

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Your chief is out of danger," finally said the doctor, turning to Pearson and Sharkey. "With proper care he will be able to be moved on a stretcher in two or three days."

"Your duty is done then, doctor," replied Pearson, who seemed to be the leader, now that the captain was disabled. "Now, in the matter of your joining our band, which would you prefer; to depart or to continue with us?"

"I am willing to join you, providing—" began the doctor.

"Providing we will guarantee you protection, an ample salary, and a chance at some future time to obtain revenge upon a certain doctor whom you have a grudge against, is that it?" interrupted Pearson.

"That is it," said Schiller.

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to our cause?"

"I am."

"Tis well." Evidently they had prepared for such a ceremony as that which followed, for they escorted the doctor into yet another room leading off from the one they were in. Here were fully as many horses stabled as there were men accommodated in the other room. In one corner was a pile of brush and decayed corn stalks.

"You will now repeat after me the oath that binds us together, bearing this in mind, that our promises to you will be fulfilled only after you have proved yourself worthy of it!"

"I do solemnly swear," said Pearson.

"I do solemnly swear," repeated the doctor in a firm voice.

"That I will not betray any of the secret signs, haunts, modes of gaining a livelihood, the character of a brother, to anyone who is not entitled to know them; nor will I let any one else betray any of the secrets, if in my power to prevent, even if I have to

practitioner and genial leader of society and his daughter, the beautiful Miss Pearl, have very mysteriously disappeared from the haunts which know them so well, as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The facts of the case are these, as near as we can learn:

"At 7:30 o'clock last evening, the doctor was engaged with his patients, in his office, when the door bell rang violently.

"Mrs. Huntington answered the summons. The caller is described by her as a man of medium build and height, wearing a heavy beard and mustache. He said he wished to see Dr. Huntington immediately. 'A man has been nearly killed through a railroad accident, and the doctor must come right away!'"

"The wife informed Dr. Huntington, and the visitor was admitted to the doctor's presence. Dr. Huntington hastily secured his medicine and instrument cases, a roll of cotton batting, some linen, and prepared bandages and left the office with the man, bidding his patients good-bye for the day. In front of the door stood a bay horse hitched to an open wagon. The stranger got in first and held out his hand for the cases.

"Just then Thaddeus Whalen, of if the doctor was to appear at Miss Reynolds' reception, which was held last evening, at which the doctor was to speak. The doctor replied:

"Ah! Thad, glad you came along, as I don't know when I can get off. I'm called to attend a man who has been hurt down at Squire Briggs' house."

"Dr. Huntington jumped into the wagon, the impatient driver whipped the horse into a spirited gallop and disappeared. This is the last time Dr. Huntington was seen.

"Mrs. Huntington and daughter were preparing for the reception, only wait-

of the farm," said the driver, placing a restraining hand upon the doctor's arm.

"Why, I thought the old cabin was deserted—too dilapidated to be of service as a dwelling," said the doctor suspiciously. He did not recollect of having ever seen the driver, his rig or his team before. If it had not been for fear of making a mistake, he would have refused to go further, and it was not without misgiving that he rode the few rods further, through a narrow lane, running through a narrow strip of timber.

The cabin spoken of was situated at the edge of the wood, in a far corner of the vast farm field. It was an old-fashioned log hut of one room, size about forty by fifty feet, with a fireplace in one end, and a window on one side. The house and yard that enclosed it had not been tenanted for a considerable period. The former looked as if tumbling to decay, while grass had grown over the path leading from the tumbled down gate to the front door. The window was boarded up, but through the cracks in the window and the cracks in the walls caused by the mud falling away from between the logs, shone a dim light, which could not have been seen very far.

Arriving at the end of the lane, the team was hitched to the fence, and the doctor and driver walked toward the house door. There was a sound of shuffling feet on the inside of the house, then the driver opened the door, motioning to the doctor to enter first.

The scene presented to the gaze of the doctor was one gotten up especially for his benefit, and calculated to throw him completely off his guard, which it did. On a rude bunk, placed before the fireplace, rested the form of a man, supposed to be wounded. Near the head of the bunk, on a three-legged stool, sat a tin cup, containing what looked like water. On the head of an upturned barrel in a candlestick, burned a candle that furnished the flickering light which illumined the rude interior. All these things were apparent to Dr. Huntington because plainly seen—but he did not see the form of a man behind the door.

The driver motioned again to the doctor to enter, and the doctor did so. As he crossed the threshold, the door was closed behind him. The supposed dying man quickly turned and blew out the light and while the doctor stood undecided how to act, he was pounced upon from behind, his arms pinioned, a rough rag thrust into his mouth, and he was thrown roughly upon the floor.

The candle was lit again and over the doctor stooped Dr. Schiller, the hated enemy and one-time rival to the love of the woman Dr. Huntington had married.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE SAM IN BUSINESS.

Likely to Do Things on a Large Scale When He Operates at All.

Uncle Sam may not set up as a business man, but when he does go into business he is likely to do it in a large way, as he does for instance at the New York navy yard, where are located the largest naval storehouses in the United States.

In the general storehouses there is carried a stock of material, merchandise and supplies of the most varied character, including lumber, cordage, and provisions, clothing, shoes and libraries, including many articles of ship supplies and everything required for the sailors' personal wants amounting in value to upward of \$10,000,000.

The business done in these storehouses during the fiscal year ended in 1904 amounted to more than \$30,000,000.

Supplies are received here from many sources and from here they are shipped to all parts of the world. The shipments in the course of the fiscal year 1904 aggregated 21,000 gross tons and comprised more than 450,000 packages.

The official who administers this business, of a volume that would be counted big among the biggest businesses done by private concerns, is known as the General Storekeeper, this post being occupied by a pay director of the United States navy.

An Actor's Pipe-Dream.

John S. Flaherty, manager of the Majestic theater in New York, was walking along Broadway with a theatrical friend, when the latter's attention was attracted by a fine meerschaum pipe in a show-window. After admiring it for a time, the actor suggested that they go inside and ask the price.

"How much for that carved pipe in the window?" he asked.

"Only fifty dollars," said the clerk. "It's a beauty, and is the genuine article. Shall I show it to you?"

"But he did not show the pipe," said Flaherty, in relating the incident, "for the actor was out of the door and stroiling down the street. When I overtook him, I heard him say to himself: 'Two weeks' alimony for a pipe? Well, I guess not!'"—The Sunday Magazine.

Labor Saving Device.

Bradley Martin Jr., described at a dinner party an eccentric Scottish keeper of his employ.

"This keeper," he said, "was once guiding a shooting party that hunted near the top of a steep and high mountain. Suddenly, when they had reached a great height, one of the beaters gave a loud yell and seized himself by the back of the neck. Through his interlocked white fingers bright blood oozed. The man had been peppered with stray shot in the neck.

"The keeper, seeing the blood, and thinking the accident much worse than it really was, bawled out excitedly: 'Run, Dugald! Run down the hill! Heaven only knows how far we'll have to carry ye.'"—San Antonio Express.

She Was It.

Miss Gaddie—Your brother and I were partners in a little game of whist at Hoyle's house last evening.

Miss Knox—Oh! I thought it might be you.

Miss Gaddie—Why, what did he tell you about it?

Miss Knox—He just said he had had a rubber at whist.

HEARTH & BOUDOIR

To Match Gown.

The fashion of wearing necklaces of large beads has been revived, and quaint old stones and Venetian glass beads are in demand.

Sets of gems to match the color of the gown worn with them are now the rage, and in the jewelers' shops many strange stones are to be found.

The spinel, a pretty stone which comes from Siam, can be procured in almost any color, and is especially attractive in red and blue. Greenstone, the "lucky" New Zealand stone, which is a kind of jade, is also often made into necklaces and the aquamarine, which was in vogue in the Georgian days, is once more a favorite.

Other necklets are composed of amber, coral, topaz, lapis-lazuli, jet, Connemara, marble, carnelians and garnet, so that a great variety of color can be chosen.

An Elaborate Gown.

A striking gown of Parisian design is of heavy and rich white satin, on which is applied irises and their spiky leaves in their natural purple and green and some others in black, all cut out in perfect shape in colored Lyons velvet and applied by embroidery to the white satin, and then the whole embroidered all over with butterflies in sequins, some gold, some mother-of-pearl and some steel and silver intermingled. These embroidered decorations appear on both train and under dress, but the corsage is wholly covered with lace, held down by the butterflies alone, the irises not appearing there save in the form of a cluster of the natural flowers set against the left shoulder and bosom.

Favorite Chicken Dish.

To cook chicken à la Creole select a tender young chicken, cut it into the usual fricasse pieces, roll it in flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper and fry it in fat until it is brown and tender. Keep the chicken hot while the sauce is making. For the sauce fry a minced slice of onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir in a tablespoonful of flour.

with applied flower designs of shifon or lace, and either plain or embroider a delicately shaded silk cover.

Effective Matinee.

Matinee of light wool, trimmed around the shoulders with a ruffle of the material, headed by a bias band of taffeta. It is trimmed around the neck with a flat collar, also of the material, which forms straps in front, bordered with the taffeta bands and ornamented with buttons.

The standing collar and girdle are



also trimmed with the taffeta bands. The sleeves are full at the top, shaped in below, and trimmed at the wrists with the silk bands.

Latest Coiffure is Pretty.

The coiffure of the moment is really very becoming, for it tends to make the head look smaller, and the attempt at neatness is highly commendable. The hair is still waved, but not frizzed—a fact which the amateur will do well to note. It is taken up rather tightly above the ears, and is only a little full in front, with two side curls.

materials this year, and for the serviceable and inexpensive summer negligee, a trifle warmer than cotton stuff, it is hard to find anything better than chaille. Albatross, too, is used for pretty negligees not too heavy for warm weather.

Crape, sheer silks, heavy chiffon, etc., are all well represented among summer matinees and robes, but as a rule they belong to the more elaborate class of negligees intricately made and trimmed. Certain simple little robes of crape trimmed in batiste embroidery, which showed on a cream ground embroidery in the tint of the crape, are on view in one shop noted for its negligee garments, and here is a sketch of one of the gowns in a delicate tea leaf green with exquisite by-the-yard batiste flouncing embroidered in exactly the same soft green.

This is Another Silk Season.

It is said to be a silk season. An expert says that every kind of silk has sold wonderfully well. Plain chiffon taffeta, thought to be considered in the light of a leader, has by no means crowded out the fancy weaves.

All sorts of figures are in great demand, late though it is. Stripes rival the checks, and any and all fancy mixtures are in high favor.

One of the loveliest evening coats is of sage-green oriental satin, the softest and richest of weaves. It is built with empire tendencies, and is finished off with cord braiding made of gold tissue.

But the beautiful part of it is the lining.

Sweaters of All Sorts.

The chief accessory of the outing dress is the sweater, which is shown this summer in an unwonted variety of colors and in shapes to correspond with bodice fashions. Two designs favored of many are the surplice sweater with crossing fronts patterned after the lingerie bodice and the close-fitting sweater with a broad belt effect imitating the snugged-in bodice insisted on by Paris.



LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

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

Be Topical.

There has been an article received at this office, in the first part the writer gave a mournful depiction of a dead mother and then ending with a hot discussion in politics, by mudslinging and vituperation that he is throwing upon his colleagues. I would advise the party when he has two subjects to write one, give them under two headings.—Hyden Thousandsticks

Profits of the Packers.

There has been a great deal of disappointment because the Garfield report shows that the profits of the packing industry only amount to about two per cent of the volume of business transacted. There is no doubt, however, that the report is correct.

The census reports compiled by the government in 1900, before the agitation regarding the "beef trust" began, throw considerable light on this question. It appears from the census that the packing industry is conducted on a smaller margin of gross profit than any other industry in America. The gross margin of profit of \$71 flour and grist mills in Illinois, in the census year, was nearly seven per cent on the volume of business. The gross margin of fifty-one wholesale slaughtering and meat packing establishments in Illinois was only about one-third as large, or a little more than two per cent on the volume of business.

The millers have not been accused of being in a "trust," and combinations would seem impossible in a business where there are several thousand mills in the United States competing actively for the flour trade, but it appears that the gross profits of the millers are larger than the gross profits of the packers. It may turn out that the agitation regarding the packing industry will show the same result as the devil found in shearing the pig: "All squeal and no wool."—American Homestead.

IRONICAL IFS.

If some men were to conceal what they know they would be more popular.

If you think life isn't worth living you should take something for your liver.

If you are ambitious to become a prominent citizen locate in a country town.

If a female alligator could talk she would probably insist that she had a small mouth.

If a man is smart he can always manage to catch on, and if he is wise he will also know when it is time to let go.

What He Was Doing.

Joseph Jefferson stocked the lake on his Louisiana farm with bass and other game fish. Not long ago he came upon a stranger fishing in his lake.

"See here!" said the great comedian, "what do you mean by catching my fish?"

"Begorra," replied the fisherman slowly removing his pipe from his mouth, "I'm not fishing! I'm teaching these worms how to swim!"

A Mean Fling.

"Well," said a young doctor, fresh from the hospital, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument."

"It won't be long," said a friend, "after you do begin before monuments will be on the patients."

IN COLONEL'S TOWN

Things Happen.

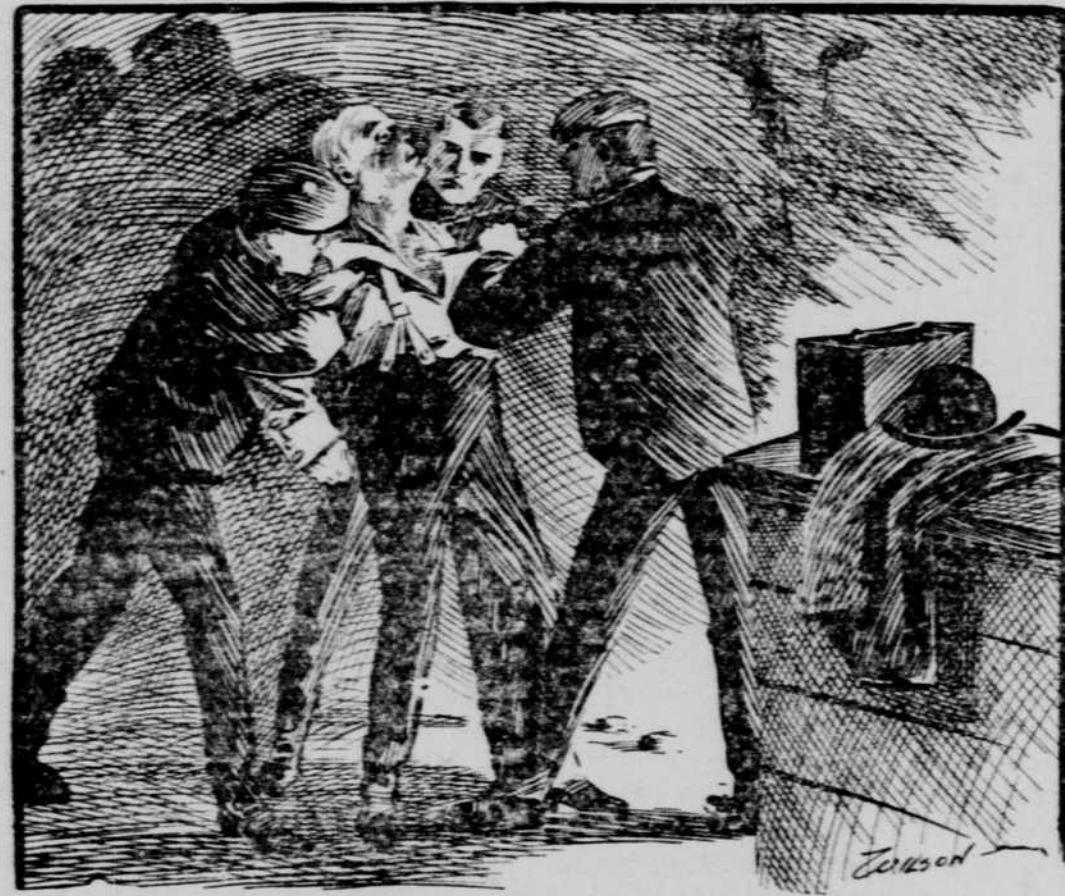
From the home of the famous "Key-bell Keeyartah of Cartersville," away down South, comes an enthusiastic letter about Postum:

"I was in very delicate health, suffering from indigestion and a nervous trouble so severe that I could hardly sleep. The doctor ordered me to discontinue the use of the old kind of coffee, which was like poison to me, producing such extreme disturbance that I could not control myself. But such was my love for it that I could not get my own consent to give it up for some time, and continued to suffer, till my father one day brought home a package of Postum Food Coffee.

"I had the new food drink carefully prepared according to directions, and gave it a fair trial. It proved to have a rich flavor and made a healthy, wholesome and delightful drink. To my taste the addition of cream greatly improves it.

"My health began to improve as soon as the drug effect of the old coffee was removed and the Postum Coffee had time to make its influence felt. My nervous troubles were speedily relieved and the sleep which the old coffee drove from my pillow always came to soothe and strengthen me after I had drunk Postum—in a very short time I began to sleep better than I had for years before. I have now used Postum Coffee for several years and like it better and find it more beneficial than when I first began. It is an unspeakable joy to be relieved of the old distress and sickness." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



On his bare breast was burned in living flesh the initials "C. C."

kill, or be killed in the defense of the same. That I will never see a worthy brother wronged, nor knowingly wrong him; that I will do everything in my power to promote the interests of my associates, to uphold and hold together my kind. That I will abide by the laws, and in every way do my best to improve the common lot of my fellows. That I will yield up my life to them, my body to molder and rot, should I fall in my duty to you! Amen! Do you so promise?"

"I promise!" was the answer.

"Then I will create you a member of the CONVICTS' CLUB. Bare your heart!"

Two of the desperadoes stepped to the doctor's side, while he feebly attempted to carry out the order, but through this ordeal he was as helpless as a child.

A red hot branding iron was brought from the stove, and before the doctor could cry out, or offer resistance, he was seized and held securely while on his bare breast was burned in the living flesh the initials "C. C."

"You are now the equal of any of us, and your life belongs to the king of the convict country!"

CHAPTER X.

Abduction of Doctor and Pearl Huntington.

Dr. Huntington heard of the pardon of Dr. Schiller, and was gratified in one sense of the word. He was not a hard-hearted man and really felt sorry for his guilty brother. Dr. Huntington recalled the words spoken by Dr. Schiller in reference to being revenged, and was constantly in fear of the result. But as the years went by after Schiller's release and no sign was made, Huntington felt easier.

Dr. Huntington was now a prosperous man, and a very successful practitioner. He had tasted the fruits of honest toil and enjoyed the flavor. He owned a beautiful residence, furnished throughout in sumptuous style; was blessed with a handsome and worthy helpmate, and still more handsome daughter. He has ceased to care for old England and his aristocratic family and had passed them from memory—a happy and contented man, engrossed in his profession, working for the best interests of his fellow townsmen and neighbors.

The daughter grew up to be an honor and credit to her parents. She was most beautiful, refined and simple, such as are all good girls brought up by pure parents. Her heart and hand had been sought for by many, but she was fancy free and heart whole as yet. Thus far in-life her path had been strewn with flowers and the thorns had been carefully hidden from sight. A vision of beauty and grace, and as sweet as she was beautiful.

Having introduced the main personages of our story, we shall now take the liberty of inserting a clipping taken from the Plankinton Plaindealer of Friday, June 7th:

"Dr. Huntington, the well known

Forest avenue, came along, and asked for the return of the doctor. An old friend of the family, Mrs. Lillie Thompson, of Oak street, dropped in shortly afterward, and the two older heads, getting tired of waiting, resolved to walk on toward the hall, thinking that the doctor and his daughter, who was to wait for him, would overtake them before their destination was reached. But neither the doctor nor his daughter attended the reception.

"At 9 o'clock, no word having been received from the doctor, Mrs. Huntington grew uneasy. Unable to enjoy herself on account of the strange absence of her husband, Mrs. Huntington requested Mr. Whalen to escort her home. Arriving, they were surprised to find the house deserted—but upon the center-table in the parlor was found a note from Miss Huntington. It read:

"Dear Mamma—Papa has been hurt in crossing the railroad track, and I have gone to him.

PEARL.

"Upon reading the letter Mrs. Huntington became greatly excited and exclaimed:

"This is Schiller's work!"

"Schiller, you will recollect, was the doctor who was convicted of malpractice and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, upon the testimony of Dr. Huntington.)

"Oh! fudge!" said Mr. Whalen.

"But Mrs. Huntington, even from the first, would not believe that her husband was hurt.

"Mr. Whalen succeeded in temporarily pacifying Mrs. Huntington, and calling upon Sylvester Smith, the two proceeded to the home of Squire Briggs to see if any one really had been hurt at his home, and were horror struck on hearing that such was not the case, and that they had not sent for the doctor.

"Armed citizens have patrolled the railroad track up and down for miles, but could find no trace of blood to bear out the statement of the girl that her father had been hurt in crossing the track, and up to this time all is wrapped in mystery as to the disappearance of the two."

CHAPTER XI.

The True Facts of the Disappearance of Dr. Huntington and Daughter.

Dr. Huntington, after his interview with Thaddeus Whalen, was driven off in the carriage of the driver; drove well! Main street, then off on Forest avenue, crossed the railroad track which circumscribed the town, and as the rays of the summer sun disappeared behind the high trees at the edge of the wood, the twin came in sight of Squire Briggs' house. As the driver made no sign of slackening up to allow the doctor to alight, the medical man attempted to get out while the vehicle was in motion.

"The wounded person is at the hired men's quarters down at the far end