STORAY, PREDAY, APRIL

# Richard Brazen

CYRUS ? TOWNSENI BRADY Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," etc ,

AND EDWARD PEPLE uthor of "A Broken Rosary,

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Richard, who against his every inclination was forced to take in the stately Miss Schermerly, was wondering vaguely who "Michael" might be when suddenly his heart stood still at the entrance of the gentleman himself, and again in his ears sounded the haunting echo of that doubtful compli-

"Very good seat for an Englishman,

my lord." Mr. Michael Corrigan was a merry, hearty little man, brother to Mrs. Renwyck, not ashamed of his immediate Irish ancestry and a thorn in his brother-in-law Jacob's side. The two gentlemen had never got on well together, owing to an utter dissimilarity of tastes and a bulldog tendency to argue out their respective sides of every question to the bitter end. If one made a statement the other was sure to combat it, no matter what his private convictions chanced to be, and poor Mrs. Renwyck lived in mortal dread of a tilt a la outrance between the two. Moreover, there had been a recent discussion, which, had Richard known it, would have caused him much distress of mind, for the rock on which the brothers-in-law had split was a business deal with one Bill Williams of San Antonio, Tex.

Before the advent of Mr. Corrigan, Richard had been pluming himself on having carried out his role so successfully. It was comparatively easy to throw sand in the eyes of the Renwycks and their guests, but Mr. Corrigan put a different complexion on the face of things, for the Texan recognized the gentleman as a stanch friend of his father's who had visited their ranch some ten years before. Richard was then a mere boy and would scarcely be remembered, he hoped, especially when masquerading as a foreigner. Still he had his quaking doubts and redoubled his efforts to appear un-American. As the dinner progressed he was rejoiced to detect no sign of recognition, but before the salad was served he found himself in trouble.

For the benefit of his guests Mr. Renwyck recounted the afternoon's feat of horsemanship, and Richard found himself upon the defensive. Fortunately he knew the details of the real Lord Croyland's venture in Texas cattle and told the story with good effect, thus accounting for his ability to ride anything that ran on four legs, yet all the while he felt the steady gaze of Mr. Corrigan's little gimlet eyes, which made him most uncomfortable.

When this ordeal was passed Miss Chittendon forced him into one more complication.

"Oh, Lord Croyland," she gushed from her seat on the opposite side of the table, "won't you please tell us a lot about England? I've never crossed, you know, and I'm just dying to see the places I've read of in so many

turned, with unnatural languor, "you wouldn't find it half so jelly as your own country. Really, you know, cm becoming such a good American that I fancy I shall never return to England

He was not to get out of that coil so easily, however, for the ladies plied him with difficult questions until he wished with all his heart that three of them at least were confined for life in the Tower of London, while he talked to the fourth of bronches and love and things he understood. Then Mr. Corrigan took a hand.

"Lord Croyland," he began, leisurely sipping his port, "it has been many years since I was in London, but I have always retained a most delightful recollection of Hyde park. Very few changes there, I suppose?"

Richard brightened visibly. This was a subject on which the astute Bills had drilled him well. He could speak of it, he thought, with little danger of a slip. Mr. Corrigan went on reflectively:

"Quite a park, as I remember it." "Vast," agreed Richard, wishing his mentor had been a little more explicit

as to dimensions. "I was especially impressed," said Mr. Corrigan, with delusive blandness. "with that splendid statue of Napoleon, which stands at the main entrance. You are familiar with it, of

course, Lord Croyland?" "Oh, quite!" assented Richard boldly, screwing in his monocle and looking Uncle Michael straight in the eye, with never a tremor in his own. "To

me it is quite the finest bit of bronze I've ever seen." Mr. Corrigan seemed puzzled.

"Bronze?" he murmured thoughtfully. "Now, that's strange. I was under the impression that it was done in marble." He looked up with a smile and a sigh. "I dare say I'm getting

old, my lord." Richard began to feel beads of cold perspiration gathering upon his brow, but dared not call attention thereto by

mopping. "It is quite weather stained, you know," he explained, with outward calm, "and perhaps-well, you see, the sculptor's name is Thornton. I've never heard that he worked in marble,

though I may be wrong." "But what I don't understand," exclaimed Mr. Renwyck, "is why you l Englishmen ever put up a statue of

g acceptation and the property of the property Napoleon at all. Seems to me hating him as you did it was rather a curious thing to do."

"Not at all," said Richard desperately; "prisoner, y'know-St. Helenaand all that sort of thing-er-magpanimous."

Uncle Michael did not seem convinced and was about to ask more ques tions when Mr. Renwyck turned upon him sharply.

"Michael, you are doing this for the sake of argument. I don't believe you know anything about it, and, what is more, I think Lord Creyland is humoring you for the sake of politeness. I'll prove it." He turned to Richard. "My boy, I ought to have warned you in advance. My brother-in-law is a crotchety old lawyer who has never got over his bad habits. Tell me-honestly now-is there a statue of Napoleon Bonaparte in Hyde park at all?"

"No." smiled Richard, greatly reliev ed at this turn, "there is not." "Who is it, then?"

"Wellington," said Richard, with triumphant carelessness, although he really did not know whether there was such a statue or not. But then neither did any one else at the table, although all but Miss Chittendon had visited England, some of them many times. The company laughed at Mr. Corrigan's discomfiture, while the victim himself seemed to enjoy it with the keenest zest. That dangerous incident The dinner was finished at last, and

Mr. Corrigan, pleading an appointment, departed, greatly to Richard's relief. The rest of the evening was spent in company with the ladies, for the young man's efforts to single out one in particular were invariably frustrated by the other three. It was not until nearly 11 that he had a short half hour with her alone, but in this he was repaid for all his tribulations. Miss Harriet was dressed in an exquisite pale blue gown, modestly revealing a neck and shoulders which to Richard were the most beautiful in all the world. They sat on the front veranda overlooking the river, she in a low wicker chair and he on the steps a her feet. Behind him were clusters of wistaria blooms, while beyond in the darkness the first of the fireflies twinkled like stars. To them came the nighttime scents and the murmur of the wind across the mighty Hudson

on its journey to the sea. Miss Harriet told him of her trip to Texas and of the gallant cowboy who had saved her life, while Richard listened with a bounding heart. He longed to claim a hero's place, to confess his deception and tell her the plain, bare truth. And yet he paused. To confess would involve disclosing the reason of his deceit and he dare not risk the chance of losing her yet. She was young, romantic. The very daring of a lover's bold design might appeal to her; but, on the other hand, it was better

"My dear young lady," Richard re- to wait till he had won her heart than to ruin all by foolish precipitance. "And what sort of chap was this cowboy?' he asked her presently. "Oh, splendid!" she answered, with

enthusiasm. "He was tall and straight and strong. Why, he lifted me as though I had been a child and set me down as tenderly as my own mother might have done. It all came so suddenly and I was so bewildered that I scarcely even thanked him. I know he thinks me perfectly horrid, and would give anything on earth if could only tell him that I'm-that I'm

"And you saw all that in five minutes?" he asked eagerly. "In five minutes!" she exclaimed, surprised. "How do you know how

long it was?" "Oh-er-a perfectly natural inference," he stammered, hunting for cov-

er desperately. "Well, it was a short time," she

"And yet you did not learn his name?"

Miss Harriet shook her head. "No. We came away at once, and I had no chance. You see, I only saw him for a moment-that is, after he put me down-and-and he was in such a hurry to catch his cows."

Richard smiled into the wistaria vine and was silent for a time. "I suppose," he began presently that the young fellow was of the or-

dinary type of cowboy we see so frequently on"-"No." interrupted Miss Harriet, with a decisiveness that pleased him to the quick; "he was nothing of the sort. Of course he was roughly dressed, as they all are, but a gentleman is a gentleman even in a flannel shirt, and 'chaps' don't they call them? Do you know, Lord Croyland, he reminds me in many ways of you. He-no, no,"

was an American." "Lucky beggar!" observed the pseudo earl, with a heavy sigh. "Miss Renwyck, I, too, would love to become an

she added hastily, "I don't mean that.

He-was quite different. You see, he

"I?" she laughed. "Yes, I will, if you promise to follow instructions im-"Done!" he answered. "I'm ready

for my first lesson. How will you begin?"

.Joked down upon arm impishly. "First I think I should like to destroy your monocle with-with a cro-

quet mallet." Richard screwed it into his eye with renewed vigor and stared up at her through it with an excellent simulacrum of a wondering English incomprehension, stammering out with delightful vagueness:

tt, Miss Renwyck?" CHAPTER VIII.

OFTER Miss Renwyck had retired Richard lighted a cigarette and sat alone on the veranda, turning over in his mind the events of his first crowded day and his plans for the future campaign. Mr. Michael Corrigan troubled him. This little fat man was nobody's fool, and no one could tell what sort of mischief was being hatched behind those piercing eyes, which, if they continued to twinkle about the Renwyck place, would shortly discover many things. Richard sighed and flicked the stump of his cigarette away. He rose and was about to pass into the house when he was met in the doorway by Mr. Renwyck.

"Croyland," said his host impressively, "there is a little matter which I should like to talk over with you, and I have purposely waited until the ladies retired."

Richard fancled there was a certain grimness in Mr. Renwyck's tone and jumped to a swift conclusion. He was found out. He wished to avoid a scene if possible, but from what his father had told him of Mr. Renwyck's temper he could gather little hope.

"Certainly," he answered evenly, rather relieved that the expected break was coming. "Shall we sit here on the porch?" "No," said the old gentleman; "I suaded."

don't care to be overheard by any of the servants. If you don't mind walking we'll move away from the house." Richard was convinced. He was sure that when Jacob Renwyck expressed a candid opinion of any oneespecially an impostor-he would find it difficult to speak in whispers. It was just as well, on the whole, Richard preferred to receive his malediction out of earshot of his ladylove. He rose with alacrity, therefore, and followed his host, who led the way across the lawn toward a little observatory or pleasure house on the crest of a bluff overlooking the moonlit Hud-

At another time the young man might have enjoyed the view of the great calm river sweeping past the shadowy hills on the farther side, but under the circumstances the scene did not appeal to him. There were other thoughts which occupied his mind. Mr. Renwyck walked with his hands clasped behind him, and Richard watched his every move. Physically the Texan was more than a match for Mr. Renwyck, but the latter had probably armed himself for the occasion, a trifling precaution which would not have escaped the southerner. And Richard then and there resolved never again to put on a pair of trousers that had no pistol pocket in them. What did those eastern tailors know about the requirements of a gentleman anyway? But then it flashed into his mind that Mr. Renwyck was probably no better provided than he in that particular-reassuring

Suddenly Mr. Renwyck unclasped his hands and transferred one of them to his breast pocket. Richard caught sight of a bulging projection-it was there then!

He was on the point of seizing his hose's wrist when the latter brought forth a brown covered case.

"Have a cigar," he said, with crafty cordiality, and Richard accepted, with his gaze still concentrated on Mr. Renwyck's hands. "Light?"

"Thank you, no," the Texan answered. "I'll smoke it dry for awhile, if

you don't mind." The trick was an old one. He had seen it worked along the Rio Grande. A Mexican had presented a cheroot to a cow puncher, who, after lighting it, found himself looking into the muzzle of an overgrown Colt's-and a Texan learns to profit by observation as well as experience.

Mr. Renwyck now invited his guest to a seat beside him on a smooth flat stone on the edge of the cliff. Richard accepted, but cautiously slid his foot to a point behind Mr. Renwyck's leg, with the aim of overturning his enemy backward at the first sign of treachery.

"Croyland," he began abruptly, "I've taken a fancy to you somehow, and I'm going to prove it by putting you on the inside of a little business deal." "A business deal?" gasped Richard

in unfeigned surprise. "Yes," nodded the old gentleman, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. "Of course I don't know how you are fixed financially, nor have I any intention of asking impertinent questions, but if you care to come with me in a transaction in which I myself have invested largely I can put you in the way of

making quite a snug little sum." Richard withdrew his foot from behind Mr. Renwyck's leg and in the darkness strove to kick himself. Conscience had made of him not exactly a coward, but a careful skater on thin

"That's very clever of you, indeed," he answered, lighting his perfecto and gazing out across the Hudson. "Is it what you call-er-a flier?"

"Well, no," said the old financier. "It's more than that. It's a dead certainty, and I'm on the inside. Let me explain. To begin with, it is a deep water harbor enterprise in the state of

Richard pricked up his ears, and Mr. Renwyck continued:

"A local company has been organized and styles itself the Houston, Matagorda City and Gulf Railroad and Improvement company." And Richard recognized the company with

a turin or excitement. "They're going to get an appropriation from the legislature for making a deep water harbor at Matagorda City. They own all the land in the vicinity and the right of way for a branch line to connect with the railroad systems of Texas at Houston. Now, this scheme, all else being equal, would be a sweet, "D'ye mean while I am-ah-wearing juicy plum for its promoters. But

things are not all equal. I have learned its details, and I propose to smash

He spoke with a savage emphasis, which revealed his hatred and his determination. If hell has no fury like a woman scorned, a friend turned enemy is almost as venomous.

"How are you going to do it?" asked... Richard, with growing anxiety.

"There chances to be a rival company in the field, my boy, backed by money-influence-pull. In fact, I organized it to make a deep water harbor at Longmatt, on San Antonio bay. I rather think the legislative appropriation will go there."

"And is Longmatt better adapted for a deep water harbor than Matagorda City?"

"Much better." "Why?"

"Because I own all the land at Longmatt, and for various reasons that -er-do credit to its business acumen the committee on railroads in the legislature agrees with me." "Which means," suggested Richard,

"that the legislature is doing business at the same old stand." Mr. Renwyck laughed. "That sounds very American for a

foreigner, but suppose we put it a little more delicately. The legislature through this committee can be per-

"And the other company does not know this?

"Not a whisper of it." "But won't it find out from the legislature?" "It won't. I am certain of those

Texas statesmen. They have been-"But I thought"- began Richard, then stopped suddenly, remembering that he was not supposed to be up in

American railroading affairs. "Well?" -"that such matters required much time-red tape-and all that sort of

thing, you know." "Not a bit of it," answered the old gentleman, rubbing his hands in anticipated pleasure. "Now, listen. I have devised this opposition scheme myself and know what I'm talking about. In just two weeks from now the Houston, Matagorda City and Gulf Railroad and Improvement company's bill for a deep water harbor at Matagorda City will be introduced in the legislature with a great flourish of trumpets and referred to the railroad committee -my committee, that is. At the same time a small and unostentatious little bill substituting Longmatt for Matagorda City will also be quietly slipped in by some of my agents. No one knows me in this connection at all, and of course you will respect my confidence?"

"Certainly." "Well, this bill will be referred and forgotten by everybody until the last minute, when the original bill will be amended, and the large appropriation will go to Longmatt, too near the end of the session for any change. The stockholders of the opposite company are so certain of success that their first mortgage bonds have been issued. quietly taken up among themselves and are rising in value every day. But wait. When the Longmatt scheme is ssured the bonds of the company won't be worth a cent. I shall buy their right of way to Houston for a song, and-well, the state of Texas will be greatly benefited, while the other fellows pay"-

"Pay Texas?" asked Richard inno-

"Pay for the fiddler, my boy-that is, I." laughed Mr. Renwyck complacently. The old gentleman coolly flicked



"The old man's name is Bill Williams." the ash from his cigar, turned and looked smilingly at his young auditor in assured triumph.

Richard smoked in silence for a time, then presently said, with affected carelessness:

"Mr. Renwyck, what you say is no doubt based on sound judgment and business and -er - legislative experience; yet, on the other hand, it strikes me that you are taking rather a heavy risk for the sake of mere money." "Ah," cried the old financier, with a snap of his heavy jaw, "now you've

To be continued.

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### Serious Charge Against Prisoner

Man Arrested on Charge of Attempting to Poison His Brother and is Brought to Lindsay

Chief Vincent returned to Wednesday evening with the Eldon township resident who is charged with attempting to poison his brother. The accused evaded the police, gave them a merry chase through the township.

Chief Vincent followed his mean until he secured him, even going as far as the Indian reserve on Lake

The charge against the accused is, That Henry Parliament did, on or about Jan. 1, unlawfully, and maliciously cause to be administered to Thos. Parliament a large quantity of a certain deadly poison, commonly known as rough on rats, or white arsenic, and thereby did endanger the life of the said Thomas Parliament."

The case will likely be tried at an early date.

Further information is to the effect that the accused lives on a ranch at Washago, Simcoe county, while his brother is a resident of Eldon town-

### Thrilling Experience of a Port Hope Man

Tossed on the Lake for Two Days and Nights - From Charlotte to Grafton

Mr. Edgar E. Brown, son of Mrs. W. L. Brown, Port Hope, has just had an experience that he would care to repeat under any consideration. In company with a friend, Mr. Burns, of Rochester, he left Charlotte on a fishing expedition on Sunday evening. After being out some time they pulled their skill on the shore and both men fell sleep. How long they slumbered not known, but when Mr. Brown awakened he was being tossed about on the blue deep and his companion was missing. He was in sight of the American shore, but owing to the heavy wind was unable to make land. He drifted about, receiving an occasional shower bath from the large breakers, and he finally decided make the best of his perilous position and prepared for another sleep. Monday morning broke bright and clear, and "Nedger's" only guide was the sun. Quite a stiff breeze was blowing from the south, so he pulled diligently for the Canadian side. Darkwith no sign of land, and again Mr. Brown made preparation for his evning's rest. On Tuesday morning at 7.30 he

sighted a clump of trees, and after five hours of hard work he reached the village of Grafton-almost in a state of collapse.

Mr. Brown was looked after by some friends there, and came to Port Hope on the 7.02 train Tuesday night

He is staying with his mother, and is still feeling the effects of the thrilling experience. He was without provisions and had only a light suit of clothes on, with no overcoat. His entire outfit on the boat consisted of two pair of oars and a tomato can and the latter hgd to be used freely in bailing out the boat.

Mr. Brown is at a loss to know what happened his companion. He expects that probably Burns left the boat and in getting out accidentally pushed it out from shore.

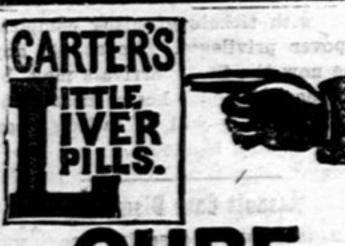
#### The Black Knot The black knot which is so preva-

lent in the cherry and plum trees of Lindsay is a disease which, if left to run its course, will, in a comparatively short space of time spread from an outer limb into the trunk and destroy the tree. To save trees from destruction the limb affected should be cut off at least six inxhes below the spot. In a few weeks, when the weather becomes warm, the knots will be alive again, and will be spread from one tree to another by the birds and the wind. It important therefore, that the trees be pruned now and all the black knots removed, both to save the affected trees and to prevent the promiscuous spread of the disease. Very badly affected trees should be entirely destroyed, as they are without value to their owners and are a source danger to their neighbor's trees.

-Oakville wants an armoury. -Pembroke will have a new theatre

-Dundas will establish a canning factory in the town. -Part of Chesterville's business five per cent. Offices William-st., Lindsay section was destroyed by fire.

-Longueuil, Qde., is almost flooded out by the ice shove.



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