

The CONVICT COUNTRY: OR FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

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CHAPTER XV.

Lang Rescues a "Hunted Man."

The emigrants crossed the borders into the "Convict Country" early in the morning. At about noon they came upon what at first sight looked like an old-time palisaded farm house and barn, surrounded by a high fence of logs driven into the ground. The house was formed of logs, two stories high, and fitted with shutters of unwhitened oak, which could be drawn over the windows when necessary. The whole building was protected from view by a magnificent growth of large trees and an artificial curtain of vines growing on frames which trained them to run from limb to limb of the trees.

Golden told Lang that this was one of many outposts which formed the defense of the city in the interior. It was defended by three male and three female residents and six imported Siberian bloodhounds—a formidable company. The party was expected, because the gates were open, and in the main room of the block house were set out a homely but substantial meal ready to be eaten, and in the center of the table was a huge jug of whisky surrounded by numerous goblets and cups for drinking purposes.

"Have some'n," was the greeting of an old man who stood in the doorway, and with the invitation the party after tending to the wants of the animals, took themselves into the house.

After partaking of several rounds of liquid refreshments and a meal of solid food, before the train moved on again, Lang, Golden and Johnson, the proprietor of the post, withdrew to a secluded spot not far from the house, for a little private conversation.

As a starter Golden said, by way of preliminary to what he really wanted to say: "Johnson, I haven't seen you for an age, nor Paradise, either; what's going on in the city?"



The man-killing beasts had now completely encircled our imprisoned friends.

"Nothing!" was the non-committal reply of the backwoodsman. He appeared not to desire to speak before Lang.

Golden interpreted Johnson's feelings aright. "Johnson, this is Louis Lang," Golden said, by way of explanation. "He killed a man in New York, he also robbed the Madison bank of ten thousand dollars belonging to Jim Denver, the detective. He is a friend of mine, and has shown himself a man by killing an Indian chief in a hand-to-hand fight, and saved me from the assassin's knife during the journey out. You can trust him, you know what that means!"

Johnson gazed at Lang with different eyes than before and shook him by the hand most heartily. "I am glad to know you," he said, quite freely. "Well, then, King Schiller passed through here yesterday with two captives. You remember Schiller's oath, don't you; how he swore to be even with the man who had him sent up? Well, he has him and his daughter in limbo now—a Dr. Huntington of my name, and to my mind a very renned man. As to the girl, she's a peacocks, but I'm afraid Schiller will break her heart."

"What I wanted to say to you, Johnson, in bringing you here was to ask a favor of you. It may be necessary for Lang here, or even myself, and possibly a posse to leave Paradise in the near future. Will you have a relay for us, according to our old agreement?"

"Yes, but how am I to know whether I strike the right party or not? I might make a mistake and let the wrong party through. I will keep my pledge to you, Golden, but you must be true; no traitors, you understand. I am a friend of yours, but I can't take too many risks for nothing. See?"

"You know me well enough, Johnson," replied Golden, "to know that I would not abuse the privilege, and that in no case but one of life and death to me would I ask it. When I do each of you will be furnished with the countersign we now agree upon, and our special mode of recognition. I know you will do this for me, Johnson, and I want you to promise to do it for Lang. I owe him my life, and I want him free to act for me and mine. By the way, I saw your wife. She asked me to ask you to come home for a visit on the 23rd of December, because Millie (she is a lovely girl) is going to marry John Edwards!" Johnson had deserted his wife. He was not a scoundrel exactly, but one who loved idleness and drink. His married life had not been a happy one, but he thought a great deal of his daughter, Millie. This last remark of Golden touched Johnson in a tender spot.

"If you come back this way soon I will pull up stakes with you and we will make the trip together."

"All right, old man, we understand one another then."

The schooners being ready, the word was now given to move on. Two women were exchanged here, two knowing ones for two who were quite ignorant.

Paradise, the city of the convicts was now but one day's journey away. By hard driving the city would be reached by night.

For a long time they had been traveling through a dense thicket, in single file, Bronco George and Bowie Bill leading the way. The schooners strung out behind with Golden, Lang Limpy Jim and Pete bringing up the rear.

The distant baying of hounds broke upon the stillness of the forest. Lang peering through the thicket to one side, saw a man running through the bush. His clothes were torn from contact with the underbrush; he was coatless and hatless.

"Some poor devil trying to escape," said Louis to Golden, readily comprehending the meaning. "He will be torn to pieces!"

It took the impulsive Louis but a moment to turn his bronco around, and with a savage dig into the ribs of the animal, dashed after the fleeing man. There was a sharp race for a moment, and then Louis got close enough to cry, "Halt! you will be torn to pieces by the hounds! Halt, and I will save you!" But the man did not pause in his mad race; where he was going, or how he expected to escape was a conundrum to Louis; but he followed closely behind him.

The baying of the dogs became louder. They were rapidly gaining on the fugitive. "Halt!" again called Louis, as he drew his revolver from his belt. "You foolish man, don't you hear the dogs? Turn with me and come back to the train. I will save you!"

The man halted. He could scarce do anything else; he was exhausted and ready to drop in his tracks.

Louis ranged to draw him up behind him on the horse. Turning, Louis was just in time to see the train disappearing from view, as he thought, into the very base of one of the mountains. A lit pine knot swinging from a tree over the roadway showed fully a mile away.

The train men thought Louis would be torn to pieces, or hoped he would, anyway. Whether he escaped or not was of little consequence to them, feeling that if he did escape it would be but to run his neck into the noose for lending a helping hand to some one who was trying to escape, so they drove on, leaving him to his fate.

"Why were you attempting to escape?" asked Lang, as the two started on the back trail.

"I have been sentenced to death for attempting to release a prisoner just brought in, and made my escape by scaling the walls of the city! You will get yourself into trouble by saving me—you will have to share my fate. Don't you hear the dogs? They will tear you to pieces!"

Lang was armed with a repeating rifle and two revolvers. "Take the gun from my back," said Louis coolly. "Never say die! Shoot to kill when you do shoot. Don't kill the keeper unless you have to in order to save your own life—and leave the future to me!"

Up to this time no keeper had appeared. Louis had had hopes of saving the escaping man without bloodshed—this could hardly be done, he now realized, because the sound of the galloping horse had attracted the hounds and they were swiftly closing in on the fugitive. Hearing a sound off to the right like that made by a human running through the bush, Louis called out:

"Hello, you keeper of the dogs! Call them off!"

No answering shout came from the keeper. The hounds could plainly be seen from behind now, their eyes shining like huge lumps of living coals. The noise made by the galloping horse could not drown the noise made by the hounds, whose breath came in hoarse snarls and pants.

The train by this time had entered the city and no one, not even Golden, appeared in sight. A gust of wind had blown out the torch left by Golden, and the darkness now became intensified. Lang saw there was but one way to escape alive. "Shoot to kill, friend," said Louis calmly. "Make every shot count!"

The fugitive seems to have recovered his wits, for turning in the saddle, he fired into the ranks of the pursuing dogs. The poor horse, loaded with his double burden, and exhausted by his long journey, could not long keep up the killing pace. He was panting with exertion and staggered blindly. If the horse should fall the dogs would be upon them. Both riders thought of

this new danger at the same time, for each straightened up and Lang freed his feet from the stirrups.

The expected came! The horse stumbled and fell! Lang and the man he was trying to save seemed to be miraculously protected, for they fell upon their feet uninjured. Now that the fugitives were somewhat accustomed to the gloom, they could see quite plainly.

"Back to back!" cried Lang, "and shoot to kill!" Both men now were as cool as two brave men can be when facing death.

On came the dogs; foam falling from their extended jaws. Being close behind the fallen horse, the man-killing beasts had swerved aside and now completely encircled our imprisoned friends. The two men fired in rapid succession at the glowing orbs of the beasts, and they had the satisfaction to see at least two bite the dust.

Before the other dogs reached them up thundered a horseman from out of the darkness. "Down, dogs!" the newcomer thundered in a voice of command, cracking a great black whip, which made a report like the discharge of a revolver. The beasts recognized their master, and obeyed, but lay ready to spring.

"Load up!" whispered Lang, as he slipped a few cartridges into his revolver and placed the man's hand upon his cartridge belt, so that he, too, could reload.

"Who are you?" cried the newcomer. As he spoke one of the hounds gave a long drawn-out "death howl," which is always the forerunner of the death of a human being. Lang and the man at his back pressed closer together and straightened themselves up to resist a second charge.

Down the road from the direction of the city could be seen Golden on horseback, madly galloping toward them, waving a pine torch in his hands.

"I am a candidate on the way to the city!" said Lang answering the keeper's query.

"I am Wilson," quietly said Lang's companion.

"Call off your dogs!" said Louis calmly.

"Don't you know that you have forfeited your life by helping this man to escape?" the keeper asked of Lang.

"I am saving him from the dogs—not from justice," replied Lang. The keeper's face took on a demoniac expression; he raised his huge whip and brought the lash down upon the haunches of the nearest dog.

"Then save him!" cried the brutal man.

With howls of rage and pain the dogs bounded into the air to spring upon their prey.

(To be continued.)

COLLIE RECOVERS THE CAT

Takes a Long Journey to Find the Friend of His Youth.

A family living in Vermont removed from their long-time residence to another village, some forty miles away. They took with them a Scotch collie of unusual intelligence, but left behind the family cat. The collie and the cat had been warm friends for several years and had fought each other's battles with courage and impartiality.

After the family reached their new home the collie was evidently lonesome. One evening as the family was gathered about the open fire some remarks were made about this and the man of the house, patting the collie on the head, said: "I am sorry that we did not bring George with us. You miss your old playmate, don't you?"

The next morning the collie had disappeared. Three days afterward he came into the yard in a state of great enjoyment, indicated in the usual dog way, followed by George, the cat. Both seemed somewhat excited, and the collie showed marks of battle. Each seemed greatly delighted in the company of the other, and the old-time status quo was at once resumed.

Out of curiosity inquiry was made by the family, both at their old residence and along the line of the main highway between the two places, which developed the fact that the dog appeared at the old home, very deliberately and very distinctly induced the cat to start on the journey with him and had protected him en route, with a clash of arms for nearly every mile.

Of course, the question arose as to the language by which he told George his wants and what inducements were offered to go with him on the hazardous journey.

GROWING JET BLACK ROSES.

Englishman Discovers the Secret Long Sought by Florists.

Florists in New York were greatly interested to-day in the announcement that an Englishman has discovered how to grow jet black roses, a feat which has been vainly attempted for many years. If a dozen of them could be offered for sale to-day in the city leading florists agreed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining \$1,000 for the bunch.

On a few estates along the Rhine practically black roses have been grown for the last ten years, but all efforts to eliminate a redish tint in the center of the bud have so far failed. No secret has been more closely guarded by the German gardeners than this one of developing even a comparatively black flower. Visitors are allowed to look at the bushes and buds on special occasions, but what ingredient has been put into the soil to bring about the abnormal color has not been told even to close friends.

In California a specialist has also been partly successful in producing roses practically black, but, according to announcement in London, it remained for a peddler of shoelaces to attain perfection. It was said to-day by New York florists that undoubtedly the color is the result of a chemical introduced in the soil.

The same principle, however, is said to be involved as in the development of blue hydrangeas, which are produced by putting iron into the soil in which the plants are grown.

The black blossoms would be most popular as indications of mourning, but it was agreed by florists that the day is yet distant when any one of the freaks will be seen in their windows.

—Baltimore Sun.

PICTURES OF ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES ARE MANY AND VARIED

He who desires to confirm his opinion of John Paul Jones, America's distinguished naval commander, can do so in the library of the Navy department at Washington, be that opinion unfavorable or favorable to the great sea captain. In a score of old prints gathered during past decades from various sources John Paul Jones is depicted as a bloodthirsty pirate, which was the view taken of him by the British, whose coasts he scoured in the gallant Ranger; as a bluff sea captain, which is the opinion most schoolboys have gained from reading the account of his plucky victory over the Serapis, and as the cultured gentleman and accomplished naval officer, which is the opinion held of him by practically the entire American naval service to-day.

Mr. Charles W. Stewart, Superintendent of the Naval War Records Office and Library, has arranged these old prints in a highly interesting collection. Many of them purport to be engravings from pictures made during the lifetime of Jones. All that is

of John Paul Jones, which is now prized in the collection of the Navy department. It portrays a bluff sea captain type, far removed from either conception that he was a desperate buccaneer or a naval dandy. The figure is that of a man probably forty-five years old, which is somewhat further advanced in age than Jones was at the time he commanded the Bon Homme Richard, attired in seafaring dress, including, wide, loose, flowing trousers. He rests the point of a cutlass upon the rail of the ship, and the legend under this picture tells us that it is "Capt. Paul Jones, from an original drawing taken from the life, on board the Serapis, published London, Oct. 22, 1779." The date is less than a month after he captured the Serapis, and if it was really drawn on that ship may be considered possibly an accurate portrayal of the great American naval commander in the hour of his greatest victory.

The picture in which John Paul Jones is shown boarding the Serapis from his own victorious boat riddled

Very old and deemed very good by students of John Paul Jones lore is an engraving from a drawing by Varin, a French artist. This shows in Jones' countenance something of the shrewdness and humor he inherited from his Scotch ancestry. It is a quizzical but the same time a pleasing countenance.

With curly hair and chubby face Chapman endowed his portrait of Jones, which was engraved by act of Congress.

Of the thousands in the British Isles who thought harshly of Jones, Lord and Lady Selkirk, whose country seat still stands at Dumfries, Scotland, were about the only persons of quality and discernment who came in touch with the American naval commander. It was on April 23, 1778, that the American privateer Ranger put into St. Mary's isle and sent an armed party to surround the house of the Selkirks, demand their plate and capture Lord Selkirk if possible. He was not at home, so the party took the plate.

When Jones arrived later at Brest he wrote to Lady Selkirk that he desired to return the plate. He proposed not only to restore his share of the prize, but to purchase the share owned by his crew for the purpose of giving it back to the Selkirks. Lord and Lady Selkirk were much surprised to get this letter, which regretted the fortune which caused him to make an expedition against their home. Lord Selkirk wrote a reply, but not knowing how to get it to Jones, sought the counsel of Lord de Spencer, postmaster general of England.

Lord de Spencer was evidently not much impressed by the favorable tendency of the Selkirks toward Jones, for he returned the letter to Lord Selkirk with the remark:

"I cannot help doubting, in the situation I am in, the propriety of my forwarding a letter to such a rascal and rebel as this Jones. A letter directed to him, of course, must be opened at the postoffice."

The foregoing extracts from letters



PAUL JONES PORTRAIT BY CHAPMAN PUBLISHED BY ACT OF CONGRESS

known of the man confirms the opinion that, not unlike some fighting men of his day and since, John Paul Jones was something of a dandy. Certainly he was a favorite in Paris in that circle of imperial society which gave frequent employment to artists and sculptors. That the skull of the body recovered from an abandoned graveyard in Paris, by Gen. Horace Porter, American ambassador to France, corresponded to the precise measurements of Houdin's bust of John Paul Jones was accepted as the final proof of identification. Houdin was an exceptionally painstaking sculptor and a copy of his bust of Jones which stands in the office of the Secretary of the Navy at Washington is considered most probably a true likeness.

One of the best pictures in the collection is an engraving by Carl Guttenberg from a drawing by C. J. Notte, a French artist. This rather reflects the favorable opinion which the French had of Commodore Jones, for it depicts a fairly young but determined looking officer, standing behind the shot-riddled rail of the Bon Homme Richard, with a sword swinging easily in his right hand, while his left rests upon the butt of one of half a dozen pistols in his belt. The legend of this picture says:

"John Paul Jones, Commodore of the Service of the United States of America, as he appeared in the engagement of the twenty-third of September, 1779, against Commodore Pearson. His vessel mounted forty guns. The English ship Serapis, of five guns, had, moreover, the advantage in caliber and range. Commodore P. Jones entangled his ship with the bowsprit of the enemy and continued the engagement side by side for two hours and three-quarters. The action lasted three hours and one-quarter. The Bon Homme Richard sank the next day."

"Tom" Ochiltree, of mellow memory, during one of his sojourns in Paris, in 1883, picked up an old print

teries. To the mouths of our dead, in the teeth of our dead enough gold is going to waste to enrich a small town.

"You have in your teeth \$10 in gold. Your sister has \$5. Your father and mother have each \$7. And there are 90,000,000 people in America."

"Allow to each person's teeth a half dollar's worth of gold. You have then \$45,000,000 hidden in our mouths. When we die this gold won't be extracted. It will be buried with us."

"To take the gold from the teeth of the dead before burial would be neither a difficult nor a greswome. It would be a good idea to pass a law requiring all this gold, which does no good in the grave, to be removed after death and distributed in charity."

Want Coins Up to Date. Of late a number of natives of West Africa have practically refused to accept any other coin than that having the profile of King Edward engraved upon it. They have an idea that now that Queen Victoria is dead the British government may repudiate coins bearing her image.



PAUL JONES FROM ENGRAVING SOURCE - VERY OLD

copies of which were recently obtained for the navy department by the American embassy at London, shows the view taken of Jones by nearly all the people of England, but it also shows that the persons with whom he came in contact were disposed to recognize the virtues which he possessed and to acknowledge the finer sensibilities of his character. It would undoubtedly have been a great pleasure to Jones, who knew the bitterness of feeling against him in England, to have received the letter which Lord Selkirk wrote, but which Lord de Spencer prevented from reaching its destination.—New York Herald.

Little Angle For some considerable time the patient schoolteacher had been endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word angle to the infant class.

Towards the finish of her effort she pointed to a corner of the room.

"There," she said, "that corner, children, forms an angle. Now can any scholar tell me what an angle is?"

Little Doris Tresser's hand went up.

"Please, teacher," she said, "an angle is a place to put bad boys in."

Abandons His Title. Reginald Ward, American millionaire, society man, friend of King Edward and once a Boston broker, has abandoned his title of "count" conferred upon him by Pope Leo XIII, on account of adverse criticism.

Tallest Californian Dead. Noted for stature, bigness of heart, and stability of character, Andrew J. Hart, the tallest man in California, died in Los Angeles, June 27, at the age of 67 years. He measured 6 feet 10 1/2 inches in height, and, though looking quite slender, weighed 250 pounds. He had lived in Los Angeles for six years, and made hosts of friends among his neighbors. Andrew Hart's father died when he was a boy, leaving a mother for him to provide for as well as the care of the Indiana farm upon which he was born. Until he was 60 years of age he performed this duty for his mother, and it was only her death at a great age that finally released him and left him free to marry the woman he loved from childhood. His wife survives him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Should Reverse Salaries. "You cannot always judge a man's brains by his salary," said Arnold White, lecturing to workmen in London recently. "Togo gets £648 a year, while Admiral Rojestvensky's salary is £11,000."

READY FOR THE THIEF.

Famous Sprinter Happened to Be in Condition for Chase.

Arthur Duffy the sprinter, who carried off many racing hours here and abroad, once told a friend of an amusing experience in New Haven, where he had gone to participate in intercollegiate athletic events.

The evening following the close of the meet Duffy was in a hotel demonstrating to his friends the best kind of clothes to don for a race. To do this better, he had stripped and put on his new trunks and running shoes. Just as he had done so, a commotion was heard in the corridor outside Duffy's door, and there were cries of "Thief! Stop thief!" It should be added that this occurred at about one in the morning, for Duffy and his friends had been to a theater and had supped afterward.

As soon as he heard the words, Duffy threw open his door and dashed out, in time to see a man darting down the stairway. He made after the man and after a sprint of half a block overtook him. As Duffy grabbed the culprit by the collar the latter wheeled as if to fight, but when he observed the trunks and the running shoes his jaw dropped and he shook his head.

"I give up, old man," said he disconsolately. "When these hotel people gets to keeping a man ready in running costume to chase a man at one in the morning, they're too much for me!" —The Sunday Magazine.

OLD AS EARTH ITSELF.

Is the Comparison Between Hallstones and Eggs.

There is some strange relation between hallstones and poultry, or between hallstones and eggs, that fascinates mankind. The hallstone may be dodged, the egg should be dodged, but the comparison between hallstones and eggs never can be dodged. It is impossible to get away from it. Whenever there is a hallstone, when tender plants are cut to death and window glass is shattered, the hallstones are always the size of hens' eggs. Nobody ever heard of a hallstone the size of baseballs, walnuts or potatoes, or the size of a macadam rock, golf balls, tomatoes or the fist, but ever and always the size of eggs. Yet eggs vary in size.

No chicken fancier would think of pointing to a cackling hen and saying: "She lays eggs as big as hallstones."

There really should be no comparison between hallstones and eggs. A shower of hallstones is a work of nature, while a shower of eggs is apt to be a work of ill-nature. A shower of hallstones may be destructive, but a shower of eggs is positively insupportable. The longer a hallstone stays on earth the more inconspicuous it becomes, while the longer an egg stays on earth the more convinced we are that it is here.

The Mill and the Water.

"The mill will never grind. With the water that is past," Sighed the Moralizing Person. To the Cobbler at his last: And he sighed again profoundly At this solemn thought of his Concerning men's and women's Wasted opportunities.

But the Cobbler kept on cobbling. And he said: "Well, I don't claim To be much of a grinder. But I get there just the same With cobblin' shoes; and, mister, If I kin say my say, I'll say that there warter 'Wa'n't quite all throwed away."

The Moralizing Person Sighed again and shook his head. And the Cobbler kept on talking. "Why, it's plain as day," he said, "You kin put yer plant uv briers 'Jist below the mill an' git A jint er two uv pipin' To reach right up to it;

"Then chuck in slabs and shavin's, And set the mill a-talkin'. An' 'fore you know it, mister, You've got that steam up higher Than if 'twas the steam of a pipe; Then turn yer throttle, and That mill will git a move on. And grind the mill an' git The Cobbler ceased conversing And let his hammer drop, And the Moralizing Person Got up and left the shop."

Absurd and Perilous. Congressman Landis desired to illustrate the absurd and perilous position of a boodle politician whose dishonesty had been exposed.

"There, before the crash came," he said, "the man stood tottering and swaying, pale and scared; and, though I pitied him, I had to laugh at him because his position was so ludicrous.

"He reminded me of the Indianapolis barber who got drunk one busy Saturday afternoon.

"This barber, heavy with eighteen large, cold glasses of beer, lurched into his shop at the end of the ball game, put on his white coat, seized a razor, and began to shave a patron whom the apprentice had just lathered up.

"As the barber shaved away he held onto the patron's nose.

"Hang it!" the patron said. "What are you about, anyway? Let go of my nose, will you?"

"Let go?" said the barber. "Not a bit of it. If I did I'd fall down."

Turtle Weighs 700 Pounds. A monster sea turtle, known as a leather-back, has been captured at the mouth of the Nanticoke river, in Maryland. The turtle weighed between 600 and 700 pounds, was a fraction over six feet long from tip to tip of shell and had flippers over three feet from tip to tip.

A half inch hawser was required to halter the big fellow to a post. During an effort to free itself the rope, which was fastened over the head and under the flippers, became so tight that it was found that the turtle would be choked. The big reptile became entangled in an ordinary fish net spread off the mouth of the Nanticoke and practically wrecked it.

Murphy's Rise to Greatness. Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany Hall, is now as great a nabob as his predecessor, Richard Croker. He moved to his new country place on Long Island a few days ago, carrying with him all the accessories of social greatness—a string of horses, two automobiles, a yacht, a troop of servants and many other things regarding which he did not even dream twenty years ago when he was conductor on a horse car. Said one who has known him for many years: "He does not need a knife when he eats his pie nowadays and it is said that he can make a salad dressing all by himself. Croker never made such progress in the time."