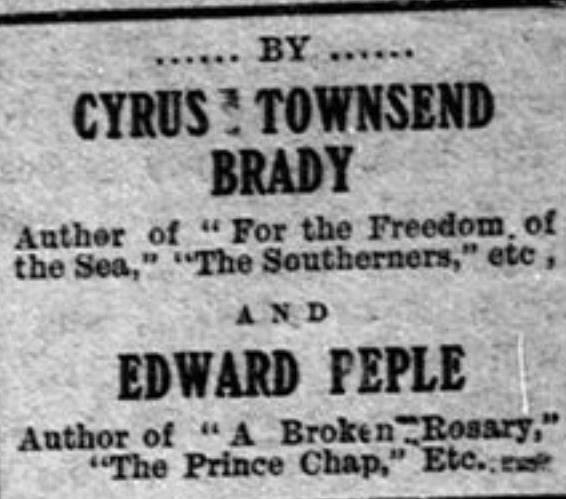


Richard the Brazen

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"Yes," said Richard, "I'm going to Mr. Renwyck this evening and make a clean breast of it. It's the only thing I can do."

"But, my dear sir," cried Dick, with some asperity, "I had no such intention, I assure you. The information was—well, it was forced on me."

"Hold on, for God's sake!" vehemently protested Richard, appalled at the revelation of his perfidy by the lawyer's merciless logic, which was about as hard to bear as if it had been a truthful indictment.

"And what of dad?" Mr. Corrigan began to chuckle and to rub his hands violently.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN THE young Texan had got out of earshot Mr. Corrigan leaned back and laughed till his plump sides could stand the strain no more.

Meanwhile Richard followed the lawyer's counsel, not only as to closing his mouth with regard to Mr. Renwyck, but as to opening it without delay with regard to Mr. Renwyck's daughter.

house. He followed her for a moment or two just as he reached the rear steps of a sprightly little figure bounded out and greeted him effusively.

"Why, Lord Crolyland!" she twittered, with something between a giggle and a shriek, "how very fortunate! I was just going out to pick wild flowers. I've never picked wild flowers with a real nobleman. Please say you are just trying to give me a new experience."

He relieved her of the absurd basket she was carrying on her arm and started across the fields, cursing inwardly at the fate which linked him with this troublesome and irresponsible little creature and striving outwardly to be decently polite to her.

"It is so good of you to come," she confided, with a melting glance. "It isn't heavy enough to tire you, is it? You are so strong, you know, and so brave."

"All right," he said carelessly. "Fire—er—I mean do so, by all means." She seated herself and added dramatically, "Believe me, maiden, it shall be sacred with me."

"There!" she cried in triumph. "I knew you could do it, though Harriet says flatly—just flatly—that you couldn't."

"Nothing short of assassination could make me refuse you," said Richard, emphasizing the pronoun and looking sadly out across the Hudson.

"I breathe again. Go on."

"Well, Lord Crolyland, we are going to have a little one act play on Fri-



"I've never picked wild flowers with a real nobleman."

cause you just said you would, and I know you will do it just beautifully, because I told Harriet you could, and, having promised, of course you can't refuse now, when everything has been—"

"Hold on; hold on!" interrupted Richard. "I'm sort of losing my grip on things. Slow down to a trot and let's get our bearings."

"That settles it. I'm lost." "And, besides, it will make Cornelius Van der Awe just frantic. He isn't in the cast, you know. We've put him in the audience, and he has just to sit there and be wretched. Oh," she cried, "it will simply be too delicious! Don't you think so?"

"Oh, the serious part!" his companion advised him. "It's more real acting than mine, of course, but I like the love part best, don't you?"

"I shall need to acquire—er—restraint in the presence of such temptation, you know."

"You poor little innocent Englishman! We'll fix that later."

"Then it's settled. I'm so glad. Come on and let's dig up more roots."

"I was wrong. I am of one."

"I breathe again. Go on."

"I breathe again. Go on."

"I breathe again. Go on."

day evening, and you are in it, be-

CHAPTER XI.
"H, it's you, is it?" said Richard, the first to recover from astonishment.

"I think it can be settled by arbitration," he answered coldly. "Will you kindly follow me to some less public place?"

"Thank you, no," said the young man sadly. "I have no heart for pleasure just at present. If you don't mind, we'll get down to business."

"Which one of what?" he asked when he recovered himself.

"The girls," said Mr. Van der Awe. "Perhaps I didn't put it clearly."

"Miss Imogene," confessed the young man without reserve.

"You can't imagine how I appreciate your openness and squareness."

"Thank you very much, but I'm glad to know you in your true, real light."

"Thank you very much, but I'm glad to know you in your true, real light."

"I breathe again. Go on."

"I breathe again. Go on."

To be continued.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

stops loss of flesh in babies and children and in adults in summer as well as winter. Some people have gained a pound a day while taking it.

The Hen Was Not Purloined

A Leghorn in the Lime Light at the Local Police Court

A brown Leghorn hen occupied a prominent position in a police court case last Friday.

This bird, it was alleged, was stolen by one east ward resident from another east ward on the 28th of January last.

The complainant gave evidence in which he stated he lost a brown Leghorn hen on Jan. 28th.

"Smoke?" asked Richard, holding out his cigar case.

"Thank you, no," said the young man sadly.

"Which one of what?" he asked when he recovered himself.

"The girls," said Mr. Van der Awe.

"Miss Imogene," confessed the young man without reserve.

"You can't imagine how I appreciate your openness and squareness."

"Thank you very much, but I'm glad to know you in your true, real light."

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"I breathe again. Go on."

"I breathe again. Go on."

"I breathe again. Go on."

To be continued.

The Demonical Whistle

Independent: The Beaver and the Arthur C. left the dry dock on Friday last, and made their way to Lindsay, the 23rd of April being the opening of navigation for this port.

A sharp lookout will also be kept for those catching and netting fish out of season and offenders will be vigorously prosecuted.

Runaway on Kent-st.

A runaway horse hitched to a buggy caused some excitement on Kent-st. Wednesday. The frightened animal started at Moore's hotel yard, and ran the whole length of Kent-st., until it came to a sudden stop at the Y. M. C. A. corner.

Boy Broke His Arm

Peterboro, April 30.—The eight-year old son of Mr. Geo. Stevens had an arm broken while playing on some freight cars on a siding in Ashburnham Wednesday evening.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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John Burnett, of Ops, whose son sold the accused some hens, gave evidence. He did not know the hens that were sold.

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