

The CONVICT COUNTRY; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Trenchant Tragedy," "Amia," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

Richard Golden rose to his feet. The shouting ceased, and the people readily understood that something out of the ordinary was to take place.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Golden began. "Are we human beings, or animals of low degree? His very daring made him eloquent. 'As individuals, have we rights that this body corporate is bound to respect? In entering Paradise as citizens we have voluntarily thrown off the yoke of allegiance to every reigning potentate in the world. We threw off the yoke because we thought our bonds too heavy, the laws too strict, and the privileges too few. In vowing allegiance to the king and laws of Paradise, we expected more freedom and more rights—we did not expect to be made slaves! If I obey the law, has any one person the right to punish me for nothing. Is the king better than you or I? Is he supreme, the owner, body and soul of the subjects over which he rules? Would I be a man to stand idly by and allow him, or any other man, to strike me and not strike back? I say No!"

"Ladies and gentlemen! Louis Lang, the man you see in the arena there covered with blood, incurred the enmity of the king—as you know—by winning the heart and hand of Pearl Huntington, this woman here whom the king wished to be revenged upon. If there is any law we are bound to respect it is an honorable marriage. It was no honorable marriage our king wished with this woman. But Louis Lang, as an honorable man, saved her from a life of misery and shame. There is not a married man among us who would not have done the same! (Great applause.) For daring to thwart the king he was condemned to work a year in the mines! I claim that not even the king has the right to condemn an innocent man to slavery for revenge.

deafening. If Golden had been allowed to put his proposition instantly there could have been but one solution to the problem. But before the test was taken, Schiller rose to his feet and began his reply to the arraignment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Schiller Makes a Proposition to Lang. "Before you vote," said Schiller, raising his hand commanding silence, "citizens of Paradise allow me to say a word. I have allowed Golden to say his say; now I want mine. Golden has accused me of crimes I am not guilty of. Louis Lang is a convict; I sentenced him to death, not through spite but because he struck me—me, the king! It is a fit and the only punishment for that crime. I did not detain his wife in my palace, though it is true that she was found at my home. She came to my palace and asked the whereabouts of her father and I told her he was safe. Because she did not see her father, she said, 'I will not believe it!' She doubted my word, and said, 'I will remain here until you bring my father to me!' It was not my place to argue with her; I ordered my guard to remove her. While the guard was doing so, I was visited by Lang, Golden and Rogers. Lang saw the struggle between the guard and his wife, and struck him; I was about to explain to Lang the circumstances of his wife being in my house when the ruffian sprang upon me and struck me. 'Even then, under the circumstances, I would not have exacted the penalty from Lang but I was dared to do it by Golden and Rogers, who, no doubt, saw a chance to dare me to do what my conscience forbid me. It is but a put-up scheme to ruin me. I am willing to obey the people; my actions have always been above board.

crowd of enthusiasts who were carried away with the youth's marvelous exhibition of skill in duelling. Schiller was scarcely noticed when he took himself from the amphitheater—a beaten man. However he was not one to give up easily.

For a brief spell our party had a rest from labor and worry. Golden, at the request of Lang, was able to send a letter written by the doctor to Mrs. Huntington, notifying that lady of the safety of her husband and child.

Wilson was the only person who was not made more comfortable than before by the exposure of Schiller. Rogers would have pardoned him—or had him pardoned—but Louis and Wilson both felt that it was better that he remain in the mines as before. Wilson's place was an easy one, and his privileges about as many as if not confined at all. The two detectives were in hopes that he could be made of assistance in gathering the convicts together and in furnishing material with which the miners could blow up the mines in making their escape.

Dr. Huntington, when he was made aware that his letter had been sent to his wife, was at ease, comparatively, and looked upon his detention as a matter of no great importance. He gained the respect of the citizens by his kindness and care in sickness and was looked upon as a valuable acquisition to the city. Dr. Huntington had great hopes of ultimately being made free, of being allowed to return to his wife. Somehow or other Pearl's welfare did not seem to trouble him much. There was something about Lang that forced the doctor to trust our hero implicitly. As Schiller had been somewhat restricted in power, no fear was entertained from that source.

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF CONVERSION PLAIN.

Sinner Had Improved in Observance of the Sabbath.

While going through Maine, Evangelist Moody happened to be in the town of Waterford, where he heard of John White, who had the reputation of working on Sunday, although all the ministers in the neighboring towns had argued with him and tried to stop it. Mr. Moody decided to try his luck with him, and after a long talk succeeded in convincing him that it was wrong to work on Sunday. The next Sunday White was in church and his name enrolled. In a few days Mr. Moody left the town, feeling that he had done a thing which had proved too difficult for others, and that at least one sinner in that town had been turned from the error of his way.

A few weeks later, while driving a load of lumber into the town, White was met by the deacon of the church, and the following conversation ensued:

"Now, Mr. White," said the deacon, "isn't there a difference since the spirit of God has entered your soul?" "Yes, there is quite a difference," answered White, frankly. "Before when I went to work on Sunday I used to carry the axe on my shoulder, but now I carry it under my coat."

Reason for His Enthusiasm.

An art editor was praising the intelligence of the French painter Bouguereau.

"I can hardly believe that Bouguereau is dead," said he. "Paris, without him, will not be Paris. What a keen and brilliant mind the man had. I remember a discussion on spiritualism that once took place in Bouguereau's studio.

"If there is nothing good in spiritualism," said a widower, "why is it so popular?" "Why is it so popular? I'll tell you," said Bouguereau. "A friend of mine lost his wife two years ago. Last week he heard of a beautiful medium in the Square de L'Opera, and attended a couple of her seances. I saw him yesterday. He had already become an enthusiastic spiritualist.

"Why, it is ridiculous," said I. "Ridiculous! Indeed, no," he returned. "My friend, do you know that at each seance the spirit of my dear dead wife returned and kissed me?" "Nonsense," I exclaimed. "Nonsense. Do you mean to tell me that your dead wife honored those miserable seances enough to come and kiss you in her own person?" "Well, not exactly in her own person," he replied. "Her spirit took possession of the medium's person and kissed and embraced me through her."—Chicago Chronicle.

Advertising by Proxy.

Miss Caroline Powell of Boston is the only woman wood engraver in America. Miss Powell was a pupil of Timothy Cole and at a dinner recently she said of her master:

"Mr. Cole had a horror of stinky persons. He was continually railing against such people, continually pointing out to us glaring examples of meanness and greed.

"He said one day that he had heard that morning of the meanest woman in the world.

"She called before breakfast at the house of a neighbor of his and said: 'Madam, I see that you have advertised in the papers for a cook.'

"Yes, I have," returned the other; "but surely you are not after the place?" "No," said the stranger, "but I only live two blocks away from you, and since I need a cook myself, I thought you might send to me all the applicants you reject."

Cultivating Pond Lilies.

A Saco florist who has been engaged in cultivating flowers and vegetables for years conceived the idea that the raising of pond lilies would prove profitable.

He went to work, or at least hired men to do the work, with the result that this summer he had a pond of lilies that was not eclipsed by any in New England. His pond was small compared with some in Massachusetts, being 300 by 60 feet, yields thousands of blooms during a season. During August it has been no uncommon thing for him to pick 500 lilies a day. There is a ready market for the lilies in the big cities, the prevailing price being \$4 a hundred.—Kennebec Journal.

LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

His Discretion Defined.

"My wife wants me to get another suit of clothes like the one I have on," said Mr. Meekton.

"We can give you something much better," returned the salesman, "at a very little increase of cost."

"Excuse me. I am simply a courier in this matter, not an envoy plenipotentiary."

An Enterprise Came to Naught. "What Crimson Gulch needs," said Broncho Bob, "is a race track."

"Why don't you start one?" "Tried it. But it was no use. There wasn't anybody that would bother about gallopin' the ponies. Everybody wanted to be a bookmaker."

Couldn't Stand That Test.

"Jack, I have decided at last that I don't love you."

The blow had fallen, yet the young man did not quail. With pale cheek, but resolute eye, he stood erect and returned her gaze unflinchingly.

"What has enabled you to come to that decision, Mehitabel Garlinghorn?" he asked. "Has some other man—"

"No, Jack," she said, shaking her head with immeasurable sadness. "After you had gone last night I asked myself this question: 'Could I still care for him if he should become bald-headed and fat?' And my heart said, 'Good gracious, no!'"

It Didn't Sound Hospitable.

"I thought you said old Cornsilk was hospitable."

"So he is."

"Well, he has a queer way of showing it. I went up there last night to call on his pretty daughter and he sat in the room all the evening glowering at me. When I came away I said I'd be pleased to call again and he turned and said to his wife, 'Don't let me forget to-morrow to get new fasteners for these dining room windows.'"

Convincing the Agitator.

"Oh, yes, I admit you are worth a million; but no man is capable of earning a million dollars in an ordinary life time."

"I earned mine, all right."

"You are not obliged to; but if you will come with me and meet the lady whom I married in order to get that million I think you will admit that I earned it."—Houston Post.

Has Reached the Senile Age.

"While he was under 30 his parents had too much sense to let him marry."

"Yes?" "While he was under 50 he had too much sense to wed."

"I see."

"Now that he's 85—"

"Well?" "He's going to take a wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two Languages.

Fred—I hear, Jack, you have just graduated from Harvard. What studies did you take up principally?

Jack—I took up a little bit of everything, but studied languages considerably.

Fred—How many kinds of language can you speak now?

Jack—Two. English and profane.

Seems Like It.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son."

"If a man meant to put 5 cents in the church contribution box and put in a \$5 gold piece by mistake what would you call it?"

"Why, I would call that contributory negligence, my boy!"

The Lesson of the Mosquito.

"Dey say dese yer mosquitoes carries trouble with 'um wherever dey goes?"

"Yes," replied Brother Dickey, "but still de mosquito teaches a lesson, en dat is dat even trouble kin sing along de way. He sings whilst he stings!"—Detroit Free Press.

Bound to Worry.

"Bliggins will soon find no further cause to complain of the weather," said the cheery citizen.

"Yes, but he won't be happy. Instead of watching the thermometer all day he'll sit up and watch the gas meter all night."

An Exception.

"The skies have a good deal to do with a man's moods."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Doesn't a gloomy sky tend to make you feel gloomy?"

"Yes, but a blue sky doesn't make me feel blue."

VERY HIGH PRICED.



Mrs. De Long—I have a new milliner, dear. Don't you think my hats are more becoming than they used to be?

Mr. De Long—Yes, and your bills are becoming more than they used to be.

Gallant.

"I see dat all de angels what got wings is wimmen."

"Well, dat's all right en proper. Give a man wings, en Satan would levy on 'um 'to he could fly ten yards."—Atlanta Constitution.

Money in Them.

"It's remarkable how easily these idle rumors gain currency."

"Yes; and it's still more remarkable how some idle stock market rumors enable others to gain currency."

Most Unusual.

"My!" suddenly exclaimed Henpeck, with a start, "I must have been dreaming."

"Why?" snapped his wife. "Why, I haven't heard you say a word to me for fifteen minutes."

Same Old Growlers.

"We'll soon be in cold weather."

"Yes; but all summer you've growled at the heat."

"Yes; all I want of Providence is a milder climate."

WHIMS OF WORLD'S GREAT ONES

Men of Genius Who Have Been Noted for Their Eccentricity.

The men of genius whose works are among the world's most precious possessions have ever been the most eccentric of the most normal of mankind, says W. H. Cotton. All readers of "Romola" will remember Pieri di Cosimo, that misanthropic painter who lived completely isolated from his fellows in his queer, squalid studio, with its garden of weeds and flowers growing rankly as they would, because he preferred them so; his only companions toads, rabbits, spiders and even more loathsome creatures; his diet consisting wholly of eggs, hard-boiled, by the dozen and eaten when required, no matter what condition. Goya, the Spanish Rembrandt, was the wildest and most irascible of men. When he was painting the portrait of the Duke of Wellington he kept the hero of Waterloo in a rigid attitude for hours, at the least movement threatening him with a dagger, and when the duke complained of weariness the painter seized a plaster cast and hurled it at his head. Michael Angelo's method of working was one of his greatest eccentricities. Often he would get up in the middle of the night to hack and hew his marble by the light of a single candle fastened to the visor of his cap, and then, worn by his great labors, he would throw himself down to sleep again without removing his clothing or his shoes—sometimes keeping the latter on so long that when they were removed the flesh came off with the stockings. It is generally credited that at one time a year passed in which he never once removed his shoes.—Leslie's Weekly.

deafening. If Golden had been allowed to put his proposition instantly there could have been but one solution to the problem. But before the test was taken, Schiller rose to his feet and began his reply to the arraignment.

Schiller Makes a Proposition to Lang. "Before you vote," said Schiller, raising his hand commanding silence, "citizens of Paradise allow me to say a word. I have allowed Golden to say his say; now I want mine. Golden has accused me of crimes I am not guilty of. Louis Lang is a convict; I sentenced him to death, not through spite but because he struck me—me, the king! It is a fit and the only punishment for that crime. I did not detain his wife in my palace, though it is true that she was found at my home. She came to my palace and asked the whereabouts of her father and I told her he was safe. Because she did not see her father, she said, 'I will not believe it!' She doubted my word, and said, 'I will remain here until you bring my father to me!' It was not my place to argue with her; I ordered my guard to remove her. While the guard was doing so, I was visited by Lang, Golden and Rogers. Lang saw the struggle between the guard and his wife, and struck him; I was about to explain to Lang the circumstances of his wife being in my house when the ruffian sprang upon me and struck me. 'Even then, under the circumstances, I would not have exacted the penalty from Lang but I was dared to do it by Golden and Rogers, who, no doubt, saw a chance to dare me to do what my conscience forbid me. It is but a put-up scheme to ruin me. I am willing to obey the people; my actions have always been above board.

deafening. If Golden had been allowed to put his proposition instantly there could have been but one solution to the problem. But before the test was taken, Schiller rose to his feet and began his reply to the arraignment.

Schiller Makes a Proposition to Lang. "Before you vote," said Schiller, raising his hand commanding silence, "citizens of Paradise allow me to say a word. I have allowed Golden to say his say; now I want mine. Golden has accused me of crimes I am not guilty of. Louis Lang is a convict; I sentenced him to death, not through spite but because he struck me—me, the king! It is a fit and the only punishment for that crime. I did not detain his wife in my palace, though it is true that she was found at my home. She came to my palace and asked the whereabouts of her father and I told her he was safe. Because she did not see her father, she said, 'I will not believe it!' She doubted my word, and said, 'I will remain here until you bring my father to me!' It was not my place to argue with her; I ordered my guard to remove her. While the guard was doing so, I was visited by Lang, Golden and Rogers. Lang saw the struggle between the guard and his wife, and struck him; I was about to explain to Lang the circumstances of his wife being in my house when the ruffian sprang upon me and struck me. 'Even then, under the circumstances, I would not have exacted the penalty from Lang but I was dared to do it by Golden and Rogers, who, no doubt, saw a chance to dare me to do what my conscience forbid me. It is but a put-up scheme to ruin me. I am willing to obey the people; my actions have always been above board.

CLOTHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Woman Who Has Them a Rarity and a Relief, Says an Exchange.

She's such a relief to meet with—the woman who always has her clothes ready for any occasion she may be invited to, and she's almost as great a rarity.

When the seasons change she puts her mind upon the subject of clothes with a will, and quietly decides just what she will get to carry her through the whole season. Then as quietly, and as surely, she gets each thing, so that by the time half her world is rushing around trying to get something made in time for this affair or for that she is ready with everything—ready to accept those invitations to delightful affairs planned on the spur of the moment—things that there isn't time to get something made for.

The result is she's never hurried, nor its almost invariable accompaniment, hurried.

Probably she doesn't get many clothes, and the friends who have closets and wardrobes filled to overflowing, yet who complain so bitterly that they're nothing ready to wear, or not exactly the right thing, find her almost provoking in her serene readiness.

But it was hard work in the first place, for choosing a few things that will suit all occasions, and yet give you a few changes, isn't easy by any means, and requires a mighty clever manager.

But, she's such a relief to invite anywhere!—San Francisco, Cal.

Intentions. There is no French law against suicide, but those who have attempted recently to drown themselves in the Seine, and have failed have been arrested and punished on the authority of an old law which forbids throwing bodies into the river. One such arrest was made recently. The prisoner pleaded not guilty.

"But," said the judge of instruction, "you admit that you cast yourself into the river. That is illegal."

"The law," said the prisoner, "provides for the punishment of those who cast dead, not living, bodies into the river, else every one who went swimming in the Seine would be a criminal."

"But," said the judge, "you intended to be dead. You had wickedly planned to make of yourself an offensive corpse and with that loathsome thing to corrupt the waters of the Seine. I fine you a thousand francs."

"Very well," remarked the prisoner. "Take it from the sum which was confiscated from my pockets by the police at the time of my arrest."

"There was no money in your pockets," said the judge.

"True," said the prisoner, "but I had intended that on that date there should be a million francs there."—Judge.

Styles That Are Souvenirs. Did you ever hear of how the tight-wristed blouse got its name? It is called the "Garibaldi" blouse.

It dates from the Corsican leader's days of peasantry. He was poor then, and he used to wear an old red jersey with full sleeves and tight wrists. When he became famous his soldiers petitioned him not to cast it off. So he wore it on through all his triumphs. Years after, when the Corsican was dead, a society lady in London fancied a blouse with the same full sleeves and drawn wristbands. "Call it the 'Garibaldi,'" suggested a shopwalker. And they did.

There is the "Gladstone" collar and bag. The famous statesman was the first to wear the one and the first also to use the other. Now every busy man and woman has a "Gladstone." As to the collar, this is not nearly so popular, but it lives in memory.

Children Taught to Swim. At this period of the year, when so many drowning accidents occur, the annual report of the London (Eng.) Schools Swimming Association possesses special interest. The organization, which is supported by voluntary subscriptions, is the largest swimming association in the world, having affiliated to it nearly 1,000 schools. The branches are spread all over London, and every year about 5,000 certificates are issued to boys who can swim 100 yards, and to girls who can swim fifty yards. No fewer than 60,000 children are taken to the baths every week and instructed in swimming. Life-saving is also taught. The Roll of Honor contains the names of forty-five boys and girls who have attempted to save life from drowning. All these young people have been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society.