

# Richard the Brazen

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... By ...  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,**  
Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerner," etc.  
AND  
**EDWARD PEPPE,**  
Author of "A Broken Heart," "The Prince of Wales," etc.

Continued from last week

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Why, Dad?"

Richard sprang forward and grasped his father's hand in both his own, while the old man eyed his son with a strange, conflicting mixture of reproach and parental love.

"Dicky," he sighed, "I'm glad to see you all right, my boy, but you've given your poor old dad a heap of worry. Now, what's all this mess about?"

The greeting between father and son was brief, because the bombshell revelation of the son's identity brought another powerful actor to the fore. To Harriet it had come as a tingling relief, for in a flash she understood why Richard had concealed his name, and she found herself smiling happily in answer to his father's courteous bow, but to Jacob Renwyck the effect was far more serious, inasmuch as he seemed to be the target at which this particular shell was aimed. In speechless rage he glared at his former colleague, glared also at the son and finally glared more fiercely still at Michael Corrigan, who advanced, with a smile of greeting, to the visitor.

"Hello, Bill! How are you?" he began cordially as he shook the other's mighty fist.

"Hello, Mike?" was the return greeting. "Where's the tarantula that calls my boy a thief?"

He did not await an answer, but turned instinctively toward his enemy, and for an instant the two fearless promoters stood sizing up each other in utter silence; then Jacob Renwyck spoke.

"I do!" he cried as it flashed upon him how Richard might have used his information in the harbor deal. "I do, you villain, and I include you in the charge! You sent your son to spy upon me, to steal my plans by a miserable, underhand fraud! You—"

"Jacob, Jacob!" wailed Mrs. Renwyck. "Be careful what you say, please!"

"B-s-h!" admonished Uncle Michael. "Don't spoil the fun, Julia. Let the old boys go it. It'll do 'em good."

The old boys in question proceeded to go it, but not for the sake of fun, nor did it seem to do them any good whatever. When Mr. Renwyck paused to catch his breath Bill Williams saw his chance and took the floor.

"Why, you old spavined skate," he thundered, doubling up his hairy fist, "don't think that you can cover up your tracks by abusing me or my boy either! You tricked me away from Texas on a blind trail; that's what you did, while your buccaneering dummies jumped my claim in Austin! Fooled me on a cold seat, did you, you fox? Well, I'll have your brush yet if I have to auction off my last stump tailed steer to do it!"

"Dear me!" quavered the horrified Miss Schermerly. "What frightful language!"

"Extraw'd'n'y!" nodded the British ambassador, who had not the remotest idea what it was all about. "Most extraw'd'n'y! 'Pon my word!"

The two gladiators were now the center of a human ring, which gathered closer and closer about them, each glowering at his hated adversary, each waiting for the final crash to come.

"I didn't!" shouted Mr. Renwyck.

"You did!" the Texan bellowed in that contradiction. "Why did you call my son a thief?"

Mr. Renwyck looked abashed.

"Well," he hedged, "perhaps I was wrong in that. I—I apologize."

"Won't do!" stormed the angry cattle king. "You've got to settle this with me! Understand me, sir—with me!"

Matters between the two frenzied financiers, both equally courageous and both equally enraged, had by this time risen to an alarming pitch, and it devolved upon Mr. Corrigan to prevent a personal encounter. A telegraph messenger had come to the door, and the lawyer himself received the dispatch. He tore open the envelope, glanced at the contents, smiled and turned to the two contestants.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he urged, "you can accomplish nothing by tearing each other to pieces. I suggest that we dismiss the major portion of our audience, then settle this dispute in the bosom of our respective, gentle minded families."

Even Mr. Renwyck saw the wisdom of this sage suggestion, and in a moment more the detectives and Mr. Parker were requested to wait outside, while the servants were for the time dismissed. There remained in the hall, besides the active threads of the hopeless snarl, Sir Rodney Hickwich, Miss Schermerly and Miss Sempton. Both ladies, being like members of the family—not to refer to their human feminine curiosity—made no move to leave, but the British ambassador, glad of any excuse, took up his hat and gloves. He rather fancied that he had happened upon some private though loosely conducted sanitarium, and during this temporary lull in the tempest he tapped Richard on the shoulder and said in a shaking tone:

"Er—pardon me, young man, I haven't the remotest idea what all this means, and I seem to have stirred it up myself by innocently asking for my friend, Lord Croyland. Since you—er—since you had his name awhile ago, could you chance to inform me where I might find him—ah—person?"

"Yes," replied Richard, with a glint of merriment lighting up his eyes. "You will find his person—somewhat damaged, to be sure—in St. Luke's hospital, New York. Send in your card and ask for Mr. Richard Williams. The earl changed his name for fear that a submarine would blow him up."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Sempton under her breath. She had called frequently at the hospital and had spent several long afternoons in administering cheer to the sick man, which the sick man had reciprocated through the assistance of the rosy checked nurse with flowers, confectionery, and so on, for both of which the nurse had an excellent taste. Miss Sempton had belonged for years to a hospital visiting association and flower mission and had never been so glad of it before.

"So he's an English lord! How nice! Goodness me! I always knew he was something out of the common. I think I'll have him call as soon as he is able," her thoughts ran.

"Oh," said Sir Rodney, having taken a full minute to digest Richard's astounding bit of information, starting vacantly at the young man while, "I—I don't understand, of course, but anything is preferable to this."

He waved his distinguished hand in the direction of all the asylums collectively, bowed and departed on his way.

"I can give you some tidings of him, Sir Rodney," began Miss Sempton, following him out on the porch. "He was quite badly hurt in an automobile accident, but he is doing well. I've been in to see him a number of times. Will you remember me most kindly to him and say that—Miss Sempton, you know—will be in again before long?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear young lady, and so, I am sure, will Croyland," answered the baronet, bowing himself away with an appreciation of the young lady's charm, couched in the earl's very words: "Ripping girl! Croyland always was a lucky beggar, by Jove!"

It may here be said that the ambassador, leaving Miss Sempton under the wistaria, indulging in dreams of a coronet which might and eventually did grace her brow, found his friend and gave him a hazy explanation of what he had seen at Irvington, though when the earl discovered how Richard had turned the tables on him, using a noble title for his own advantage, the Englishman failed to see that this stroke of genius was the least bit "clever."

"Deuced bad form!" he muttered in unreasoning resentment, quite forgetting his own turpitude in the matter of name appropriation. "I wouldn't have believed that Williams fellow such a selfish beast, you know." However, in the pleasure he took in Miss Sempton's message the noble earl soon dismissed the other episode from his mind.

"Now," said Uncle Michael when the doors of the hall were closed, "we can breathe once more." He unfolded his telegram and smoothed it out with a soft, caressing hand, cleared his throat and began again: "I have here a message from a friend of mine in Austin, Texas, in which one or both of you gentlemen may perhaps be interested. It seems that the state legislature adjourned just after a certain deep water harbor bill was passed."

In truth, both gentlemen were more than interested, and in the tantalizing pause which the little lawyer made that poor old hackneyed pin might have again done service in dropping.

"Ha!" triumphantly shouted Jacob Renwyck, who could wait no longer. "I knew it! Longuatt!"

"Not on your life!" corrected the cattle king. "Matisgorda City!"

Uncle Michael laughed.

"Which? Which?" both the assured speculators questioned in the same breath.

"Neither, gentlemen, and here's my advice to prove it." He laughed again and struck the telegram with his fist. "The joke's on both of you. Olivia!"

"What?"

Again there was a breathless pause.

"Julia," whispered the stately Miss Schermerly into Mrs. Renwyck's wondering ear, "I was positive from the first that some woman was mixed up in this affair. Her name is Olivia!"

Mrs. Renwyck rose to her feet, bristling.

"Olivia who?" she demanded sharply, though in the excitement no one paid the least attention to her, for Mr. Renwyck sank limp and stunned into his chair, while the puzzled Texan leaned against a table and turned the color of his reddest steer.

"But—but," stammered the champion of Longuatt, "I don't understand. Why, the legislature is dead! I-I bought it!"

"So did it!" asserted the cattle king. "Wrong again, gentlemen!" chuckled the little Irishman. "That august and honorable body can't—be—bought!"

"Explain!" cried Mr. Renwyck, tottering to his feet. "What do you mean, Michael? What do you know about it, anyway?"

"Lots," laughed Mr. Corrigan. "Besides, it's very simple when you get down to the facts. You see, there was a gentleman in New York the other day—the Hon. Mr. Kinwait, I believe he is called—a man wielding quite a big stick among certain members of the legislature. You, Mr. Williams, mixed a toddy for him in San Antonio, while Jacob took him out to lunch in New York and presented him with a fine cigar."

The Texan and the New Yorker glared savagely, but Uncle Michael smiled blandly and continued:

"The Hon. Mr. Kinwait, being thus beholden to both of you for your generous hospitality, became doubtful as to which to serve, and while struggling with his India rubber conscience a third party came along and offered him board and lodging in the penitentiary. All things being equal, he forgot both toddy and cigar and dumped his influence on the side of sweet Olivia and the Peace and Good Will Realty company. Am I clear?"

He was more than clear, for both of the old case-hardened schemers saw at a glance how cleverly they had been overreached by a little one horse organization that masked a serpent's fang under the cloak of a pious, inoffensive title, with a galleis individual named Fishcell as its outward exponent!

"Good Lord," sighed Bill Williams, "and I sold 'em the land to do it with!"

Mr. Renwyck had done the same, but had not the grace to admit it.

"Who the devil is back of this Peace and Good Will Realty company?" he demanded, forgetting the presence of the ladies in his anger and chagrin.

The little Irishman made as graceful a bow as his embonpoint would permit.

"I am."

"You?" gasped Mr. Renwyck.

"Yes, Jake, dear. I also interviewed the Hon. Mr. Kinwait."

"But, man," stormed Mr. Renwyck. "don't you know that half my fortune is invested in that deal? You—you've swindled me!"

Bill Williams laid his hand on Mr. Corrigan's shoulder and spoke calmly, but reproachfully:

"It was my pet scheme, Mike, and you knew it. Half my pile is gone too. I didn't think you'd do me up like that."

"I was merciful," said Uncle Michael coolly. "I left you each half. You won't starve, I might have taken all!"

If Mr. Corrigan fancied that he was ironing out the crinkled shirt of trouble by proving to the rivals that neither one had been successful, he found himself vastly mistaken. The tempest was loosed again, and Richard the Brazen took a turn at the thunder box.

"Look here," he cried, striding up to Uncle Michael and spinning that portly little man about without deference to his age or size. "Mr. Corrigan, if you were twenty years younger I'd give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in all your life!"

At this surprising development the entire company, with the exception of the lawyer, were too amazed to do aught but stare at the furious young man. The furious young man continued, oblivious to his surroundings:

"I came to you in confidence, sir, as my attorney, at your own suggestion, and asked advice. I was helpless, as you know, hanging between duty to dad and my pledge to Mr. Renwyck. You've swindled us all, sir—these gentlemen of their harbors, me of what I placed confidently in your hands—my honor."

"Honor!" sneered Mr. Renwyck.

"Honor!"

"What!" bellowed the cattle king. "You knew all about it, Dick, and you didn't tell me! Oh, Dick, Dick!"

Richard turned to explain to his reproachful father, but Mr. Renwyck turned upon the young man fiercely.

"Ha!" he almost screamed. "So that's the reason you couldn't sign a draft? You had sold me to Michael, had you—sold me when in the kindness of my heart I tried to help an impoverished Englishman? Englishman!" he laughed derisively. "A spy, a traitor to me—yes, and to his own flesh and blood too!" The financier paused for breath, then wheeled upon his brother-in-law. "And you," he stormed, "you, with your arguments and your chuckling mask that hides a rascal! That's what you've been laughing at for the past three days. Is it you and your psalm singing Mr. Fish-cell? You cheated me out of my land at Olivia! You've blackmailed the Texan legislature! You—you—you!"

"Oh, Jacob, darling!" sobbed Mrs. Renwyck, coming to his side as he sank, exhausted, into his chair.

"It is perfectly disgraceful!" sniffed Miss Schermerly. "I am almost tempted to go upstairs!" However, she successfully resisted temptation.

It seemed at this stage that poor little Mr. Corrigan had not a leg of honor to stand upon, and, to be correct, he did not attempt to stand, but sank into a seat and laughed until an apoplectic stroke seemed imminent. He was most aggravating, too, when he laughed.

"Goodness!" now observed the solemn Mr. Van der Awe, "he's worse than my poor Imogene!"

But Mr. Corrigan at last mastered his emotions, arose and, dabbing his eyes with his handkerchief, began to explain his case.

"Jacob," he said, "upon my honor, Richard never told me a single thing that I did not already know. My com-

pany was in the field long before he came to New York, and here are my papers to prove it. I knew every move of both of you, and while you and Bill were treating the legislature to whisky and cigars I got into the game myself. Our brazen young friend here had nothing to do with it whatever."

Richard heaved a sigh of deep relief, and old Bill Williams laughed.

"Look here, Mike," he said, "you've got all the money you want. Why in the name of common sense are you wading about in deep water harbors?"

"Several reasons," chuckled Uncle Michael. "First, I wanted the fun of the thing; second, I wanted a rap at Jacob, who is inclined to think he knows everything in the world; third, I wanted a joke on my friend, Bill Williams; fourth, I wanted to prove to you two old gray rats that your teeth are getting dulled by age; fifth, I had at heart the real welfare of the great state of Texas; sixth, I would not see a helpless legislature led astray; seventh, the Peace and Good Will Realty company is a bridal present I intend making to the son and daughter of two of my friends."

"What friends?" asked the two frenzied financiers together.

"Bill and Jake!" answered Mr. Corrigan, bursting into another laugh.

Four people flushed, two in anger, the other two for secret reasons of their own.

"Now, listen, boys," continued Uncle Michael earnestly. "You two have had a very foolish quarrel, and it's time to shake hands and make it up. So far as your harbor schemes are concerned, you are both out of the running. I own it—every share. I will turn my interest over to Richard, to do with as he chooses, but if I know him—and I'm inclined to think I do—I will have a pretty fair idea as to how he will act. What do you say, Dicky, boy?"

Richard came forward and grasped the lawyer's hand.

"Mr. Corrigan," he said, "forgive me for what I said just now. I take it all back. You're the finest counsel on earth!"

"Oho!" chuckled the little man. "Changed your opinion, have you? Well, go on."

"I couldn't begin to thank you for what you have done for me," continued Richard, "and what that is I am now going to confess. I have been longing to do it for a week. But first let's settle this harbor tangle. I suggest that dad and Mr. Renwyck consolidate their interests with me and we'll open up at Olivia. Olivia is the best place for a harbor, anyway."

"Bully!" chuckled Mr. Corrigan, rubbing his plump hands until the skin was almost peeled. "Well, Jake? Well, Bill?"

"Um! Not a bad idea," admitted the cattle king, with a flickering smile. "What do you say, Renwyck?"

"I think," said the old financier slowly—"I think I'd rather wait for the confession this young man has mentioned. From what I know of him already it may lead to complications."

Richard smiled hopefully at Harriet and stepped to the center of the hall. He made a clean breast of it, beginning at his meeting with the real Lord Croyland, the automobile accident and the cool effrontery of the earl in taking the name of Richard Williams for his personal convenience. The Texan then told how he had been met by his host at the railroad station and how he had been mistaken for the Englishman. At this point Mr. Renwyck interrupted him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but why did you pose as some one else?"

"Well, you see," confessed Richard, blushing to the roots of his hair, "you informed me at the time that the Williams family was a—well, a generation of vipers, to be exact, and, besides, I knew that dad would rave if he knew I came."

"You scoundrel!" laughed the cattle king. "What were you up to anyway?"

"I'm coming to that, dad," answered the young man, shyly casting another glance in Harriet's direction. That young lady had already turned for flight up the stairs when Richard stopped her with:

"No, wait, please, Miss Harriet. This concerns you. As I couldn't come here in my own name, Mr. Renwyck—and—"

"But why did you wish to be received at all?" the host cut in, while the eyes of Uncle Michael sparkled expectantly.

"Mr. Renwyck," said Richard boldly, now fingering caution to the winds, "that day when I dragged your daughter out of a milling bunch of cattle I swore to follow her if I had to crawl to Jericho on my hands and knees!"

"What?" cried the New Yorker, springing to his feet. "Were you the man?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the young Texan, casting a look of tenderness at a certain young lady who was busily trying to keep down her blushes.

"Well, I never!" burst out Mrs. Renwyck. "I—I thought he was a very funny Englishman!"

"Ah!" exclaimed her husband. "Now I see how you happened to stick on Hawk. Go on; go on!"

This Richard proceeded to do, giving a full account of his tribulations, but with such deep appreciation of their humorous side that the people supposed upon could not find it in their hearts to be angry with him.

"You see," he said in conclusion, "I was never in a harbor before."

He did not think it necessary to mention the matter of the letters and hoped that Harriet and Imogene might also be spared a confession. In this the young people were lucky, for Uncle Michael's man had caught both the light fingered gentlemen—Koddy-poddykins' expert and scientific assistant proving to be a notorious crook—who were subsequently lodged in a safe retreat which the Hon. Mr. Kinwait missed by the skin of his teeth, and means were found to keep them silent as to Mr. Fitzgeorge's adventure in the billiard room, although Mr. Renwyck and Michael had to be told of it.

"So that's the way the matter stands, is it?" asked Mr. Renwyck, with a smile. "You two have been making love under my very nose. I said you were a burglar, sir, and now you prove it." He glanced at his daughter from beneath his shaggy brows. "I suppose I needn't ask if it has all been decided without consulting me?"

"Well, no," grinned Richard. "I hoped it would have been, but something always popped up to interrupt us. I should like your permission, sir, to continue."

The financier studied the floor in silence, making no reply till Richard presently touched his shoulder and spoke again.

"Mr. Renwyck," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't forget that I have a libel suit against you. I should hate to run off with a lady while her father pined in jail."

"Oh, go long with you!" laughed the millionaire. "I was thinking of the Peace and Good Will Realty company. I guess I'm in with you. Come, gentlemen, let's go into the library and look over Michael's papers."

"Dicky," smiled old Bill Williams to his son, "you're a scamp, and you know it! But I'd give a dozen harbors to see you happy." He placed a caressing arm about the young man's shoulder and whispered into his ear: "Go in and win, Dick, my boy. She's worth it all!"

Mr. Corrigan rubbed his hands and turned to his brother-in-law.

"If you had listened to me at first, Jacob, you—"

"Oh, shut up, Michael!" laughed Mr. Renwyck. "I give in. I'm down, but don't stamp on me. Come on, Williams; I have something in the library besides papers, which I keep for friends!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

As the library door closed Mrs. Renwyck and Miss Schermerly rose to take their leave, the mother with a happy smile at Harriet, the spinster with a long, reproachful frown.

"Dear me!" the matron whispered to her friend. "So Harriet isn't going to be a nobleman's wife, after all. How very disappointing!"

"One of nature's noblemen, dear Julia," said Miss Schermerly, with a complete reversal of opinion. "I always thought him most distinguished."



"Yes," murmured Harriet faintly, and think of the money they are to have from dear Michael and that—ah—Bible company!"

Richard and Harriet were not yet alone, for Mr. Cornelius Van der Awe still sat in a huge rocking chair, the picture of woe and misery.

"Do you know," he murmured, apropos of nothing in particular, "everybody in the world seems happy—except poor me!"

"Cornelius!" called a shrill voice, and, looking up, all three spied a flushed face and a disheveled head that were poking over the banisters. "Cornelius, you make me tired! Go out on the lawn and wait until I fix my hair. I never saw such a miserable, dejected, silly boy! I declare, I'm almost sorry that I'm not engaged to Mr. Williams instead of you!"

The head disappeared, the melancholy lover departed, with a dazed and gloomy air, and Harriet and Richard were alone at last. For a moment neither spoke; then he took her unresisting hand.

"Harriet," he whispered, and now his voice for the first time trembled—"Harriet, do you understand why I stooped to this deception? I tried to tell you over and over again, but feared to lose you in the telling. I would gladly have faced death a thousand times rather than deceive you, and yet—for you I did it. Did you know—did you dream that I was an American?"

Harriet laughed.

"I guessed you were not an Englishman by the dreadful time you had

with Lord Croyland's monocle. Really it was most pathetic!"

Richard took the frail silk cord between his thumb and finger, whirling the glass around his head in the manner of a lariat.

"It has served its purpose, and now we'll smash the last emblem of the foreigner."

"No; don't," interrupted Harriet quickly. "Let me keep it as a souvenir of your realistic impersonation."

He dropped it into her hand and asked:

"But did you suspect that I was the—"

"The cowboy?" she finished. "I-I hoped you were."

"God bless you for that!" he cried. "And, now that you know, may I tell you again that I have loved you, worshipped you, since that first sweet moment when I pulled you from your pony and held you in my arms? May I tell you that never for a moment have I ceased to dream of you, wanting you as I wanted nothing else in the whole wide world?"

"You—didn't think that way at first," she smiled.

"How? What do you mean?" Harriet hesitated, blushed and then went on:

"Well—you—you put me down on the grass, gave me that awful whisky—then forgot all about me—to go after your—horrid cows!"

It was Richard's turn to laugh.

"But, you see," he explained, "it was duty that called me then, even as another duty calls me now. I'm afraid I must leave you to look after an English calf." He smiled at Harriet's look of blank astonishment and continued, with a laugh: "It is all on account of poor Woolsey Bills. I thought he had helped to steal your diamonds, and I'm afraid I locked the Cardinal up in the bathroom."

"Oh, please hurry and let the poor thing out!" Miss Harriet pleaded when she fully realized the situation. But Richard for once determined to put pleasure even before so plain a duty as releasing an innocent prisoner.

"No," he whispered; "I want the promise of another prisoner first—a prisoner for life—for all time—and one who will never wish to get away. I love you," he pleaded, "with all my strength and with all my soul. Dearest, will you be my prisoner?"

She checked his extended hands and asked, with a mischievous smile:

"Will—will you lock me up in the bathroom?"

"If you need it," he answered audaciously. "But at other times I'll lock you in my heart. Darling, will you come?"

Again he came toward her, and this time he would not be denied.

"Yes," murmured Harriet faintly. And Richard the Brazen came into his own.

THE END.

## TEA

There's plenty of humbug in tea; not one ounce in a ton Schilling's Best.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it, we pay him.

## Convention Rates.

On the following occasions tickets will be sold on the certificate plan at Grants Pass for one and one-third fare for the round trip:

Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M., and Grand Chapter R A Masons of Oregon, Portland, June 8th to June 13th.

No stopovers given on above tickets. For the conventions tickets may be purchased three days prior to or on the opening day, and are good to return any time within two days after meetings close. For further information call at the depot.

R. K. MONTGOMERY,  
Agent

## SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County.

Edith Baumann Plaintiff  
vs.  
August Baumann, Defendant.

To August Baumann, the defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Cause on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which first date of publication is Friday, June 19, 1908 and the last day of publication of said summons, and the last day for your appearance as foresaid is Friday, July 24, 1908, and you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable. This summons is published by order of Hon. Stephen Jewell, Judge of the County Court of Josephine County, State of Oregon, made June 11, 1908, ordering the publication of this summons for a period of six successive weeks.

OLIVER S. BROWN,  
Attorney for the plaintiff.