

The CONVICT COUNTRY:

or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

Bill Hawks appeared to notice Lang about the same instant.
"Go and tell my wife," said Lang to the farmer, "that Bill Hawks and his gang are in the fair grounds. Tell her to drive due north along the side of the wall and drive as fast as she can."

The farmer seemed to understand perfectly and communicated Louis' words to Pearl.

While Louis was talking to the farmer Lang saw Hawks calling his gang together. Lang did not attempt to escape rashly and thus call down the gang upon his wagon, but so much confidence did he have in Pearl that he calmly waited for Hawks to show his hand, trusting that in the meantime Pearl would be enabled to carry out his instructions.

From his position on horseback Lang very plainly saw his brave wife mount the seat of the Judy wagon and drive through the gate, turning the team in the direction she was told to do. Louis did not think so much of his treasure or his own life now as he did of the brave little woman he called wife, whom he had learned to love with all the ardor of his impulsive nature. Lang in giving his order to Pearl, had a plan in view of escape. He saw way down in the north corner of the ground an open hole in the fence. It was his idea when Pearl got safely started to attempt to make his escape through this opening. In the meantime Hawks drew nearer to Lang and his gang was seen to partly surround his hero. The detective was now almost in front of the low railing which formed the circle creating the race track proper. Lang turned his horse round very calmly as if to go toward the gate. A race was about to begin, and the country people were on the quiver to see the start. Just as the gong sounded to start the races, Lang like a flash almost turned his horse

Lang, "trying to escape from a gang of bandits. Will you sell me your team?" he asked of the man.

"I will not sell!" said the man. Lang looked so desperate that the farmer was afraid of him.
There was no time for banter. Louis thought he heard the sound of horses' feet. Louis covered the man with his Winchester. "Pearl!" he cried, "take my revolver and cover this man while I change stock! I hear sounds of something somewhere—to be caught now would mean death!" And in a jiffy Louis was unhitching the farmer's team. The traces of his own horses he cut, giving the lines to the farmer, and thus an exchange was made.

None too soon was Lang furnished with fresh stock. Down the road could be seen a band of mounted men appearing.

"Farmer!" shouted Louis, as he mounted his seat, and throwing him a handful of coin, "cut across into yonder field and hide your money! Good-bye!"

Louis, having obtained fresh stock, again distanced his pursuers, but it could not last long. No houses appeared in sight, and as evening drew near, our hero came to the conclusion that something would have to be done to stop the chase. In the distance the sounds of pattering feet could be heard, though nothing could be seen, and Louis managed to keep out of sight until evening dropped her mantle over earth.

"Pearl!" said Louis, "something must be done to check our pursuers. In this wagon I have over a million in wealth and something must be done to save it!"

"What are you going to do?" Pearl demanded; for the first time she showed alarm for his safety.

"I am going to ambush the villains!" he said in a determined tone of voice. "And I am going to trust you to manage the wagon alone. I

ferent from other men—and the fame and riches he sought were his. For a time Lang visited Dr. Huntington at his home, and before leaving for a tour of the world, Pearl and Louis' marriage was sanctified and blessed by the assistance of a reputable minister for fear that the marriage that they had contracted in the Convict City would not be considered holy.
(The End.)

GIVING VICE-CONSUL A CHANCE

Easy for Appointee to Avoid Catching Yellow Fever.

One morning in 1889 I went with Senator Allison to urge upon Secretary Blaine the definite selection of a place in the consular service for a friend of mine who had long been under promise of a consulship. We found the general secretary in an unusually benevolent mood. He called for his official record of consulates, and turning at once to "Vera Cruz" asked:

"How would your friend like Vera Cruz?"
The inquiry was made in a tone and with a look which assured us that the inquirer's one desire was to send us on our way rejoicing. He smilingly continued:
"One of the best harbors in the world—Mexico's great seaport—charming old Mexican town, and only sixty miles away is Mount Orizaba, with the finest climate in the world. I know—I've been there. It's simply delightful."

Senator Allison here broke in with: "My memory may be at fault, Mr. Secretary, but haven't I heard something recently about the prevalence of yellow fever in Vera Cruz?"

The urbane secretary promptly responded with a twinkle of the eye, which told us something was coming. "I'll be frank with you, senator. There is some yellow fever there during the heated term, but the department has provided against that by giving Vera Cruz a vice consul. Next spring, at the first approach of hot weather, your friend should flee as a bird to Orizaba and let his vice consul stay and take the yellow fever!"—Judge.

ASCERTAINED MERITS OF CASE.

Russell Sage Tells How He Escaped Unprofitable Lawsuit.

Russell Sage has a horror of lawsuits. A clerk of Mr. Sage's said the other day:

"I sought out the chief one morning in his office.

"You remember, sir, I said, 'my complaint against my wife's uncle?'"

"Yes," he answered.

"Well," said I, "the man is odorous and I think of bringing suit against him. What do you advise?"

"Mr. Sage, always interested in the welfare of his employes, was silent a moment, frowning thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Listen. When I was a clerk in Troy I had a case against a man that seemed quite as good as yours. I visited a prominent lawyer and I laid the whole matter before him in detail. When I was through he told me that he would be delighted to take the case—that it was a case that couldn't lose."

"It can't lose," said I.

"It can't lose," he repeated.

"I rose and took up my hat. I thanked the lawyer and told him that I wouldn't bring suit, after all. And then I explained that it was my opponent's side, and not my own, which I had laid before him.

"Before bringing a lawsuit," Mr. Sage concluded, "it is a good plan first to lay your opponent's case before your lawyer as if it were your own."

Told by Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Henrietta Russell, who writes sensibly on education, says some of the current notions in regard to it are strikingly like those of Aunt Charlotte, an old negro woman of Alabama.

Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters, and no doubt ever assailed her that possibly she might not be right. On one occasion her mistress was talking about sending some of the children to school, and Charlotte, as usual, put in her oar.

"Laws, missis," said she, "what mek you pay money for to sen' de chile to school? I got one smart boy name Jonas, but I farns him myself."

"But, Aunt Charlotte," said the lady, "how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him? I jis mek him tek de book an' set down de flo', an' den I say: 'Jonas, you tek yo' eye' den tek de book, much less leggo him, an' I skin you alive!'"

No Sailor in His Eyes.

It was the belloby in the Pequot House, New London, who asked Capt. De Witt Packard of the Arrow whether he had ever caught any whales, to which the man who steers the flyer replied that he had never shipped a whaler.

"Was you ever shipwrecked?" persisted the reader of "Harpoon Harry, the Boy Whaler."

"No," replied Packard, as he noticed the glowing look of disgust on his questioner's face.

"Never cast on a desert island? Never caught by cannibals? And never been bitten by a sea serpent?" These questions came quickly and also received negative answers. Then the boy turned sadly away with the remark:

"H'm! you ain't no real sailor. You might as well have stayed on land."

True Realism.

The great actress brings a dress over from Paris. It costs her \$1,000. She has to have four maids to help her get into it.

When she comes out on the stage the public at once exclaims in rapture:

"This is indeed realism!"
What is she representing?
Why, a Sicilian peasant girl.—Puck

No Expenses.

"I wish I were a night watchman."
"Why?"
"I could sleep all day and save my board and work all night and save my lodging."

In the Spotlight



Frederick Ranken's Fate.
Four weeks ago Fred Ranken, Reginald De Koven, Lee Shubert, and several other men stood in the office of the Hyperion theater, New Haven, waiting for the curtain to rise on the first act of "Happyland."

The play had been produced in New Haven the night before, and on the table lay the evening newspapers containing enthusiastic notices. Mr. Ranken was reading them delightedly, and as he finished he remarked jokingly to the crowd:

"By Jove! If I could get such notices as that once in New York I think I could die happy."

On the following Monday the Ranken-De Koven opera was produced at the Lyric. Not one but nearly all of New York critics confirmed New Haven's good opinion. The play scored. A week later Mr. Ranken died.

Verdant Innocence.
"One evening a country couple came to the theater where I was playing and purchased two orchestra tickets," writes Tim Murphy. "They came early, before the doors were open, at 7 o'clock. After the audience had arrived and entered and the crowd in the lobby had melted away, it was observed that the verdant couple was still there, apparently waiting for some one. A little after 9 my manager, in passing through the lobby saw them, and asked why they did not go in. The man replied with some embarrassment: 'We're waiting for some one to take our tickets.'"

Personal Mention.
William A. Brady is presenting Wilton Lackaye in both "The Pit" and "Trilby" this season.

Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King" is reported meeting great success in the South and middle West.

Charles Frohman will produce in the spring Henri Lavedan's play, "The Duel," which made a sensation in Paris.

Rumor says that "The Press Agent," in which Messrs. Shubert are to star Peter Dalley is "The Filibuster" rejuvenated.

Henrietta Crossman is soon to have a new play, but she and her manager, Maurice Campbell, are keeping quiet about it.

Belasco and the Shuberts are negotiating for Mozart Hall in St. Paul, with the idea of converting it into a playhouse.

Paula Edwards is soon to appear in her newest vehicle, a comic opera by Paulton and Robyns, entitled "Princess Beggar."

During the winter Francis Wilson will appear in New York in a new play. William Collier will also have a new comedy.

Peter F. Dalley made his bow as the star in a musical farce called "The Press Agent" on Nov. 27, at Lew Fields' theater.

Miss Margaret Wycherley has been engaged by Henry B. Harris as leading woman in Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession."

Gertrude Coghlan is leading woman for Arnold Daly this season, playing Gloria Clandon in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

Fay Davis, now playing Ann in "Man and Superman," will, in the spring, become a star in a comedy entitled "All-o'-a-Sudden Peggy."

The American rights of "The Blue Moon," the play now running at the Lyric theater, London, have been secured by the Shubert Brothers.

Reginald De Koven is engaged on the score of his new light opera, "The Student King," which Henry W. Savage produces sometime in the spring.

Guy Standing is one of the newcomers to Nat C. Goodwin. Last year he was the leading man with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Sorceress."

Eleanor Robson's success in Chicago, in London, and in New York in the character of "Merely Mary Ann," has been the subject for commendation.

Nance O'Neil has been declared the legal owner of the Brinley estate at Tyngsboro, bought by her several years ago, but in litigation for some time.

Gerald Lawrence, the late Sir Henry Irving's most dependable player, has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger

REAL TROUBLE WITH RUSSIA

"Some days before our departure from Moscow for Nizhni Novgorod we had booked tickets for places in a sleeping car," writes a traveler.
"There were two of us, and by booking berths in time we hoped not only to avoid trouble in obtaining places, but to insure a night's rest in the 'wagon-lit.' We were on route for the famous and always unspcakably interesting 'Bolshaya Yarmaka,' that great fair at Nizhni which is absolutely without rival in the whole world of periodical commercial exhibitions. I had been cherishing some degree of apprehension as to what might happen at the 'Nijgorodsky Voksal,' or station of the line which runs by Vladimir to Nizhni Novgorod. My worst fears were realized. Many people were going to Nizhni Novgorod. And I wondered how many might have booked for the first-class carriages, and whether many would make a rush to capture the berths in the 'wagon-lit.' So I somewhat heavily tipped the most intelligent looking official I could find, showed him our two numbered tickets and engaged him to see that we were able to appropriate them.
"Suddenly the doors of the waiting-saloon were flung open and there was a wild stampede. A big squad of most respectable Russian passengers made a rush for the sleeping cars. If all the berths were not booked they would seek to occupy them, although only possessed of ordinary first-class tickets, and they might be allowed to do so by the expedient of a small bribe quietly administered to the guard. I have never seen a wilder scrimmage than the fight that ensued. The passengers with numbered tickets had booked up all the seats for the night's journey. But our man had to shout, push, strike right and left, to hurl out two invaders who had stormed our places and to back hard against others who elbowed their way along the carriage corridors before the way was clear and we could reach the places to which we had a right.
"What can be the matter with Russia? What can be the real cause of her troubles? These are questions which thousands of people are asking. The little incident I have described suggests the accurate answer. Absolute carelessness as to administration is typical of the management of all public affairs. 'Nichevo' (no matter) is the word most constantly heard on native lips. Nobody cares."

WOES OF BLOCKADE RUNNER

Here is a tale of adventurous blockade running during the Russo-Japanese war: In December of last year the steamer Carlisle, Capt. Jessen, 1,035 tons, belonging to Leith, Scotland, left Vladivostok with arms and ammunition worth over \$4,500,000 on board, destined for Port Arthur. Before that port was reached, however, it had surrendered to the Japanese. Capt. Jessen altered his course while he had yet time and stood out to the open sea. All went well until the steamer was 300 miles to the eastward of Yokohama when the Carlisle lost all her propeller blades. The captain rigged up sails on the steamer's stumpy masts and navigated his vessel 2,000 miles southward, ultimately dropping anchor in San Miguel bay, Caramines, in the Philippines, on Feb. 13.

Japanese in the vicinity had heard of the vessel's arrival and disguised as fishermen set out in four sampans to attack and if possible sink the ship.

LITTLE MAN'S LONG SILENCE

A little man of 12 years, already a qualified practitioner in silence and obedience, whose father owns a large rubber plantation in Central America, and who not long ago secured options on two plantations adjoining his own, went to New Orleans to raise the money to purchase them.

In a short time his wife secured an option on a third plantation, which he very much desired, but which he had not been able to get before leaving for New Orleans. With a wife's caution, she was afraid to trust the option to the mails, so she sewed it carefully in the lining of her small son's jacket, and sent him north by the next steamer.

"Mind, you are not to talk to anybody!" was her parting injunction.

The boy obeyed her so literally that half the passengers thought him dumb. Several persons took a kindly interest in him, and tried to make the voyage pleasanter for him; but he refused to make friends, and except for

brief talks, no word could be got out of him.

As soon as the boat docked he found his way to the office of the broker where he knew his father made his headquarters. His father turned pale at the sight of him, and tremblingly asked if anything had happened at home.

"No, father."

The father then asked, somewhat sternly, what had brought him there.

The boy answered by shaking his head. "I can't tell till we are alone," he whispered.

When his father took him into a private office, he shut the door and locked it. Taking off his coat he showed his dazed father where to rip it—and the option was in safe hands.

Then he spoke with a sigh of relief. "Mother told me not to talk with anybody," he said, "and I haven't."

Of course his father was proud of him, but one hopes that the faithful little chap had a good time after that.
—New Orleans Picayune.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS MEN

There are some interesting anecdotes of the leading British literary lights of the middle nineteenth century in a volume recently published in London, "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." On one occasion there was great embarrassment at one of their gatherings. The majority of the party were anxious to hear Tennyson read "Maud," the first copy of which had just reached him; but it was known that Carlyle could not endure to hear any one reading aloud. What was to be done? A plot was laid to have the reading during the time of Carlyle's morning walk; but for this he always demanded an appreciative companion. Mrs. Brookfield says: "Chairs had been arranged in a quiet sitting room; the visitors were taking their places. Alfred was ready. So was Carlyle—in the hall—waiting for a companion in his walk, and evidently determined not to stir without one. It was quite an anxious moment. At length Mr. Goldwin Smith generously

GRIZZLY BEAR A MONUMENT

A stone carving of a grizzly bear in the attitude of defending her cubs has been carved by Andrew Chester Thompson of Seattle, and will be immediately shipped to Alaska to be placed over the grave of R. Shadesty, one of the most prominent Indians in the north when alive, says the Seattle Times. He died Dec. 17, 1903, leaving \$600 to defray the cost of the monument.

The big piece of stone carving, weighing 3,000 pounds, will be shipped from Seattle to Wrangel, and from that point will be carried about 150 miles overland to the home of the Bear family Indians. The Indians themselves will transport the grizzly on their overland journey according to their own primitive methods of transportation.

Mr. Thompson has been carving images for Alaska Indians for the last twenty-five years, but this is the largest monument he has shipped to Alaska carved from a single piece of marble.

The stone carving provided for Shadesty is the first to be ordered in a defensive attitude. For the Black Bear tribe Mr. Thompson has carved several statues of bears, but they have all been on all fours. The Wolf tribe and others taking their name from wild animals have ordered carvings, but the work done for Shadesty is novel in its conception.

It is customary among the Alaska Indians to leave money to pay for their own tombstone, and Shadesty saved for a lifetime to give himself a suitable piece for his grave. He was wealthy enough, though, to leave his kinsmen considerable money.

THE FATE OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls inland on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the steers were waxed dead, And their hearts were ravine heaved, and their

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the girls that are broken in the temple of Baal; And the night of the Gentile, unmote by the stars, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord's sword.

—Lord Byron.



Louis Lang saw the outlaws approaching.

around as if upon a pivot and with a prick of his bowie forced the mad-dened and startled animal to jump the railing and speed down the race track.

For a moment the country people were too surprised to utter a sound. Louis' horse was running neck and neck with the racers. It was not until the outlaws under Bill Hawks had given chase, firing shot after shot at our hero, that they began to realize the situation. At first they thought it was some mad freak of a drunken cowboy, but seeing Louis turn in his saddle and fire at his pursuers, they came to the conclusion that the thirty men following were regulators chasing a horseshief.

A dozen times in going the distance did Louis turn and send shot after shot into the ranks of his pursuers, and he managed to widen the distance between them every second. As he neared the opening in the fence, despite the noise of firing and pattering of feet, he could hear the noise of the rumbling of the wheels on the roadway, and he knew that Pearl with the Judy wagon was at hand.

He gave a hullo of warning to Pearl, and then drove his horse over the low fence and threw himself over the high wall. Another instant and Lang was upon the seat of his wagon, ready to take the reins in hand over the pair of noble horses he had bought but an hour before.

Lang had scarcely mounted his seat when the heads of the foremost of his pursuers could be seen over the wall. In this skirmish Louis would have been foolish not to have shot to kill, and standing up on the seat, Louis emptied his Winchester into the ranks before starting his team flying down the road.

After placing a mile between him and the fair grounds and seeing no sign of foe in pursuit, Lang quieted his team down and allowed them to jog quietly along. An hour later mounted horsemen could be seen coming down the road, then for fully three hours a terrific pace was kept up by his noble team, until the horses were ready to drop. But the convicts were now plainly visible.

At this juncture a farmer here in sight, driving a pair of splendid bays, spirited and fresh from grass. Seeing Lang—cooler, hatless, his team foamy and sweaty, the farmer tried to get out of his way, but to Lang the sight of a fresh team was a godsend, and he meant to have the team at any cost.

"I am an officer of the law," said

want you to drive right straight ahead, all night, if necessary, until you come to a farm house or a railroad track! Either buy new stock or take passage to God's country by rail!" he said, kissing her.

Pearl knew that Lang had made up his mind, and knew that it was best for her to say little, so she kissed him tenderly good-bye and drove off as requested.

Lang got down from his seat and, Winchester on his arm, lay alongside the trail in the grass, hidden from view. Twenty minutes passed, the wagon was out of sight. The sound made by the wheels could hardly be heard; then Lang heard the sound made by tramping feet of horses. The moon came out from behind a cloud and made it quite light. Louis Lang saw the outlaws approaching. They were totally unaware of danger; they little thought one man would dare to ambush twenty. They did not waken to danger until shot after shot rang out upon the air, and they saw a single man standing in the roadway dealing out destruction right and left, and when they did realize, it was too late!

There were twenty all told, and they were riding five abreast. When Louis cast his Winchester from him as worthless and drew his revolvers, King Schiller and Bill Hawks had cashed in their last account, together with about ten others. Those that were left turned and fled like cowards, little knowing that but one man confronted them!

It did not take Lang long to capture a horse and mount him, following rapidly after his wife. It took hours for him to catch up, but at last he did, because Mrs. Lang had slowed up her team, rather desiring to run the risk of herself being caught than to continue long in suspense as to Louis' fate.

After traveling all night a railroad crossing was reached, and, as luck would have it, now that danger was really over, the fugitives learned from a farmer that a station was only a few miles away, and were also furnished with a team to drive over.

From here news was telegraphed to Dr. Huntington about the safety of his daughter, and from here was gained the first news that Jim Denver was safe, but wounded.

The money was placed in the care of the American Express company for forwarding, and it arrived safe at Chicago before Lang did.

Thus Lang's ambition was fulfilled. He had done something a little dif-