

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Phoebe," "A Tragic Tragedy," "Felix," etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lang's Last Desperate Scheme.

Jim Denver's body was left swaying at the end of a rope but for an instant. When the convicts drew away from the hanging in order to chase the treasure party, Louis Lang, mounted on a horse he had managed to capture from an overzealous spectator, ran under the limb of the tree supporting his friend and cut the body down before Denver breathed his last. Phillip Farnham and Ben Bottom had raised the cry of "Gold!" and started the convicts off, and now complete darkness hid the retreat of these four last survivors of the coach party.

Knowing in advance the destination of the regulators, the four conspirators managed to catch up with the party, and eluding the convicts, before the first large town was reached the next morning. There was great rejoicing in the Hanchett party upon the arrival of Denver and Lang, because of the addition to the ranks of fighting men. This city was found to be almost an outlaw town. No bank there could be considered strong enough to hold the amount of treasure in the hands of Denver and Lang, and though they put up at the only hotel in the place, placing pickets around for safety, it soon became apparent that the pursuing convicts would get the best of the party unless aid could be in some way obtained, because neither food nor fresh stock could be furnished them. The millions in possession of Denver could not force the villagers to furnish anything whatever. Under the circumstances it was voted by the party to push on, and as the people would not sell stock or food, necessity knowing no law, the regulators boldly helped themselves to all the available fresh stock and edibles that they could lay hands on. To be sure, they left money and horses in their place, but the populace would not acknowledge that they were getting pay. Before the regulators got away there was a combined "bluff" made by the townspeople, helped out by the advance guard of Paradises to restrain the party from leaving town, and a fight

take their share of the spoils and cut out for themselves.

According to agreement, the next morning, the regulators split up into five parties. A confab among the detectives present resulted in at least one capable, trustworthy man being placed in charge of each division, and unknown to the deserters, each of the leaders left his share (or a goodly share) of his spoils with Lang to guard, so that they would be free to fight without being compelled to risk the loss of treasure.

Black Jack Nestor took charge of one gang and made Stone City their destination, arriving there safely and banking their money. The four men had been followed by ten convicts; during the night following the regulators made a detour, and while the outlaws were quietly sleeping in camp managed to stampede their horses, and thus made it impossible for the convicts to follow them.

George Wilson commanded squad No. 2, and with three others made Amber City their destination. In the scuffle and race following, two of the four regulators were killed and Wilson himself severely wounded; but he got to his destination all right and to Chicago in time.

Jim Denver started out at the head of a third squad, with the deliberate intention of calling attention to himself. Having no money of any great amount upon his person, and actuated by the desire to draw away from Lang as many fighting men as possible, he proceeded very slowly, drawing after him at least fifty men. He was fortunate enough to escape and reached the overland mail route unmolested, where he took passage going north. Having escaped a great danger he found his friends and fell, however, easy prey to a common "hold up," and while resisting was shot down and left for dead. When the stage resumed Denver was carried as far as Scroggin's Corners, and there left in the care of a physician, who in time cured the wound received. But the inaction of Denver, of course, made it hard for Lang, for it was the intention of Denver to hire a company of rangers to

leaving the hotel Hanchett and the remnant of his troops arrived in town, closely followed by the convicts. At about two o'clock the convicts, having traced Lang to the hotel, had set fire to the hostelry, intending to smoke Lang out; but he was far away before the rise was discovered. After a journey of about ten hours Lang arrived in Plainville, where he was told he would be enabled to buy a extra span of horses by attending the fair, which was being held in the enclosed racing grounds on the outskirts of the town.

Having struck town during fair time, it became necessary for Lang to give an exhibition of his Punch and Judy characters, in order to avoid calling attention to himself and not give the country people a chance to learn of the treasure he carried in his wagon. Preceded and followed by a gaping crowd of boys and men, Lang entered the grounds. As a fair and racetrack, no doubt, is a familiar scene to many of my readers, I will not digress to describe this one. Suffice to say Lang gave his exhibition and then leaving Pearl in charge of the Judy wagon, purchased his team of fresh horses, which were soon afterward hitched to the wagon. Not wishing to appear in a hurry, so as to invite criticism as to why he (a poor showman) could best afford to buy fresh, rather than rest his tired horses, Lang, mounted on an extra fresh horse, stood watching the starting of one of the races which was about to begin. The farmer of whom Louis had just purchased his team, was standing by the horse's flank, when Louis looked over the crowd of faces and saw a familiar face—that of Bill Hawks, the convict.

(To be continued.)

ACT SURELY WAS PARDONABLE.

One Conspiracy That Might Be Looked Upon Leniently.

A. J. Drexel was asked in Philadelphia if he proposed, like William Waldorf Astor, to become a citizen of Great Britain.

Mr. Drexel smiled. He wore beautiful, tight-fitting English clothes, shoes with pale-colored tops, a tiny, upturned mustache.

"I refuse to answer that question," he said. "I detect in it evidence of a conspiracy—a conspiracy to make me unpopular."

He drew forth a handkerchief of soft purple silk.

"And I detect conspiracies," he said, "even when the conspirators are so oppressed and put-upon as was a certain young friend of mine."

"My friend, with wild eyes and disordered hair, rushed from his house one night with a box of expensive Havana cigars in his hand.

"O'Toole! O'Toole!" he called softly to the policeman on the beat.

"O'Toole turned curiously. My friend pointed to the lighted window of the house next door.

"O'Toole," he said, "do you hear that young woman singing there?"

"I certainly do, sir," Officer O'Toole replied.

"She lives next door to me, you know," said my friend.

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," agreed the policeman.

"Then my friend thrust into the officer's hand the box of cigars.

"The best Havanas, O'Toole," he said. "The very best Havanas perfect ones. I'll give them to you if you'll rush into that house and ask who is being murdered."

Weakened Col. Bryan's Argument.

A party of men, among whom was Col. William Jennings Bryan, were one night waiting for a train in a depot hotel in a small Missouri town. The landlady was the only woman present.

The talk turning upon the alleged inability of women to see the point of a joke as readily as do the men, Mr. Bryan took the ground that a sense of humor was as much a part of the feminine make-up as it was that of man, but that it merely lacked opportunity for development.

"To illustrate," said he, "take the story of a party of excursionists in the Aegean sea. When approaching the Grecian coast the party assembled about the rails to enjoy the beautiful scenery. One lady turned inquiringly to a gentleman at her right and said:

"What is that white off there on the horizon?"

"That is the snow on the mountains," replied the gentleman addressed.

"Well, that's funny," she replied. "My husband said it was grease." (Greece.)

All of the men in the group laughed loudly at Mr. Bryan's story, but the landlady looked puzzled. Finally she said:

"But, Mr. Bryan, how did the grease get on the mountain?"

Mr. Bryan at once dropped the defense of women as born humorists.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Plowing Salt.

One of the sights of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, developed by the progress of scientific industry, is the system of immense salt-making ponds on the shore of the lake. At Saltair the lake water is pumped into a great settling basin, where the impurities fall to the bottom, and containing much iron, form a reddish deposit. From this basin the water is drawn off into harvesting ponds, averaging 90,000 square yards in area, and six inches in depth. The ponds are kept supplied with water, as the evaporation goes on from May to September, when the salt harvest begins. The water having disappeared, a dazzling layer of salt, two or three inches thick, is found covering the bottom of the ponds, which is broken up with plows before being conveyed to the mills, where the final crushing and winnowing are done.—Youth's Companion.

Broad Hint.

"Mamma," said a 6-year-old Westport girl, entering the sitting room one morning recently, "don't you want some candy?"

The mother was writing a letter.

"Why, yes, dear," she replied. "Give me a piece."

"I ain't dot any," came from the child, "an' I ain't dot any nickel to dit none."

She got the nickel.—Kansas City Times.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Immortality. I that had life ere I was born into this world of dark and light, waking as one who wakes at morn from dreams of night.

I am as old as heaven and earth; But sleep is death without decay, And since each morn renews my birth I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears, Though it at last outworn shall lie, This is not I: It is service to the years, This is not I.

I, who outwore the form I take, When put of this earth of flesh, Still in immortal youth shall wake And somewhere clothe my life afresh.—A. St. John Adcock, in the Monthly Review.

One Stripling's Bravery.

John Puryear of Richmond, one of Mosby's stripling riders, fought like a demon, says a veteran. John W. Munson, one of the historians of Mosby's rangers, says of him:

"Puryear had no admiration for cautious people, no sense of fear, and not the slightest judgment. All that he knew about war was what he gathered in each mad rush through the ranks of the enemy, with his long black hair flying in the wind and his revolver held with action. He rode his horse like a centaur, and no enemy ever existed that he would not engage, hand to hand, hip and thigh.

"After one of his most daring rushes Mosby said to him: 'Puryear, I am going to make you a lieutenant for gallantry.' 'Puryear swept his plumed hat in a bow that was royal in its grace.

"But," continued the colonel, "I don't want you ever to command any of my men."

"Puryear repeated his courtly salutation as if the leadership of Mosby's command was being conferred upon him."

This same Puryear was once captured by Union cavalry, commanded by Capt. Richard Blazer, who had been sent out "to clean out Mosby's gang." Lieut. Cole attempted to obtain some information from him, and after falling had him strung up to a tree limb and half hanged. He was drawn into the air three times, but was stoical throughout the torture. Not long after Mosby attacked Blazer, and in the melee Puryear escaped and joined his own command.

When Blazer's forces were routed Puryear rode after Lieut. Cole. He chased him around an old blacksmith shop, overtaking him just as he was surrendering to "Johnny" Alexander. Puryear shouted that the man had ordered him to be hanged, when Alexander claimed him as a prisoner. Then, mad with passion, he shot him through the chest and stood back to contemplate his work. Cole fell limply against Alexander's horse and sank gradually to the ground. He was dead in less than a minute. Then Alexander took out the dead man's pistols and showed them to Puryear; they were empty. Puryear began to sob like a child and collapsed. His rash act was a weight on his conscience ever afterward.

Old Comrades Revisited.

Comrade William A. Mackenzie of Mackenzie Post No. 399, which post was named for his brother, who was killed June 11, 1861, soon after the civil war began, has been passing his vacation among his old comrades in the West. He served in Company B, Seventy-eighth regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was in Gen. Sherman's army. Comrade Mackenzie was accompanied by his wife. They visited Comrade T. L. Frazier of Canton, Ill.; Comrade John C. Frank of Fountain Green, Ill.; Comrade Charles L. Wilson of Macomb, Ill.; Comrade H. E. Selby of Golden, Ill., all of whom attended the reunion of the Seventy-eighth regiment, and seventy-two comrades signed a petition to buy a book containing the history of the regiment. The regiment was in the battles of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Rome, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, all in Georgia. The Atlanta campaign was 110 days long, during all of which time the regiment was under fire and on the march to the sea. The regiment participated in the battles of Aversyboro, N. C., and opened the battle of Bentonville, N. C. On Sept. 1, 1862, 1,002 men were mustered in; 400 men were killed and wounded out of this number; twenty-four died in rebel prisons, seventy-seven in hospitals and from wounds and disease. Comrade Mackenzie never had to go to a hospital, never had a furlough to go home and never left his company during the three years. The regiment was mustered out at Washington, D. C., June 7, 1865, with 393 men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Friends the Enemy.

"I know something of that night before the battle of Chickamauga," said the High Private. "The night was cold and the morning of the 19th of September foggy. Some of the boys of the Fifty-second Ohio were astray as early as 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, hunting for water. They found it at Jay's sawmill and the rebels found the same spring about the same time.

"Corporal McCue of Company G mingled with some of the rebels, as in the darkness and fog it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from enemy. McCue, as he filed his canteen, said sociably to the man who was filling his canteen on his right that things looked squally in front, or that they would look squally as soon as day broke. The canteen filler on McCue's right agreed, but said, comfortingly, 'We all left General Lee to help you all, and I reckon we all know how, because we had some powerful squalls with the Yanks up in Virginia this summer.'

"In answer to what corps he belonged to the rebel replied, 'Longstreet's.' Thereupon the corporal closed up like a clam and hiked back to his company. He told the story to his captain, who sent him to Major J. T. Holmes to report. Holmes sent McCue to Colonel Dan McCook, commanding the brigade, and McCook

sent Capt. Swift of his staff to withdraw the pickets under Fahnstock. The pickets, being hotly engaged at the time, the order was not delivered, and Fahnstock extricated his men from a perilous position.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gen. Butler's Kind Act.

Gen. Green B. Raum, who is trying to give encouragement to men over forty years of age—that class that Dr. Osler says would serve their country best by turning up their toes to the daisy—is still an active, hale and hearty man, though much older than the allotted three score years and ten. He served conspicuously in the war between the states.

He told a story the other day of the humane feeling of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, says a writer in the Chicago American. When at New Orleans he executed the first and last man to be put to death for treason during the conflict. It is a curious part of history which involves the fidelity of one man only, during that awful internecine strife, lasting nearly five years and embracing on the two sides more than 45,000,000 persons. Yet there were developed no traitors to either "cause"—except the one, a man by the name of Mumford, who betrayed federal secrets at New Orleans. He was promptly tried and shot.

Soon after the surrender Gen. Raum was in Washington. Gen. Butler then was commissioner of internal revenue. It was about the time that the employment of women in the departments was becoming popular.

"Gen. Butler said to me," relates Gen. Raum: "General, there is a woman here, homeless, in poverty, in distress. I have a letter from her sent to me at Boston, asking me to intercede in her behalf for a position in one of the bureaus. Her name is Mrs. Mumford, and she is the widow of the only man shot for disloyalty during the recent war. I do not think this nation wishes to visit the sins of husbands upon either widows or children. I therefore ask you to appoint Mrs. Mumford to some place that will afford a living."

"And I made room for her," said Gen. Raum. "I gave her a position at \$800 a year, and for all I know, she is still on the pay roll of the government."

John C. Linehan's Death Regretted.

The recent death of Past Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief John C. Linehan makes another gap in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, and adds one more to the large list of well-known and much-loved comrades who have left us during the past year.

Comrade Linehan suddenly developed Bright's disease, was prostrated at the time of Commander-in-Chief Blackmar's funeral and had to be sent home. The disease developed rapidly, and those who attended the national encampment at Denver, who sorely missed him, received the sorrowful information that he would never be able to attend another encampment.

Comrade Linehan was born in Ireland, but came to this country when a child. He served in the Third New Hampshire regiment, and was a lifelong resident of that state, where he was held in great esteem. He was one of the wheel horses of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was wonderfully effective in whatever he set out to do. He was Commander of the Department of New Hampshire in 1883-4, and for many years a member of the G. A. R. National Pension Committee, and was a member at the time that the act of June 27, 1890, was passed. He was Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1887.

A Much-Needed Condition.

As the lamented Gen. Harry Heth of the late confederacy was passing through the country after his advance scouts he came up with a couple of them feasting on green persimmons up in a persimmon tree. The fruit had just begun to blush from the sun and to show the fullness of being almost ready for the finishing touches of the first frost.

Gen. Heth was one of Virginia's old school gentlemen, and never forgot the courteous training he had received, even when among the soldiers, who, though only privates, were yet, many of them, of as good families as was the general himself. Seeing his men feasting on the green persimmons, the general thought of the condition their stomachs would be left in, and called:

"Boys, what are you doing up there?"

"Eating persimmons, general," came back the answer.

"They will draw your stomachs all up, boys," returned the general.

"That's just what we want, general," something to draw us up to suit the rations we receive," came back the ready answer.—Atlanta Constitution.

New Executive Committee.

The executive committee of the national council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic for the present term will consist of the commander-in-chief, the adjutant general, the quartermaster general and the following members of the national council of administration: Thomas W. Scott, Springfield, Ill.; Thomas C. Sample, Allegheny, Pa.; John W. Hersey, Springfield, Mass.; Phil Creek, Baraboo, Wis.; Charles E. Foote, Kalamazoo, Mich.; L. M. Collins, Minneapolis, Minn., and Clayland Tilden, Jersey City, N. J.

Caught a Cannon Ball.

The veterans, smoking comfortably, sat around the log fire in the armory.

"The strangest sight I ever saw," one said, "was the blocking of a cannon ball. It was at Chickamauga. A spent ball came skating through the air, like a baseball thrown pretty swift, and a brave Irish sapper next to me said: 'Watch me block this.' He held his spade straight, like a cricket bat, and received the ball full and true. Its course wasn't deflected. It climbed straight up the spade and tumbled off the young soldier's head."

DREAM OF VANISHED BOYHOOD

There's a scene I remember, an oft chosen byway, Where the grass in midsummer was wavy and long, And where, in its joy, was a bright little river That rippled and bubbled and murmured its song.

A clear little, bright little mite of a river That sparkled and chattered and murmured along.

And there on the high grassy bank was the beechwood, The far-reaching elm cast its shadow around, 'Twas there too the silver leaved maple were growing, And the bright fiery tassels of sumach were found.

While on through the patches of shade and of sunshine, In ripple and eddy still dancing away, That dear little, clear little mite of a river Kept murmuring and singing the whole summer day.

And there, too, the red-breasted robin was singing, The bluebird once swayed in the branches on high, As if undecided which charms to be seeking.

The green of the earth or the blue of the sky, While still from the depth of the shadiest places, With ripple and song, never ceasing to run, That dear little, bright little mite of a river Whizzed merrily into the light of the sun.

And there leaped the trout through the rapids and shallows, Midstream 'neath the dead whitened bough of the tree, Where off in his glory the bold feathered fisher swooped down on his prize, 'twas in-teresting for me.

While I, youthful angler, expectantly waited The impulse conveyed by the twinge of the line That hung in that clear little mite of a river Whose bright, finny treasure no more may be mine.

'E'en now the gay butterfly flits o'er the water, The wild bee returns to the sweet scented flowers, The summer brood locust flings out of the treetops, His shrill whistled praise of the bright, sunny hours; Even now I imagine the maple invites me To come back and lounge in the depth of the glen, That dear little, clear little mite of a river Is calling me back to the meadow again.

No more by the bend, where the water is sweet, I pile the few garments a boy needs must wear, No more may I plunge in the pure gurgling water To sport with its ripples, their cool-ness to share, For I'm far, far away from that green grassy meadow, For I've come into years that pass slowly along, But still in the distance that mite of a river Is calling me back with the voice of its rapids and shallows.

—Flood D. Raze in Chicago Inter Ocean.

WEALTH DUE TO LAZINESS

With the opening up of the section of the Province of Ontario in the neighborhood of North Bay, a couple of hundred miles directly north of the city of Toronto, all sorts of tales have drifted down out of that country about the mineral wealth it contains and the lucky "strikes" that have been made by prospectors. One of the most romantic of these, and one that has the merit of having real wealth to show for it, concerns W. G. Tretheway, now a resident of Toronto, who is the possessor of a mine that has already paid him a small fortune, which he found simply owing to his lazy habits.

At the time he made his "strike" Tretheway was a traveling salesman for a wholesale shoe house and was possessed of a certain amount of knowledge of chemicals and ores of various kinds. Two years ago his business route carried him to one of the new settlements on the Grand Trunk railway, in the North Bay district, called Cobalt, from the deposits of that mineral that had been found in the neighborhood. Tretheway, who

was always keeping an eye out for something in the way of a "strike" for himself, took a walk out in the forest around the place, and strolled along a beaten path because it made the easiest walking. He came to a place where a big tree had fallen across the trail, but instead of walking around the tree, as every one else had been in the habit of doing, he ducked under it to save himself that much distance.

As he bent his head to pass beneath the prostrate trunk his eye caught something that had been rooted up by the fall of the tree, and he dropped down on the ground. He gathered up some of the earth, put it in his pocket and returned to the station. At the earliest opportunity he went through the necessary formalities to get possession of the land, and with the little money he possessed he began to work the claim, which was a cobalt mine. In less than two years he has cleared nearly \$200,000 from the mine and has reduced the price of cobalt about 40 per cent. And all because he was too lazy to walk around a fallen tree.

NEW CODE FOR HELIOGRAPH

Lord Harris tells an interesting story of how Col. Frank Rhodes outwitted the Boers. It concerns the relief of Mafeking.

As Col. Mahon approached Mafeking from the south, Col. (now Major-General) Plumer was approaching it from the north, and Col. Mahon received the following questions from Col. Plumer by heliograph:

1. What is your strength?
2. How many guns have you?
3. How are you off for stores and provisions?

Col. Mahon would not allow any answer to be sent, for fear of the Boers trapping it on the way, until Col. Rhodes suggested the following replies, which were approved. I attach the key in brackets:

1. Q. What is your strength?
A. Naval and Military multiplied by ten.

[The number of the Naval and Military club in Piccadilly is 94, and multiplied by ten approximated their strength of 1,000.]

2. Q. How many guns have you?
A. As many as there are boys in the Ward family.

[Lord Dudley and his brothers.]

Col. Mahon protested, as regards this, that there would be no one who would know, but Col. Rhodes assured him that Col. Watson Jarvis, who was with Col. Plumer, would be sure to.

3. How are you off for stores and provisions?
A. Officer commanding Ninth Lancs.

[Col. Little, known as "Small" Little.]

The answers were received and correctly decoded.

Lord Harris also mentioned that Col. Rhodes contributed largely out of his own pocket to the outfit of the Mafeking relief column, and that in his day he was one of the best batmen in the British army.—New York Times.

FAMOUS PONY EXPRESS RIDERS

The world's record for organized and "schedule" riding was made by the Pony express, says C. F. Lummlis in McClure's Magazine. Never before nor since has mail been carried so fast, so far, and so long merely by horse power, and if I am not in error, never elsewhere have horses been so steadfastly spurred in any regular service. The Pony express carried mail between the east and California (at \$5 per half ounce) for about two years. It ran from Independence to San Francisco, 1,950 miles. Its time was ten days and it never needed eleven. It employed 500 of the fastest horses that could be found, of course, all western horses, 200 station keepers and 80 riders. It had 190 stations—crowded down the throat of the wilderness, 65 to 100 miles (or even more) apart, according as water chances. The rider was allowed two minutes to change horses and mails at a station.

William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," was the most famous of the Pony express riders—and as a 14-year-old "kid" got his first "job" from the man who invented the Pony express. Cody made the record here—a round trip ride (necessitated by the killing of his relief) of 384 miles without stops, except to change horses and to swallow one hasty meal.

Another of the Pony express riders, Jack Keetley, made a run of 340 miles in thirty-one hours; and another, Jim Moore, rode 280 miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes.

Such men got \$100 to \$125 per month and "found." Their mail was limited to fifteen pounds. Postage was \$5 per half ounce for some time; then the government ordered it cut down to \$1 per half ounce, at which figure it stood till the completion of the overland telegraph to San Francisco (Oct. 22, 1861), ended the life of this gallant enterprise.

DREAMING AND WAKING FORMS

Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, is said to have recorded a dream in which a bumblebee stung him in his left thigh, on a place where a couple of days later appeared an ugly ulcer. Malesherbe, the renowned French author, found himself in a dream attacked by a rowdy who stabbed him in his left breast with a dagger in an area where the following evening he felt the first attack of severe pneumonia. "The archives of medical reports," says Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, "are heavy with cases of a similar character, which have either received no explanation at all or else have been explained away entirely."

Dr. Gibson calls attention to the fact that dreams depend on some other media than those known as the five senses. A conclusive evidence in favor

of this view is found in the circumstances that even the blind are able to see in dreams—as witness experiences recorded by Helen Keller. "Blind Tom," the poet Milton, and others. Hence the conclusion seems to be unavoidable that it is only as far as physical vision is concerned that the optic nerve guides and limits the field of vision.

This same author arrives at the deduction that dreaming and waking differ in degree and in form of manifest (action only, not in principle and essence. "Like waking consciousness," he avers, "the dream reveals, but does not create. The same world that surrounds the waking individual surrounds the dreaming, only the viewpoints and media of observation are changed."

BOOKS FOR THE CONVALESCENT

For reading during convalescence the British Medical Journal prescribes literature that cheers but does not inebriate, and warns persons recovering from illness against writers "whose style, like that of George Meredith, puts a constant strain on the understanding of the reader, or like that of Maurice Hewlett, irritates by its artificial glitter, or like that of Marie Corelli, annoys by its frothy impertinence." Dickens should go well during convalescence—except "Pickwick," at least in surgical cases, because of the many side-splitting episodes which would play havoc with the union of parts. For the same reason, in order that healing granulations may not be interfered with, Mark Twain's works are absolutely interdicted.

"Smiles' Self Help" is quite innocuous," says the learned Journal, "but we should be cautious in recommending it, in order that the patient may not thereby be led to meditate over a misspent career, and to have suggested to him all the opportunities in life he might have grasped but did not. A despondency might thus be induced which would delay a restoration to health, and which might even prove fatal. Thackeray (except "Vanity Fair," which is a pessimistic book) should go very well; "Pendennis" and "Barry Lyndon" will certainly entertain.

"Magazines of the day are not cheering enough; and if one will seldom come upon sufficiently original or up-to-date anybody."



Saw a familiar face—that of Bill Hawks, the convict.

resulted in the regulators leaving two dead bodies behind them; but at last the city was left behind.

The regulators were but few now. Out of the ten ringleaders only five survived. Out of seventy-five men only forty had escaped alive. Though the fortune was a large one, there was not a man among the regulator crowd but what would have willingly given up his share to feel that his life would be safe. With Jim Denver it was somewhat different. He had been saved from almost certain death at a very opportune time, and the real object of his journey—the destruction of the vaults and robbery of the vaults—had been accomplished. The treasure—his share and Lang's—would amount to a million at least, counting in the plate, jewels and the bonuses offered by the government for the killing of those persons who had "prices set upon their heads."

Lang's share would be greater than Denver's for, sharing alike in jewels and gold, he had now for his bride the Pearl of Paradise, and her father was heir to an English estate of great value.

But to resume the thread of description. The night wore away. When dawn broke the regulators had camped upon the banks of a river. During the night another brave man had fallen by the bullet of an unseen foe. Some of the men were discouraged, and others mutinous. At a convenient fork at that place a temporary bulwark of logs and earth were thrown up and preparations made for resistance here, while resting the tired horses and men.

A council of the ringleaders was called to devise some desperate means of saving the treasure and protecting the men. But no unanimous agreement could be reached. Several of the mutinous regulators made the demand that Lang and Hanchett divide up the spoils and let each man care for his own share. Lang explained that only to meet complete annihilation. But the men were determined not to tarry longer. The blinded fools imagined that four or five could better escape the convicts than the larger party. What each man hoped was that he at least would escape, little caring for the other fellow.

Lang himself saw a point to be gained in sending out three or four parties, provided a sufficient body of men would remain to protect the main treasure. No equal body of convicts would dare to tackle an equal number of regulators, hence the convicts would also be