

# The CONVICT COUNTRY:

## OR FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

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CHAPTER XXVII.

### Jim Denver on Deck.

Before Denver left the vessel carrying Lang toward the convict city, he became aware of the destination of the party. The detective might have remained on board for the whole of the journey, but he did not wish to jeopardize his chances by courtship discovery. As soon as possible after leaving the boat Jim fitted himself out in regular western style, purchased a good serviceable saddle and pack horse, and set out on his journey over land. If he had not fallen into the hands of a band of prairie outlaws, and been robbed and left for dead upon the prairie, he would have beaten the party overland. As it was, however, he arrived at a frontier town, more dead than alive, a little too late to see the emigrants off.

Here it became necessary for him to wait for a remittance from Chicago in order to purchase a second outfit. He employed his time in resting up, and taking notes on all the rumors he heard in connection with the party he was in search of. He became assured that he was following the right trail. While waiting he fell in with an adventurer, Col. Hanchett, one of those bold, headstrong men, who risk everything for gain. The colonel had been brought up on the plains and was a man used to border warfare. At this time Hanchett was acting as sheriff and had quite a company of rangers under his command.

Rather taking a fancy to Hanchett, who seemed to be quite well posted as to the doings of the convicts (or rather a colony of persons whom Denver called the convicts) Denver made a proposition to the ranger which was readily accepted. Of course, the journey to Paradise was not made direct, because out of the way of Hanchett's regular patrol, and, during the journey, owing to the slowness of the march, Denver often made excursions alone for his own benefit. On one of these lonely journeys Denver ran

less material! Besides, he will have certain friends of his on the ranch who will want to join our band."

Another boom of cannon. "Let us hasten to the scene of the skirmish," said Jim, getting excited, "bring on all the men you can spare; our friends may need our help!"

Col. Hanchett saw that everything was in readiness to either escape or hold the passage. Such was the construction of the tunnel that one man could keep at bay a regiment of soldiers. Pickets were placed on guard with orders to allow no one to enter or leave the tunnel without a written order from Hanchett. The balance of the troop were left at convenient points along the passage so that a means of communication could be kept up by all the company from one end of the tunnel to the other. Denver and Hanchett then proceeded to enter the city through the underground road.

Above them, suddenly, they heard a noise as of tramping feet, as if a body of men were passing back and forward in a hand-to-hand struggle. While they stood debating as to the cause, the ground trembled and seemed to roll and turn. Rocks and patches of dirt came tumbling down across their path, while dull rumblings were heard, as if huge bodies were being blown into space only to fall back to earth with great force.

To digress for a moment. What the Denverites were hearing was the noise made by falling walls crumbling into ruin by the shower of dynamite and shell. At the same time the convicts, liberated from prison, were carrying on a struggle with the citizens possibly right above them.

During the time of the scuffling above them, the Denver party had halted. As the noise ceased, Jim at last threw off fear and again lit up the tunnel with the rays from his lantern. A scream was heard, echoing and re-echoing through the rocky cavern, and before him stood the form of a woman. It was Pearl Huntington,



It was Pearl Huntington.

across the spot where the skirmish took place between Long Rope and the emigrants. Up to this time Denver had not run across the trail—that is to know it. But here he found a private signal which had been agreed between Lang and Denver to be left—a letter in cipher, giving in details the history of the fight, a post driven into the ground.

From here the journey was made easy by following the trail. As luck would have it, before reaching the protected strip, on the borders of the convict country, Denver ran into the escaping Dr. Huntington. From him he learned of all the deeds performed by Lang, the lay of the country, and best of all the tunnel entrance into the convict city. It was comparatively easy for the detective and his posse to approach undiscovered and take up their abode in the secret entrance to the "city."

Noise of the discharge of cannons! The rattle of musketry! That was what woke Jim Denver on the morning following the arrival of the troops into the mouth of the tunnel leading into Paradise.

The conspirators, headed by Louis Lang, on the inside, had decided to take the bull by the horns and set the ball a rolling at once.

"What does this mean?" asked Denver of Col. Hanchett.

"Pretty hard to say, unless your friend Lang has started the bombardment."

"How is the passage in the front of us?"

"Well guarded. Two men can hold the entrance against the attack of hundreds," answered Hanchett.

"How is the tunnel to the rear of us—have you explored it?"

"Clear to the cellar."

"Then," said Denver, satisfied, "let us explore the passage into the cellar, and if possible acquaint Lang with the fact of our presence here; he may need our help. I am certain that Lang has undertaken the robbery of the government vault and if so he will send the gold out this way. Yet I don't understand how he can expect to carry away any great sum unless aided by some one besides what few friends he has made on the inside."

"What condition do you suppose the wealth of the country is in?" asked the colonel.

"Bags of gold as dug from the mountains—greenbacks as paid in for entrance fees," answered Denver; "I estimate the value at, say, two millions!"

"I guess we can get away with it," replied Hanchett, nonchalantly. "There are twenty-four of us in the expedition. Each man should be able, with the 'salted' mounts he has, of carrying on an average of seventy-five pounds with him. Say fifty pounds of gold and twenty-five of greenbacks. That ought to net twenty-five or thirty thousand each. If Louis Lang is the practical man you think he is, he will have the pick of the vault, and he will not burden himself with use-

who had been placed in the tunnel for safety. She had her back against the only means of entrance and exit, and in her hands she held a pair of shining revolvers.

Our party of Denverites as well as Pearl were taken completely by surprise. But Jim was the first to recover himself. Having learned from Dr. Huntington that Pearl had been left in the hands of Lang, he very readily surmised who the girl really was. "Mrs. Lang!" he said, "fear not, we are friends."

There was something in the speech of Jim that reassured Pearl that such was the case; but true to her orders, never flinching, she still presented her arms. Denver took a step forward so that he stood as much in the glare of the light as did the woman.

"Where is Louis?" he demanded. "First tell me who you are?" she answered coolly.

"I am Jim Denver."

"Thank God for that!" she exclaimed fervently. "You have come in the right time. Here is a paper for you." And she handed him a letter scrawled all over with hieroglyphics, the detective's private cipher, and Jim read of the plans of the insurgents. That Wilson with ten men was in charge of the vault where the money was stored; that Lang alone was trying to get hold of the counterfeiting tools kept in the printing office; that Rogers and his men were bombarding the walls and blowing them down; that Black Jack was leading the convicts to a bloody fight for freedom. It was mapped out for Denver to receive and hold the money as it came from the vault.

A peculiar rap was given on the door, it being a signal to open. Pearl threw open the door. Into the tunnel trooped a dozen smoke-begrimed men, heavily weighted down with sacks, which afterward turned out to be filled with greenbacks and gold. George Wilson led the party.

When Wilson saw Denver, he uttered an exclamation of agreeable surprise. "Of all men in the world—Jim Denver!" and he threw down his load and grasped the hand of that worthy.

"I said that I would be here on the right time, and I am!" was all Denver said.

"There is plenty more gold where this came from," said Wilson, "and as I had to blow up part of the treasury to get at it, I think we had all better return for what is left, before the bonds get on to our game."

"During the excitement of the first surprise, we are safe enough," said Jim, "but when the misguided citizens find out that they are fighting for nothing and that we are carrying off their wealth, they will combine to make a rescue. I think we cannot make our haul any too quick for safety."

"Right you are," said Hanchett, whose palm was itching to handle the yellow dust.

"Then Hanchett," said Denver, "I

leave you and your men to handle the bags as fast as they are brought to this point. Take particular care of Mrs. Lang and see that no harm comes to her, no matter what happens to us. I will lead the party. I feel kind of uneasy about Lang, and must satisfy myself that the brave man is in no danger. I would advise you to get your troops ready to march instantly you get the word." Then Jim took the lead, with Wilson, for a return to the treasury.

When the conspirators, led by Denver, arrived at the place where the firearms were found by Lang, everything was quiet. So quiet, in fact, that Jim Denver, who had always been noted for his foresight, stopped before the door was opened, and cautioned his men to be prepared for a surprise.

The part of the tunnel where the Wilson and Denver parties stood, as has been said before, was about twenty feet square, and was the mouth of the tunnel proper. From the door, it was necessary to pass along a narrow ledge in zig-zag fashion between rocks on one side and the running river on the other. Wilson, to facilitate matters, and to avoid being compelled to have his men tread in single file, going around the ledge, had blown open one side of the treasury, and thrown an improvised bridge over the narrow stream. The hole, and bridge, consequently were directly in front of the tunnel door.

Jim, in his character of a careful man, and not knowing what might have taken place on the other side of the door and in the treasury, drew up his men in line against the walls so that when the doors swung back, none would be in direct line with a fire from any gang who might be in possession of the vault. All would be protected but the man who would have to spring the lock, as the door swung back toward the inside.

As Jim Denver never asked an assistant to do anything that he was afraid to do himself, he sprang the lock, and swung back the door. Into the darkness of the tunnel poured a ray of brilliant light. For a moment Jim was blinded with the flood, and he stood motionless upon the thresh old. When he became accustomed to the light, he saw before him several armed men, and standing side by side in the doorway of the treasure store King Schiller and Jack Regan!

Denver stood in the doorway, seemingly alone. His entrance was a surprise to all alike. Regan, who was on guard, while his companions were to rob the vault, was the first to regain his composure. He threw out his hand containing a revolver, and pointing it directly at Jim's head, said: "Throw up your hands, Jim Denver!" He had recognized his enemy at a single glance.

(To be continued.)

### JOKE TURNED ON THE JOKERS.

#### Workman Got Tobacco Asked For, but Others Were Barred.

A few years ago Aretas Blood of the Manchester locomotive works had a man working for him who was a little under par, and who might be called Sim, says the Boston Herald. A fellow-workman asked him for a chew of tobacco one day. Sim said he didn't know as the other man could chew the kind of tobacco he did, but if he could he was welcome to it. The other, thinking to have a little fun, said: "Don't Blood furnish you with tobacco? He gives us fellows a pound a month."

The next time Mr. Blood was at the foundry Sim went for him for his tobacco. Mr. Blood, rather gruffly, asked: "What tobacco?"

Sim said the men told him that the proprietor gave them a pound a month, and that he had been there three months and hadn't had any.

Mr. Blood said: "Go to work and you shall have your tobacco."

A few days afterward Mr. Blood again visited the foundry and had a package under his arm. The men were pouring hot metal at the time, but after they were through he handed Sim the package, saying: "There is your tobacco, and if I know of you giving one of these men a chew I will turn you off."

Thus Sim got his three pounds of tobacco.

#### Sylvanus Cobb's Hens and Corn.

In the early forties there lived in Waltham, Mass., a noted Universalist minister, Sylvanus Cobb, widely known for his ready wit. He kept hens, and he was not particular where they roamed.

A certain neighbor was much annoyed by the frequent visits of these hens, and one day, after he had observed them scratching up his newly planted corn, he complained to Mr. Cobb. The clergyman listened to the tale, and then slowly gave reply: "I did not know that corn would hurt hens."

The neighbor was so taken aback by this answer to his complaint that he had not a word to say, and quietly withdrew, ruminating on what he had just heard, with the result that, on arriving home, he placed a good charge of powder in his shotgun and on a handful of corn.

He had not long to wait for the return of the minister's hens, when he fired, killing two of the flock. Tying the legs together, he carried the dead fowl to the minister's door, with this placard attached: "Not long ago you said that you did not know that corn would hurt hens, but here are two of yours that have been killed by corn."

#### Distressing Possibility.

The young mother gazed upon her first born, and wept convulsively. They appealed to her to know why her great grief.

"Alas!" she wailed, as with intensest agony, "I'm afraid he will wear side whiskers when he grows up!"—*Browning's Magazine.*

#### The Cause of it.

Doctor—Do you ever hear a buzzing noise in your ears?  
Patient—Of course, doctor. I thought you knew her.  
Doctor—Knew whom?  
Patient—My wife.—*Philadelphia Press.*

#### Effective Substitute.

Husband—My dear, there's a burglar in the room, and I have no revolver.  
Wife—Then look daggers at him.

# LIVE STOCK

Better Judging Needed.

Watching judges of horses at their work at the state fairs it becomes apparent that in very many cases insufficient attention is paid to soundness as a requisite of winners in the breeding rings. It would seem that some of the judges see prominent unsoundnesses, but dislike to throw out animals on that account, as rules are not strict in this connection, and to reject the unsound horse would be to get into trouble with the exhibitor and eventually with the management. Other judges do not see unsoundnesses, and, indeed, either do not look for them or are not educated as to location and appearance of some of the most common defects. Not long since we watched a judge going over several classes of draft horses, and his lack of attention to unsoundness was not only woeful, but positively unfair to the exhibitors. This is plain language, but it is deserved, when we state that a stallion was placed fourth although he had huge ringbones on one hind pastern and an enlarged fetlock on the same limb, which was not handled perfectly. The judge placed this horse over several animals that were at least sound and to all appearances quite as good in other ways as the one chosen for honor, writes A. S. Alexander in *Farmers' Review.*

An unsound horse should be discarded, no matter how perfect he may happen to be in show points. He is intended for breeding purposes, and if affected with a disease such as ringbone, which is notoriously hereditary, or any other disease of similar seriousness, he should be sent to the stable before the judging commences. In order to do this, veterinary inspection is required, and we are fast coming to the time when that must be instituted at every great horse show. We have temporized with this matter too long as it is, and although alleged veterinary inspection has been provided for at some of the horse shows it has not been carried out to the letter, and, indeed, has seldom been resorted to, except at the request of a judge who has found something that he did not feel like dealing with personally.

Expert veterinary inspection is practiced at every great show of horses in Great Britain and doubtless in Europe also, the result being that horses exposed in the judging ring are known to be sound, and the judge has not to decide such matters. At the last show of Shire horses in London, England, many horses were rejected from each class, but the work was done in private and prior to the adjudication of prizes. One of the great live stock papers of that country in reporting the show stated, as regards each class, just how many horses went before the veterinary examiners and how many of them came back to enter the competition after being pronounced sound in some instances, if our memory serves us aright, as many as five horses were rejected from a single class.

This is good work, and if done in each country from whence come pure-bred stallions to America it conduces to the breeding of sound horses locally, but throws out numbers of unsound horses that cannot be used in their own country, because pronounced unsound, but which too often sell at a figure that just suits the importer, who forthwith imposes them upon our breeders at fancy prices and possibly on the prestige of foreign show winnings earned before they turned unsound. These are in many cases the very horses our lenient judges fail to reject at our state fairs and other shows.

The unsound horses we have seen lately in the judging ring were imported horses. They were not blemished horses, nor injured horses new off the cars, but horses suffering from unsoundnesses such as ringbone, side bone, spavin, curb or chorea. They should never have come across the ocean. They should have been rejected at the sea board, but as the government pays no attention to such matters the rejecting work should have been done in the first judging ring entered in this country, or, better still, veterinary inspection should have excluded them from competition. We have been speaking plainly, for there is no sense in glossing over matters of such vital importance. The question should be taken up at once and in real earnest, for it cannot longer be safely overlooked.

#### Atavism.

Atavism is that quality in plants and animals that is always working against improvement, when we consider improvement away from the natural type of plant or animal. Every man that has to do with the production of plants or animals finds a constant tendency to revert to the original type. Thus, if all the improved animals to-day were turned out into the wilds, they would in a very short time revert back to what they were before man took them in hand. The reversion would be very much more rapid than the progress has been away from the regular type. This force of atavism has its illustration in all breeds of animals. The Aberdeen-Angus is supposed to be purely a black animal, and yet many of us have seen pure-bred animals of this kind that were entirely red. Some of them even have horns. So frequently are animals of this kind produced that their presence causes little remark. It would be possible, by the choosing of such animals, to produce new breeds; and, in fact, this is just what is sometimes done when new breeds are brought before the public notice. This new breed may not be an improved breed. It may be simply a new breed lacking many of the qualities of the best breeds. Breeds produced from these sports would have more hardness, that is, ability to withstand hard conditions, than the stock that is most suitable to the needs of man.—*Albert Hicks, Cook Co., Ill., in Farmers' Review.*

#### The Plymouth Rock, though known as a heavy fowl, is still proving herself a good producer of eggs. Not a few of these hens lay over 200 eggs per annum.

# LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

### Keeping Out of the Heat.

Pat—I'm after bidding you goodbye, Moike. It's to Panama for me. Shure, \$4 a gold workin' on the canal looks like a gold mine besides the \$1.20 in Ameriky.

Mike—But, Pat, do you mind that Panama is one of the hottest places in the world? It's 120 in the shade most every day.

Pat—You don't suppose that I'm such a fool as to stay in the shade all the time, do you?—*Magazine of Fun.*

### Good for Shaky Nerves.

"How much is yer coffee?"  
"Five cents."  
"How much fer cream in it?"  
"We give you the cream."  
"Say, give me a cup of coffee an' make it all cream."—*Cleveland Leader.*

### Change Desired.

Mr. Nagg—O! you women are forever changing your minds.  
Mrs. Nagg—And, of course, our husbands never do.  
Mr. Nagg—Well, you certainly change your minds oftener than your husbands.  
Mrs. Nagg—Yes, but not as often as some of us would like to change our husbands.

### Auricular Proof.

"No," said the higher critic, "I can't accept the truth of everything in the Bible. Now, there's that story of Baalam; I don't believe that an ass could speak, do you?"  
"How can I doubt it now, with the evidences before me?" replied the plain Christian.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

### IMPOSSIBLE.



Mr. Cross—You should keep still while you are playing bridge.  
Mrs. Cross—How can I do two things at once?

### On His Friend's Account.

"Well, I guess that most of us went through the war without knowing that Togo was pronounced Tongo, and feeling just as contented as if we knew it all the time."  
"Well, I'm glad the truth didn't come out any sooner."  
"Why?"  
"Friend of mine named Briscoe wrote some awfully clever lines about the Jap commander, beginning 'Togo or Not Togo.' He wouldn't have survived if he had known it was Tongo."

### The Freezerator.

Aunt Jane is an old Virginia product of half a century ago, with all the manners and mannerisms of the aristocracy of that period, but her vocabulary is, to say the least, somewhat original.  
"Where did you put the butter?" asked Jane's mistress, as the former was clearing off the supper table.  
"Done put hit in de freezerator, missus," was the answer.

### With a Proviso.

Customer (handing over the money)—I want to be sure about it. Can you guarantee that this stuff will kill off the cockroaches?  
Druggist (wrapping up the bottle)—I guarantee it absolutely, ma'am—if you can get them to take it according to directions.

### Nipping Him.

"Why, how d'ye do, Miss Smart?" said the persistent but objectionable admirer. "I'm delighted to see you walking out this way."  
"Yes," replied Miss Smart. "I'll be delighted to see you walking the other way."

### Sign of a Coming Change.

Tommy—Hurray! We're going to move!  
Bobby—How d'yer know?  
Tommy—I throwed a brick in th' parlor an' knocked a big chunk of plaster off the wall, an' ma didn't lick me.

### Surprising Sister's Beau.

"George, will you feel sorry when I take your sister away?"  
"Take her away! Are you going to take her away?"  
"Why, yes."  
"Hush! Don't say a word! I can get a dandy raise out o' dad. He said he'd bet a tenner you an' sis meant to camp down on him."

### Harry of the West Stumped.

Henry Clay had just announced he would rather be right than be President.  
"United States, college or insurance?" we inquired.  
"Being unable to specify, his declaration naturally lost much of its weight."

### Not Contagious.

"I shook hands with Bilkins this morning. He doesn't seem well. What's the matter with him?"  
"I think it's ennuil."  
"Heavens! my wife would worry if she knew! She's always afraid I'll carry some of these contagious diseases home to the children."

### It Worked.

"See here, sir, you told me that if I'd use one bottle of your hair restorer I wouldn't have a gray hair in my head."  
"Well?"  
"Well, I used a bottle and now I'm perfectly bald!"  
"Well, I told you no lie, did I?"

### Takes it Away, Later.

The inexperienced one (on Atlantic liner, first day out)—By George! But the sea certainly gives a fellow a great appetite.  
The experienced one—Not gives, my boy—merely lends.—*Puck.*

### A Goo! Start.

Mamma—"Gracious, Harold! What are you doing with the dictionary?"  
Harold—"You know, mamma, I'm going to be a doctor when I grow up, and I thought I'd begin by cutting out the appendix."—*Judge.*

### Not Much Loss.

"Oh! my!" exclaimed Mrs. Schoppen, "I've lost my pocket book!"  
"Never mind, dear," replied her husband, "I'll get you another pocket book and you can easily collect more dress-goods samples."

### Seemed to Be Wasted.

"I notice that Hall Caine is credited with saying that he does all his best thinking in church."  
"Wonder where he utilizes it!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### Good Advice to a Tramp.

The autumn night was chill. There was a hint of frost in the air. The tramp's collar was turned up and his nose blue with cold.  
"I have here nine cents," he said. "If you will give me one more penny, sir, I can get a bed all to myself."  
"No, I can't do that," said the stranger. "But I advise you to ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional penny. He should give it to you gladly."

### The Barber's Substitute.

"What in the world do you want with a phonograph?"  
"Oh, you see, I'm a creature of habit. I started recently to shave myself."  
"Well?"  
"But I find I can't concentrate my mind on the job unless accompanied by a steady flow of horse, baseball and pugilistic talks."

### Children.

"What do you think of that," said the tiresome young father after narrating a smart saying of the baby. "Pretty smart, wasn't it?"  
"Yes," replied the weary listener, "it reminds me of one of my children. He told me 'to quit chewing the rag' the other day."  
"The idea! How old is he?"  
"Only 16 years."

### Pa Said So.

Teacher (to precocious youngster)—Having studied your grammar lesson at home last night, will you define the word maid for this class this morning?  
P. Y. (promptly)—Present, maid. Past, made-up. Future, maiden-aunt. Teacher (severely)—Who ever told you such a thing?  
P. Y.—Pa.

### Good, but the Wrong Kind.

Minister (mildly)—I've been wanting to see you, Mr. Kurd, in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me.  
Milkman (uneasily)—Yes, sir.  
Minister (very mildly)—I only wanted to say, Mr. Kurd, that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively and not for christening.—*Stray Stories.*

### Oh, Very Well!

Mrs. Jaybreak—I don't like your hair cut so short.  
Mr. Jaybreak—Why, my dear, I haven't had my hair cut for three weeks.  
Mrs. Jaybreak—Well, you ought to be ashamed to be so careless about it. Have it done at once.

### Proposed in Record Time.

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"  
"No."  
"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"  
"And what did she say?"  
"She just nodded."

### Had Pondered It Often.

Fair passenger (inspecting the machinery)—Have you ever thought what you would do if the boiler should explode?  
Engineer—Yes, ma'am. I've thought about it lots of times. I'd get badly scalded."

### A GREAT CALAMITY.



Actress—Great heavens! Thirty pieces of jewelry have been stolen again! Advertise at once!  
Hotel Proprietor—Calm yourself, lady. Is it a great loss?  
Actress—Sure. The hatpin was real gold.

### Up in the Air.

"Is he still superintendent of that powder mill?"  
"No, he's traveling now."  
"Indeed?"  
"es; at any rate, he hasn't come down since that explosion last week."

### Quite a Wealthy Man.

"De Gilt made his fortune very suddenly."  
"You don't say! Is he rich enough to go in the blue book?"  
"Blue book! Why, he is rich enough to be investigated."—*Detroit News.*

### A Matter of Training.

"Yes, he has a lion cub for a pet."  
"Gracious! Isn't he afraid of it?"  
"Not a bit. He has trained it so it will eat off his hand."  
"Well, I hope he'll train it so it won't eat off his arm."

### Reason Enough.

"But," asked the first co-ed, "why did you elect to take up the study of French instead of German?"  
"Well," replied the other, "the French professor was so awfully handsome, you know."

### Must Be Unmarried.

"I see that some high church authorities have decided that there are no female angels."  
"Good gracious, I wonder what their wives will say to that!"

### IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. Cross—You should keep still while you are playing bridge.  
Mrs. Cross