

# Richard the Brazen

CHAPTER XVII.

U PSFAIRS the music of Mr. Renwick's merriment still oozed through the chairs of his bedroom door, while at the farther end of the hall another closed on the sleepless Mr. Richard Williams.

The young man had heard the clock strike 3 and was still pursuing his train of tangled thought when it occurred to him that perhaps if he read for half an hour his mind might be calmed enough for sleep. He remembered a partly finished book which he had left in the billiard room and started downstairs to get it. With a natural disinclination to disturb the household, he tiptoed very cautiously through the hall, down the flight of carpeted steps and approached the billiard room, which, like the library, was separated from the lower hall by heavy curtains. These he was about to draw aside when his outstretched hand was suddenly arrested by the sound of a voice within. It was masculine and belonged to no inmate of the house that he could recognize; also it was subdued, as one who feared to be overheard. What he heard assured him that some rascally was not.

"It's money I'm in need of," the voice was saying, "and that's why I took the risk of coming here alone in the middle of the night."

Richard's hand slid instinctively to his hip before he remembered the absurdity of fashionable clothes. Clearly there was some one in the room who had no business there. Yet to whom was he talking? If a member of the household, why this secrecy? He must investigate, of course. But first he had better arm himself as he did not know who or how many he might have to deal with.

His mind once made up, the Texan removed his slippers, crept softly up the stairs to his room, then down again, passing once more outside the billiard room, but this time listening deliberately.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge," a woman's voice was saying, "my patience is exhausted. Why all this talk? Your scheme is blackmill—nothing else. Give me the letters, take your pay and go."

With a stab of pain the Texan recognized the voice as Miss Renwick's, and it came with a double pang at the thought that she was in a room with some unknown stranger in the dead of night—that she was buying letters from him.

"What letters?" his heart questioned jealously. He longed to rush in and kill the miscreant, but he was wise and wisdom held his mad desire in abeyance for the present. He peeped through the heavy portieres and spied two female figures on one side of the billiard table, while that of a man was on the other. With his back to the wall he saw the man with his face half turned toward the spot where the Texan waited.

"Very well," whispered the man again. "I guess you are playing fair right?"

"I'm not," said the man from the other pocket. "Here are your letters. Have you got the money?"

"Yes," said Harriet softly. "I have. But wait. I must see that the letters are all here. Imogene, look over them as quickly as you can. I'm afraid to turn on the light, but perhaps Mr. Fitzgeorge will be kind enough to lend us his lantern."

"Well, say," chuckled the visitor quietly, "you've got your nerve with you, all right! I'm sorry I don't meet you more often. Again he laughed noisily, produced his bulge and threw a blaze of light on the pile of letters which he laid upon the table. "Look 'em over, Imogene, my dear," he continued, with unobtrusive familiarity. "That's every one you ever wrote me."

With a thrill of pleasure the Texan caught this last remark. The letters, then, were not Harriet's, after all, and she, brave girl, had dared to face this scoundrel in order to shield a friend he could win the fellow as he stood. But no. That would alarm the house and undo everything which this splendid woman had striven to hide. He could wait, and if the fellow offered no front he would let him go rather than mortify Miss Renwick by his own appearance on the scene. When the man was safely gone the Texan could then slip quietly to his room, and these two courageous girls would never know that a sentinel had stood guard outside the door.

Miss Imogene opened each letter to make certain that it was there, counted the pile and looked up timidly. "They're not all here," she faltered. "I counted fourteen, and there are only twelve."

"That's all I got," said the burglar shortly. "You never wrote but twelve."

"But I did," protested the trembling Imogene. "You know I did, Rod—er—I mean Mr. Fitzgeorge. Now, you let him go? He's my friend. We let him in the library window, and if you let him up everybody will know all about it. Oh, oh, oh!"

while his confederate fished the safe. Without more ado he took the money from his pocket, tossed it upon the billiard table and turned to the library door.

"The room," Richard demanded. "Miss Renwick's room, this light upon him, please. Thank you. Now on me. I want this gentleman to know me if we chance to meet again."

After a moment's silent scrutiny the Texan spoke in a stern but level voice: "My friend, I am forced to let you go this time, though sadly against my inclination. You owe your release to the kindness of the ladies. The next time the affair will be mine. If you ever happen to meet me again in any way I'll settle with you in a way we make use of in Texas. You understand? You are marked, my friend. I'd know your bad eye in Jericho. Yes, and I'd follow you there, too, for the pleasure of settling your worthless neck. Now apologize to these ladies, then git!"

In Richard's present tone there was no suspicion of an English drawl, and Harriet marked it joyously, though half unconsciously, for the strain of fear and anxiety was now being told to tell upon her nerves. Miss Imogene, ready for complete collapse, and the two stood trembling in each other's arms.

The burglar mumbled a stumbling apology, then passed into the library through the door which Richard opened for his exit. He lost no time in stepping through the still open window and in a moment more was skulking across the lawn.

"Lord Croyland," began Miss Harriet, who had followed from the billiard room with Imogene clinging helplessly to her arm—"Lord Croyland, I want to thank you for—"

The words died suddenly upon her lips, and she leaned for support against the wall.

"Who's there?" called a voice in the darkness from the stairs in the hall. "Quick!" whispered Richard to the terror-stricken girls. "It's your father! Go back into the billiard room and shut the portieres when you get there. That's it! It's all right. Leave it to me."

He gave them no chance to disobey, but pushed them through the door, while he spurred his brain for some pool of death, while in her ear rang words of sweet encouragement. And as then she had exercised her force of will, so now she saved herself once more by clapping her hand over the mouth of fair Imogene. This time it was a quick and a pack from the common sense, and a healthy shriek was throttled in its infancy.

Richard released his grip on the nose of his prisoner's neck. "Stand up!" he ordered, and the man obeyed. "Hands up too! Ah, thank you! Perhaps you also have a gun. Allow me to relieve you of its weight." He ran his free hand over the person of Mr. Fitzgeorge and secured a short, ugly looking pistol and a pair of brass knuckles, both of which he promptly pocketed. "Good!" he chuckled. "And now, Miss Renwick, will you please be good enough to throw some light upon this gentleman?"

"Yes," whispered Harriet; "I think I can explain it—"

"No, no," the Texan interrupted. "I don't mean words. I refer to the bulge and lamp. Just turn it on him, please, and we'll look him over."

"My, what a prize package!" observed the Texan softly. "You have a bad eye, my friend; but, after all, I'm rather glad to see you. You let me thank you! Perhaps you also have a gun. Allow me to relieve you of its weight." He ran his free hand over the person of Mr. Fitzgeorge and secured a short, ugly looking pistol and a pair of brass knuckles, both of which he promptly pocketed. "Good!" he chuckled. "And now, Miss Renwick, will you please be good enough to throw some light upon this gentleman?"

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### STOPPED THE YELPING.

Rostand's Peasant Who Had Great Power Over Animals.

"When Edmond Rostand had completed his beautiful villa at Bayonne, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of his inability to sleep," says a Paris paper. "The restfulness of the place, however, and the charming surroundings worked wonders, and after a few days had passed the weary writer was able to sleep, and his friends looked for his speedy return to good health. But a dog blocked the progress of the cure. One night the dog began to bark, and in a short time dogs in all directions answered, and the concert kept up until day broke. All efforts to locate the mischief making animal failed. Every night at the same time the barking began, and no one could suggest a remedy. One day one of the servants told about a wretched dog in a nearby village who had great power over dumb animals—possibly he might help. He was called, a large reward was promised, and the barking ceased. A few weeks after the reward had been collected Rostand was again disturbed by the dogs under the leadership of the same unknown barker. The peasant was again called, and Rostand said, 'You must be well acquainted with the ways of animals to have such power over them.' The man beamed under the influence of the diplomatic flattery and proudly showed how he could imitate the whistling of birds and the noises made by animals in woods, barn or poultry yard. 'And how about dogs?' said Rostand. Then the man began to bark, and immediately the voice of the arch disturber was recognized. 'That's enough,' said Rostand. 'Here is a twenty franc piece. If we should hear the dogs bark again, the police will be called. The peasant saw that he had fallen into a trap, the dogs were heard no more, and that,' says the writer, 'is my dog story without a dog.'"

### German Humor.

The tendency of the German comic papers to employ continuously the same characters as "producers of mirth" is the subject of an article in a Berlin paper by Ludwig Bauer. The writer mentions as the most conspicuous of the funny figures the absent-minded professor whose habitual umbrellia loquacities have made generations laugh. This figure had its origin at a time, he says, when the man of letters was a helpless person in the active world—a dreamer dwelling in realms away from the actual and therefore billed to his surroundings. In this form he has been represented in the comic papers. But Germany, he thinks, not the professor, has been and is being caricatured. The professor today must be a wide awake man, for science is no longer an island. These are not the days for sleep and for dreams. Another abused character is the lieutenant who, having no foe to fight, is always shown as making conquests where Amor has commanded. The old maid is another of the stock figures, and one of equal importance is Mr. Newyrich. Of the latter it is said: "He is always full of fear and suspicion. He knows that he has been misplaced, and he sways from side to side like a timid roe walker. This makes him really funny, and we must laugh at his antics."

### Toe Slow to Be a Soldier.

In a room on the floor of a large factory a boy was amusing himself by going through the layonet exercise with a long handled brush in lieu of a rifle. His boss, coming quickly upon him, gave him a box on the ear for wasting his time. The sudden blow caused the lad to lose his balance and fall down the lost shaft, but fortunately he kept his hold on the brush, the handle of which, getting across the shaft, broke his fall and enabled him to grasp the chain, down which he fell in safety. The boss was horrified at the effect of his action and rushed breathless and gasping with fear down the eight flights of stairs to the basement, expecting to find a mangled body for which he would have to account. He was, however, just in time to see the lad drop on his feet unharmed, so recovering his self possession and his breath, he exclaimed: "Want to be a soldier, eh? Well, you're too slow for that. Why can't you walk down all those stairs quicker than you can fall down the lost shaft?"—London Answers.

### Toward the Pole.

Ice eight feet thick on the ocean snow falling even in summer—such is the weather experienced in the polar regions. When the air is dry and still it is remarkable how low a temperature can be borne with ease. One explorer tells us that with the thermometer at 9 degrees it was too warm for skating. The summer weather in this region is, moreover, in some respects pleasant and healthful. Within the arctic zone there are wonderfully colorful auroras and sunsets to be seen. They are both brilliant and impressive. But the nights—the nights are monotonous and repelling. A rigid world buried in everlasting snow, silent save for the cracking of the ice or the wall of the wind, contains honey and the regions experience many discomforts. The keen air causes their skin to burn and blister, while their lips swell and crack. Thirst, again, has been much complained of, arising from the action of the low temperature on the warm body.

### Only Night Air at Night.

Speaking of Florence Nightingale and her efforts to keep the world healthy, it seems pertinent to make special mention of her mission in behalf of the open window at night. In the early years of her labors much intelligent opposition to this method of ventilation because of the supposed harmfulness of the night air was expressed, but Miss Nightingale had one stock argument in support of her position, it being the question, "What air shall we breathe at night but night air?" It was unanswerable from her opponents' point of view, even if it did not always convert them, but it did lead a countless number into the way of living and along the way to the present methods of treating tuberculosis.—Boston Transcript.

### Guaranteed Oils.

The following advertisement of olive oil is the work of a Rio Janeiro firm: "Our olive oils have guaranteed of fine quality. Diligently fabricated and filtered, the consumer will find with them, the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any counterfeits, it is necessary to require on any bottles this contravene depicted conformably to the law. The corks and the boxes have all marked with the fire."—Case and Comment.

### Bad Night for the Show.

Plotting an unknown show through a starting territory is no cinch, but if have thought out a good idea. In anticipation of each engagement I am going to call out the reserves and when they are out they will be invited in. That will help fill the house.

### Measuring a Spirit.

A man of St. Louis relates a story in connection with a spiritualistic meeting once held in that town. A man named Daniel Miller, who was some six feet seven inches in height, had a peculiar gift. "The spirit of Daniel was called for by some one at the seance mentioned. When it had appeared and announced its readiness to reply to any question, some one asked: 'Are you here?' 'Yes,' came from the shade of Daniel. 'Are you an angel, Dan?' 'Yes.' At this juncture the questioner paused, having apparently exhausted his fund of questions. But, to the amusement of all, he suddenly added, 'And what do you measure from tip to tip, Dan?'—St. Louis Republic.

### Took Kindly to the Water.

They tell this story of the experience of two Maine boys in trying to catch a woodchuck. They had tried quite a number of times to capture the animal, but without success. They set down a trap, and down him out; so, procuring four cubed feet of water, they carried water for two solid hours and poured it into the hole in the ground in which the said chuck had taken up his abode. Getting tired, they set down. After about half an hour the woodchuck cautiously left the hole and deliberately walked down to the brook and took a long drink of water and then scooted, much to the disgust of the two boys.

### Too Easy.

The Union bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleeping. He wondered whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly, while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director.—St. Petersburg.

## RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida RY

Line	Station	Time
No. 1	C. G. W. Orleans	6:40 a.m.
No. 2	W. W. Minneapolis	1:30 p.m.
No. 3	W. W. Marshalltown	9:30 a.m.
No. 4	W. W. Marshalltown	11:45 a.m.
No. 5	W. W. Marshalltown	8:00 p.m.

Here's to your health and happiness—Dewitt's Little Early Riser—famous little pills—Nasty, sick headaches or biliousness may come on any time; the cure is an Early Riser. Sold by all Druggists.

## Buy your Lumber, Soft Coal, Mill Feed, Etc., of ADELBERT CLARK,

Dealer in General Merchandise Thorpe, Iowa

A little Kodol taken occasionally, especially after eating, will relieve sour stomach, belching and heartburn. B. Jones, Newport, Tenn., writes: "I am sure three or four bottles of your Kodol positively cured me of dyspepsia, and I can recommend it as that which three years ago and I haven't been bothered since with it." Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. Sold by all Druggists.

## When you want Fine Furniture at Fair Prices

DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve does not merely heal on the surface; it penetrates the pores and promptly relieves pain, caused by boils, burns, scalds, cuts and skin disease. It is especially good for the treatment of imitations. Sold by all Druggists.

## Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.

I give the Compound system of baths, the most scientific ever invented, for preventing and curing disease.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT

My ladies department is in charge of Mrs. Nellie Howick, an expert in the art of baths and shampooing.

## Better Equipt Than Ever Before.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

## G. D. GATES

To relieve constipation, clean out the bowels, tone and strengthen the digestive organs, put them in a natural condition with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the most reliable tonic for thirty years. 50 cents, Teas or Tablets. B. A. Denton

## FOR SALE

Good residence property on Franklin St. J. J. FRANKLIN

## DRAY - LINE,

Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, metal instru work, household goods and heavy articles a specialty. Residence Phone No. 265.

Mrs. S. Joyce, 180 Sullivan St., Claremont, N. H., writes: "About year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble, and I have been standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it. And's & Phillip.

## THE CHILDREN LIKE IT KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

MORE NEWS FROM THE NEW ENGLAND STATES. If any one has any doubt as to the value of Foley's Kidney Cure, they need only refer to Mr. Alvin H. Simpson, of Willimantic, Conn., who, after almost losing hope of recovery, on account of the failure of so many remedies, finally tried Foley's Kidney Cure, which he says was "just the thing" for him, as four bottles cured him completely. He is now entirely well and free from all the suffering incident to acute kidney trouble.

## H. L. Main, Hopkinton, Iowa.

LADIES' SHOES. We have just received a complete line of the famous JOEL STROETMAN SHOES. These shoes are well known in this vicinity for their perfect fit, style and wearing qualities. Try a pair of them, in the Gum-metal Leather, you'll like 'em.

## H. L. MAIN, Hopkinton, Iowa.

When your food has not been properly digested the food system is impaired in the same proportion. Your stomach needs help. Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia not only digests what you eat, it tones the stomach acids strength to the whole body. Makes rich pure blood. Kodol conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law Sold by all Druggists.

## Business Chances Along the New Line

Sales of business lots will be held in four new towns in the Dakotas and Montana along the new line to the Pacific Coast in May. Sales will be held at Reeder, North Dakota, May 14; at Ismay, Montana, May 19; at Haynes, North Dakota, May 21; and at Scranton, North Dakota, May 28. All sales will be by auction.

These towns are located in a good diversified farming, stock raising and dairying country and have a large tributary trade territory. They will witness rapid development and prosperity, and offer exceptional opportunities for merchants and investors.

Sales will be held later in other towns on the Pacific Coast extension of the

## Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Start in this new country where you will find today's opportunities for success and future independence.

Six months ago the towns of Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman were established on this new line in the Dakotas. Today each town has a population close to 500 and all branches of business are represented in them, but opportunities are still plentiful in many lines of business.

Maps and descriptive books regarding this new country are free for the asking.

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