

# The CONVICT COUNTRY: OR FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

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## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"You are, of course, a wanted man; can hardly consider yourself free from arrest, if once outside this city. Would you be willing to undergo, say a year's imprisonment to become a free man—providing you would be left alone to enjoy the wealth you have accumulated?"

"I would."

"You do not hesitate to tell me this?" asked Louis.

"No," I know the drift of your questioning. I have never looked upon you as a criminal, so I am not surprised to find that you are not—for you are not!"

"You are right," replied Louis. "Well, then, if you are willing to do the square thing, how am I to know it?"

"Put me to the test," said Golden. "You know me well enough now to feel, I hope, that I am a friend of yours. You have saved my life—you need not fear that I will do anything that will betray you."

"You must know, then, Golden, that I represent a large body of citizens who are going to try to overthrow this government. The thing can be accomplished easier with your aid than without it. I want you to try and win over Rogers to my side—to spike the enemy's guns, so to speak. This is not to be a fight of right against wrong, but criminal against criminal. In the scuffle a few intend enriching themselves by acquisition of the gold stored in the vaults. Lend me your aid: win over Rogers and a few of the most influential, trustworthy of his ilk, and I can promise you a free pardon from the United States government. There are a few that I cannot promise pardons, whether on my side or not—but to you I can. What do you think of it?"

"You can depend on me! As I told you before, I am ready to do what is right."

The arrangements being complete, Golden was considered by Lang to be

here together, each one of us has resolved to become a conspirator—in other words, a rebel—one who rebels against present government. The only difference I may add, between a rebel and a patriot, is the gaining of the victory. If we lose, of necessity we are traitors, and if we win, which is a foregone conclusion, we will become patriots or simply revolutionists. As each of you gentlemen has been informed, there is a conspiracy on foot to overthrow the government of Paradise. Where you find power there will you find a misuse of power—and such we think is the case here. There are two sides, of course, to this story. The men in the mines, about three hundred, I think, have resolved to have freedom at any cost—they are desperate enough, as I am informed, not to hesitate at dipping their hands in human blood to accomplish their ends. The conspiracy has reached that stage where nothing, I think, can check them from making a trial. The way to liberty is open; arms they have in plenty; all that is lacking now is the signal to go ahead with the slaughter.

"On the other hand, there are at least a thousand citizens who are reasonably satisfied with the present condition of affairs, or at least are satisfied that they may be worse off than they are now. When the convicts dash for freedom the others will defend themselves, and the laws as they now stand. The question before us to-night, then, is to consider the proposition of whether it is best to uphold the present government with Schiller at the head, join the convicts, or as I would suggest, while these factions quarrel among themselves, step in and help ourselves to the gold stored in the treasury? That is, become guerrillas. They say there is honor among thieves! Have you, gentlemen, found that you have not been robbed by your more influential following? Have you been treated fairly? I have no excuse to offer for making the suggestion—you know the treatment that

force. I am a life convict, doomed to work all my life in the mines. Then how am I here to-night? Some of you have seen me out upon the streets before this. Slightly because Lang has a means of entrance into our prison, and at his call all the convicts and people in general who are dissatisfied with the present government will arm themselves, break their bonds, and throw themselves upon those who bar their way to liberty!"

This powerful argument was seconded by Wilson, who spoke.

"It has long been an understood fact to me that the majority of the people desire to divide the money that is in the vault. This mode of treatment would enrich no one, for no one needs money here; what matters the loss of a paltry hundred or so to those who really have no use for money? Such men as Golden and Rogers need not hesitate to throw off the yoke of illegality to this false state of things. It is only a question of time, any way, when we must be driven from the stronghold we have made for ourselves. It is too late to turn back now. Those who are not with us are against us!"

"I think it would be best to join this league," said one of the spokesmen in the corner. "In it for us there is to be no bloodshed. To remain with the government is to be compelled to put down the insurrection; to side with them is treason; there is no middle course but this."

"I don't see as we can do better," said Pearson. "It seems kind of dirty, but still we are bound to protect ourselves. I for one, am tired of living in a constant state of fear of assassination all the time."

"Then, gentlemen, if you are agreed, sign this paper," said Lang. "It binds you to obey me in everything concerning this insurrection. In return I give you my word of honor that we shall share and share alike in all things. Should I die, divide my share among you—should any one die we will divide his share. If there are any family men amongst us, let us pledge ourselves as brothers to see that not one of our brothers' families shall want for food nor drink while any of us have something to divide."

While the paper was being signed Lang gave some details of his plan. "We have the town at our mercy!" he said, enthusiastically. "We are at the head of a band of over three hundred. All that is needed now is a few bombs placed around under the walls. At a given signal from me, light the fuse and blow the walls to pieces; open up the prison and pour out the convicts; in the confusion I can lead you by a safe route to the treasury—and the gold is ours! Be ready when the signal strikes!"

(To be continued.)

## CHAMPION MEAN MAN IS FOUND

Hard to Beat Character Told of by Prof. Duenweg.

"The public goes in for the froth of dancing," said Prof. Duenweg of Terre Haute at the national convention of dancing masters in New York. "Young men are content with the simplest foot movements that give them a license to take a close, clinging grip on a young woman. As far as any real knowledge of dancing goes—well, they know as little of the art as old Mrs. Jane Grey of Merna knows of shopkeeping."

Prof. Duenweg, who is the inventor of a new waltz—a difficult, complex and graceful dance—smiled and went on:

"Poor old Mrs. Grey sells groceries and provisions, doing a good business for a town so small as Merna, but getting cheated right and left on account of her ignorance.

Only the other day a man from Lodi took advantage of her shamefully. He came in to get a pound of Swiss cheese and Mrs. Grey told him he would have to call later in the afternoon.

"But why?" said he. "There's a Swiss cheese on the counter."

"I know," said Mrs. Grey, "but my weights are all rusty and I have sent them away to be cleaned."

"Oh, well," said the Lodi man, "you've got something that will do for a weight, surely?"

"Nothing but this here pair of tongs," said Mrs. Grey, "and they weigh two pounds. You don't want that much do you?"

"No, but no matter. Put one leg of the tongs in the scales and let the other hang out. That will make a pound, old lady."

"Mrs. Grey complied.

"But it looks a large pound," she said dubiously.

"Oh, it's all right," said the Lodi man. "How much? A quarter? Here you are."

"He paid and departed hastily."

**Why the Tenor Was Fined.**  
The late Judge ("Biff") Hall of Chicago took great delight in telling the following story of "Punch" Wheeler.

Wheeler, at that time the advance agent of a minstrel company, had returned to New York before the close of the theatrical season, and a friend, meeting him on Broadway, asked him how he had found business.

"Very bad," said "Punch," "so bad that the only way we could pay the members of the troupe was to fine them. It worked splendidly, too; and by the time we reached Texas the manager had squared up with the whole company excepting the first tenor, who was such a proper chap that there was no chance to find fault with his actions. At Galveston Mr. Tenor sang for his solo 'The Lighthouse by the Sea,' and for an encore responded with 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.' That gave the boss the opportunity he was looking for and he levied on the songster's salary for the entire amount—first, for telling the business we were playing to, and second, for giving away the route of the show."

**In the Boston Suburbs.**  
"Whither away, little boy?" inquired the well-meaning stranger.

"I go to swim, sir," replied the spectacled infant.

"And where do you swim?" persisted the stranger.

"I swim, sir," the infant made answer, "in the shallower portions of excessive dampness." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## SWORE AT SECRETARY STANTON

About every one in Portland—in fact, about the state of Maine—act, "Long John" Holmes, sometimes called "Swearing John Holmes," for he was also one of the largest hearted men, and was not awed by wealth or position.

This story about him was related by the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden. He said during the first year of the civil war Holmes was in Washington looking for something to do, while he was in the United States Senate. He was in Secretary Stanton's office one day, and Stanton said: "I am looking for a good man to buy horses in New England for the army; can you recommend any one for the position?" Fessenden said he could, as one of his townsmen was in Washington looking for employment, and a better judge of horses was not to be found in the country. Stanton's reply was: "Send him in to see me and I will give him a place."

Fessenden sent for Holmes and gave him a note to Stanton. The next

day Secretary Stanton sent to the Senate for Fessenden to come to his office at once. On his arrival Stanton turned to him and said: "Fessenden, for heaven's sake what did you mean by sending that man Holmes to me? I must tell you of the interview. I heard a commotion in the outer office, and in came this giant with these words, 'Where in—h—l is this old Stanton?' I turned and said, 'I am Secretary Stanton.' 'Well, here is a letter from Pitt Fessenden. What in—h—l do you want of me?' and the n a string of oaths such as I never heard from any one before. I could not stop him, and could only say, 'I will see Mr. Fessenden,' and now I want to know why you sent him here."

Fessenden's reply was: "You wanted a man to buy horses, and he is your man."

Holmes got the job, and continued as the government agent during the war, with credit to himself and the office.

## NATIVE RELIGION OF SIAM

The Rev. W. C. Dodd, who is stationed as a missionary in the Laos country, north of Siam, under the Presbyterian Foreign Board, has sent to friends in this country a report of an interview he recently had with Kun Tum, native chief at the head of eight villages. Kun Tum talks of the native religion, and says that his people do not worship ghosts and spirits, as do many of the Siamese, but that they believe in one God, who inhabits the ethereal expanse. He is creator of all, including the human race. According to this religion, the original man and woman had three sons. The oldest was ancestor of the Asiatic people. The second took to wife a monkey and was ancestor of the white race, which is consequently active, energetic and cunning, too much for their other brethren. The youngest son was ancestor of the black race.

All the brothers originally worshipped God and had a book from him.

The belief is that the white brother and his family were bad, and were sent away from the others, taking the book with them. Other writings were revealed to those who remained but most of the revelations have been destroyed. To the people of Kun Tum was given two great pillars of stone. These they were instructed to protect and preserve. They were also instructed to keep alien people out of their country, but were told in a revelation to submit to the British. The stone pillars are to be guarded until God appears in human form. This they expect soon to occur. The ancient legend, told thus briefly, fits well with the return of the white race with a book, the Bible, and this native chief says that he and many others wait to see how it shall fare with those who have become Christians, in order that they may judge whether the religion with a book was really their primal religion and the book the one taken from them so long ago.

## BOY'S IDEAS OF "CHEATING"

Judge Henry A. Shute has a characteristic boy story in the October American Magazine. Plucky read a paper on "Cheating," in which the following occurs:

"I guess most everybody cheats some, sometimes somebody comes to the house which nobody wants to see and Aunt Sarah will say, for mercy sake, Joanna, there comes that dreadful woman but when she comes in they say they are afraid to see her and make her take of her things and stop to supper and they put on the best china and have jelly and hot biscuit, so one day I asked Aunt Sarah if that wasn't cheating and Aunt Sarah she said perhaps it was, but if we didn't do enny wise cheating than we make people feel pretty good she gessed it wasn't very bad cheating.

"They is other kinds of cheating too, once me and Beany was sting

and all of a sudden Beany began to hold on to his stomach as if he was suffering fearful and when a feller is fting and holds on to his stomach, it ain't fair to hit enny more than it is to hit him when he is down, and so I stopped and leaned over to see if he was hurt and Beany strated up and me a fearful pain in the eye and blackened it and so I got licked that time.

"Beany he thought it was a pretty good trick to play on me and I thought so two after I got over my mad and the next time I had a fite with Pewt I pretended I was awful hurt and held on to my stomach and bent up double and wached my chance to straten up like Beany did and black Pewt's eye but Pewt didnt give enny chance and gumped on me when I was all bent double and lammed me. I think that was pretty mean cheating for Pewt."

## QUALITY THAT WINS SUCCESS

Mr. Grimshaw, one of those daughters was about to be married, decided that among other presents he would give her a fine sewing machine. With this purpose in mind he stopped at a shop while on his way home one afternoon, and inspected the latest and best styles of machines, but thought it best to be in no hurry, and went away without having made a purchase. A day or two later his daughter surprised him by telling him that a man had called at the house and left a machine as a sample, promising to call and take it away again if the lady of the house did not wish to buy it. "But it's just exactly the kind I want, papa," she said. "If you are going to give me a sewing machine I would rather have that one than any other." "Well, child," he responded "then we'll let it stay." The next morning he called at the address given

by the man who had left the machine. It was the shop he had visited a few days before. "It's all right," he said, "and I'll take the sewing machine, but would you mind telling me how you managed it? I live a mile or two from here and you have no possible means of knowing who I was." "I haven't the slightest objection to telling you," replied the shopman, "inasmuch as there's nothing to be ashamed of. When you left here the other day I sent my boy after you. He saw you enter your home, made a few inquiries in the neighborhood, and found that there was going to be a wedding in your family before long. The rest was easy." Mr. Grimshaw paid for the machine and took his departure, more firmly convinced than ever before that the man who succeeds in business is the man who knows how to "hustle."

## NONSENSE ABOUT "LOST ARTS"

"Not so many years ago it was quite commonly asserted that modern workmen could not quarry, or having quarried, could not handle stones as large as the monoliths of Egypt," says a scientist, "and the writer has heard a public speaker of no-e assert that it would be impossible to handle, with modern implements, such large stones as were used in the pyramids or to join them as perfectly as they are joined there. Yet, when occasion arose, larger stones than any of these were quarried in Maine and some of the larger monoliths themselves were transported, not only to the sea, but across it and erected in England, France and America.

"There are individuals to-day who might if they chose, cause the transportation to and erection in this country of the largest pyramids or build new ones ten times larger and more durable. Pyramids are not being generally built nowadays, because they are not in line with the trend of modern ambition; that's all.

"It is very doubtful if a 'Damascus blade' would stand half as severe usage as a modern bandsaw blade, or even as much as the spring of a 40-cent clock, while the ornamentation of those wondrous blades, so far as the mechanical execution is concerned, can be excelled by apprentices and amateurs to-day.

"Of the 'lost art' of hardening copper little is heard of late years, though one occasionally hears a wiseling from the wilds wish that he knew how to do it, as well as the ancients, and, while it is perhaps regrettable that he doesn't, his ignorance is his own fault."

## LONGING FOR OCEAN'S SECRET

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
The old romantic legends,  
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sand,  
Such as glisten in ancient lore;  
And the rustling of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore;

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldo,  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
When the sand is silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines:

Telling how the Count Arnaldo,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land;

**Korean Woman Comes to Study.**  
Miss Melissa Kim, a native of Korea, has arrived in San Francisco, where she will study medicine. There is a general movement among the women of China and Korea, Miss Kim says, in favor of higher education, and her intimate friend in Hoo-Chow

was Sing Wong Tsing Ling, a Chinese girl, who has recently gone to Japan to study law there and will practice in the Japanese courts. But few Korean women have come to this country thus far and Miss Kim is the first to speak English at all. She is 28 years old.

## FROM THE FORETHOUGHT NOTEBOOKS

Money has always been a visible product of methods. In the first century A. D., under the emperors Augustus Caesar and Tiberius in Rome, the property of criminals was confiscated and converted into money, which was lent free of interest to those poor who could offer security for twice the amount they wanted to borrow.

It was in the second century after Christ that the humane custom obtained in Rome of permitting slaves to deposit extra earnings to create a fund for the final purchase of their freedom.

Legion (Regimental) savings banks were also provided under the Roman emperors for the accommodation of the soldiers.

Copper was the first metal used in important money transactions, the Roman "as" being originally a pound of copper, just as the modern English pound sterling was originally a pound of silver in the time of William the Conqueror (in the 11th century), although to-day the silver pound sterling is only about five-eighths of a pound in weight.

The word "coinage" comes from the Latin *caesus*, a wedge or die with which to stamp the metal.

The oldest coins have a stamp on but one side. Gold arrows, gold knives and swords, gold rings and bracelets and golden chains were made long before gold was used as money. However, gold was used as money in China as early as 2257 B. C., but was not in common use, that is to say, the debtor could not be compelled to pay it.

The permanent use of gold as legal

money cannot be traced back further than the time of the Emperor Julius Caesar in Rome in the first century B. C.

For the next, thirteen hundred years, i. e., until the Roman empire ended with the fall of Constantinople in 1204 A. D., no prince or Pope, or other potentate within the Roman empire (which meant pretty much all of the civilized world), was allowed to coin any gold, except the Roman emperors.

The coinage of gold was reserved as a sacred prerogative by the emperor of Rome as chiefs of the Roman state and high priests of the Roman religion.

Money was sometimes legally debased. The Roman denarius, for instance, was first coined in Rome at the rate of six coins out of an ounce of silver; in B. C. 216 seven were coined out of an ounce of silver; in 45 A. D., under Augustus Caesar, there were eight to the ounce; under Nero, eight and one-half to the ounce; under Hadrian, nine to the ounce; under Gallus, fourteen to the ounce; and by the year 45 A. D. every bit of silver was gone and the denarius was made entirely of copper.

The Latin name for money, pecunia, is derived from *pecus*, a flock, and it is probable that the English word "fee" is connected etymologically with the German word *vieh*, meaning cattle.

Cattle were also used as money in early colonial days in our own country. We find a law passed by the Colony of Massachusetts in 1658 ordering that no man should pay taxes in lank cattle. At this time tobacco was used as money in Virginia.

## REAL AMERICANS IN KENTUCKY. ORATORY HAS TO BE PAID FOR.

Whole Counties Without a Resident of Foreign Birth.

"There are counties in Kentucky where there is not a single resident of foreign birth," declared R. B. Baker of Louisville, according to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "The residents are the descendants of the old families who came to Kentucky when that state was known as the 'dark and bloody ground' and who fought to make the state what it is to-day. They have no land to sell to foreigners, they have no business to do with them, therefore the foreign population settles elsewhere. I presume the same condition of affairs will be found in these same counties fifty years from now.

"Not anywhere else in this country can there be found a settlement which is more truly American. When you stop to consider the number of nationalities one meets gathered together in almost every part of the country, the way these Kentuckians have managed to keep to themselves is little less than marvelous. Kentucky is unlike any other state in the union, anyway. In two counties there they have never held a coroner's inquest. They have a coroner in each county, but they tend that it is not necessary to hold an inquest over the remains of a man who is killed if you know how he was killed. They always know how the dead ones are killed. In these same counties I do not believe they have ever held court without a company or two of militia. The people are not assassins, but they have so long been accustomed to settling their own troubles with the rifle and the shotgun that they cannot accustom themselves to the vengeance of the law in place of that of the individual."

**Recipe for a World.**

Take one man, a woman and a garden. Add an apple and a good fresh snake. Stir gently until the pot begins to boil, then drain off the apple, and keep adding children. Simmer on a slow fire, then put on ice. Alternate between the two extremes, giving the whole a good, sound basting when needed, turning slowly in a proper space. Keep adding time until the mass is of the consistency of mud pie covered with ants. Multiply the inhabitants and garnish with villages, towns, cities and empires. Now introduce a little theology and enough devil sauce to spice. Keep adding battle, murder, sudden death and a good layer of cant. Put plenty of salt in the water and sprinkle with bad society. When your world is finished throw it in the fire and begin all over again.—Leesburg (Ohio) Buckeye.

**Try the Soothing Penance.**

Did it ever occur to you that your unruly child is probably in a highly excited condition, and it may be partly due to this that he persists in seemingly sheer obstinacy to your commands? A whipping at such a time does more harm than good. Instead, try making him lie down on the bed as a punishment. It will calm his nerves, give him a rest, and afford him an opportunity to think. Most children have a sensitive, nervous organization. They are times more likely to be good if kept in a calm and serene mental atmosphere.—Chicago Journal.

**Her Awful Threat.**

On the sand at Windsor Beach a little girl had a dipper full of water, with which she wet the sand and built marvelous things.

The water in the dipper was drawn into its hollow handle, according to the habit of dippers, and, overbalancing the bowl, tipped it over. When this had gone on at intervals of nearly an hour, the little girl got angry. She sat up and put the dipper down hard. Then she said threateningly: "If you do that again, dipper, I'll cut your tail off and make a basin of you!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**King Edward's Oldest Subject.**

George Fletcher is believed to be the oldest subject of King Edward. He was born on April 28, 1788, and lives in a cottage in Kiley, near Pomeroy, in County Tyrone, Ireland, and has lived in it for more than 10 years.

**State Repurchases Estates.**

For the purposes of closer settlement, the government of South Australia has introduced a bill for the compulsory repurchase by the State of estates valued at more than £20,000.

**Duchess is Sporty.**

The Duchess of Newcastle is a great driver, angler, shot and judge of dogs.



"You must be pretty well backed up, Golden, to dare to make such a proposition to me!"

worthy of trust. Being told of Lang's plans and the necessity of quick action, Golden approached Rogers as soon as he had a chance.

"There is a well organized plan on foot," said Golden to Rogers in a guarded but determined manner, best calculated to impress the Chief of Police, "to cause a rebellion in Paradise. The ostensible plan is for a few to obtain control of the gold in the vaults while the main body of citizens are fighting among themselves. What do you think is the better plan, to fight to maintain the present state of things or jump in with the ring leaders and get a free pardon from the United States government, at the same time filling our pockets?"

"Get a finger in the pie!" answered Rogers. "Is that your idea?"

"That's my idea," replied Golden, bluntly.

"You must be pretty well backed up, Golden, to dare to make such a proposition to me!"

"I am," firmly replied Golden. "Freedom and pardon is quite an inducement to me. The same is open to you if you want it!"

"Then the state's government is at the back of this?"

"Of course. What do you care for those misguided men? You are not such a desperate criminal that you need to hide yourself away here. Every moment you remain here you are placing your neck further in the halter. Don't you think it would be better to live in civilization like a white man?"

"I presume so. There is no doubt of the success of the rebellion?"

"None whatever. The fall of Paradise is assured. You will join us, then?"

"Us. Certainly, if you are in it!"

"Well, then, show your loyalty by acquainting Sam Pearson with the state of affairs. Any one whom you can trust—good and loyal men whom you would like to see get a dip in the gold bags. Be leery, however, of men who have really committed capital crime, whom you know would have trouble to get a pardon. Understand?"

"Sure. Where do we meet to draw up a compact?"

"At the haunted house," replied Golden.

"So Lang is in it?"

"Head and front!"

"I thought so. That man is a devil. There is no doubt we will win!"

By means of Golden, Rogers was won over; Rogers spoke to Pearson; Pearson spoke to Pinterz—in this way a large company was formed, comprising the most daring and intelligent men in the community. At the right time the conspirators met at the residence of Lang. Among those assembled in the cellar of the house, was Wilson and Black Jack, the instigator, the leader of the tunnel gang who had been liberated by the aid of Rogers.

The meeting was called to order by Lang as soon as all those invited had assembled.

"Gentlemen," he said, "by appearing