

A CARLOAD OF CARRIAGES

Just arrived, a carload of first class carriages, bought direct from the factory. I am prepared to give you any style of a vehicle in rubber tire or steel tire. All I ask is an inspection of my goods and I am sure you will buy if in need of a carriage. These carriages are made in Nova Scotia by skilled workmen and are guaranteed by manufacturers.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

Bridgetown Clothing Store

Cool Dressy Clothing for Summer Outing



Everybody plans an outing during the summer. In order to fully enjoy the outing, you must be appropriately dressed. We keep our store well filled with neat, cool, Dressy Suits, light weight Outing Suits, Outing Shirts, light weight Underwear, Belts, Braces, Ties, Collars, etc. etc.

A call will convince you that we have bargains in every line.

J. HARRY HICKS
Queen Street.

Harness! Harness!

We have just received a shipment of harnesses which for quality of material and workmanship surpass anything we ever carried before. If you are contemplating the purchase of any goods in this line it will pay you to see our stock before ordering elsewhere.

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

Infants' Shoes

made on correct lasts, in factories where they make only children's goods, in Black, Tan, and Chocolate with hard and soft soles, made in full and half sizes.

Childrens' Shoes

We carry the celebrated "Classic" Shoe which is made on the very newest lasts to fit children's feet, and is the very best wearing line of Children's Shoes made. We have these in Black, Tan and Chocolate in Slippers, Oxfords and Shoes.

Little Gents' Shoes

made on little men's lasts. We also have these in Black, Tan and Chocolate of the celebrated Classic make, made in full and half sizes.

Do not spoil your child's feet by cheap shoes, get a pair of Classic Shoes and be sure their feet are comfortable. The Hartt Boots and Shoes in Tan, Pat. Kid. and Box Calf in all sizes.

E. S. PIGGOTT, Granville St.

The Manufacturers' Life Record for 1908:

Net Premium Income	\$2,119,583.57
Interest and Rents	458,306.61
Total Income	\$2,577,890.18
Payment to Beneficiaries & Policyholders	\$663,047.22
Reserve for Protection of	\$9,428,591.00
Insurance in Force End of 1908	\$54,287,420.00

No other Can. company has ever equalled this record at the same age

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia.

OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S.

The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.
MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

Richard the Brazen

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BY
CITRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For the Freedom of the South," "The Southern," etc.,
AND
EDWARD PEELE,
Author of "A Broken Rosary," "The Prince Chap," etc.

her cries and turned aside. They swept around in a great circle, the other steers blindly following. Before the girl realized what had occurred she found herself caught, as it were, on the edge of a maelstrom of panic-stricken animals and swept irresistibly along with them.

CHAPTER II.

WAY on the other side of the herd two cowboys had been lazily lying on the grass in the shade cast by the motionless bodies of their ponies. They had been keeping such indifferent watch that neither of them had seen Miss Renwick. It was the noon hour. The morning shift had gone back to camp, and the afternoon gang had not yet arrived, so there were only these men watching the herd. The quiet had made them relax their usual vigilance. The instant they heard the first "bark" from the steers they leaped to their feet and sprang to saddle.

"They're off!" cried the taller of the two as he drove his spurs into his pony and took a straight cut across the prairie so as to head them off.

"We'll get 'em millin' under the hills all right," shouted his companion as they raced along.

A quarter of a mile, however, brought them in sight of the woman. The first man, who was a little ahead, pointed.

"Look yonder!" he shouted. "Right in their direction. She's a queer!"

"Faster!" cried his companion.

He saw that unless the onrush of the cattle were diverted the girl would be overwhelmed and trampled to death in the stampede. Try as he might, he could not reach her in time, yet he had the fastest pony on the range and rode like a centaur. He fairly lifted the broncho through the air in his mad impetuosity. A woman was a quickening sight on the range, and all the chivalry in the souls of the men responded to the appeal of her peril, but, try as they might, they realized they could do nothing.

"We'll be too late!" cried the leading man.

"Yep," answered his companion laconically, driving his spurs home again.

"No," cried the first man as the cattle swerved; "she's kept her head. That woman knows her business. They'll be millin' in a minute."

"She'd ought to be gittin' out'n it now, though."

"Yes, God, they've got her!" he cried as he saw the girl caught on the periphery of the whirling mass.

"We'll get her out!" cried the other. "If she lives long enough to give us a chance."

When stampeded cattle get to milling they turn in upon themselves, either involuntarily or because of pressure put upon them by cowboys seeking to control them. They sweep around in concentric circles in a great spiral. The pressure on the outside tends to constrict the circles more and more until the cattle are jammed into a whirling, vertiginous mass, of which nothing can be seen but uplifted heads and exposed horns. This mass, frantic with fear and fury, sways and whirls over the ground like a tornado, with a motion of rotation and translation at the same time. Above the dust of its trampling comes the clinking of the feet and the rattling of the horns and the howling of those on the outer edge, make the animal whirlpool a perfect inferno of noise and clamor.

The mill sweeps around and around, and the only way to break it is to unwind it—that is, to cut into the bunch and start the outer edge off on a tangent, so that the whole unwinds itself mechanically by reversing the process which brought it together. This is an operation of much difficulty, attended with great danger. The man who breaks in must do it backward, as it were. He must follow the movement of the periphery of the great circle, heading as the cattle do, and by skill and dexterity force out first one and then another until he gets the circumference broken. In the end the break is apt to come quickly, and the awful maelstrom of mad-frenzied animals dissolves into a reasonable herd almost as quickly as it would itself into a frantic mob.

To be caught in it: such a mill is death. Fortunately Harriet Renwick was on the outskirts. The situation was sufficiently terrifying as it was, however. Above the dust she could see a tossing, convulsing expense of horned heads. She was riding a man's saddle and in man fashion. The news came upon her horse as a thunder-bolt that in order to keep from being crushed she shook her feet from the stirrups and drew her legs up about the saddlehorn. She had no control whatever of her pony. Although she was fortunately on the outer edge of the ring, there were still a half dozen of the cattle between her and the open prairie, all crowding into the center, and with every turn she was being carried toward the vortex with irresistible force.

She was utterly terrified, yet she realized that her only possible hope of extrication was to keep her horse and her seat. If she faltered and fell the

result would be death. The cowboys were strong in her, and she clung to the saddle as unflinchingly as never before. Her eyes were blinded with dust and fear. She saw nothing but cattle and the gyrating mass. How long she remained about with them in a giddy robe she could not tell. She pierced the air. Where did it come from? and her eyes toward the sound of a lynchpin made out the edge of a circle of dust. He seemed to her above of gigantic stature. What was he saying? She strained every nerve to understand. Presently she felt out: "Keep up! Don't let go! We'll get you out!"

This was reassurance, but not much. The prospect seemed hopeless. The cattle were going slower now as she worked toward the center, which was yet a great way off. Her pony was wedged in so tightly that he could not fall. The voice kept up a continual cry of encouragement. It seemed to be drawing nearer, but the terrible strain under which she was laboring was telling upon her. Although she clutched the pommel of her saddle with the tenacity of despair, she found herself swaying dizzily. She clinched her teeth and summoned all her resolution for a last effort, but realized with a growing horror that her end was near. If help did not come quickly she would be prostrate on the mass of horns.

Still the voice appealed to her, called to her, pleaded with her, implored her, stimulated her. She held on and on desperately as she swept around and around.

As they drew near the two cowboys recognized that this was one of the worst mills they had ever witnessed. There was a little dip to the ground where the cattle had swerved that had thrown them even more violently toward the center than would have occurred on level prairie. The first man thought he had never seen any steers tighten so quickly and whirl so fast. His impulse was to leap his horse across the intervening cattle straight

at the figure of the girl, as a cavalryman rides down an obstacle, but he knew that such a step would be fatal. The mill must be broken. It must be unwound. The first man swung his pony in toward the outer edge and raced with it, seeking an opening near the woman, to whom he cried words of encouragement. With the savage quirt at his wrist he struck the cattle ahead of him again and again. The first blows had no effect, but the repetition at last met with response. They swerved slightly, and he forced his horse into the outer edge. Having effected this entrance, he knew that he had made a sufficient beginning to enable him in the end to loosen the tight-circled ring. He was just a little in front of the girl, and back of him the other man was nobly seconding his efforts. Would she be able to keep up long enough for them to accomplish her rescue?

They worked desperately. Men always work desperately under such circumstances, but in this instance it was with added incentive. The first, the nearest man to her, divined that her fate, deathly pale through the dust, that she could not keep up much longer. His effort was twofold—to break the mill and save the girl. So with redoubled energy he bored his way in and in. The outer edge where he ran was well broken now, but two lines of steers intervened between him and the girl. Sweat poured from his face like water. His heart thumped as no stampeding cattle could have caused it to beat on any range. He was nearer now. The cattle were sufficiently broken for him to stake everything on a single effort. He pulled a heavy reeve and drove his horse and began shaking the ring. Two steers were sent crashing to the ground. He leaped his pony into the mill, and by their fall and by main force of horse and man bore the



He swept her in his breast at last and held her.

was broken. The cowboy in the rear gave him brilliant assistance. In the twinkling of an eye that which had been wound began to unwind.

What of the woman? Was he too late? He saw her sway in the saddle. She would be thrown on the edge of the circle and trampled to death! Leaving the mill to unwind itself, he leaped his pony toward her just in time, for as he approached she pitched forward and fell. Providence threw her to the right rather than to the left. The man caught her in a ruthless grip. Fortunately she wore no trailing skirt and her feet were out of the stirrups. As it was, the divided garment she wore was torn into ribbons on the horns and one boot was dragged off. It was well that she had fallen to a stout arm. The effort entailed drag the woman free was tremendous, but his strength was as the strength of ten that day and did not fail him. He swept her to his breast at last and held her senseless, but free. He had accomplished the impossible.

They were now in the angle formed by the tangent and the circle, and the way was clear before them. He spurred his tired horse, which had done such splendid work, out into the open and stopped. He did not dare put the girl down yet—not until the cattle had completely unwound themselves and the jam had been broken for he did not know what might occur.

Fortune, however, had subjected Miss Renwick to all the trials demanded of her that day, for the herd of panting cattle, blindly following new leaders, presently unwound itself and streamed across the prairie, going slower and slower, as the panic impulse subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. The steer the accident to which had caused the trouble lay dead where the vortex had been. The man's companion had ridden up to him as soon as he could, but the man who held the girl directed him to ride on after the herd lest they get into trouble again.

"She's all right," he said, "only fainted. You ride after the bunch. Lead 'em off before they leave the range. I'll look after the lady. I'll follow you presently."

With the other's assistance he lowered the girl to the grass and dismounted himself. Miss Harriet Renwick was not exactly at her best at that moment. She was as white as a cotton ball where her pallor could be seen for the dust. Her glorious black hair was unbound and fowed in wild disorder about her. Her clothing was ripped and torn. She was the picture of death. Yet in the eyes of the cowboy who had saved her she was beautiful. He took his water bottle and splashed her face with its contents with little effect. Deftly then the man whipped out his knife, cut the tight stock she wore and ripped open her dress at the neck. Then he splashed more water in her face, and at last under its stimulus she opened her eyes and stared at a figure bending over her. She saw a stalwart blond young man who would have been handsome but for a ten days' growth of beard that covered his face, dusty and sweat streaked from his recent efforts.

"You're all right, miss," said the cowboy soothingly as he gazed at him with dawning comprehension. "Drink this," he added as he compelled her to take a pull at his flask, which fortunately happened to be not quite empty, although the day was no longer young. She obeyed him.

"Those terrible cattle!" she faltered as the fiery liquid renewed her strength.

"They're all gone. You're perfectly safe, miss."

"And you—drew me out?"

"It's nothing at all. Anybody would have done it."

"You saved my life. I shall never forget it. I should have fallen long before had your voice not kept me up."

She sat up, covered her face with her hands and shuddered violently.

"I shall never get that sight out of my mind."

"It was only a little mill, miss," said the cowboy. "We broke it easily."

"Where is my father?" asked the girl hastily. "Where is my horse?"

"As for your father, I didn't see him. I guess your pony has gone with the herd. But you're welcome to mine. Hello, here are your friends. I reckon!" he exclaimed as he saw two or three horsemen galloping over the rise beyond.

Back of them came the spring wagon, drawn by mules on the dead run. Old Jacob Renwick knew enough about cattle to realize his daughter's danger. He had also realized that he could do absolutely nothing to help her. But, as luck would have it, his outfit was near at hand. It was that he had signaled here from the top of the hill. He and his daughter had made a detour, and the wagon, traveling on the chord of the arc, was almost up with him when the stampede came. He raced down the hill toward it, shouting the terrible tidings. Cowboys and guides in his outfit galloped up to do exactly what had been done. In a moment they had gathered around the two.

"Oh, father!" said the girl as Renwick swung himself from his saddle and dropped on his knees beside her. "Are you safe, my dear?"

"Perfectly safe, thanks to this gentleman."

"Sir," began her father impressively. "I owe—"

"Oh, it's nothing," said the cowboy lightly, "nothing at all. It was just breaking a mill. Any of these boys will tell you how easily it can be done. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to go after my bunch. Goodbye, miss; you'll be all right in no time."

He swung himself into his saddle.

"But, my dear sir," cried Mr. Renwick, "your name?"

The cowboy was already on the gallop. He turned and shouted something that no one could understand and then was gone. The girl stared after him in great disappointment. He had saved her life, rescued her like a hero—but to leave her that way, and for a lot of wretched cattle—it was too provoking.

"Do any of you know that man?" asked Mr. Renwick.

"Ain't never seed him afore," replied their guide.

"From wot he says, though, he sure knows his biz," said another. "The chances of gittin' out'n that mill—be looked at the ground torn by the trampling herd—was sure less'n nothin', all right."

"Father," said the girl weakly, the reaction setting in, "let's go home. I've had enough of this terrible country—these awful cows."

"It breeds men, though, miss," said the guide, "as well as cattle."

"Yes," said the girl, "it certainly bred one. I wish I knew his name."

"I'll try to find it fer ye, miss," said the guide, "although 'tain't jest the thing to ax a gent's name out here. The boys generly don't use their own names on a range. They've frequently got reasons for not mentionin' 'em. But, wotever his name is, he's a man, all right."

"He is, indeed," said Miss Renwick, and then she promptly collapsed a second time.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD WILLIAMS, a young man of twenty-four, a graduate of the University of Texas, had spent the two years since he had won his sheepskin on a range of his own, which had come to him through his mother. Foolish differences had arisen between him and his father, in which the young man was generally in the wrong. A reconciliation had been effected, however, a short time before the arrival of Mr. Renwick, and Richard had combined his cattle with some of his father's.

It was this joint herd which had nearly ended the life of Miss Renwick.

The day after the departure of Jacob Renwick and the young lady Richard Williams had saved in so daring and romantic a manner the young man was summoned to the ranch by a message from his father. Recognizing that it was war to the knife between him and his former partner, the Texan laid his plans to bring to his feet the schemers of New York. It was the west against the east, and no mercy was to be shown on either side.

Richard's experience had been on the practical side of the business. He was his father's son, however, and Bill Williams had every confidence that he could be safely entrusted to look after his father's interests in New York. He explained the details of his operations carefully to the boy, provided him with the necessary credentials and told him to hustle east and get in communication with a firm of brokers with whom his father already had dealt, who were to advise with Richard with regard to whatever action was required.

Of course the young man learned the details of the quarrel between the two partners, and a few questions put him in possession of the name and address of the girl who had made so deep an impression upon him. With unusual discretion, he said nothing whatever to his father about the adventure. Such things do happen outside of books, and Richard was thoroughly in love with the girl whom for one brief moment he had held in his arms. He was more than willing, therefore, to carry out his father's wishes. In the pursuit of the old man's business he was determined that he would find time in some way, in spite of the rupture, to further his own affairs. The mere fact that enmity had given a place to friendship and that there was open warfare between the two houses added zest to his love affair. He had cut her out from a herd of steers, and he had faith that he could win her from the Wall street "bunch," as he phrased it, or from any other group of men who, if they had his appreciation of a good thing, would surely be stampeding in her direction whenever she appeared.

In due season, therefore, Richard Williams arrived in New York, where he settled himself comfortably at the St. Regis. Preliminary to entrance on his financial campaign, and especially in the hope of making himself outwardly more fit for his role of a passionate pilgrim, he discarded his San Antonio clothing, including his soft felt hat of sombrero-like dimensions, for an outfit so completely up to date that his best friends on the range would not have recognized him and then plunged into the business which had brought him north. He presented himself at the offices of Messrs. Benton & Cartwell, in Wall street, where the preparatory details looking toward the final adjustment of his father's complicated interests with Mr. Renwick were put in train for settlement with amazing celerity. Where in Texas deals were consummated over a pipe and several long drinks—sometimes behind the barrel of a gun, too—in New York the cores of the same deals were bored into by snappy little gentlemen with the feverish energy of a belated commuter in the elusive hope of catching the next train.

"Mr. Benton," said Richard as he shook hands with the senior partner, "seems to me we've branded this maverick in record time."

Mr. Benton gave him a hurried smile and a hurried hand. "The—er—calf will grow into beef, I trust. Honored to have met you, sir. Good morning."

The young man entered the elevator, was dropped down twenty-one stories, more or less, and found himself again in the busy, roaring streets. With the exception of the sale of one large batch of railroad bonds, which could

not be negotiated for at least a month on account of some restriction clauses, his father's business would require no further attention from him for the next two weeks. His time was now his own, and every energy was bent upon one subject—picking up the trail, so to speak, of Miss Harriet Renwick. It was an easy task, for the "sign" was good and plenty, as a cowboy would have phrased it. He easily located the offices of old Jacob Renwick on Broad street and learned without difficulty that the family were at present occupying their country place near Irvington-on-the-Hudson. But this knowledge, after all, was of little value. He could not present himself as the son of William Williams for obvious reasons. He smiled as he pictured his father's appoplectic rage at such a proceeding and ceased to smile at the fancy of his visiting card in the hands of the tartar, Jacob Renwick.

He made a flying trip to Irvington and walked around the extensive grounds several times in the hope of catching a glimpse of his divinity, but failed, even from the vantage point of

the surrounding wall, to discover a single inmate, with the exception of a groom exercising a horse and riding with a curious up and down English motion that nearly turned the Texan's stomach. He returned to New York despondent, but with a mental picture of the home in which she dwelt, which was like a crumb of consolation. He grew the more restless and unhappy on that account. He did not want crumbs; he craved the whole loaf.

He visited the theaters and the opera, but his thoughts were not with the painted puppets of bygone days. Throughout the mimic tragedies—he was in no mood for comedy—he saw a more stirring scene: a piebald brouche, quivering between his knees as it tore through a bunch of plunging steers, a weight in his arms and a limp head hanging backward, a cheek that had brushed his own. With her a ten cent show would be a heavenly entertainment; without her "Gottedammerung" was just a noise. Others not in love have thought the same.

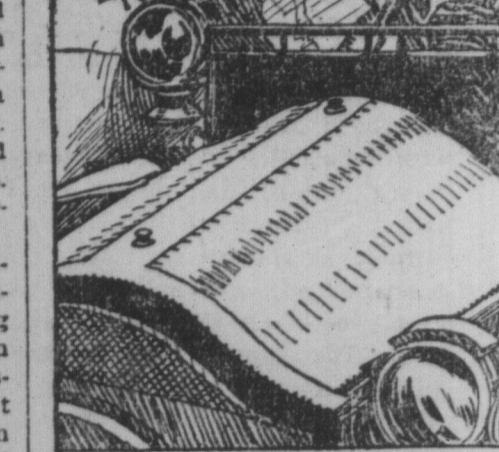
He spent his time in wandering aimlessly about, making and rejecting one idiotic plan after another. He was utterly unknown in the city, lonely, miserable and as far from meeting the object of his affection as though he were back again in the Lone Star State.

On the morning of the fifth day of his suspense while crossing upper Fifth avenue he was nearly run down by a coffee colored touring car which recklessly swung around a corner, skidding as it took the turn. He leaped for his life to the sidewalk, turned and was about to express a candid opinion of the driver when his spontaneous salutation was exchanged for one of surprise and pleasure. The offending automobile had come to a stop, and in its solitary occupant Richard recognized a friend of former days, one George Henry Fitz-Claude de Courcy Howard, earl of Croylaud.

This gentleman had spent several months with Richard on the ranch in Texas, and, while the two men had few tastes in common, still a friendship knit upon the boundless plains is usually more lasting than one contracted in the whirl and rush of city life. In general appearance the two were not unlike, both blonds, rather tall and marked with the branding iron of vigorous manhood, although Richard was the younger, the fresher and the more virile. The earl had been in America for perhaps a year, seeking by various schemes to rehabilitate an impoverished estate and in all his undertakings meeting with indifferent success. He had become the sole owner of a "salted" mine in Colorado; he had recouped in Birmingham real estate, only to "drop his pile" again in Texas cattle. At present his bow was strung with two widely differing cords—one a secret mission, with a lucrative promise, for an oriental government regarding the surreptitious purchase of submarines and other war material in violation of the neutrality laws; the other a somewhat hackneyed scheme of exchanging an earl's coronet for a seven figured bank account, the figure of the necessarily accompanying lady being a matter of little moment.

The meeting between the two was cordial, not to say affectionate. A friendly face in New York to Richard was like a water hole in the desert. To the earl he was as welcome as a "d" pun note when I'm strapped, by gad!" Lord Croylaud suggested a spin in his motor, and Richard, who had nothing but leisure on his hands and

(Continued in next issue.)



He leaped for his life to the sidewalk.