

Richard the Brazen.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.
Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," Etc.
AND
EDWARD PEPLER.
Author of "A Broken Rosary," "The Prince Chap," Etc.
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Continued from last week.

"Oh, there you are!" laughed the financier. "Do you know, my dear, your tiara shines out in the darkness like a constellation on a moonless night? Come; it's time for little actresses to be in bed."

The Texas was given no more chances with Miss Harriet, for the rest of the ladies now came out, and his final good night was spoken only by a pressure of the hand, but a pressure which left him happy, for the girl did not fall to return it with something more than mere courtesy.

Richard watched in silence while she took the jewels from her hair and throat and breast and handed them to her father, and somehow she seemed more beautiful still when unadorned, for to him she was a gem more precious than her weight in glittering diamonds. With a heart more buoyant than his steps he bounded up the stairs, for tomorrow would decide his fate. Tomorrow! She had given a rose—no more—but she had not refused when he asked for all. Tomorrow!

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. JACOB RENWYCK, dismissing the new butler who had waited for his master, after having assured himself that all the other inmates of the house had retired for the night, carefully placed the family diamonds in his private safe, which stood in a corner of the library, set the burglar alarm and went into his room. For years he had attended in person to the closing of the house, except upon rare occasions when business called him from the city, at which times he left elaborate instructions with the trusted and time tried major dome, whose position on account of illness was being temporarily filled by the new man. The alarm once set, not a door or a window could be opened without a clamorous uproar from a big brass gong in the upper hall, and therefore Restmore might repose in peace and earn its name. Had Mr. Renwyck known, however, that one Woolsey Hills had departed earlier in the evening without consulting his master, perhaps his nightly prayers might not have been put forth in such a spirit of pharisaic complacency.

Therefore for an hour in the Renwyck home reigned heavy silence, which was broken only by the ticking of the great antique clock in the hall or its soft melodious chime as it struck the quarter hours. Outside a night wind sang faintly as it tossed a scudding rack of clouds across the moonlit sky and the ancient elms of Restmore swayed and nodded to its soft caress.

When Richard reached his room he found himself in no mood for sleep. He laid aside his dress coat, donned a house jacket, extinguished his lights and seated himself in the Morris chair before an open window. His thoughts were in a whirl. Tomorrow, which promised to be a busy day for him—just how busy even he fortunately did not realize—would find him disgraced or blessed, according to the manner in which Miss Harriet would accept his confession. That she had already begun to suspect his real identity he was morally sure, and no time must be lost in revealing it himself before her doubt was changed to a certainty. In the morning he would make a clean breast of everything to her—the deception and its righteous cause—his love, which had stooped to subterfuge to win her heart, in despair of other means and under the stress of sudden suggestion. Then he would hasten back to the St. Regis, where he knew his dad would seek for him, tell him the whole truth and run the gamut of parental reproof. After that a third confession must follow—to Jacob Renwyck. This, he felt, would be harder than the other two, for, since the episode of the foreign draft, the manner of his host, while still polite, had undergone a decided change. A certain coolness, not to say a certain suspicion, had been engendered in the mind of the financier. It was unnoticed by the balance of the household, yet to Richard far more perturbing than an open, honest avowal of dislike.

The deep water harbor speculation, too, ran through his tangled thoughts, but the final crash he was powerless to avert. It was probably too late now, anyway. It hung above him like some hideous nightmare, the end of which he could only know when he wakened to a grimmer reality than he dreamed.

Meantime in another wing of Restmore two fair but frightened young women, who had exchanged their evening gowns for comfortable lounging robes, clung to one another, whispering in the dark. As the hands of a tiny bedroom clock slowly crept around toward the hour of 3 they began to realize the rashness of their undertaking. Miss Harriet, the more courageous of the two, was less inclined than ever to meet this unknown man and put for her revenge to her vengeance

friend would have declined point blank to take the risk.

"Imogene," she murmured earnestly,



His thoughts were in a whirl.

"It is not too late to change our plans. We still have ten minutes left. Why not let me call father and tell him everything? He and Lord Crolyand and Mr. Van der Awe could meet the man, overpower him and get your letters back, and nothing would ever come of it."

At this sensible suggestion Miss Imogene again exhibited symptoms of hysteria.

"Oh, Harriet, darling, please," she quavered, "you've promised me! And you can't refuse when it's nearly time. I'm not going to faint or scream or anything like that. I'll be just as brave as a—lion—no, not a lion, maybe, but some other kind of animal that isn't so terribly afraid. You needn't be scared. I'll take care of you, Hattie, dear. Now, do be sensible. Isn't it time to go?"

Miss Harriet looked at the timepiece, nodded, sighed and took the other's hand. They opened the bedroom door, peeped out and listened. Nothing could be heard but the ticking of the hall clock, the sound of the wind outside and a mellow snore that oozed from Mr. Renwyck's room across the hall.

"I—I wish he'd stop it," whispered Imogene; "it makes one's hair rise up. Don't let go my hand, darling—please."

"Hush," breathed Harriet and led the way along the silent upper hall.

Slowly the two gentle conspirators slipped down the gloomy stairs, starting at a cracking step beneath their feet, fearful of dangers unknown, but menacing, that seemed to lurk at every turn. In safety they reached the lower hall at last, paused, then drew aside the heavy portieres which masked the entrance to the library.

If the hall outside was gloomy, the room which they entered was darker still. By a sickly light which filtered through the draperies of the window opposite they could see the shadowy outlines of the desk, the top of a silver inkstand and a ghostly high backed chair, while in an angle of the wall they descried the metal disk of the combination lock on Mr. Renwyck's safe.

They waited in silence till the clock in the hall behind them boomed out the hour of 3 in solemn, measured cadence, and as the last echo died away they heard a cautious tapping on the window pane.

"Oh, Lord, it's him!" gasped Imogene, forgetting grammar and all else, indeed, except her human terror in the situation, while she clung to Harriet's arm and shook from head to heel. "Don't tremble so, Harriet, darling. You—you make me want to scream."

"S-s-s-h!" her friend admonished. "Don't speak above a whisper now. Leave it to me. There; I'm not afraid."

Miss Renwyck, having once keyed her nerves to the point of meeting a stranger in the dark, was not a woman to falter in the crucial moment. A sense of calm was settling upon her, and though her heart beat faster than was its wont, she was now in possession of her every faculty and could face the danger without a tremor of her voice or hand.

"You keep the purse," she whispered to Imogene. "Stand where you are and don't speak a single word. Really, dear, there isn't much danger, after all. Yet remember," she smiled, "you have promised to be a little lion, and the man is only 'Roddy-poddykins.'"

She wondered afterward at this flash of humor, yet it chanced to be the saving grace, for the terrified Miss Imogene was crouched in the library doorway, striving at once to be the king of beasts and to keep her teeth from chattering. In both efforts, alas, she failed.

Miss Renwyck crossed the room, fumbled an instant for the electric switch, then turned off the light, lest it be noticed if any one came into the upper hall. Then, breathing an upward prayer, she unlatched the window, raised the sash and stepped backward to a point of vantage beside the desk.

At first she saw nothing, but presently found herself enveloped for an instant in a flash of light from a small bullseye lantern and heard a low exclamation of surprise from the darkness outside. Harriet rose to the emergency.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge," she began in a guarded undertone, "I am Miss Ren-

wyck. Besides Miss Chittendon and myself, there is no one here."

There was silence for a moment.

"Do you give me your word on that?" asked the voice.

"I do."

"On your honor as a lady?"

"On my honor."

The light flashed out, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the window sill.

"Wait!" commanded Harriet. "Are you alone?"

"Sure," said the man; "you can see for yourself. Miss Renwyck," and thereupon he climbed cautiously into the room.

He turned his bullseye carefully about, cursorily inspected the hall outside, appeared satisfied and slipped his lantern into his pocket.

"Ah!" said the visitor as he caught sight of Miss Imogene's bloodless face. "You didn't go back on me, my dear. I didn't think you would, and I am much obliged to you."

"Stop!" said Harriet. "You must conduct this transaction with me. Imogene, is this Mr.—Fitzgeorge?"

"Y-e-s!" faltered the shivering young lady. "It's—it's he."

"Very well," Miss Renwyck began again. "Then we needn't waste further time. If you have the letters you spoke of—"

"Wait a minute," the man interrupted. "We can't talk in here. It's too near the front of the stairs, and I don't want to run any unnecessary risks either for your ladies or for myself. What room does that door lead to?"

He pointed to the left, while Harriet, following his shadowy gesture, wondered if he were up to some crafty trick.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge," she said, "I prefer to transact this matter where we are. I see no reason—"

Again the man interrupted her. "All right," he answered carelessly; "it isn't my risk, you know. If your father came down those stairs suddenly I might have to shoot; that's all. I don't want to injure him, of course, but—"

"Oh, Harriet, please!" moaned a shrinking voice at her elbow, and Harriet, seeing the wisdom of the move, gave in.

"That is the billiard room," she answered, "but it also connects with the hall. Stand where you are, and when you hear me call you may follow me. Come, Imogene."

This room was lighter than the library, having a large transom window, through which the sickly moonlight forced its way, and possessed an additional advantage to the girls by reason of the billiard table, which could be kept between them and their visitor.

At Miss Renwyck's low call the man flashed his lantern twice across the library window and stepped into the billiard room, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Now," he began immediately, taking a packet from his pocket, "we can get down to business. But before I take the money which Miss Chittendon is kindly going to lend me for a month or two I want to make an explanation of my act."

"Sir," whispered Harriet, "I do not consider that at all necessary. You explained yourself in your letter, and neither Miss Chittendon nor I desire to go further into your motives. Please be good enough to bring your extraordinary business to an end."

"But, my dear Miss Renwyck," the visitor persisted, lowering his voice to match her own, "you must admit that something is due me. I present myself in a very bad light before both of you, and I want to clear myself before I go. Appearances are against me, I know, but—"

"What's that?" demanded Harriet, sharply starting at a slight noise which at first she fancied was in the hall.

"Nothing, I think," Mr. Fitzgeorge answered hurriedly after listening for an instant. "Ah, this is it!" he went on, swiftly stooping and apparently picking up something from the floor. "I stepped on a stray piece of billiard chalk. As I was saying just now, I've got to leave for the west immediately to join my regiment—they could feel his mocking smile even if they could not see it—and to be absolutely truthful, which I prefer, some of my friends, the police, are on my trail. That's why I am obliged to come at night. I hope I haven't frightened you ladies, and I beg to assure you that I wouldn't harm a hair of your pretty heads for any price whatever."

Continued this extraordinarily loquacious rascal.

"Yes, yes," said Harriet impatiently, "we know all that. Give me the letters and go."

"Pardon me," said the specious Mr. Roderick Fitzgeorge, with a gallant bow, "but I haven't quite finished yet. I want you to understand my position clearly, so that you may know I'm dealing squarely, though a harsh word outside is dogging my innocent heels."

The much abused gentleman plunged into a rambling tale of his misfortunes, speaking so rapidly that neither of his auditors at times could follow him even if they had not been in a state bordering on collapse, although Harriet, the cooler of the two, wondered why the villain did not take the money and go.

(To Be Continued)

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a short time strengthen weakened kidneys and allays troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. Sold by Model Drug Store. 4-3 1st

Quartz Blanks at the Courier office.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

The W. C. T. U. held a busy session last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Nellie Spaulding. Owing to the pressure of important work on hand, it was voted to meet every week until further notice. This Friday the Union will meet again with Mrs. Spaulding. The next regular meeting will be with Mrs. Obiles on Front street.

The medal contest at Murphy last Sunday was a decided success, the contestants acquitting themselves creditably, before an appreciative audience. The medal was awarded to Earl Doxsee.

Illinois now has 35 prohibition counties, Michigan 11 and the Nebraska election resulted in the greatest anti-saloon victory ever won in the state.

State supreme court of Alabama upholds prohibition, local option and early closing measures.

May the news of victories elsewhere not be an earnest of the glad news that may be heard from our own fair Josephine?

BOTH SIDES.

1. The saloons pay a part of our taxes.
2. If the saloons were suppressed an enormous number of people would be thrown out of employment.
3. The liquor traffic consumes large quantities of corn, etc.
4. If the saloons were put out of business, the farmers markets for grain would be severely injured.
5. Districts which have gone for local option are suffering from financial depression.

1. Wherever a saloon pays one dollar of our taxes, it produces the necessity for the levying of a considerably larger amount. The saloon causes the astounding expense of most of our criminal trials, divorce suits, fills our poorhouses, reform schools and insane asylums for which the cost of maintaining increase our taxes much more than the revenue from saloons can possibly diminish them.

2. A hundred dollars spent for drink gives far less in employment to labor than does an equal sum spent for furniture, clothing, groceries, etc. Of \$100 spent for hardware \$24.17 goes to labor.

Of \$100 spent for furniture, \$33.77 goes to labor.
Of \$100 spent for clothing, \$17.42 goes to labor.
Of \$100 spent for liquor, \$1.23 goes to labor.

3. Only one bushel of corn in exactly 143 is used in the manufacture of spirits. If saloons were put down, the families of drunkards would have more money to buy pork, corn bread, etc. Similarly with other grains.

4. There is now on hand in all parts of this country, and of other countries, one of those waves of financial depression which have struck the world periodically ever since money was made. This present wave began in New York City, and is still felt there most severely. Surely no one would say New York is without saloons, or ever has been. The truth is, local option districts are, as a rule, withstanding the depression better than saloon districts.

The above arguments are made on a business basis only. Should we consider all the misery caused by intoxicants, so much the stronger beyond the possibility of language to express it, would be the argument against saloons.

PRESS COR.

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

How to Remedy Much of the Suffering In Grants Pass.

There is hardly a family in Grants Pass where there are not one or more members who suffer at times from the effects of a weak stomach.

It may be that this occurs only after eating food that does not agree, or because of a supper late at night; or it may be that the stomach is so weak that scarcely any food can be eaten without pain and distress.

The only way to treat conditions of this kind successfully is with Mi-o-na. It removes the cause of indigestion, weakness of the muscles of the stomach and bowels, and restores the whole digestive system to health and strength so that it takes care of all the food that is eaten.

Get well and strong by using Mi-o-na tablets. Take the remedy at the first symptoms of indigestion, when you can be cured easily with a few doses. However, no case of stomach trouble is too severe or chronic for Mi-o-na to overcome.

Demar's sell it under an absolute guarantee to refund the money unless it cures. A 30-cent box lasts for a couple of weeks, and will do more real good than a dozen boxes of the ordinary digestive tablets. 4-10 2c

ANCHOR

Your Investments

In the cheapest, safest, most desirable fruit soils in Jackson County, at Woodville, on Evans Creek, the "EMERALD VALLEY."

420 Acres solid tract, apple, pear, peach and cherry land, \$60 per acre.
135 acres in town \$75 per acre.
40 acres, 1 vineyard location and soil \$15 per acre.
Rogue River frontage \$20 per acre
SEE ME RIGHT NOW

Ben A. Lowell

WOODVILLE, ORE.

Safe and Secure

Is the Man with a good Bank Account. By systematically depositing his earnings each week, he has something for a rainy day

and is prepared for any emergency that may arise. Are you one of the fortunates? We invite you to open an account with us. Be it small or great, you will always receive courteous treatment.

Interest on time deposits

If you have some surplus cash why not have it earning you some interest? We pay interest on time deposits.

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent

in which you can store your valuable papers and treasures. You may have need for just such an accommodation. Let us serve you,

G. P. Banking & Trust Co.

APPORTIONMENT OF THE SCHOOL FUND

Supt. Savage Makes Division of School Money to Various Districts.

County Superintendent Savage has made the annual apportionment of the county school funds to the various districts throughout the county. The total amount distributed is \$4,276.50, or \$1.50 per pupil.

Following is the list of districts, the amount each received, the names of clerks and post office address of each:

Dist.	Amt.	Clerk	Postoffice
1.	\$ 157.50	J. G. Hiatt	Selma
2.	78.00	J. M. Seyferth	Holland
3.	105.00	E. F. Meissner	Kerby
4.	79.50	W. E. Young	Waldo
5.	87.00	J. C. McCann	Wilderville
6.	48.50	M. F. Crooks	Dryden
7.	1692.00	Ed VanDyke	Grants Pass
8.	45.00	G. A. Dunlap	Provlot
9.	61.50	J. S. McFadden	Davidson
10.	51.00	M. E. Topping	Murphy
11.	85.50	E. T. Ferruss	Leland
12.	19.50	Geo. Walter	Murphy
13.	64.50	C. E. Parke	Williams
14.	43.50	Alida Swinden	Murphy
15.	68.00	Lizzie Williams	Placer
16.	73.50	F. A. Topping	Williams
17.	27.00	A. C. Ford	RFD 2
18.	58.50	R. P. George	Waldo
19.	36.00	C. N. Gilmann	RFD 2
20.	100.50	Sherman Jess	RFD 2
21.	54.00	Geo. Wells	Kerby
22.	42.00	Sara Hammond	Hugo
23.	42.00	W. J. Savage	RFD 1
24.	63.50	Frank Thompson	Merlin
25.	54.00	V. Colvig	Grants Pass
26.	55.00	J. B. Burroughs	Grants Pass
27.	54.00	F. E. Lotan	Wolf Creek
28.	48.00	R. Huck	Grants Pass
29.	43.50	H. M. Gorham	RFD 1
30.	75.00	N. Christie	Grants Pass
31.	69.00	J. N. Larimore	Williams
32.	73.50	J. H. May	RFD 2
33.	49.50	W. D. Hunt	Kerby
34.	46.50	W. A. Kinn	Leland
35.	27.00	E. C. Neely	RFD 1
37.	16.50	Q. Woodcock	Kerby
38.	34.50	M. C. Davis	Golden
39.	81.00	J. L. Robertson	Wender
41.	18.00	Mrs. Baldwin	Holland
42.	19.50	S. M. Egger	Waldo
43.	51.00	Geo. Kipbert	Selma
44.	46.50	Mrs. Wm. Light	Grave
46.	24.00	Mrs. G. Webb	Deering
47.	38.50	Mrs. J. C. Cochran	Merlin
48.	45.00	C. L. Barlow	Galilee
49.	19.50	Mrs. Plumley	Grants Hill
50.	33.00	A. I. Hussey	Merlin

DOCTOR USES D. D. D. IN HIS PRACTICE

Eminent Physician Says This Liquid Prescription is Certain Cure For Eczema.

Still another Eczema specialist comes forward in enthusiastic praise of D. D. D. Prescription, the wonderful external remedy which cures Eczema and other similar diseases like magic. He is Dr. C. B. Holmes of Silver City, Miss., and in summing

up his impressions of the startling cures D. D. D. has effected, he says:

"I have been using your D. D. D. for four years with gratifying results. 'TIS AS NEAR A SPECIFIC FOR HERPES, ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, ETU, AS IS QUININE FOR MALARIA."

Dr. Holmes is one of hundreds of physicians who use D. D. D. in their daily practice. The D. D. D. company allows physicians to use this remedy with the understanding that they tell their patients what it was that cured them when the terrible itch has been wiped out, the skin healed and the raw wound covered over with soft white skin. D. D. D. is not a nasty paste to smear the skin and clothing, but it is a clear liquid. It is advisable to use D. D. D. in connection with D. D. D. Prescription. Is any further proof of the curative powers of D. D. D. prescription necessary? That remedy is sold at M. Clemons'. Come in and let us show you convincing proof that D. D. D. will cure your skin disease. Even if you have not decided to use D. D. D. remedy, come in and explain your case anyway. 4-24 3c

Prof Rowell returned home Sunday from a business trip to Portland, Olympia and other northern points. He was accompanied on his return by his little nephew, Harold Troy, who will spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Rowell.

Placer blanks at the Courier office.

CATARRH YIELDS

To Healing Air of Hyomei, Sold Under Guarantee by Demaray.

Catarrh is the most prevalent disease known to humanity. Probably 90 per cent. of the people in this country suffer at one time or another with this common disease.

It is a germ disease and hence can be cured only by some method that will reach and destroy the germs.

This is best found in Hyomei, which may be called the direct method of treating catarrh, as its medication, taken in with the air you breathe, goes directly to every air cell in the nose, throat and lungs; kills all catarrhal germs; heals the irritated mucous membrane and vitalizes the tissues so as to render catarrh no longer possible.

The unique way in which Hyomei is sold should dispel all doubt as to its curative properties. For Demaray gives his absolute guarantee to refund the price to any catarrh sufferer that Hyomei fails to benefit. You do not risk a cent in testing its healing powers. What offer could be more fair to you than this, where the leading druggist takes all the risk of Hyomei giving satisfaction, and leaves you to be the judge. 4-10 2c