

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenebrous Tragedy," "Aida," Etc.
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CHAPTER XIX.

First Night in the Haunted House.

The interior of the "Haunted House," with the exception of the front room, was in fair order. There were six rooms in all, quite comfortably furnished; and the kitchen was well stocked with utensils and provisions. Upon entering the place the first thing to do was to light the lamps in every room; then to open up the prison door and allow Dr. Huntington and his daughter to remain a while in conversation. While these two were consoling, Lang and Wilson explored the house.

"Wilson," said Lang, after satisfying himself that there was no one within hearing. "You understand why I married Pearl Huntington. I married her because I wished to keep her from the hands of Schiller, and to protect her from insult. Have I acted the man?"

"You certainly have, Lang," said Wilson.

"If I have done right, I want your help to continue to do so. In order to enlist your sympathies with me I am going to make a confidant of you. I am going to place my life in your keeping."

"You can trust me," simply replied Wilson, and he meant it.

In a few words as possible Lang enlightened Wilson on the fact that there was a tunnel under the house, besides telling him, by way of settling any fears he might have on the subject, that the house was not haunted, but that its reputation had been given it by Golden as a means of hiding the entrance.

"What," cried Wilson, "a tunnel? I have been here for years, and have sounded every part of the ground, and have never discovered it!"

"Such is the truth, however. I could escape from the city, walk from here to sub-station No. 1, obtain a relay of horses and be well on my way to civilization before missed."

"As to that, Lang, I can well believe I could believe anything of you."

"You are acquainted with my history," replied Louis. "The only thing you don't know is that my robbery of Jim Denver was a 'put up job.'"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Wilson. "Then you are—"

"Never mind the term," interrupted Louis. "I have my suspicions about you also. I presume I can rely upon you?"

"Your suspicions are correct. You can depend upon me. I am here for

the purpose of robbing the colony." "I presume you have made some headway while here toward enlisting the services of others besides yourself?"

"Yes, I have tapped about twenty on the subject, and formed a society for that purpose. These are all desperate criminals now working in the mines. As you and I are condemned there also, but have the privilege of sleeping here nights, we ought to be able to smuggle into the mines the necessary arms and ammunition to make an outbreak successful."

"I think this can be done," said Lang. "Holden is attached to me, and has promised me his aid. Rogers is a little incensed against Schiller, and Golden is sure he can get his co-operation."

"If you have won over Rogers," replied Wilson, elated, "the task should be easy. All the military stores are in his keeping."

The two friends conversed on the subject for quite a time. Then after a hasty lunch, Wilson, complaining of being tired, and realizing far better than Lang what labor would be expected of him on the morrow, retired.

Lang, before retiring, went down to the front room. After attending to the locking of all the doors and patching up the windows as much as possible, not to overhear Dr. Huntington and Pearl engaged in conversation, he knocked upon the parlor door and was bid "Come in," by the doctor.

Dr. Huntington had aged considerably in the last few weeks. His hair, which up to this time was naturally black, was now streaked with gray. His eyes, which were so brilliant, were now dull and watery and surrounded by heavy rings of black. The strong man was trembling as if in the throes of age. He was sitting by the window, and Pearl was kneeling at his feet. The doctor rose to his feet when Lang entered the room.

"You are the husband of my daughter?" the doctor asked in an agitated voice.

"I am that man," said Louis, respectfully. He was struck by the sight of so much misery, and pity lent tenderness to his tone. "But do not misunderstand my motive," he added, to reassure the hapless prisoner. "I did not marry your daughter to take advantage of her weakness nor of

set his wits to work to concoct some scheme by which his purpose could be carried out. The most plausible plan that presented itself was to accuse our hero of being a spy. To have done so right at this moment would have been to bring ridicule upon himself. Apparently that would be too much like petty revenge, and whether true or not, it would not be believed. As a means of accomplishing his designs, however, and give a semblance of truth to the rumor, he detailed an aide to spy upon the group.

This spy, who had earned the sobriquet of "Satan," by being employed in just such cases as this before, had no trouble in getting within earshot of Pearl and her father; but Wilson and Lang, being guarded in their conversation, he was unable to overhear. If he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, nothing could have saved them from being strung up immediately.

Satan, of course, overheard the conversation between Lang and Dr. Huntington. This conversation was reported verbatim to Schiller, which encouraged him greatly. At this stage of the game he would have been satisfied to marry Pearl—truly, honorably. One week's sojourn in her company had shown him that he loved, or thought he did, this innocent girl. Besides revenge, there were other things that actuated Schiller. He had learned that Dr. Huntington, by a strange course of circumstances, was now the eldest son, and consequently the heir to the English estates of his father. If Schiller could have compromised with Huntington, and had been allowed to marry Pearl—he would have done so, accepting the father's fortune for his bond. But this last was impossible, and he knew it.

The thing possible, then, was to dispose of Lang, now the husband; marry Pearl, and if necessary, dispose of the doctor, and inherit the property through the girl, who was, as far as he knew, the only living descendant.

One way to trap Lang would be to catch him sending a letter to Mrs. Huntington, notifying her of the safety of her husband. As Satan had notified Schiller of the intention of Lang to do so, this seemed an easy matter to accomplish. If Lang could be caught in the act, his doom would be certain.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER OF THE BOND.

Not Horse Trader's Fault if Other Misunderstood Him.

In the ordinary way bluff old John Hopkins is as honest as the sunlight, but it is difficult for a man to rigidly adhere to a righteous upbringing and deal in horses at one and the same time.

At a horse fair recently a fine old crusted farmer approached him.

"Will that owd nag pull, sir?" he queried.

"My friend," said John quietly and sincerely, "I assure you that it would do you good to see that horse pull."

John was as well trusted as known, and the horse changed hands at his price.

As ill-luck would have it, he met the purchaser a week later, and the latter pounced upon him.

"What d'ye mean," he roared, in a voice of thunder—"what d'ye mean by telling me that horse would pull? Why, that spavined brute won't pull an empty dray!"

"My friend," said old John, "if you will reflect a moment you will remember that I said it would do you good to see that horse draw. And so it will, my friend—so it will."

Elastic Schedule.

Mark Twain was once the best pilot on the Mississippi and he never tires of river stories and steamboat yarns. At dinner on the Prinz Oscar, from Genoa to New York, he said one night apropos of a fog:

"The worst boat on the Mississippi in my time—was the Stephen J. Hill. This boat's untidiness was only equalled by her slowness. Only strangers, only the tenderfoot, used her."

A cousin of mine took the Stephen J. Hill to come to see me at Hannibal. In the afternoon a thick fog drifted down, and the Stephen J. Hill had to leave to for the night. As she lay there, swathed in gray, my cousin said to the captain:

"It is too bad we're going to be late, captain."

"We ain't goin' to be late," the captain answered.

"But I thought," said my cousin, "that we had to lie up to this bank here all night."

"So we do," said the captain, "but that ain't goin' to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

"Getting Him."

On the other hand, the actress is apt to receive some of her prettiest compliments across the counter. I was buying gloves from a sweet faced girl, and as she fitted them exceptionally well I stopped for a word of thanks. She blushed, then said, shyly, "Oh, don't mention it, but—would you mind giving me a few hints?"

"Hints?" I echoed in wonder.

"Yes." This with more blushes, but eyes a-dancing. "I saw you last night in 'How to Win a Husband.' And—and I don't wonder you get them."

Do you wonder that I told her to keep the change?—Lillian Burkhardt in Woman's Home Companion.

If Not There, Where?

The publisher had reached his office late, and there were signs upon his face that he had just passed through a strenuous experience.

"The trouble is," he said peevishly to the waiting author, "that you don't make the marriages in your novels happy ones."

"He sighed.

"And the Lord knows," he continued, "that we've got to have happy marriages somewhere!"—Smart Set.

Not Knocking.

Miss Hygee—I saw you at the concert last night. Did you notice how my voice completely filled the hall?

Miss Jellere—Yes, dear; it undoubtedly had much to do with drawing the crowd, though there was a good deal of public curiosity to hear the new orchestra and Miss Dearly, the wonderful harpist, you know

The STAGE

Lackaye's Simple Life.

By fits and starts Wilton Lackaye lives the simple life, according to Kate Masterson. Recently he divested himself of all but essential clothing and fell upon his back face to paint it.

Mrs. Lackaye, discovering her broad-shouldered spouse, much decollete and wearing appallingly ragged trousers that had been waiting for the next visit from the "old clothes" man, covering the fence and adjacent territory with drab paint, while thirty-five heads projected from as many neighboring windows, called upon him to desist.

"You don't know how you look," argued Mrs. Lackaye.

"I don't care," returned Mr. Lackaye.

"I don't want the neighbors to think I am married to a tramp."

The great Svengali's reply was the splash, splash, daub, daub of the paint brush.

"The neighbors don't understand that you are doing that for exercise. They will say you are mean, that—"

"D—n the neighbors!"

Wilton's roar was as startling as the laughter of Svengali, and thirty-five heads hastily withdrew into as many windows, while thirty-five window shades were precipitately drawn.

"Why—splash, splash—'order our lives—daub, daub—'by the opinions—drip, drip—'of people whose opinions we care nothing about?' Splash!"

"It is true—a finger stroke of drab paint across his cheek—we spend our lives trying to live up to the opinion of people whose opinion we care nothing about."

Personal Mention.

Billy B. Van has begun rehearsals of "The Errand Boy."

E. R. Mawson of "A Fair Rebel" fame will be in "Faith Mather."

Frank Worthing has been engaged for the support of Margaret Anglin in "Zira."

Fritz Scheff's new opera, by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, will be called "Mlle. Modiste."

Joseph Cawthorne is to star this season in a musical piece by John J. McNally called "In Tammany Hall."

Nella Bergen made her first appearance in vaudeville at Proctor's Twen-

ty-third Street theater, New York, last week.

Fay Templeton is now rehearsing in her new vehicle, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," written by George M. Cohan.

Orrin Johnson has been engaged for the all-star cast of "The Heart of Maryland," revival to be made by David Belasco.

E. S. Willard for his American tour will revive "The Fool's Revenge," a tragedy once familiar in the repertory of Edwin Booth.

Corinne has a song with "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland" this year in which she will give the refrain in six different languages.

Viola Gillette and Mabel Hite, a prima donna and a soubrette, are to be starred jointly by Frank L. Perley in "The Girl and the Bandit."

George Evans has forsaken the vaudeville ranks. He will enter musical comedy as the leading player in "The Runaways" this season.

Louis Massen is to have an important character role in support of Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman."

Fay Davis is to be the leading woman. After playing six weeks in Chicago, "The Gezer of Geck" will play two weeks each in St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and will then be seen in New York.

Lawrence D'Orsay will have another comedy by Augustus Thomas this season. It will be called "The Embassy Ball." Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott will be in the company.

Henry Irving Marshall, last season with "The Runaways" and "The Earl and the Girl," has returned to New York after a brief vacation to accept a position with one of the Shubert organizations.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stone are at Bath Beach, Me., caring for their baby daughter, who is now 2 months old. Mr. Stone was the Scarecrow of the "Wizard of Oz" and his wife was Miss Cravon.

Cecelia Loftus is giving drawing room entertainments at Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier and Newport. She is assisted by Beatrice Hereford and a young pianist whom she brought with her from London.

Katie Barry, the English comedienne who made such a good impression in "Fantana," will go into vaudeville at one of the Proctor theaters in New York. She has never before appeared in vaudeville.

Miss Nellie Lynch of Chicago has been engaged for the principal soubrette role in "The Gingerbread Man," the work of Fred Rankin, and A. Baldwin Sloane. The piece is to be produced shortly in New York city.

Frances Ring, who plays the title role in "The College Widow," is of a theatrical family. Her father was a member of the old Boston Museum company, and her sisters, Blanche and Julia, are prominent on the stage.

Word has been received from Marlenbad, Bohemia, that Mme. Lillian Nordica and Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Franko, who are spending the summer together at that resort, have received many flattering attentions from the other guests.

Edwin Arden appeared in New York at Proctor's Fifth Avenue theater last week in the play written by himself, entitled "Zorah." The play was first presented at Chicago, by Mr. Arden some four or five years ago. It deals with conditions in Russia.

Ethel Barrymore has decided to try her new J. M. Barrie play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," on western audiences before taking it to New York. She is announced to open the Broadway theater in Denver Sept. 11 with the play.

James Lee, manager of the West and Vokes and Margaret Daly-Vokes "Pair of Pinks" company, and Harry Stewart, who plays the part of the Jew, were once partners in vaudeville, and played their first engagement for B. F. Keith the first week he opened a vaudeville show in Boston.

Alice Neilson, through with her season in London, has gone to Paris for a month of play before beginning work in America. Miss Neilson's forthcoming tour of this country is to be practically a concert tour, although the star and a small company will appear in a number of standard operas.

Will Arche, a comedian scarcely four feet in height, has been especially engaged for one of the name parts in "Babes in the Wood." Mr. Arche is a man of rather extraordinary talent, and his salary is quoted at \$250 per



Principal Comedian in the Most Successful of the Summer Comedies, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

week. It might be said, therefore, that this is a case of "being short for money."

Ada Rehan has recovered from her recent attack of appendicitis, but is so weak still that she has given up the idea of returning to America in September. Miss Rehan expects to leave London early in the course of the following month and to make her debut in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" in November.

Miss Ida Conquest has sailed for Europe to appear with William Collier in London. She will have the leading feminine role in "On the Quiet," in which Mr. Collier will open his season at the Comedy theater in September.

Miss Conquest appeared in London several years ago with William Gillette in "Too Much Johnson."

The name of Clyde Fitch's play for Viola Allen's next season has been changed to "The Toast of the Town." The name as first announced was "The Comedy Mask." As the new title indicates, the play is not a modern society comedy. The story is supposed to have occurred in England and during the time of George IV.

The Shuberts have not yet decided who will take Lillian Russell's place in the cast of "Lady Teazle." Mabelle Gilman, who has been abroad since she starred here in "The Mocking Bird," has been mentioned in this connection, but it is probable that an actress better known in America will be chosen to succeed Miss Russell.

Jan Kubelik will come to these shores again this season. A tour of 100 concerts has been arranged, beginning at Carnegie hall, New York, on Dec. 1. Kubelik this time will play in many cities where he has not yet appeared. Besides making the east and the middle west as before, he will go to the Pacific coast, through the southern states and to the City of Mexico.

George Cohan says: "Elsie Janis is giving imitations of me on the New York roof. Elsie is the best photographer I ever had." Miss Janis was "discovered" in Chicago a year ago this summer when her success was predicted. She has been one of the acknowledged "hits" of the New York season, and is yet to see her 18th birthday.

Our ancestors had an adage that six hours' sleep was the proper quantity for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, says the Lancet. Whether it is that the strenuous life of the present day is akin to foolishness, or whether it is a simple phenomenon of evolution, it is certain that many of our busiest men find the last-mentioned allowance none too long for them. The quality of a man's work soon deteriorates if he takes insufficient rest.

With Uncle Sam's Regular Soldiers

Some Facts About Army Life and the Treatment, Prospects and Facilities for Education of the Men.

It must be borne in mind, says a writer, that one essential for leading a happy life in the United States army is good behavior, and if any voice from the ranks tells a tale of unnecessary hardships endured, or other grievances, it is certain to be merely the natural result of bad conduct, and of leading a lazy and dissolute life, and the same man would have fared equally bad in any other walk of life, or that he is inexperienced and does not know how to care for himself or fails to attend to the directions received.

The army is necessarily governed by intelligent regulations, and strict obedience is required of all, for without this nothing could be done, and what is now viewed by the world as a magnificent fighting force would become of no more use than an armed mob.

While the ordinary citizen may view with some contempt the proffer of \$13 a month for his daily work, still how many to-day toiling eight, ten, and sometimes sixteen hours, are making on an average of \$60 a month, or an income of \$720 a year? This is what the average soldier in the United States army is getting to-day, when all clothing, medical attention, medicines, baths, free gymnasium, libraries, with books of all sorts, magazines, periodicals, post exchanges exclusively for the soldier's use where he may purchase at cost such soft drinks and articles as may be deemed necessary for his comfort, and where may be found billiard and pool tables and a good supply of games, such as chess, checkers, dominos and cards, can be taken into consideration.

In addition to this, if the soldier be a good tradesman, carpenter, mason, teamster or any kind of workman or a man with a fair education, or it may be mentioned that even when a man enlists, if he is not up to his work, he

may, by little application, and by taking advantage of the chances to inform himself, soon become a good scholar or improve in his trade.

As in the case first cited he will receive in addition to the regular soldier's pay, 35 or 50 cents a day by being detailed for duty in some of the places in which extra duty is paid at these rates.

From this it may be seen that an industrious man can earn from \$10 to \$15 a month in addition to his pay. Any money saved can be deposited in the treasury in sums not less than \$5 at 4 per cent interest and cannot be forfeited except by desertion, thus giving the enlisted man a bank and a surety for saving, such as no citizen in the United States can boast.

A private soldier with a fair education, who proves himself, by his conduct, his duty well done, his efficiency, and aptitude, will always sooner or later get the first step upward—that of a corporal, from where, if he is ambitious and shows fitness, he can be sure that his work and talents will be noted and rewarded by further promotion. For it may be truly said that while we have no field marshal in our service and we cannot literally repeat Napoleon's assertion, that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, still the highest rank in our army to-day is held by a lieutenant general, who was at one time a recruit. He succeeded a man, Lieut.-Gen. Young, who also started as a private, and when Gen. Young relinquished the highest rank in our army, he sent to his successor a pair of lieutenant-general's shoulder straps with the note: "From Private Young, 12th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, to Private Chaffee, Troop K, U. S. Cavalry." Of course these men enlisted during the civil war, when motives for enlisting were different, while those who enlist at present with commissions in view, mostly do so from love of a soldier's life. To say that a man loves the life is simply saying that he is a born soldier, and his success in the army is assured.

BRACELET EMBLEM OF POWER.

Afterward It Was a Reward of Bravery Shown in Battle.

In the most ancient period of history, the bracelet was an emblem of royalty. In later times it has been used in the East as a badge of power.

The bracelet of Rebecca (mentioned in Genesis) weighed 10 shekels, or about five ounces.

Among the ancient Romans the men as well as the women wore bracelets, but the latter never wore them till they were betrothed.

Bracelets were at first properly military ornaments, or rewards, frequently conferred among the ancients, by generals and princes, on those who behaved gallantly in fight. They became afterward arbitrary decorations, assumed at pleasure.

"The emblems," says Fosbroke, "of supreme authority among the British kings were golden bands worn around the neck, arms and knees. Ornamented bracelets of brass have been found round the arms or skeletons in British barrows."

The northern people used to swear on their bracelets to render contracts more inviolable.—Exchange.

"Firedamp" and "afterdamp," words brought into terrible prominence in many disasters in mines, preserve the older English sense of "damp"—vapor, and especially noxious vapor. Precisely where the word came from philology does not know, but the earliest existence of its use is quoted by Dr. Murray's dictionary as Caxton's (1840)—"after the dragon shall come a goot and ther shall come out of his nostril a damp that shall betoken hunger and grete deth of peple." Bacon is one of the writers of his time who speak of the "damps" of mines. "Damp" gradually came to be applied to visible vapors, such as evening mists, and the transition to the sense of moisture is obvious. But in "damping down" a furnace one finds a relic of the very "damp" in the sense of "suffocate."

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