# Richard the Brazen

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author of "For the Free-dom of the Sea." "The Southerners." Etc., EDWARD PEPLE,

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nonchalantly.

"Umph!

amusement

father?

Coutinued from last w

"Is that why you are going to fire | "I-I know his son," said Richard

"No; he's a lazy beggar," returned the earl, languidly suppressing a yawn, "and a thief, too, by Jove! The last time it was four pound six and my plied, with a ghost of a smile. jeweled cigar cutter. Mention it to him-he'll understand. You might say also that I have a letter from his friend and forgot he was Lord Croyland, al-Mr. Drake of Scotland Yard."

For half an hour longer Richard remained with the earl discussing the details of the explanation to Mr. Renwyck and some other matters which he could attend to for Lord Croyland. Then he arose to take his leave, promising to run up to Irvington the next

"Oh, I say, Wilson," the earl called after him as he reached the door, the nurse having just entered with a warning that Mr. Williams must be left alone forthwith, "you won't forget about that beastly machine, will you?"

"Certainly not." returned the buoyant Richard and immediately became oblivious to "beastly machines" and everything else on earth except the memory of a warm, limp form that had nestled in his arms and a head of wind blown hair that cuddled against his shoulder while he rode amid that mass of cattle on that faroff Texan prairie.

On the following morning Mr. Richard Williams, dressed in his best and with a soul full of hope and foreboding, took the 10:30 local train at the Grand Central station. He chanced to be the only male passenger to alight at Irvington, and with a beating heart he walked down the platform to the exit gate, when suddenly he heard a voice

"Pardon me, but are you not Lord Croyland?"

Richard turned to see outside the fence a restive mare hitched to a perfectly appointed trap, in which sat an elderly man of distinguished appearance. He recognized him at once, of course. Now, the Texan had not counted upon meeting Mr. Jacob Renwyck at the station, and his plans were disarranged materially by the unfortunate contretemps. He had hoped to enter the house before his name became known, and also he had prayed that the master thereof might not be at home at the moment of his arrival. However, he must put on a bold front and trust to luck. He pushed his way through the gate and approached the

"I recognized you instantly from your picture," said Mr. Renwyck, thrusting out a cordial hand. "Glad to see you. Jump in."

"Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," Richard began nervously, but the other interrupted:

"No time now. The mare has the devil in her this morning. Jump in. Steady, Molly! Steady!"

Richard's mind was in a whirl. If he wished to see the daughter, he must pass the fractious father first of all. without more ado he sprang into the trap, intending to explain as they went along. The mare reared, wheeled and started off at a lively pace. Mr Renwyck held the lines with an expert hand and plunged into a rapid fire of small talk.

"First trip up the Hudson, I take it Magnificent river, but of course nothing like the Rhine. That's old Walker's place over on your right. Steep hill, this, but good for Molly. Will take some of the spunk out of her, confound her! Steady, girl! Steady!" "Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," Richard

began again, "my name" "Yes, yes; I know," said the old gen-

tieman, taking a corner sharply; "name's all right, I have your tetter from Carthwaite. Fine old fellow, isn't he? Had hoped to have him during your visit, but he's gone to Chicago Hello, postman! Whos, Molly! Anything for me?"

A letter carrier stepped from the sidewalk and handed a packet of mail. "Party by the name of Lord Croyland stopping at your place, sir?" he asked. "Yes," replied Mr. Renwyck, "this is the gentleman. Here you are, Lord Croyland. Thanks, postman. Go along.

The bewildered Richard found several official looking envelopes handed to him and, scarcely knowing what to do with them at present, throat them into his pocket. They had reached the crest of the bill now and swung away to the left on a level road. Richard essayed once more to straighten out his friend's affair, when his host again

cut in: "You've been in this country for some time, haven't you?"

"Yes, for some time," answered Richard, sparring for an opening. "What part of HT

"Oh, around in spots-Texas mostly -dabbling in cattle, you know." The old gentleman drew his mare

up sharply, then let her go again. Texas, ch? So have !. Ever past an old skinffint, cattle king, and so on, named But Williams?"

The tone of Mr. Renwavian voice in dicated perfectly in what low estimation he held the aforesaid Williams.

Any improvement on the

"In a way, yes," the young man re-

Really, the conversation was grow

ing interesting! For the moment Rich-

though a resentment which he could

not exhibit considerably modified his

"Don't believe it!" the old gentleman

asserted flatly. "No, sir," he exclaim-

ed, with a snap of his jaw under his

of that generation of vipers could ever

ger, his heart lodging in the very bot-

tom of his boots at this sudden de-

of his father, which, in addition, boded

"That's it," continued Mr. Repwyck

"Yes." smiled Richard, the humor of

the situation appealing to him in spite

of its possibilities, "I've heard him

called that, too, in-in a poker game."

The adventurer was sinking every

moment deeper into the mire. He did

viper, yet tell his name he must soon

for even now they had passed the iron

gateway of the Renwycks' country

could but too well imagine. His heart

Suddenly into his brain there flashed

a brilliant idea-nothing less than at

Inspiration. To avoid trouble the Ear

of Croyland had coolly appropriated

the name of Richard Williams. A fair

exchange was no robbery by the laws

of love and war, and if Richard bor

rowed the Englishman's title for the

time being an imminent calamity

He drew the mare up sharply be

eyes and a nose with just that saucy

"Lord Croyland," said Mr. Renwyck,

he have ever let it go?

finest country in the world."

CHAPTER V.

house under a borrowed name and ti-

could recall some of the Englishman's

oddities of speech and manner, to

which his own soft nouthern accent

readily accommodated itself, but this

was a filmsy scaffolding by which to

build a successful fraud. Though well

about is another, and to get

eafely out is still a third. Huy

my daughter."

sank; his hopes vanished.

call 'em!"

are!

"Restmore."

with cool deliberation, nodding vigor-

ill for the success of his love affair.

ously-"a rattler!"

be anything else than a-then a"-

Having made his preparations for funcheon, he was pacing up and down the rooms which had been assigned to him, thoughtfully turning the matter over in his mind, when a servant announced the arrival of Croyland's man

breast of it and trust the rest to luck.

"Ah!" said Richard, very eager to encounter what might prove to be the first check and get it over with. "Show him up, please.

The servant departed, and to the adventurer came another inspiration. Here was an opportunity which, if handled delicately, might lead to bril-liant results. The valet entered-a slight man of medium height, with a clean shaven face, a puttylike complexion and a pale, unemotional eye.

"M' lord"-The man stopped suddenly, passed his hand over his mouth and stood staring at Richard, while a look of recog-

nition slowly illumined his brain. "Why. Mr. Williams, sir!" he burst out presently. "I thought"-

"Ah," smiled Richard, in his most innocent and beguiling manner, "so you haven't forgotten your little trip to Texas?" "No-no. sir. An' those awful cow

white mustache; no, sir! No member gentlemen, sir!" faltered Bills, with a shudder of remembrance of some prac-"Snake, naturally," suggested Richtical jokes of which he had been the ard in a bitter but carefully veiled anvictim at the hands of some of the cow punchers before he left for New York and civilization. velopment of Renwyck's unjust hatred "Good! Now, attend me carefully.

Do you know anything of the reasons why your master is in New York?" "A little, sir, but not much-some

business for the Japs, for a foreign government, sir." Richard took a thoughtful turn up and down the room, then faced the

man again. "You look rather an intelligent man, Bills, and can appreciate what I am going to say to you. Your master finds not think the present instant was auspicious for declaring himself s it necessary to lie low for a week or two. Understand?"

> "Very good, sir." "In the first place, Lord Croyland au thorized me to discharge you immediately upon your arrival." The servant looked up quickly, a

home and were whirling up a winding avenue lined with trees. What the regleam of suspicion in his fishy eye.
"Askin' your pardon, sir," he said sult of this declaration would be be deferentially, "but 'ow am I to know, sir, that you-that"-

"That I am acting on the level?" finished Richard. "I admire your caution. To begin with, you'll have to take my word. If this, however, has no weight, I am to freshen your memory with a little matter of four pound six and a jeweled cigar cutter. Follow me?" The valet licked his lips and said

might be averted. At all events, he nothing. Richard went on: "If you still have doubts on the sub would meet the girl be loved, which was the chief object in view, and, be ject, Lord Croyland is in pessession of an inquiry from a friend of yours in sides, the proposition appealed to his Scotland Yard-an inquisitive duck of sense of humor. His spirits rose at the name of Drake. I dare say he's

asking after your health. Well? "Er-pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," he observed, with a faint suggestion of "W'en would you have me leave what he thought was the English sir?" asked Bills most deferentially man's drawling manner, "what jolly again, without a change of counte fine grounds you have! What d'ye nance.

Richard regarded the man critically. "That's just the point, Friend Wool-"Ha, ha! Very good. Really, you know, quite up to Croyland Park." sey. I think I can arrange to give you a position-that is, for a time at least. "Think so?" said his flattered host How much does your master pay you?" "Twelve pounds a month, sir, an' my "I'm glad you like the place. Here we

keep." "Very well," nodded Richard, "I can neath the porte cochere and tossed the do the same for you, with the promise reins to a waiting groom. In a mo of a fat bonus for good behavior. Now, ment the pseudo noble guest was listen. I'm going to trust you and standing on a wide portice whose pill speak candidly. Lord Croyland's got lars and trellises were twined with to ile low-lap-er-you know."

wistaria in the season's first luxuriant . "'Ow long?" bloom. From a seat on the lawn s "For a week or perhaps longer. 1 vision in a bewildering white morning am to be Earl of Croyland. You are gown arese and came toward him to attend me as my man, address me The Texan was conscious of an electric as Lord Croyland and render me such current turned slowly to the crowning assistance as I require. Is that satisnotch of ecstasy. He saw for the see factory?"

The valet's lips twitched, but be ond time in his life an oval face framed in dark hair, a pair of melting answered, in a level tone: "Beg pardon, Mr. Williams, but it

tilt which seemed to dare him to plant cawn't be done." "Why not?" demanded Richard.

a kiss beneath it, and a figure that he had once held in his arms. How could "Cawn't reconcile it with my conscience, sir."

"How much is this delicate organ of indifferently enough, as if adorable yours worth, Bills?" girls like that were as plenty as black "Twenty-five pounds a month, sir, berries, "allow me to present you to an'-the bonus as you were good

enough to mention, sir." The adorable girl smiled and extend The valet had the whip hand of him. ed a hand, which Richard took, striv and no one knew it better than the ing to prevent his own from trembling arch conspirator; therefore he basten-"Miss Renwyck," he murmured look ed to clinch the bargain before the

ing squarely into her eyes, "you con- terms thereof should rise. vince me that America is the very "All right." he agreed, "I'll do iton conditions. I engage you for one month, that's \$125, and a like sum, if you serve me faithfully, at the end O dive is one thing, to swim of it.

"The square you with him all right. log taken the plauge, Hichard You know who I am"-he paused Williams was now at leisure to con and fixed his been gray eye upon the precious gift," template the deeps in which he found man, adding as his square chin "Too leak" Here he was in a strange free more dominant but no monkey "Really, I should like uncommonly tie, with little knowledge or experi that too. Just please remember that ence to enable him to carry off the lime I win this schall distant position successfully. True, from his varils also 41 and 1 would be triffed associations with the earl in Texas he with it

the craftly educated. Richard's environment had the second of the "And those?"

afforded him small opportunity to be seed to the control of the second of "If you fell you'll buy him at my awa trice

lite society, and his knowledge of Eng- servent.

land. Then I'll need some rather strenready wit, a cool courage in an emeruous coaching. Did you bring the er gency and in general nerve enough to brazen out the affair until such a time -I mean-my trunks?"

Your lordship's boxes, m' lord?" as he might see fit to make a clean "Oh, yes, boxes, of course. Thank you. Did you bring them?" "They are in the 'all below, m' lord. I'll 'ave 'em up immejitly, sir." Bills turned to go, but Richard

hecked bim. "Wait. I haven't finished yet. On your way to town and back I want you to take a memorandum of the names of Lord-of my friends in London and here in America. I want to know about my family, where I have been and whom I have met. You understand? General information. Now get those boxes and let's have a look at my togs."

"I understand, sir." "It's lucky." soliloquized Richard after the departure of the valet, "that Bills is such an infernal rascal or I'd have trouble with him. Yet I suppose we might be called 'birds of a feather' in this." He frowned. "Oh. well, it's the only way to win her, and if I can make her love me she'll forgive me anything."

The luggage was presently brought up and inspected critically, Richard finding with joy that the earl's clothes fitted him to perfection, and while Bills was placing them in the various drawers and closets the new Lord Croyland sought for pointers thirstily.

By the way." he exclaimed suddenly, "there is something important which almost forgot. I've got to run the gantlet of that table at luncheon in about half an hour, and I want you to brush me up in the matter of cutlery. Do you understand the game?"

'Yes, sir; movin' in the best circles as a gentleman's gentleman, I know all about it, sir." "You might throw in a few lords.

you know, Bills, just to keep in practice, so you won't forget." "Yes, m' lord."

"Well, as I was saying," went on Richard, "I went to a swell dinner at Houston once and haven't stopped blushing about it yet. I squandered seven different kinds of forks before the dessert came and found myself with a choice between a butter knife and an oyster sticker to eat ice cream with. It was depressing."

Bills curbed his smile and supplied the needed information, then made himself ready to take the 12 o'clock train to New York.

"Is there anything else, m' lord?" he asked.

"Yes," said Richard, who was perspiring before a mirror; "I'd be uncommonly grateful if you'd show me how to keep this blarsted single barreled eyeglass in without bursting a blood vessel."

#### CHAPTER VI.

T luncheon Richard was presented to Mrs. Renwyck, nee Corrigan, a kindly disposed middle aged woman of ample proportions, whose money had enabled her to marry above her and who had since been desperately endeavoring to live up to the obligations of her position. To her a lord was a lord, indeed, and at first she was rather inclined to stand in awe of the Earl of Croyland's title. but before luncheon was over she had lost her nervousness and was beginning to feel toward him as though he were a real American. Miss Harriet Renwyck was charming, sitting opposite Richard, who, having crossed his first bridge with flying colors, grew more confident, though careful not to overact his role. Thanks to the instruction of the exemplary Bills, he was steering a safe course among the forks too. The Texan discussed Amer ica with his host, who admitted can didly that Richard's views were broader than those of any Englishman he had ever known. Concerning the present policy of Great Britain Mr. found his guest strangely reticent. The conversation then turned upon various topics, social and per sonal, ending in horseflesh, which with Mr. Renwyck was a passion. "Lord Croyland," he said, "I'm really

worried as to what to do with a horse of mine called Hawk. He is demoral-Izing my whole stable."

"And what is the trouble with Hawk?" Richard asked.

"Everything," exclaimed his host A magainteent animal, but a very devil. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Renwyck, but it's true. Why, sir, there isn't a man on my place who dares to put tils leg across his back,"

"Elver try an outsider?" asked the green, forgetting his part in his interest in the horse.

was a Jockey up here last week. I of | limb on this crary, cranky brute that "An'-the other Lord Crayland, siry" ferest him \$20 for every minute he had proved himself so dangerous? Lept the saidtle. By a stop watch he After much discussion the matter was rned about 10 cents and told me that compromised. They would inspect the he wouldn't have the beast for a horse after luncheon and then decide

well to try him."

"You!" cried Mr. Renwyck in genuine surprise. He paused to laugh, "I know you Englishmen are pretty good horsenien, Lord Croyland, but Pil tell you what if you ride Hawk for half Texas his very knees had pined to present of him."

"Done' sind the other

namy better inference Americans, was vicin down to business 1 want rough sector. On the other hand, he had for you to the will his marning and possess of courses where a lend and a man of four part little has been after their goes for a foodless wager dust, a steady arm that swept here. There were littler harses for the stable from the saddle, and then-oh, non-

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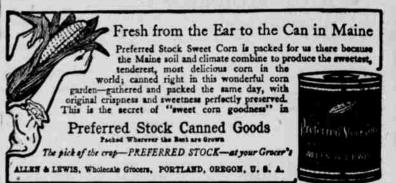
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of which Lord Croyland might have "Yes," returned Mr. Renwyck, "There his pick, so why Jeopard life and Mrs. Renwyck believed that her guest after once seeing the animal would change his mind.

> To Richard, who had been born in the anddle, so to speak, without refleeting on his mother, the prospect of conquering Hawk was as wine on a thirsty toper's tongue. Since leaving grip a horse's barrel, and now it was with the greatest difficulty that his rising spirits were held in check.

Miss Harriet was divided between fear of an almost certain accident and the wish to see this young man ride. There was something about this easy, the society, and his knowledge of Eng. String.

Land and English customs, like that of Now, cardinal Wisconer, wall get But here Mrs. Renwyck and her just what she could not say that re-

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