

The CONVICT COUNTRY:

OR FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Trenchant Topsy-turvy," "Anita," Etc.

Copyright 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XXI.
Pearl, knowing, of course, where Lang had been taken, had no difficulty when she set out to find Louis in finding Rogers' home. When she knocked upon the door for admittance, she summoned enough courage to push her way in without waiting for an answer to the knock. She found Louis lying upon the floor in a half-conscious condition.

"My poor boy" she said, tenderly raising up his head and resting it in her lap, "what ails you?"
Louis did not speak, but he opened his eyes in a dazed manner as if trying to imagine whose face it was he looked into.

She shook him gently: "Rouse yourself! Don't you understand the risk you are running in staying here? If you do not appear to fight your duel, you will be torn limb for limb!"
Louis, with an effort, struggled to his feet. "Why are you here?" he cried recognizing her.

"I have come to save you!" she answered.
"Save me from what?" he questioned in astonishment.
"Don't you know that you are to fight a duel tonight?"

The momentary unconsciousness disappeared. "I don't understand," he said. "I knew I was to fight for my life, but did not know that it was to-night!"
"To-night" she said, "and unless you appear to carry out your sentence I am afraid you will be lynched!"
"I realize my position now. I understand why Golden and Rogers have not been to see me; they have been spirited away; and unless I arrive upon the scene in time, I forfeit my chance of possibly killing my antagonist, if I am able! I am in no fit condition to battle for my life to-night."

"You are alone—you must fight for your life alone! The life you risked for me!" she cried passionately, gaz-

ing at the populace seated around him, said:

"Bring up the combatants!"
Larego, the Italian, the keeper of the beasts, stepped into the ring through an entrance from the rear, and behind him stalked the massive being Whalen, whom Louis was to fight. There was a murmur of admiration at his appearance, followed by hisses when it was discovered that Lang was not in the company.

"Where is this Lang?" demanded Schiller, as if surprised.
There was a commotion at the main entrance! In stalked our hero, hatless, and spotted with blood! He was supporting his wife upon his arm.

"I am here!" he cried.
Before recording what came next in our hero's life we may as well explain a few of Schiller's actions. It was that honorable and most august person's intention to have Louis killed or maimed before he reached "the hall of justice."

Schiller was playing a desperate game. He knew that he was not loved by his subjects. He had more than his throne at stake—his very life—and a fortune. His game was to dispose of Lang and to regain Pearl. By threats of torture he expected to compel Dr. Huntington to acknowledge himself heir of "Chesterlee Estate"—of which Huntington through strange fortune now was the only descendant. By marriage with Pearl, as the only child, Schiller meant to become possessor of the immense fortune. This could only be done by disposing of Louis and remaining in a position to subdue the doctor.

Not once had the thought entered Louis' mind of escaping. The hooting of the mob, which roused him to action, partially prepared him for the worst. Ere he left the house he armed himself with his trusty billy. It was well he did so. He had not taken a dozen steps from the house when some one whirled his wife from his arm, while a second form made a murderous strike at him with a club! But Louis was not asleep. He lit one away, then another, and before his assailants had accomplished their purpose he laid both bleeding at his feet.

Even at its best, our hero was almost too late. The clock had ceased vibrating after striking the fatal hour of eight. It was only by the greatest difficulty that he arrived at the door of the amphitheater just as Schiller put the question, "Where is this Lang?"

"I am here!" cried our hero; and while the vast crowd rose up to catch a glimpse of the daring man, as if he had been in the building a thousand times he marched his trembling wife down the long aisle and seated her in the box assigned for the councilmen, and with a leap sprang over the wall of the pit into the arena.

(To be continued.)

MEETS HIS BROTHER BILL.

Skipper Gifted With an Amazingly Keen Sight in a Fog.

"Some years ago I was ordered to take a long rest," said a man. "I journeyed as far east as New Brunswick in search of a good place, and being in St. John when an old fisherman friend of mine was getting ready to make a voyage to New York, I took a sudden notion to go with him."
"The weather was bad all the way and when we entered the sound you couldn't see the companion way from the wheel. I never saw such a fog. I was on deck with the old man when we entered the sound. He was standing by the wheel. Suddenly I saw him lean over and bawl:
"Sloop a-hoo-oo-oo!"
"I didn't hear a thing to indicate the proximity of a sloop or anything else, but those old fishermen from the provinces have a faculty of seeing things in any kind of weather."
"The old man gave his attention to the wheel and presently I heard a faint cry off in the fog.
"Schooner a-hoo-oo-oo!"
"The old man straightened up and bawled:
"Is that the Lucy Ann?"
"Again the silence for a moment, and then faint and weak, came the answer:
"Aye, aye! Is that th' Mandy Jane?"
"Aye, aye!" bawled our skipper, and he twirled the wheel. He never looked my way and for a time I thought him unconscious of my presence. After fifteen minutes of silence he suddenly turned with an emphatic nod of his head toward that section of the fog from which the answering hail had come and said:
"That was me brother Bill. I ain't seen him before for a year. Then he went on with his steering as if nothing had happened."—Washington Star.

CHEAPER THAN THE SUNLIGHT.

Remarkable Argument Put Forward at Town Meeting.

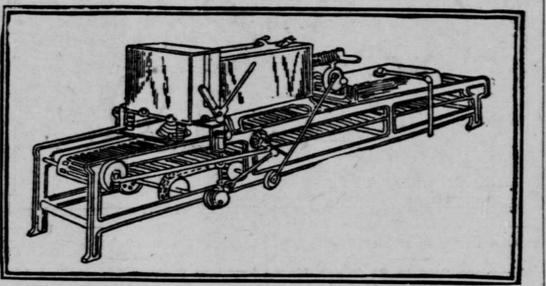
At a town meeting held in Arlington some twenty-five years ago the late W. W. Rawson, father of the well known market gardener, made a remark which the older inhabitants of the town will remember. Among the matters brought up at the meeting was the question whether to use gas or kerosene to light the town. The town had put in a few oil lamps with large reflectors as an experiment. One of these lights was put in front of Mr. Rawson's house, in which he took a just pride.
Wilson W. Fay of the "Heights" made a quiet speech in favor of gas. He thought that care and cleaning would make oil cost more in the end.
Mr. Rawson, always ready for an argument, and with visions of losing his fine oil lamp, arose and said: "Mr. Moderator, kerosene is cheaper now than ever was known and the town is better lighted than I ever knew it to be, and as regards the cost of gas and kerosene, why, Mr. Moderator, kerosene at 7c a gallon, the present market price, is cheaper than sunlight."

Tally One for the Woman.

Dist. Atty. French of the southeastern district of Massachusetts has a sense of humor which is not always admitted to suppress. Some time ago it became his duty to try a man in Norfolk county for murder in the second degree. The defendant was a Finn, who knew no English, and testified in

Forty Pies a Minute Baked by Machine— Over Fifty-six Hundred Turned Out in a Day

Fifty thousand six hundred pies in each twenty-four hours, or forty every minute, is the astounding record of a Pittsburgh baker. The feat is accomplished with the aid of a machine. It will be advantageous to both the manufacturer and the consumer—to the former because it will lessen the number of operatives and the expenses of conducting the business, and to the latter because the pies can be bought far below their cost at the present day. Another claim is that cleanliness is assumed in the manufacture and that the product is as wholesome as the best "that mother used to make."
Two machines are used by Mr. Louie, the inventor, in his process. In the



The Machine by Which the Pies are Filled and Receive a Top Dressing of Meringue.

first the crust is formed and baked and in the second the filling is put in and covered by a tempting layer of meringue. The first machine is the more interesting of the two. Instead of pie tins molds like waffle irons are used to form the crust. They are firmly attached to an endless chain stretched out horizontally the full length of the machine. In the lower

machinery that operates the whole affair enough dough is forced down the pipe with each stroke of the piston to fill one of the moulds as it passes under the pipe. By the time another mould passes under the pipe another stroke of the piston forces down enough dough to fill that mould, and so on.

As the crust is baked an attendant

WONDERFUL SUN DIAL.

MECHANISM SHOWS TIME AT FIFTEEN PLACES.

Aiming to Reproduce Famous Time-piece at Glamis Castle, Scotland, Peter Hamilton of Baltimore Has Far Outdone the Model He Selected.

The romantic and picturesque sun dial is coming to its own once more. Dial making is again an industry revealed in by members of the arts and crafts cycle, says the Los Angeles Times.
It was in days when interest in sun dials was lowest that Peter Hamilton of Baltimore conceived and executed the design for a dial unlike any other of which we have any knowledge and which is now one of the attractions of the celebrated Druid Hill park in that city.

This dial, beautiful from an architectural standpoint, is also a mathematical wonder, for it registers the time at fifteen places, each far distant from one another. From its fifteen faces can be read the hours at Rio Janeiro, Sitka, Jeddo, Jerusalem, Fernando Po, Cape Cod, Baltimore, Pitcairn's island, Honolulu, London, Cape Town and San Francisco. The equatorial and polar planes, the latter with the motto "Sine umbra nihil," make up the fifteen faces of this peculiar dial.

That he had constructed a wholly original sun dial of which there is no duplicate is a fact which surprised Mr. Hamilton, for he believed while constructing it that he was reproducing in essential points the famous dial at Glamis castle, in Scotland, which is undoubtedly the finest in the world.

There are over eight dials in all on this famed timepiece, each of its twenty-four facets having from three to four dials each. This dial is certainly three centuries old, as it appears in a print of the castle, behind which it stands, previous to the year 1600, and was named in Earl Patrick's book of record of a date previous to 1655.

It was from a description of the Glamis sun dial, which is over twenty-one feet high and handsomely carved that Mr. Hamilton drew the plans for the dial which now stands in Druid Hill park. Never having seen even a photograph of the Glamis dial, Mr. Hamilton had only verbal descriptions to work upon and he concluded that the many faces of the Glamis dial must speak the time at various points. But the Glamis dial tells only Scotland time. Thus Mr. Hamilton's work is not a copy in any sense, but is original with him.

It was in 1875 that Mr. Hamilton constructed his unique dial of sandstone. It stood in his yard for a number of years. In 1892 he presented it to the city of Baltimore. It was first placed in one of the smaller parks and afterward removed to Druid Hill park, near the Eutaw place entrance. As time had begun to wear away some of the inscriptions, the park commis-

Malinda and the Cardinal.

One of the after-dinner stories floating about the Hamptons, apropos of Cardinal Gibbons' visit, relates to a colored girl who once had a place in the cardinal's household in Baltimore. "She came to me," said the woman who told the story, "with a most flattering letter of recommendation. I held her off until I got into communication with another member of the rectory service. 'Malinda was a fine girl, all right,' was the response I heard, and we couldn't find much fault with her. But you see, we had to let her go, for do what we would, we couldn't keep her, when she wanted to rig herself up in extra style, from wearing the cardinal's red silk stockings."—New York Sun.

Dist. Atty. French and the Finn.

Dist. Atty. French of the southeastern district of Massachusetts has a sense of humor which is not always admitted to suppress. Some time ago it became his duty to try a man in Norfolk county for murder in the second degree. The defendant was a Finn, who knew no English, and testified in

CHERUBS GOT MIXED

TOO MANY CHILDREN IN THE "BUNCH."

After Liberal Application of Soft Soap and Warm Water Magnolia Proves She Was Right—But It Didn't Make Much Difference.

"Sorter funny thing happened at my place day before yesterday," said a certain prominent resident of the "Possum Trot, Ark., neighborhood. "Wife loved she did, that it 'peared to her that the children were makin' considerable more noise than common out in the yard; they were playin' hoss-thief or lynchin', or some innocent game that a-way—four or five of 'em figger on bein' deputy sheriffs or somethin' of that sort when they grow up. I said I reckoned the fracas was just about normal; but wife 'loved—and you know how set women are when they get hold of a notion—she 'loved, also, that they 'peared somehow to be more of 'em than was customary around there.

"Aw, I reckon not, Magnolia," says I, sorter soothingly. "I reckon not."

"But nothin' would do her but we must go out and investigate. The yard did seem to be pretty thickly populated, for a fact, and when they heard us comin' several more childer, crawled out of the ash-hopper and from under the house and such places, and when we had tallied 'em all up, burghanded if there wasn't nineteen of 'em, when wife 'loved—and reckon she knowed—that there ought not to have been more than about fourteen. It shoredly looked as if there was a bug under the chip as the sayin goes, and nothin' would satisfy wif but to find out what was wrong. She added 'em up, and she elphered 'em out, and there shore was nineteen 'em, and no mistake about it! I say probly that was right, after all, be wif wouldn't hear to it. She stuc and hung—and, as I said before, you know how women are that a-way—the there was too much liberality, as I were, in the census roll.

VITAL STATISTICS OF RUSSIA.

Facts About the Empire of the Czar Are Interesting.

Final results of the Russian census of 1897 are still appearing at intervals. Among the latest figures published by the statistical department are as follows: The total population of the Russian empire (excluding Finland) on May 10, 1897, was 126,586,525. Of these 87,123,604 were members of the orthodox church. Old believers and other sections numbered 2,204,596; Mohammedans, 13,906,972; Roman Catholics, 11,407,994; Jews, 5,215,805; protestants (Lutherans), 3,572,653.

A division of this population on the basis of classes gives the following results: Hereditary nobles, 1,220,169; nobles for life, or by virtue of office, 630,119; priests of all Christian denominations, 588,947; honorable citizens, 342,927; merchants, 281,179; burghers, 13,386,392; peasants, 96,896,648; Cossacks, 2,928,842; foreigners, 8,297,965.

Illiterates numbered 99,070,436 (79 per cent); literates, 26,569,585. Students at the universities and other institutions for higher education numbered 104,321.

Sea Song.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.
O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me the morning breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship flies, and leaves
The world of waters in our home,
And merry men are we.
There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But back the music, merrymen!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.
—Alexander Cunningham.



Opened his eyes in a dazed manner as if trying to imagine whose face it was he looked into.

ing with kindness into his eyes. What made you interfere to save me?"
A bandage around his head; a drink of brandy from a decanter, and despite his weariness, Louis was partly himself again. "Because in you I saw purity and innocence being wronged." For a moment he forgot the light he stood in before her. In her eyes he could be nothing but a hardened criminal and people of his suspected calibre are not supposed to have souls like other men.

"You understood the danger you were running?" she asked.
"Yes, I understood," he said, "and I would do the same thing again if I had the chance! Only I would kill Schiller the next time!"
"Knowing the danger you run, you would still risk all to protect me?" she said insinuatingly.
"Why not," he asked in surprise.
"I did not expect to find a—a friend like you in such a place as this!" she said.

"Miss Huntington, said Louis, glancing at the clock, "I appreciate what you have done for me. I understand your position. I have one chance in a thousand of ever leaving Paradise even if I escape to-night. If you did not consider me beneath you I might make myself contented here if I win the day! I would not care how the battle went if I felt that after I was gone you would have a protector. But, fear not; I must, I will win!"
"What can I say or do to cheer you up? How can I ever reward you for your kindness to me?"
"I am rewarded sufficiently," he said, "knowing that you appreciate me, and do not attribute my actions to any unworthy motive."

"I consider you an honorable man," she explained, "and if—hesitatingly.
"And if I were not a criminal, a desperate scoundrel, you could—"
"I could learn to love you!" smiling through tears which unbidden stole to her eyes.
Louis looked at her in amazement. "Are you positive that you do not love me as it is?" he asked, grasping her hand in his own.
"Perhaps I do," she said without hesitation, "but it would make me feel far happier to know that I had not thrown my love away where gratitude alone would be sufficient!"
Louis drew her irresistibly to him and kissed her. "Trust me," he said, "I can see you have guessed the truth. With your love to strengthen me I can carry the day."

Louis glanced at the clock. It lacked only a few minutes of the time when he should appear to fight his duel.
"It is time for action!" he cried, "I must go!"
"I will go with you!" she exclaimed.

At precisely eight o'clock, King Schiller rose from his throne, or in the box commanding the view of the pit in the amphitheater, and after

bowing to the populace seated around him, said:
"Bring up the combatants!"
Larego, the Italian, the keeper of the beasts, stepped into the ring through an entrance from the rear, and behind him stalked the massive being Whalen, whom Louis was to fight. There was a murmur of admiration at his appearance, followed by hisses when it was discovered that Lang was not in the company.

"Where is this Lang?" demanded Schiller, as if surprised.
There was a commotion at the main entrance! In stalked our hero, hatless, and spotted with blood! He was supporting his wife upon his arm.

General Plays Santa Claus and Lives

Slides Down Chimney Into Boudoir of French Woman Who Saves Him from Soldiers Who Are in Pursuit.

The husband came in and told his story. He had held high command in the French army, was a man of character and ability, with extraordinary linguistic acquirements. He had thrown himself into the outbreak of the Commune as a soldier, had been given an important point to defend on a barricade. The fight was long and terrible, and when nearly all the defenders were killed or wounded, the few survivors escaped as best they could. The "General" managed to get on to some roofs and to escape down a chimney into a private apartment. There he found himself in the bedroom of a lady who was dressing. "Sauvez-vo!, madame!" he cried. She, poor soul, terrified at this strange apparition, who with torn clothes, covered with soot, and with darker stains upon him, stood suppliant before her,

had but an instant to decide, for the tramp of soldiers rang up the stairs, and a thundering knock at the outer door summoned her to open. She bade him go into the bed, and taking the skirt of her dress, a jacket, and some other feminine garments, covered him with these. And then followed a long parley between the soldiers outside and the quick-witted Frenchwoman inside the door. "She was not dressed; what did they want; what an abominable thing that in these evil days the very bedrooms of women were not to be respected." Of course, the soldiers had their way, and entered the room, the lady, scolding, fuming, protesting. The men looked in the cupboards and wardrobe and under the bed; into the bed they did not look; and after many apologies, with a military salute, they departed. The poor woman sank into a chair, and slowly the general raised himself. "Look, madame," said he, as he took from a little table beside the bed his tobacco pouch, which unconsciously he had laid down. "If they had found this!"

She Wanted "Serve."

She looked all of 19 years old and must have been keeping house at least a week. Her inexperience was testing the grocer's ability to suppress his smiles.
"My husband," she said, in a manner intended to show that she had had one for years and years, "thinks succotash is simply lovely. I'll take a pound of it."
The groceryman continued to suppress his feelings while he filled a paper bag with beans and green corn, and advised her to have it cooked thoroughly.
He was beginning to feel secure again when she bought a can of soup of a much advertised brand and said: "You can give me five cents' worth of serve."

Grades of Glory.

"Who's the pompous old dog?"
"He's the man who proved that Am bassador Porter's find wasn't really the body of John Paul Jones."
"But look at the other old dog. He's twice as pompous. Wonder who he is?"
"Oh, he's the fellow who proved there never was a John Paul Jones."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Raises the Standard.

The University of California has greatly raised the standard of admission, and has made the condition for degrees far more stringent.

Creator of Frocks.

"Lucile," known in London society as Lady Duff-Gordon, is the creator of emotional frocks and also the happy discoverer of the garden shower-bath, or rather, show garden—for outdoor dresses. At the back of her business establishment—a fine old Georgian mansion in Hanover street—is a large, old-fashioned garden. There, in harmony with the sky and trees and not in a stuffy showroom, "Lucile" discovered the ideal place for the exhibition of outdoor gowns. Accordingly "Lucile's" customers will choose their frocks for race meetings, garden parties and outdoor wear generally in her garden, and while this important business goes on a ladies' orchestra will "discourse sweet music." Another novel idea is a breed of "Lucile" pet dogs for "Lucile's" gowns. It all sounds very delightful and Lady Duff-Gordon is apparently not only an artiste in "emotional" frocks but also a first-rate woman of business.

Serious Charge Against Officials.

The Nome Nugget charges government officers with using illegal methods and taking advantage of their position to possess themselves of many valuable claims which are obtained by relocating. It prints tables comparing the number of claims held by government officers and their relatives or assistants, and those held by the leading mining and business men of Nome and vicinity.

Raises the Standard.

The University of California has greatly raised the standard of admission, and has made the condition for degrees far more stringent.