

The CONVICT COUNTRY; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

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CHAPTER V.

Golden Escapes From Joliet.
Regan had drunk a cocktail during Louis' absence, and managed to clear his brain enough to realize that the conversation being carried on should (as Louis had suggested) be more secret; so when the youth returned he was ready to accompany him to the room engaged.

"How did you manage to get into the club?" Regan asked in a suspicious tone.

"I never got in."
Regan started. "How did you know about it, then?" he asked, amazed.
"I know very little about it," was the candid answer. "You know I am supposed to have killed a man? It was during my imprisonment in the Tombs that I first learned of the existence of such a society. I was invited to join it, but at the cost of more 'stuff' than I could then raise. But learned enough to know that there was such a place as the 'city,' and I now want to find out how to get there."

"I am looking for a bright confederate," said Regan. "I've got onto one of the easiest 'snaps' afloat these days. One of those bold daylight robberies that only requires nerve to successfully carry it out. There is about two thousand apiece for three good men who can carry it through."

"I'm your man," replied Louis promptly.

"All right," acquiesced Regan. "If you really have the nerve (sneeringly) to undertake a real 'job,' I'll put you in the way of it."
"You'll excuse me, Mr. Regan," said Louis, calmly, still intent upon drawing his antagonist out. "but how am I to judge of the sincerity of your statements? A while ago you admitted to me that you were making a good living—not by arresting 'us boys'—but by extorting 'hush' money from 'my people.' How am I to be convinced that you are not trying to trap me?"

"You needn't fear me," coolly replied Regan, biting at the tempting morsel of injured innocence held out by Louis. "For I am going to take a hand in the game myself. You will feel satisfied if I am with you?"



"How was the escape brought about?"

"Yes, if you work on the inside. But who is your partner?"
"That is the worst part of the scheme; otherwise it would be perfectly safe. The concocter, the instigator, the man I want to please in this, is a person who has just escaped from Joliet. A dangerous criminal, with an enormous reward offered for his recapture, and of course the police are on the look out for him in Chicago."

"Say no more," said Lang. "I know who you mean—Simone Golden!"
"You know him, then?"

"He was my companion in the Tombs."
"This is indeed a streak of luck," said Regan enthusiastically. "When Simone approached this job, he had fears of not being able to find a pal he could trust. I am certain now that he will be satisfied with you. It takes a powerful lot of money to get into the club you know; but it will take less if you can interest 'the scout' in your favor. You have as much at stake as I. You have a plan on foot to raise your wind, what is it?"

"Regan," replied Lang, in a tone meant at once to be respectful yet positive. "what I have in view requires but a single head to work. And, in fact, no one but me could work it. Should you come in on the deal, you would want your divy, and I need it all to pay my way into the country. You want me to aid you in your scheme but no help is needed in mine."

"Your scheme ain't ripe yet! How long do you suppose Golden will consent to remain in town after working our racket with all Chicago on the look out for him?"

Lang appeared crestfallen at this. "Don't you think he can be prevailed upon to remain long enough for me to work it? You know he is paid to bring recruits to the city. How do you suppose he escaped from impregnable Joliet, unless he had help from the outside?"

"Why do you suppose Golden places himself in my power?" asked Regan. Proudly.

"Don't know," replied Lang, but he guessed pretty shrewdly.
"Simply because it was I, Jack Regan, who got him out of limbo! I was told that by giving Golden this aid I could save my entrance fee. I am as much a member of the club as he is; but he knows the way to the city, and I don't."

"Well, I must say you have made a 'filling.' How was the escape brought about?"

"Oh, easily enough!" replied the

flattered Regan. "I will tell you about it. I engaged the services of a lawyer, and went down to Joliet for the ostensible purpose of getting Golden to confess that he had a partner who was implicated with him in the crime. The judge, in passing sentence told Golden that if he would confess to having had an accomplice he would give him a light sentence, and we worked on the plan as if we were after such a confession; and readily obtained permission to interview the prisoner."

"Golden was brought into the prison reception room; a guard was placed over him, but no suspicion was entertained of me or the lawyer, so we were quite free to talk out of hearing of the guard. Golden asked for a chew of tobacco, and wouldn't write until he got it. I was prepared for this, and was the only one who had any. In it was a fine tempered steel saw for sawing iron. The confession was filled out with the name of a man whom Golden knew to be dead. As a reward, the prisoner was given more comfortable quarters, an outside room, where he was allowed to breathe a little outside air. This room overlooked the stone-yard and side-track which ran through it."

"This was over a month ago. In the meantime Golden managed to saw partially through the bars of his window, during the moments when there was a good deal of noise being made by passing trains. A week ago I went down to Joliet and engaged a suitable room and wardrobe for his reception when he should make his escape. At last came a rainy night and dark. Fortune seemed to play into our hands; I saw the opportunity to open the switch leading into the prison yard, and a freight train backed down and ran into the prison gate and wall and was wrecked. All night long workmen and wrecking engines were working upon the wreckage to clear the track."

"Of course the prison guards were doubled, but that made no difference with Golden's escaping. I managed to mingle unperceived among the wrecking crew. At a signal from me, when the din was at its height, Golden let himself down from the window, by means of a rope made from tearing

the saloon playing pool or cards for a blind, in bringing the horse back, drive into the alleyway facing west, so that when we draw off with the swag we can trail several blocks through the alleys without running across a car track. All you will have to do will be to watch the mouth of the alley, between seven at night and possibly twelve or one o'clock in the morning, and at the right moment help load up a lot of silks and linens, and drive off. Golden and I will do the work unless the program is changed."

"Well, if that is all you want of me," said Louis, "I'll leave you and kind of get my thinking cap on; I must pull strings for myself."

"Don't the magnitude and daring of the scheme paralyze you?" asked Regan, gazing in astonishment at the calm composure of the lad.

"No!" replied Lang quietly, rising to go. "My palm doesn't even itch. You imagine that I am giving you taffy about robbing a bank? While you are getting ready to work your scheme for \$2,000, I'll raise \$10,000! Do you think I can do it?"

"I am not so sure you can't."
"And it will be at the Jim Denver's expense, see?"

"I don't see how," replied Regan half questioningly, "and I'll have to take your word for it. But I've come to the conclusion that you are capable of anything."

They walked out to the bar together, and Regan took his parting drink alone, while Louis lit his cigar. Then they bade each other good night.

If the treacherous detective had not been under the influence of drink, he never would have made a confidant of Lang. When he began to ponder on the doings of the evening, he could not but realize the amount of valuable information he had been foolish enough to give away. And he fully realized that Lang had in nowise compromised himself. It was a matter of chagrin to him.

"What if Lang should play us false?" soliloquized Regan. "What wouldn't Golden do to me if he knew that I had given away the secret of the existence of the city? Treachery! I must not hint at it! I must not act but as if Lang was already a member of the society. In helping Golden to escape I have gone too far! I must enter the country. It is my only chance of freedom. I must make myself rich and famous—it has been the one dream of my life!"

What could these words of Regan mean? There is no doubt that Regan was two-faced; neither an honest detective, nor a thief recognizing the code of "honor among thieves." Evidently Regan has an object in desiring to enter the city. Did he intend to betray his confederates? Time will make his intentions clear.
(To be continued.)

TRAINING OF THE IDIOT.

If Taken at an Early Age He Can Be Taught.

Driveling idiots if taken at an early age can be made useful men and women. The methods of one institution for idiots which I visited can be cited: The instructor arranged several idiots of the same grade on the floor and, commencing with a newcomer, he gave the child its first lesson by placing its hand on a dumbbell and striking the bell with another. The child started and involuntarily removed his hand from the bell. The exercise was repeated several times and this was the first lesson, and was regarded as satisfactory.

The second child had been under instruction for six months and he noticed the descent of the bell in the doctor's hand and withdrew his hand from the bell before it was struck. The third child had been under instruction nine months and when the blow was falling withdrew his hand and also the bell, and there was a faint smile on his face. The fourth child had been in the school two years and showed his advancement by imitating the awkwardness of the other boys during the exercises. When the doctor approached him he seized the bell and struck the doctor's with a loud laugh.

Thus the rudimentary and dormant nerve cells had been aroused and began to enlarge; first, the sensory nerve centers of touch were stimulated and began to enlarge; then the closely affiliated centers of sight were excited; still further the process of stimulation proceeded, until the higher groups of nerve cells were aroused and the mental process of tracing cause and effect began and the driveling idiot became a reasoning being.—Dr. Stephen Smith in Leslie's.

SENSE OF SMELL IN BIRDS.

Many Proofs That It Is Not Acutely Developed.

A study of the habits of flesh-eating birds shows that if they possess the sense of smell at all it is not sufficiently acute to enable them to use it in finding food.

All observers agree that when a carcass is hidden, by never so slight a screen, it is safe from the attacks of vultures and other carrion seekers; but the most remarkable proof of the ineffectiveness of the sense (if it exist at all) is afforded by experiences which Dr. Guillemard was good enough to relate to me. Many times it has happened, he tells me, that, having shot a wild beast or other game, which was too heavy to carry home, he has disembowelled it and hidden the carcass in the hole of an "ant bear."

On returning with natives to carry it to camp he has found a circle of vultures standing round the spot where the offal had been thrown, completely unaware of the carcass within a few yards of their beaks. Of observations proving the possession of the sense I know none, unless we are willing to accept as evidence the belief, which is very general among fanciers, that birds are attracted to the smell of anise, and the similar belief of gamekeepers in some parts of the country that they are attracted by valerian. It is said that pigeons may be prevented from deserting the dovecote by smearing their boxes with oil of anise. Poachers are supposed to lure hen pheasants from a wood by anointing gateposts with tincture of valerian.—Nature.



Paris Fashion Fancies.

The checked voiles in light blue and white, lilac and white, beige and white, etc., are greatly fancied in Paris for very simply designed morning frocks of the shirtwaist suit or loose bolero and plaited skirt persuasion, and nothing could be more economical for a summer morning walking dress than one of these dainty yet serviceable stuffs, made with short plaited skirt, loose bolero and short loose sleeves, slashed up the outside, and untrimmed save for a flat collar of antique embroidered batiste and lace.

A sheer lingerie blouse must be worn with the costume and a soft leather belt of the color appearing in the check. The voile is delightfully cool and wears well, and though in the light colors it soils more easily than in darker shades its surface shakes off dust very well, and it cleanses perfect when it really is soiled.—New York Sun.

Stylish Suit for Summer.

A new and modish box-jacket in bolero style is here shown as part of this suit. The bolero hangs straight and plain, but the smart effect is given by the sleeve and front finishing. The puffed sleeve is headed with a Cavalier cuff and deep frills of lace at the elbow, the neck, sharp-pointed cuffs and girdle being outlined in a contrasting shade of velvet. The blouse should be of lace or fine lawn, preferably the latter, as the sleeves are in evidence below the lace frills. The skirt is a nine-gored flare, with



an inverted plait at the back. This model makes a beautiful spring suit when developed in canvas, broadcloth, serge, sicilian, taffeta or the linens and pique for late wear.

Evening Dress for Summer.

The evening dress of the summer woman is like the evening dress of the winter woman, largely a matter of purse.

The evening dress of this summer should be in a delicate tint, but should preferably not be of very thin goods. It is not a season of transparencies, though there are many to be seen. But the preference is more for the delicately flowered stuff, for the thin silk, with its little embroidered mull; the pretty flowered and figured batiste and the lovely little summer stuffs made up for evening wear with the semi-low neck and the elbow sleeve, with the little floating ruffle. The shoulder must, in all cases, be broad, and the skirt can be tight-fitting and trailing, or it can be short and many-gored to stand out in the pretty old-new style.

Young, But Wise.

One neophyte in housekeeping who has started on an economical plan and doesn't boast of a superfluity of dishes plus her faith to white tissue paper to keep foods sweet in the ice box and free from contamination from other foods. Everything she puts in her refrigerator, like butter, milk, salad dressing, and the like, she covers over with tissue paper, keeping it in place with a rubber band.

It is her own idea, is an economical one, so far as multiplying dishes is concerned, and is a hygienic one in that the paper is proof against the penetrating odors which might affect the taste or quality of the food.

Recipe for Marguerites.

To make marguerites, take one cup of powdered sugar and stir into the unbeaten whites of two eggs. Add one pound of English walnuts chopped very fine. Drop a teaspoonful of this mixture upon a saltine cracker and brown slowly in a moderate oven. This makes about thirty.

Fried Chicken in Virginia Style.

Joint a tender chicken as for fricassee. Dip each piece in beaten egg, then roll in salted cracker dust until thoroughly coated. Set aside for an hour before frying in fat to a golden brown. Be sure to fry long enough for the thickest pieces of chicken to be cooked all the way through.

To prepare the fat, fry half a pound of bacon, slice thin. When crisp, but not burned, strain off the fat and return to the pan. Keep the bacon hot while you fry the chicken (prepared with egg and cracker dust) in the fat, turning twice. Should there not be fat enough, add drippings or other fat. When done, arrange upon a hot dish and garnish with bacon.

Light Mantles and Gowns.

Enchanting summer mantles are coolie jackets all over again, in form and in the clumsy way in which they lap over to the left for buttoning. Materials employed are those the master herself might wear, and over the lovely silks and satins often the royal peacock is embroidered to the letter in the genuine tints.

Long gowns for summer wear are distinguished by two sharply contrasting styles—the short waisted empire effect, and any draping from the shoulder which will bring in the wateau plait. It would be hard to say which is the more charming of the two, but the wateau styles are somewhat newer than the empire ones and afford more possibilities for a defective figure.

Boudoir Confidences

There are fluffy white net robe gowns for less than \$10.

A knot of flowers fastened to the sash is a new wrinkle.

Cuffs and collar of red linen are jaunty with the shepherd check suit.

With the tan or gray dress the shoes and stockings must be of tan or gray.

Everybody is wearing neat little cloth spats to match the walking skirt.

The Parisian woman has abandoned veils, except for earliest morning wear.

Black velvet ribbon is still the trimming most in request for bright fabrics.

The polo hat has to be worn with just the right tilt over a piquant face.

There will be many white pongees and India silks among the wash gowns.

Those painted crepe blouses are things of beauty and joys for a little while.

Kid belts buckling in the back, where they grow very narrow, are novelties.

Uses of Ribbon.

In the summer hotel one will see a great many flying ribbons this season, for the ribbons are again in style. There will be sashes tied in front and ribbons tied on the side. There will be pompadour girdles, ribbon choux and so many ribbon decorations of all kinds that you will be unable to count them all. Hats are trimmed with ribbons this season; girdles are made almost exclusively along ribbon lines, and the ribbon counter furnishes the material for choux, stocks, cuffs, lapels, belts, waist trimmings and festoons.

One will see very wide ribbon gathered along one edge to make a skirt ruffle for a foulard gown. One will see ribbon shirred along each edge to make a puff for a skirt. One will see so many handsome bands of ribbon upon the new silk gowns that one will wonder if there is any other trimming used; ribbon, ribbon everywhere.

Delights the Eye.

Though many critics complain that the woman of modern times is almost too intellectual, there doesn't seem to be any immediate danger that the supply of "delightfully feminine" maidens will diminish. Certainly the shop windows seem to signify that mental adornments are not doing away with those of another variety, for lavish are the displays that they afford. The new hosiery, for instance, is lovely enough to make the newest of the "new" women falter. It is embroidered with flowers of almost every hue. Poppies, pansies, lilacs and lilies, all worked so beautifully as to suggest that they are real and have blossomed for the express purpose of adorning these filmy weaves. They are of a cobwebby thinness.



Finger stains may be removed by rubbing salt and lemon on the spots until they disappear. Wash afterward with clean water.

To clean lacquered silver make a strong solution of hot water and washing powder, put the articles that are tarnished into it and cook on the stove until bright.

The pineapple's crown should be



Mauve chiffon cloth with tucked chiffon and Irish silk gumpie and fancy appliques of heliotrope. White hat, trimmed with Parma violets, dotted veil.

Plaid voile in light and dark brown, trimmed with soutache braid, and col-

twisted off if the fruit is not to be used at once, as these leaves, if left on the fruit after it is ripe, will absorb both flavor and juice, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over. The steam softens the dried dough so that it will readily wash off.

Concerning Millinery.

Some of the new millinery is very startling, a lily-green chip hat being trimmed with three plumes in different shades of purple, whilst posies of different hued blossoms may be seen adorning golden-brown and white chip hats. Wreaths of leaves only and just a fall of cherries at the left side are seen on simple morning straw hats, and wreaths of heliotrope and white blossoms with a fold of leaf-green velvet, which forms the bow in front, are the favored trimming for a light biscuit coarse straw hat for a girl. Brown and green straws are much shown for every-day wear.

Almond Candy.

Take one and one-half pounds of brown sugar, eight ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of vinegar and water—half and half—and ten ounces of almonds. Scald and peel the almonds, split them and spread evenly on two large dishes slightly buttered. Boil the other ingredients together about fifteen or twenty minutes. Shake them together at first, but do not stir. When a drop of the candy sets brittle in cold water, take it from the fire and pour it over the almonds.

Smart Suit of Mohair.

Mohair is one of the popular materials, and was selected to develop the



accompanying design. Blue in cadet or navy shade, gray, brown or red are all good colors to select. A circular flounce trims the skirt and the box Eton jacket fits trimly over the shoulders, fastening with frogs or buttons, as one prefers. A blouse of silk to match would be a pretty addition to this costume.

Parisienne Potatoes.

Peel the potatoes and cut them in balls with a vegetable cutter, or dice them in cubes. Put them into boiling salted water and boil for twelve minutes. Drain and place them in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter to one pint of potatoes. Put on one side of the stove for fifteen minutes, shaking the pan occasionally so that the butter may be evenly absorbed. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Serve in a hot dish.

Making "Old" Lace.

To get just that soft "old" look to lace, dye it in tea, using about a tablespoonful of green tea to a quart of water to make an infusion of the right strength. The lace will come out a discouraging shade at first, but boil it a few moments in water in which a pinch of baking soda has been dropped, and the color will fade to just the right shade.

Don't use coffee. It's sure to take on too yellow a tone.

KNOW NOTHING OF SYMPATHY

That Feeling Beyond Lower Animals, Says John Burroughs.

An Iowa correspondent asks me to give him my opinion as to whether or not any of the dumb animals have sympathy, says John Burroughs in Outlook, and added that a minister at a funeral in their town had said that no animal except man was capable of sympathy. I agree with the minister. Sympathy, I think, is beyond the lower animals. When we sympathize with a person we put ourselves in his or her place; we feel sorry for him; we pity him; we would gladly alleviate his suffering—all of which implies more or less imagination and disinterested regard. Susceptibility to the sufferings of others is one of many higher attributes. When sympathy was born the race lifted above the purely animal plane.

The next step is taking the sufferings of others upon yourself, which is the highest form of altruism. Pure selfishness rules the lower animals, and necessarily so. Sympathy is not necessary for the continuance of the species, but affection for their young is. Animals certainly have a feeling of comradeship for each other, and experience something like grief at separation, yet a dog or a cat or a horse or a cow will sniff at the dead body of its dead fellow with apparent unconcern. A cry of distress among the birds will bring every bird within hearing to the spot, and cause them to be more or less agitated, but it is only because they are alarmed for their own safety; a common enemy may be a sick or wounded member is often fallen upon by its fellows and destroyed.

If any animal ever experienced the emotion we call sympathy it is, of course, the dog. The dog has so long been the companion of man that he often shows in his nature a trace of the purely human.

QUICK WIT SAVED A LIFE

Policeman Played God to Keep Crazy Man From Killing His Wife.

"Quick wit is of more value to an officer than being a good shot," said a policeman in Kansas City, Kan., recently. "I knew a negro policeman who saved a woman's life by knowing what to say at the right minute. It was this way: A man became crazy one morning with a knife in his hand and he ran into the kitchen where his wife was at work. The woman ran into the yard, screaming for help. The crazy husband caught her and was standing over her, with upraised knife, when a negro policeman came around the corner about twenty feet away. He could not reach the man in time to save the woman, for the knife was in the act of descending, and to shoot might result in injury to the woman."

"God Almighty tells me to kill you," the crazy man said.

"Stop!" cried the negro policeman.

"I'm God, and I command you to stop!" "The knife fell from the hand of the insane man, as he turned his eyes to the sky from whence he supposed the voice had come. Before he learned how he had been tricked the policeman had handcuffs on him."—Kansas City Star.

New Use for a Farm.

To have "grass dried linen" is one of the latest domestic extravaganzas. It has been handed along by word of mouth from one to another who appreciate a good thing and there has been neither need nor inclination to cheapen it by advertising. It was the happy idea of a man who fell heir to one of those New England farms that you cannot rent, sell or give away. But the first view of the situation showed that his farm would bring him to speedy bankruptcy if he were to attempt to run it agriculturally. It had plenty of water and broad, windswept meadows, where the sun beat all day long. This gave him his idea. From a city friend he cajoled a lot of what housekeepers call the "big pieces" of the family wash. When the sheets and tablecloths and serviettes came home it was not so much that they were clean—that is elemental laundry work, though rarely attained—but they had the breath of country air and the smell of grass. From this beginning the trade has grown until that Massachusetts farm is paying better than it ever did under a system of rotation of crops.

Remedy for Heart Trouble.

The Optimist, organ of the "Noless Volens" colony at Jackson, prints a cut of the prison. In the dome of the main building is shown open windows in the highest portion. The accompanying comment narrates that many years ago a prisoner attempted his liberty by means of a rope down which he was sliding when the cord parted and he fell, first to the roof of the central building, then, bounding from thence, hit the top of the cell block, where he acquired sufficient elasticity to land him on the ground. These unexpected incidents confused him and he was captured. Singularly the misfortune of his failure was not unmitigated. He had been so afflicted with heart disease as to be unable to lie down for months. The fall knocked it completely out of him and he was enabled thereafter to "sleep like a top." The Optimist cheerfully invites the palpitating public to come and try the remedy.—Detroit Tribune.

Applied Science.

"Jeems!" bawled Farmer Geehaw on the day after his son returned from college.
"Yes, governor."
"What's this newfangled business called that I hear you braggin' so much about?"
"Jiu jitsu."
"Jiu jitsu, eh? Pretty husy thing, is it?"
"That's what it is."
"Well, Jeems."
"What is it, governor?"
"S'pose ye jest hustle out an' see what jiu jitsu'll do fer that air wood pile yander."—Pittsburg Post.

Capt. George W. Baird.

Capt. George W. Baird, U. S. A., lately retired, aside from his excellent war record, is a scientist, writer and inventor of some pretensions.