

The CONVICT COUNTRY:

OR FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Trenchant Topsy," "Anita," Etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

The Forged Check.

Lang, after leaving Regan, wended his way to the residence of Jim Denver.

Being admitted, not a word was spoken until the twin were safe from eavesdroppers in the detective's private sleeping apartments.

"Well," queried Denver, taking a seat upon the edge of the bed, preparing himself to listen to Lang's story.

"I have made my boast," said Louis, flushed with excitement now that the time for real action had arrived, "that I could rob a bank in the morning. How am I to do it?"

"Forgery! my boy, forgery!" cried the detective, slapping Lang on the back. "You have the nerve to pass a forged check—a forged check that is not forged?"

"I am at a loss to understand you as yet."

"It is easy enough," was Denver's reply, seating himself at his writing desk and filling out a check from his book. "You arrive at my office in the morning, timing yourself so that you are there while Regan is in my room. I will then fill out a check for you in this manner," showing his protegee a check for ten dollars, made out in his usual open, sprawling style.

"An expert penman could easily 'raise' this check if he wanted to," continued Denver, writing another check, "and make it look like this new one," showing him a check for ten thousand dollars. "What's to hinder you from keeping this check for the ten thousand dollars? Nothing! I have the money in the bank, and the bank people will cash it if presented. In the morning after receiving your check for ten dollars, you show it to Jack and make some remark about 'raising' it. Then you go to your room and make a bluff at writing and scatter a few scraps around the floor. When you are ready, pass the large check. It will appear like a forgery to Golden and Regan, at least, whether I honor the check or not."

"Then you are perfectly willing to trust me with ten thousand dollars of your money?" asked Louis rather proudly.

"I am satisfied to risk this sum of money to find out where the strong-

There was no time for hesitancy now."

"Sure! I'm going to my room now and shall either 'raise' this old one or write a new one." Then as a parting bluff: "Come on down to my room with me and see me turn the trick."

"I can't," replied the detective. "I must be on the lookout for G—"

"You can show me the check, or the money if you get it."

"Oh, I'll get it, you needn't be alarmed. I haven't been practicing on his signature for a year for nothing," cried Louis.

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The following conversation took place:

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"Rather a large sum of money?" queried the cashier, as he carefully scrutinized the paper. "How will you have it, a transfer to your account, or currency?"

"You may give me bills of large denomination," said Louis, com-
posedly.

"It is an unusually large sum of money to pay out on a check to a comparative stranger—to any one but the owner of the money." The cashier was satisfied of the genuineness of the note, but was sparing for time, not feeling like taking upon his shoulders the responsibility of the possibility of mistake. Finally he made a peculiar signal. "You will excuse me a moment," he said, "and you may as well step into the private office."

Lang looked around. When he came in every door was open, and there was not a janitor nor uniformed officer in sight outside the railings. Now, as if by magic, all the outside doors were closed, and a man whom Louis took to be a janitor, but who was a detective, was making a bluff at dusting off the windowsills and picking up stray papers from the floor. Looking through the glass door leading into the street, Louis saw a policeman standing in rather an unusual position, with one hand grasping

arresting me? However we'll let that go. Give me the check."

"I cannot do that," said the banker decidedly.

"By what right do you presume to keep both the draft and the money? You go too far. If you retain the draft, what evidence have I that you will not swear that I have received the money? You have no right to expect me to trust you. If you do not trust me, and you must either arrest me as a forger or pay me the money."

"We are recognized as responsible agents," responded the banker, attempting to appease Lang. "And have a right to protect ourselves as well as Mr. Denver."

"I shall remain here until I receive either one thing or the other," said Lang firmly. He seated himself very coolly in the chair he had vacated upon the arrival of the cashier with the money.

The president cast an inquiring glance toward the cashier; the cashier returned his superior's look, and then both gazed intently at Lang. The young man had stood their test admirably; they were convinced of the genuineness of the note, yet were loath to cash it. While the officers were debating as to the policy of turning over the money, a rap was given upon the door, and the "janitor" entered.

"Detective Regan on the outside, sir. Shall I admit him?"

(To be continued.)

SOME PUNS OF THE MOMENT.

An Experience of One Man with His Misguided Friends.

"I hate the pun direct and despise the director," said the man who looked as if real humor would please him, relates the New York Press. "Now, I know a very decent sort of fellow in other respects who was here during Lent. He is a Chicago chap—but that is his misfortune, not his fault! He asked me one day when Easter was due. I told him I was surprised that he, a church attendant, shouldn't know, and asked him how it happened he was so ignorant."

"Well," he replied in a dogged kind of way, "why should I be expected to know? I'm not an easterner."

"That was bad enough and worse was to come, but not from Chicago. Brooklyn was the source of the trouble this time. I was coming over the bridge with the man and he was reading about the czar ordering Rodjestvensky to meet the Japs. I said something or other, when the man told me about it and he came back with this:

"Possibly the czar may say he has Togo, but it seems to me he can Nebogatoff."

"Isn't that almost a crime? And still another one came at me that very same day, but it wasn't the direct kind and not so bad on account. I said to a Wall street man that Mr. Limburger was counsel for the Smiths in the Patterson trial, and right away he said with confidence: 'Yes, and he's the cheese.'"

DEBUT OF TINY HEIRESS.

She Was Flower Girl at a Fashionable Church Wedding.

Little Katherine Mackay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, arrayed in a dainty frock composed of lace which was said by the women present to be worth \$70 a yard and carrying a big basket of pink sweet peas, made what may be ascribed as her first appearance in public recently by acting as flower girl, along with the equally diminutive and similarly attired Kate Haven, at the wedding of Miss Marian Haven to Forsyth Wickes at St. Bartholomew's, says the New York American.

Miss Mackay's dress was of cream chiffon, with a finely cut yoke. On the shoulders were small capes of rose point, falling over short, puff sleeves, finished with a ruffle of lace. The belt was of lace and the skirt made with groups of fine tucks and had a ruffle of lace.

A large bow of white embroidered and lace-trimmed sash ribbon was fastened at the back of the belt; small white sandals were worn with white silk stockings. Instead of gloves, she wore white silk mittens.

Whisky as Is Whisky.

A man in Cincinnati bought a barrel of whisky thirty-five years ago and kept it in a third-story dry room, well ventilated, and in all the intervening period used only one pint for testing. There remain to-day only one and four-fifths gallon of the original thirty-four, the rest being lost through evaporation. A celebrated physician says: "One small drink of this whisky contains more electricity and rejuvenating properties than any medicine that can be prescribed." As to quality, connoisseurs agree that this whisky, considering its pure distillation and great age, is the finest in the world, and that no King or Emperor, the Rothschilds, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Astors, Carnegies, Belts or Clarks, with all their enormous wealth placing at their will all the luxuries of the world, can command such a careful estimate of the cost of storage and a computation of interest and insurance for thirty-five years prove the cost of this whisky at the present time to be \$489.01 a gallon.

Large and Roomy.

A violent windstorm which traveled over Berks county some time back saw fit to take with it an old shed wherein a certain blacksmith was wont to ply his trade. The blacksmith's determination to continue business in the open, pending the construction of a new building, caused not a little amusement among the neighboring farmers. One of these, driving along a day or two later, saw limping toward him a horse, led by a disconsolate looking individual, who, on drawing near, explained:

"My horse has lost a shoe. Can you tell me where I can find a blacksmith shop?"

"You are in the shop now," replied the other, facetiously, "but the anvil is about two miles down the road."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worth All It Cost.

Bacon—I see it cost that fellow Grafton, who ran for office, over \$2,000, and he was defeated.

Egbert—Well, it was worth every cent of it.



Party Gown of Linen.

Linen has lost none of its old-time popularity, and will be one of the most favored of wash materials during the coming summer. A delightful suggestion for a gown of this sort follows: The skirt is perfectly plain, fitting over the hips and flaring prettily from the knees. The blouse is built on the surplus order and the collar and crosspiece are heavily stitched. Three wide tucks form a round yoke, and a band of narrow embroidery trims the collar and ex-guimpe are all-over embroidery, a band of the latter, set between two rows of tucks, making the deep cuffs.

Sugared Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes are never better than when cooked in the southern style and baked with sugar. Boil and peel the sweet potatoes and cut them lengthwise into slices. Arrange them in layers in a pudding dish, treating each layer with butter and sugar in the proportion of a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a cup of sugar to each quart of the potatoes. The sugar should be of the moist, light-brown variety. When the dish is full, with bits of butter and sprinklings of sugar for the top dressing, cover it and bake for twenty minutes, then uncover and let the potatoes brown. Properly prepared, this is a delicious dish.

Bridesmaid's Frock.

Pale green chiffon taffeta, appliqued with leaf design in silk and lace.



White lace toque with aigrette fastened with a jeweled clasp.

English Silks.

There is no doubt about it that the most elaborately finished wardrobe requires absolute simplicity as the characteristic of some of its details, and this applies very emphatically to the morning shirt. Smart though the white lingerie one is, it is not always desirable to wear it, and so there arrives an opportunity for the tailor-made model called the Gibson Girl, with its neatly stitched pleats and its general air of practical utility.

There are being sold now some excellent English silks that wear very well, and are not expensive.

They should be made with a neck-band like that of a man's shirt, and a deep white linen collar should be worn with them, with a little tie arranged in a bow in front. Supposing there should be in the possession of the wearer a set of pretty studs and cuff links, they should be brought into instant requisition.

A New Chocolate Cake.

Pound to a paste one-quarter of a pound of sweet unpeeled almonds; take the same amount of chocolate and fresh butter, four very fresh eggs, one-half pound powdered sugar and three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Melt the chocolate in a little water as possible over a slow fire, and when it is reduced to a paste add the other ingredients, with the exception of the whites of the four eggs. Beat the mixtures for a couple of minutes, then butter a charlotte mold and stir in the whites of the eggs, which have not been previously beaten, merely stirred vigorously. Fill the mold and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes, until it reaches a golden tint; then turn it out and cover with chocolate icing.

Ribbon Work.

Ribbon work in various forms and devices is applied to the waistcoats and fronts this season, and very beautiful are the designs carried out on some of the new examples. Old-fashioned brocades in pearl gray, oyster pink, white and the faintest shades of blue, green and mauve, are used as the basis of these schemes, the ribbon being worked into gathered borders with trains of flowers running down on either side, supplemented with embroidered leaves. Rows of ribbon connected with hairpin work and flanked with button motifs ornamented with lace centers provide another effective device which is simple enough for the home embroideress to carry out herself.

Voile is Lovely Fabric.

In the wool voiles every day brings out new fancy effects, and more beautiful ones. Probably it is the exquisiteness of the season's colors, their softness, delicacy, adaptability, that makes the materials seem more beautiful than ever before, but the designs for weaving, embroidering and printing are certainly lovely.

Among the new fancy voiles are some in fine checks, with little squares woven in open work design like large checks throughout the material, and over the surface at two-inch intervals are embroidered little dots in the darker of the two colors.

To Make Scones.

Take three cupfuls of oatmeal and add one of white flour, and a teaspoonful of salt and two of baking powder. Heat three cupfuls of milk to scalding, not to boiling point; stir in a tablespoonful of sugar with one and a half of butter, and mix these ingredients into a soft dough with a wooden spoon. Do not touch it with your hands. Turn out upon a kneading board; roll into less than a quarter of an inch thick, cut into rounds, and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Newest in Coiffures.

Fringes—as known in the nineteenth century—are now things of the past. Smart women wear a light, straight rouleau of hair on their foreheads, or wave the hair into an artistic frame for their faces, with one or two soft curls to break any hardness in the outline. And sometimes one curl is worn drawn to a point in the middle of the forehead. A few women, tall and with long, swanlike necks, dress their hair low, with a loose knot in the nape of the neck.

Going-Away Costume.

Mauve and white checked voile with quillings of mauve taffeta.

You Can Pick and Choose.

It is one of the whims of the season, the contrast of materials in wraps and skirts. Silk jackets with cloth skirts and cloth jackets with silk skirts are a feature at fashionable assemblies, such as church weddings, afternoon receptions and musicals. The jackets are little Louis affairs cut, almost to a one, with jaunty basques and elbow sleeves.

In linen suits the redingote is the prime favorite, but the redingote of this year of grace has taken on many shapes. There are the close fitting, the half-fitting, the blouse body, part and full or plain basque, and even a bolero effect hanging over a high girde. The redingote, were it a talker, might admit as much confusion as to its real character as the old woman of Mother Goose fame who left it to her little dog to establish her identity.

New Wrinkle in Belts.

Every day there's a new belt designed. The latest is made of flowered pompadour ribbon on a foundation and bound with kid. The buckle is square and covered with kid. Where pink is the main color in the ribbon, pink kid is used. The prettiest have pale blue or white kid bindings. The belts are straight, without fullness, and a little more than two inches deep. They are extremely dainty.

Home-Made Cement.

Take one-quarter ounce of gum mastic, one ounce of pulverized gum shellac. Put these into one ounce of sulphuric ether, add one-quarter pint of alcohol. When dissolved the cement is ready.

French Straws.

Eight eggs, ten ounces of sugar flour sufficient to form a dough, half a teaspoonful of cinamon and nutmeg mixed. Beat the eggs very thick; add the sugar, spice and enough flour to make a dough. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut into slips the length of your finger, give each one a twist and drop into boiling lard. When cool, sift sugar over them.

Peach Gelatine Recipe.

One can of peaches, one cupful of sugar and one ounce of gelatin, half a cupful of cold water, one pint of cream. Soak the gelatin in cold water and whip the cream. Mash and sift a pint can of peaches, using juice and fruit, and stew with a cupful of sugar. Add the dissolved gelatin, and when cool stir in the whipped cream. Mold.

IN THE KITCHEN

Milk will remain sweeter for a much longer time if placed in a shallow pan than if allowed to stand in a deep picher.

In hanging clothes to dry always hang the stockings by the toes, night-dresses from the shoulders and skirts from the hem.

If there is no muclage about, in an emergency take a piece of cold boiled potato and rub it up and down on a piece of paper for several minutes, when it will reach a consistency which will make it as sticky as and

an excellent substitute for the strong-starch glue.

Rub the hands with a stalk of celery after peeling onions in order to remove the clinging and obnoxious odor.

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THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

DON'TS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

Don't always have a headache. Don't speak in a listless voice. Don't act abused even if you feel so. Don't affect a mussed style of hair-dressing.

Don't accept social civilities from your employer.

Don't wear your worn-out evening blouses to the office.

Don't wear long skirts to the office, even on pleasant days.

Don't wear overtrimmed and fussy clothes. Wear plain clothes with appropriate blouses.

Don't try to be mannish either in dress or manner. The mannish business woman is out of fashion, fortunately.

Don't forget to pay debts, even the most trifling ones. If you borrow cash from other girls note it and remember to pay back.

Don't complain of your health. If you are too ill to work say so and go home. So long as you are able to work keep silent about your ailments, and you will gain more sympathy and admiration by your courage than by any amount of groaning.—New York World.

CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT.

Make haste slowly if you would get rich quickly.

Some men try to expand their old debts by contracting new ones.

A woman's argument isn't in vain if she is able to convince herself.

A girl may lead a young man on, but she can't always make him propose.

A man is seldom presented with a better cigar than he buys for himself.

Even a wise man goes lame when he attempts to argue with a pretty woman.

A singer's voice may have a fine range, but yet may not always thaw out the audience.

A girl's idea of a crazy young man is one who doesn't attempt to kiss her when he has a chance.

Every girl on earth has a mission—and every widow under a certain age thinks she is entitled to a second mission.

ALL TRUE.

An ounce of action is worth a pound of threats.

A wise man has the money he needs, but a fool never has enough.

He who has never traveled has read but one chapter in the book of life.

There is no hope for a man who wastes his time arguing with women and babies.

Many a man, after laying down the law to his wife, is compelled to pick himself up.

When some men meet a creditor they either tear up the street or turn down an ally.

A little four-year-old girl while calling on a neighbor was asked: "Is Mr. Hutchinson your sister's beau?" She did not make any reply, but on arriving home she ran to her sister, and eagerly inquired, "Eva, is Mr. Hutchinson your ribbon?"

Don't feel called upon to give your employer, or those connected with you in a business way, a remembrance at Christmas or on other holidays.

FEED YOUNG GIRLS.

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain all that is up-building and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic disease and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago, that I was compelled to quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles and nervousness."

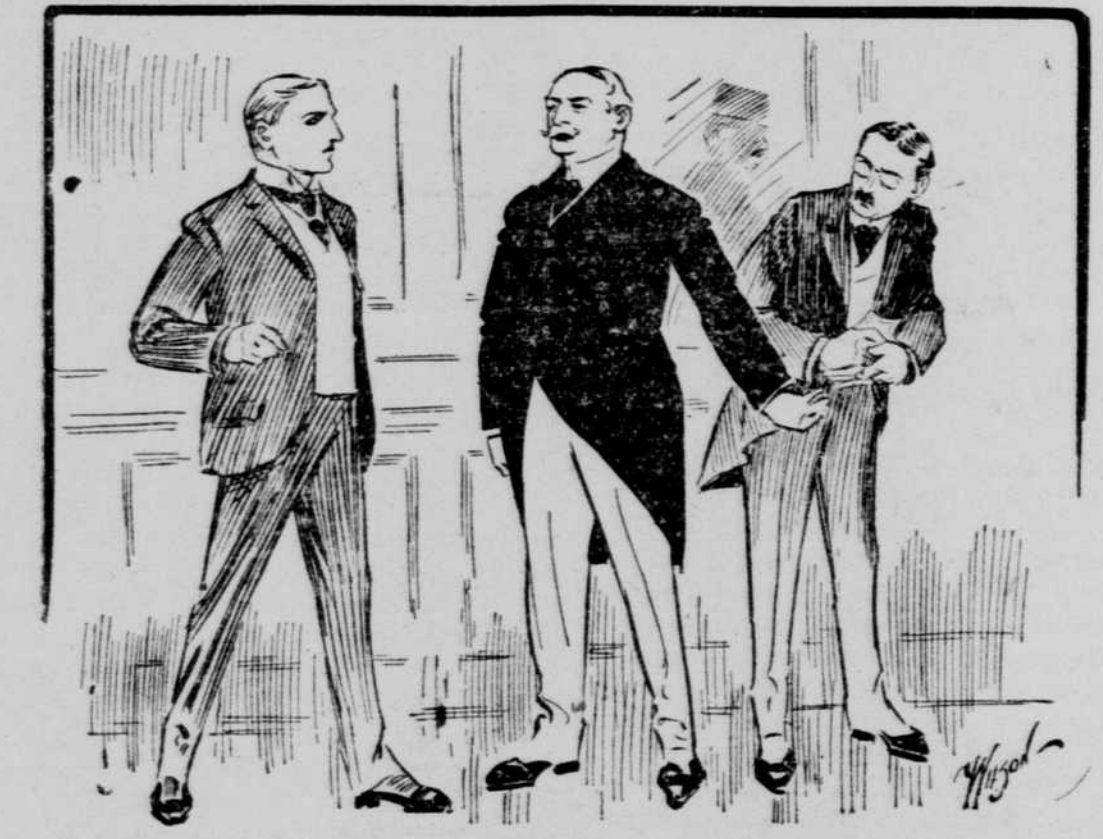
"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Ther for a long time I drank milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me physically, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum Coffee."

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee."

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Food Coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.



"The check is a forgery!"

hold of these villains is. Knowing what you are going to do to-morrow, I can disguise myself and keep you and the party in sight up to the very gates of the city we are looking for."

"I am glad to hear you say you will keep in sight," said Louis, "for I confess that I am a little bit shaky in regard to the outcome of the matter."

"I, too, am sad to-night for some reason or other," said Denver, laying his hands rather tenderly upon Louis' shoulders. "It seems to me as if we are to part for a long time—I hope it is not forever! I have become attached to you, and would be sorry indeed if I were leading you to your death or even disgrace."

"I believe in your friendship for me," replied Lang, as he grasped his patron's hand. "I am a better man, mentally, morally and physically for the knowing of you, and whatever befalls me, you can rest assured that it will be through no neglect of duty on your part."

"You won't be alone in your undertaking," said Jim, as if reassuring himself. "I have succeeded in interesting the general government in this matter—and when you need help you will get it. Be true to yourself and providence will protect you. But let the thought of sudden death be ever before you, you will court it in many ways. Weigh well every word and every action. I can say no more!" It was their farewell.

Regan was in the general office of the detective agency with Denver when Lang called in the morning. He saw Louis draw Denver into conversation, while slyly stealing a blank check from the open bank book lying on Denver's table, and saw Louis receive a check from Jim presumably for ten dollars.

Regan followed Lang into the hall. "What are you going to do with that check?" Regan asked.

"Cash it," answered Lang.

"I mean the blank one you stole."

"I understand you; and I repeat, I will cash it."

"For how much?" Regan asked.

"Ten thousand 'plunks,'" whispered Lang.

"I'll bet you a hundred you don't."

"You're betting on the wrong horse—unless you mean to betray me."

"Have no fear of me," Regan interposed. "I don't forget my compact of last night; anything you can get out of Denver will be peaches and cream to me. I hate the man!"

"I'll take your bet, Jack; I'll need your hundred; you'll be my meat."

tightly his club, while the other was hid beneath his coat tails.

The bank president was seated at his desk. "Mr. Smith, I believe?" he asked pleasantly.

"That's my name," answered Lang.