

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tempest Tossed," "Aida," Etc.

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Yes, a vast, well-organized society, composed of people in every professional walk of life. It will be your business to discover this band and enter the organization as a member."

"And if I already know of the existence of such an organization?" very calmly asked Lang.

"Half the battle would be won!" exclaimed the detective excitedly. "I suspect, Lang, that you do know considerable about it, that's why I approach you in the matter. You are one who undoubtedly should know something about it—the crime you were charged with, together with the fact that you had command of money, certainly placed you in the proper position to know. But I know you are not a member of the society, for I have watched you too closely for that. What others may think I know that you are an honest man."

"Thanks for that compliment," laughed Lang. "I am not a member, of course. But, as you say, I should know something about it, and I do. While imprisoned in the Tombs, a man in the next cell to me made me the offer that for ten thousand dollars in cash he would guarantee me that I could escape, and be furnished with protection against re-capture. He hinted at being an agent of a powerful society, but I gave no heed to it at the time, because I relied on being able to 'fix' a jurymen for less than that sum, if the worst came to the worst with me."

"I wasn't mistaken in you!" exclaimed the delighted detective, rubbing his hands together in his excitement. "You are the man for my money—and it will take money to see this thing through. I have a modest fortune of about fifteen thousand, the result of my savings for the years I have been on the force. Half of this sum I will put to your credit, if you

early to bed, sobered by his unexpected offer and prospects.

All night long Denver had lain awake mapping out the plan of action that he wished Lang to follow; and in the morning the detective and Lang met as by agreement, at the office of a detective agency.

"Lang," said Denver, as the youth took a seat in the detective's room, "You have slept on my proposition; are you still of the same opinion you were last night?"

"I have had no occasion as yet to change my mind," responded the youth. "In fact, I am firmer in my resolve than ever. You don't want to back out, yourself, do you?"

"I should say not. And that being your answer, will consider the question settled for good and all. To start with, I am going to make a new man of you—physically. Your long debauch has somewhat run down your natural hearty constitution. You must be given the benefit of a course of physical training which will enable you to withstand hard usage and privation if necessary; a thorough athletic training, in fact. You must be surrounded with all the protection possible in this great undertaking, and as a healthy body makes a healthy mind, we must not fail for the lack of either of these. You shall be taught the thieves' code; the art of gambling, 'cardsharper'; how to drink and carouse, without really dissipating. Of course this won't make an ideal man of you in the sight of the world, but it is the training you need in order to accomplish the ends we have in view. Until you have been through your course of 'sprouts,' nothing will be done towards attempting the liberation of Golden, or the following of any other clue we may become in possession of."

"I don't need much schooling in the fine arts you mention," disapprovedly explained the young man, who was keyed up to the highest pitch of hope, and foolishly wished to jump in and perform some wonderful feat in the detective line which would raise himself in the estimation of the world, and make him utterly worthless to the case in hand.

"You are in a position to be shunned by 'polite' society, and at odds with the lower strata as well," mildly remonstrated Denver. "High society is not to be your judge. That you have a taint on your character, and delude them is not enough, you must become a truly 'hard' character. Should you become known as a detective or even an honest working man, you could never accomplish what we have set out to do. Neither can you accomplish it without due preparation. Our paths must lie far apart. Without being known in the matter at all, I will supply you with the funds necessary to live while you prepare yourself for the struggle. You will assume the character of a 'sport,' and cultivate the association of the flashiest and most suspicious of the light-fingered and tough genre. Become one—our success will depend upon the truthfulness of your delineation. I trust my meaning is made clear to you, and that you sufficiently realize that brains are needed in this undertaking."

"If success depends upon my following your instructions to the letter, nothing will be left undone!" replied Lang, who at last clearly perceived that success in the detective business works by inverse ratio.

"Spoken like a man! And I believe you have the spirit and the nerve to carry it through."

"Let us begin then. What do you suggest doing first?"

"I should advise you to join an athletic association," answered Denver. "Learn to box, to wrestle, even a few lessons in sword play and target shooting wouldn't be amiss. You may never have occasion to use these accomplishments, but if you ever do want them, you will want them 'bad.'"

"I am now taking a course of boxing," replied Lang, "and can very easily make it include lessons in wrestling. As you have suggested 'arms,' I shall practice a few bouts, to become expert in the use of the short sword. The shooting galleries will give sufficient practice with the gun and revolver."

"You will put yourself in training at once." The detective paused abruptly, springing to his feet.

Lang and Denver had been sitting very comfortably together upon a leather lounge which occupied one side of the office; all of a sudden Denver sprang up and in one bound landed in the office chair, and grabbing up a pen from the desk before which he now sat, he began writing.

Louis was for a moment at loss to understand Denver's actions, but had the good sense not to ask for an explanation nor appear surprised. It

was soon made apparently clear, when into the room very unceremoniously stalked a personage, whom Louis instantly recognized by intuition as a detective.

Denver rose from his chair very deliberately, and while acknowledging his visitor's presence by a cordial nod of his head, spoke to Lang in a businesslike tone, in a voice rather loud, and evidently for the purpose of being overheard by the newcomer.

"Mr. Smith, I may or may not see you again very soon; however, if you follow my instructions implicitly," handing him a note at the same time, "you cannot go astray, and undoubtedly will recover the property."

Lang was somewhat hurriedly bowed from the office, not so quickly as to look rude, but before the visitor had a chance to get a critical view of him.

"I wonder who that man is?" queried Lang to himself. "Some detective, evidently, whom Denver does not wish to see me."

The same thought crossed the intruder's mind. He could add two and two together about as well as anybody. "Smith," that's kind of a cheap name!" he said to himself. "Evidently Denver doesn't want me to know this fellow. Just because he don't want me to know him is just the reason I should know him. That's only another score I owe Jim Denver, and I'll begin the payment by watching Mr. Smith!"

This was the first serious setback. Lang was greatly disappointed in being hustled so unceremoniously from the detective's office, but he partially understood the reason, that the visit was unexpected and undesirable. The slip of paper given him by Denver hardly enlightened him:

"Beware of Regan—lead a double life—begin your training at once."

With it was a check for fifty dollars. "Since these are my instructions," said Lang, "and as I have nothing else to go by, I must begin my training at once. I don't understand what object Denver has in view in making an athlete out of me, but as he pays the bills I can but obey orders." And it was well that he did so.

(To be continued.)

PRISONER PROVES UP LAND.

Then He Goes to the Sheriff to Begin Three-Year Term in Prison.

Sheriff Nelson of Green county has taken to the Kansas penitentiary John F. Yates, a farmer, for the murder of William Hughes, a wealthy cattleman, last July.

Yates was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary in the District court at Mangum three weeks ago, says the Kansas City Journal, but was allowed to prove up his homestead and provide for his family so they could live in comfort during the three years he is in the penitentiary.

Last Saturday night Yates went to Sheriff Nelson and said he was ready to begin his sentence. He was not manacled as he rode on the train on the way to Lansing, Kan., but sat in the seat with the sheriff as any other citizen might.

The killing of Hughes was the result of an old free-range quarrel out in the new country. Yates was arrested and placed in jail. His bond was fixed at \$20,000, the judge thinking that amount would be more than would be raised in the county.

Yates was released on bond, however, before the end of the week. A group of farmers who were his friends qualified for more than twice that amount.

Judge Irwin announced the sentence and asked Yates if he had anything to say. Yates said the sentence was just and that he would serve it.

He said, however, he lacked a short time of having proved up his homestead, and asked to be with his family two weeks longer. Judge Irwin granted the request.

Sereno Payne's Snore.

Representative Sereno E. Payne, the Republican floor leader in the House, has claims to fame which are not mentioned in any of his official biographies. According to those of his colleagues who have accompanied him on sundry junkets to funerals, foreign lands in search of Congressional information and even on campaign trips, he can snore longer and louder than any man in the United States. Nor is Mr. Payne at all bashful of his accomplishment, nor sensitive when his talents in this direction are exploited. He takes the pokes in good part and now he never interferes with the plans of his colleagues when they seek to find him isolated in the sleepers or on shipboard. Mr. Payne gets annually several hundred cures for the malady of snoring. He has no trunks sent to him which are warranted to cure after one trial. Most of the gifts come from members of Congress who have spent sleepless nights as Mr. Payne's traveling companions.

An "Ade" to Digestion.

Among the many attempts to play upon George Ade's surname, the one here given is, perhaps, one of the best. A man from northern Wisconsin, who met the humorist some time ago, told him how his writings had made existence more tolerable for him in lonely country home.

"I was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia," said he, "but I read that laughing was helpful to the digestive organs, so when I went to the city next time, I stepped into a book store and told them I wanted something 'amozin'. They give me some of your books, and after meals I had my old woman read to me from 'em. And say, it don't make no difference how much they criticize your books, you're an aid to digestion, anyway."—Success Magazine.

The Tub Was Too Full.

While we were spending our summer vacation at Point Alorton, one of our neighbors came to visit us, bringing her youngest son, Chester, about 3 years old. In the afternoon, while watching the surf, some one proposed to go in bathing. The little fellow thought he would like to go also. He did not enjoy it as well as he thought he would.

Later in the afternoon his mother said: "Chester, I noticed you did not enjoy your bath; at home you like to get in the tub."

"But, mother," he replied, "that tub was too full."—Boston Herald.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

There are three entirely different kinds of ingredients used in making the three different varieties of baking powders on the market, viz:—(1) Mineral-Acid or Alum, (2) Bone-Acid or Phosphate, and (3) Cream of Tartar made from grapes. It is important, from the standpoint of health, to know something about these ingredients, and which kind is used in your baking powder.

(1) Mineral-Acid, or Alum, is made from a kind of clay. This is mixed with diluted oil of vitriol and from this solution a product is obtained which is alum. Alum is cheap; costs about two cents a pound, and baking powder made with this Mineral-Acid sells from 10 to 25c. a pound.

(2) Bone-Acid, or Phosphate, is the basis of phosphate baking powders and the process is fully described in the patents issued to a large manufacturer of a phosphate powder. The U. S. Patent Office Report gives a full and exact description, but the following extract is enough:

"Burned bones, after being ground, are put into freshly diluted oil of vitriol and with continual stirring and in the following proportion," etc.

From this Bone-Acid phosphate baking powders are made; such powders sell from 20 to 30 cents a pound.

(3) Cream of Tartar exists in all ripe grapes, and flows with the juice from the press in the manufacture of wine. After the wine is drawn off the tartar is scraped from the cask, boiled with water, and crystals of Cream of Tartar, white and very pure, separate and are collected. It differs in no respect from the form in which it originally existed in the grape. Cream of Tartar, then, while the most expensive, is the only ingredient that should be used in a baking powder to act upon the soda, as its wholesomeness is beyond question. Cream of Tartar baking powders sell at about 40 to 50 cents a pound.

Such are the facts, and every one, careful of the health of the family, should remember this rule:—Baking powders selling from 10 to 25 cents a pound are made of Mineral-Acids; those selling from 20 to 30 cents of Bone-Acid; and those from 40 to 50 cents of Cream of Tartar made from grapes.

Many papers even published illustrations, showing features of the incredible deed and a reader of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle who is traveling in Europe has sent the accompanying picture, taken from one of the German papers. In his letter he stated that the paper expressed the hope that the North American squadron that was said to be in pursuit of the robbers might succeed in recovering the stolen treasure in order to prevent an impending calamity that might even interfere with the good commercial relations existing between the old country and the Land of the Future.

And all that excitement, which startled otherwise cool-headed people of two nations, sprang from an article in the Berlin Tageblatt, one of

IT'S A SHAME—

That a fool and his father's money are soon parted.

That a genius can do almost anything except make a living.

That fortune usually has gloves on when she knocks at a man's door.

That many sermons cease to be interesting when the dinner bell rings.

That sound money is the kind that jingles in the other fellow's pockets.

That there is no insurance against the flames kindled by a woman's eyes.

That a man must make his way in the world while a woman merely has hers.

That a policeman, like a rainbow, seldom appears until after the storm is over.

That about the only men who get satisfaction by going to law are the lawyers.

That about the time you succeed in breaking in a pair of shoes your feet break out.

That the man who has money to throw at the birds is always afraid of spraining his wrist.

That some writers never succeed in disturbing the truth that lies at the bottom of an ink well.

That more than 4,000 coupling devices have been patented, yet thou sands of bachelors and maids are going it alone.

That while the fabric of a ready-made garment may not be of the best the fabrications of the dealer are usually the real thing.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1904.

DID YOU EVER WONDER—

Why a home for old people isn't called an orphan asylum?

Why is it that you seldom see an old maid with auburn hair?

Why is it consoling to a widow to know that history repeats itself?

Why so many people question your answers when you answer their questions?

Why it is that all of the political rogues are to be found in the other party?

Why good-natured criticism is the only kind a man ever dishes out to himself?

Why a woman should have two ears and but one tongue when everybody knows that she would rather talk five hours than listen five minutes?

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

Necessity knows a lot of lawyers.

Some men are born cynics and others live in boarding houses.

It is always harder to patch up a quarrel than to make a new one.

Conscience is a still, small voice that tells us when we are found out.

The only spilled milk worth crying over is the milk of human kindness.

We are never too old to learn, but lots of us are too young to realize it.

The trouble with tombstone inscriptions is that they come too late to flatter us.

I know a man who occasionally, in a fit of absent-mindedness, tells the truth, but he always tries to lie out of it afterward.

That's All.

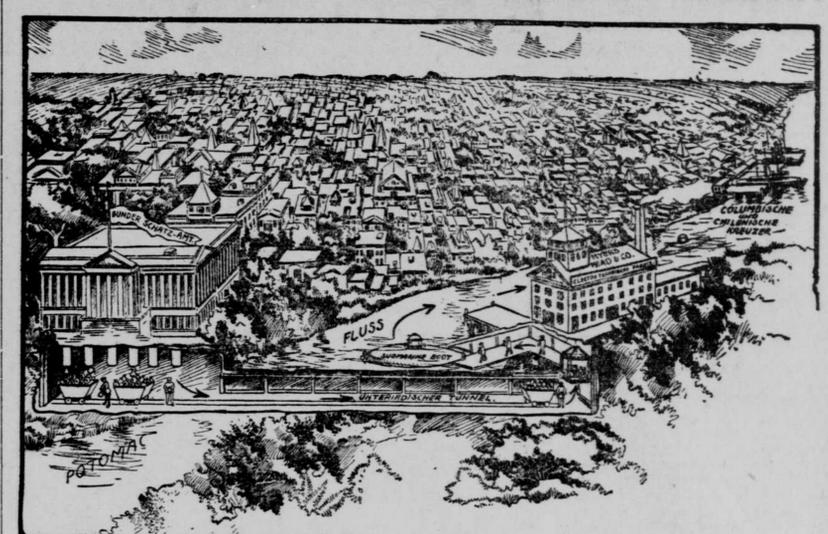
He: "Well, what have you there?" She: "Two of your old letters, my dear." He: "Umph! What's the first one—that 40-pager?" She: "One you sent me when I had a slight cold before we were married. This half-page is the one you wrote last winter when I was very ill with influenza. That's all, dear."

Aids to Longevity.

A man, 103 years of age, who has used tobacco and alcoholic drinks since boyhood and is still robust, says he has always carefully avoided danger—he has never ridden on a trolley car or elevated train, and never consulted a physician.—New York Times.

Don't forget that the wisest owl occasionally shoots at the wrong time.

ELABORATE ILLUSTRATION OF FAKE STORY OF U. S. TREASURY ROBBERY



All Germany and Austria were recently stirred by the sensational news that the United States treasury had been looted by burglars in the employ of American millionaires of every dollar it contained. While the happy American people were living in ignorance of such an abominable crime, the papers all over Germany and Austria, with flaming headlines, told about the bold 'robbery of millions from the United States treasury.' At the public resorts this villainy of American millionaire criminals was discussed and for a few days excitement ran high, even in financial circles, about the sensational story published by the papers of Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph's realms.

Many papers even published illustrations, showing features of the incredible deed and a reader of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle who is traveling in Europe has sent the accompanying picture, taken from one of the German papers. In his letter he stated that the paper expressed the hope that the North American squadron that was said to be in pursuit of the robbers might succeed in recovering the stolen treasure in order to prevent an impending calamity that might even interfere with the good commercial relations existing between the old country and the Land of the Future.

And all that excitement, which startled otherwise cool-headed people of two nations, sprang from an article in the Berlin Tageblatt, one of the leading newspapers of the German empire.

Nobody has taken pains to ascertain the truth. The story was signed by L. Triang, which is the nom-de-plume of the correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, a well known former member of the German Reichstag. He is the real author of the story. And furthermore the German editors who were taken in so easily, knew that America was the land of the millionaires; that the country was said to be in the hands of the millionaires, and that the building of tunnels was one of their principal engineering feats.

All these were facts and pitfalls for the credulous editors, who did not take into consideration the custom of publishing fake stories on April the first. The same papers once before published a story about the invention of a wonderful apparatus by which all sorts of movements could be heard. The growing of grass sounded like the light reports of a cannon, and the pulling in by water bugs of their feelers made a noise similar to the opening and closing of an umbrella. It was not until the clever copyists had been reminded that the invention was made on April fool's day, that they learned the publication had only been a fake.

In geographical knowledge, not much could be expected, and for this reason it was easily believed that the robber fleet's vessels were Colombian or Chilean cruisers, and were fitted

up for the expedition in the almost unknown parts of Patagonia or even on the coast of Patagonia, where hardly any accommodations may be found to do such work.

It must, however, be considered a poor excuse made by those German papers, which claimed afterward that the story was not printed as a mere news item, and that fake stories appearing in German papers would, more easily, be copied by the yellow journals of America.

It may be quoted that not all of the All Fools Day fake originated with the Berliner Tageblatt's correspondent. In a recent novel by Alfred Henry Lewis, an unprincipled Russian nobleman, a society figure in Washington carries out the plot to loot the treasury. He learns that an old sewer runs close to the vaults. He buys a fast yacht, employs crooks from New York to do the work, and ingeniously devises rubber bags to be blown up as wanted by the man who has broken into the vaults from the sewer. Each bag will carry twenty pounds of gold and will float down the slow stream of the sewer to its mouth at the Potomac. There, in dead of night, row boats will take the gold to the yacht. The plot is foiled only after the vaults are broken into. Mr. Lewis is the biographer of Richard Croker. His story was not a joke. It was perhaps a trifle more ingenious than the German journalist's imitation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why He Prayed for Rain. The Rev. Mr. Livingston of Georgia tells this one:

"A friend of mine down in one of the small towns of Georgia," said Mr. Livingston, "has many proteges among the people in the mountain country near. Several years ago there was a long dry spell in Georgia. At about the beginning of it the wife of one of the mountaineers died. The disconsolate husband followed her to the grave, and was the last to leave the burying ground. His footprints remained, large and distinct, in the clay beside her grave. Six weeks afterward my friend drove out to see how the widower was doing. He was found sitting in the door of his cabin, staring hopelessly at the cloudless sky.

"'Ef hit would only turn in an' rain,' he said, 'I wouldn't ask nothin' of nobody.'"

"The dry weather is bad for the crops," the visitor remarked.

"'Tain't crops,' said the widower, 'his Miss Seliny Johnson. She swears she won't marry me till it rains.'"

"Why not?" the visitor asked.

"She 'lows it wouldn't be showin' proper respect for my first wife to marry before my tracks in the graveyard is washed out. I shore do wish hit would turn in an' rain. I been courtin' her six weeks. Good Lord, a man kaint wait on the weather forever."—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Got His Money. "I'll send you a check for my \$25," she said after they had settled up the bridge score.

"Oh, come, why not pay it now?" he insisted to her astonishment.

"I haven't so much," she answered, "and I don't want to. I'll send the check to-morrow."

"Come, now, open that beautiful gold purse and see if you haven't the money," he repeated, persistently.

"Count it through and see."

She was determined on account of his rudeness; but he won out and she handed him over the money.

"What angered me most," she said afterward, "was not so much his ill-bred persistence as the fact that I really did have the money, but didn't want to pay it that afternoon."—New York Sun.

Royal Children Demand Honors.

Some of the czar's children are free of speech, unfettered of action and fully appreciative of their exalted rank. This is particularly true of the fair-haired, blue-eyed grand duchess Olga, who has often been known to stop her little pony carriage in the parks of Peterhoff—the czar's summer residence—to call to order some passerby who had failed to accord her the attention she considered due an emperor's daughter.

Improving Italian Railroads.

Italian railroads are busy. The Adriatic Railway company will expend \$3,250,000 for new locomotives (thirty-two) and passenger and freight cars; the Mediterranean Railway company will expend \$2,600,000 for eighty locomotives and 200 passenger cars; and the Sicilian railways \$565,000 for 450 cold storage cars.

Strength of Jap Navy.

In two years, at the outside, the strength of the Japanese navy will be represented by about 250,000 tons of displacement.

Argentina Abolishes Consulates.

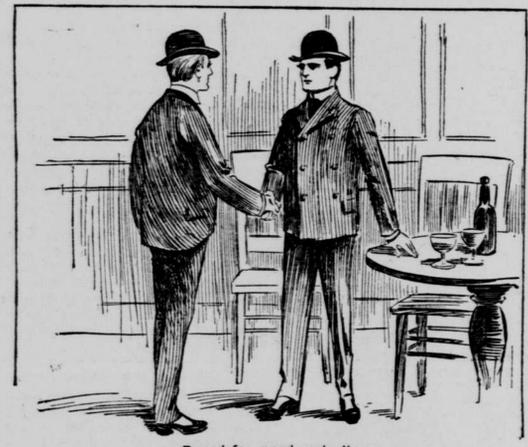
The Argentine minister of foreign affairs has issued an order abolishing a number of consulates in Germany, Australia, Belgium, Italy and Portugal.

India's Cotton Goods Industry.

In 1883 the cotton goods industry of British India was represented by 62 factories, with 1,554,000 spindles and 15,000 looms. Now there are: Factories, 205; spindles, 5,164,000, and looms, nearly 44,000. The capital invested is \$60,000,000, and the workers number over 1,000,000.

Trials Refresh Heathen Faith.

From letters received by the Church Missionary Society from Japan, it seems that the severe trial through which the island empire is passing is finding expression in greater earnestness in the performance of heathen rites.



Bound for good and all.

will enter my service for an indefinite period of time. This will compensate you for your trouble and risk, should we fail in the main undertaking. If we succeed in locating the 'country' and getting away with its wealth, we will both be famous and rich. How does this strike you?"

"It strikes me as a most magnificent offer," responded Louis heartily. "You accept then?" asked Denver.

"I most certainly do!"

"That's settled then," said the detective, as calmly as if binding an everyday bargain or horse trade, as he held out his hand, "Shake on it." Louis grasped the proffered hand and shook it heartily, and to them this momentous bargain was bound for good and all.

"Who was this man who accosted you in jail?" asked the detective.

"Simeon Golden, who was accused of killing a 'pal' of his, and who was awaiting requisition papers to take him back to Illinois for trial," replied Lang.

"That clears up a mystery, and gives a motive for the killing," said Denver, musing. "It was never clear to the judge who tried the case, what the motive was that prompted the killing. To me now it is perfectly plain. The murdered man knew of the 'country'; possibly was about to give away the secret, and was 'silenced' by Golden. He got off easy; fifteen years in Joliet. He has attempted to escape a dozen times, but failed. So this is your man? Well, well! We will have to keep this gentleman in view, possibly assist him to escape from jail, in order to discover his confederates and thus get in touch with the country!"

"I need not further impress upon you the need of secrecy," said Denver, rising to leave, "because I think you know that already. But as parting advice I mention it to you. I have said enough to-night; to-morrow meet me in my private room on Monroe street, and I will give you your first installment of money for current expenses and map out a plan of campaign that I wish you to follow." And with a sort of satisfactory handshake the detective and the youth parted for the night.

"Let me think," said Louis, standing himself against the doorway as he watched the retreating form of Denver. "I have an offer thrown at me, which virtually amounts to selling myself for a time, and running myself into the greatest danger. If I am lucky—with one chance in a thousand in my favor—I may become really rich and famous. I told Denver that I did not care for life; but I do! Life is dear to me; I will live to win the prize. I will live to show the world that even a man who has had his neck in the hangman's noose can make success out of life!"

CHAPTER III.

The First Serious Set-Back. With that high aim before him, Lang soon left the saloon and retired

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