

# The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Anita," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"We can run no chances, you know, Doc," laughed Pearson, insinuatingly, then as if in apology for his act, "besides, it will be to your own interest in case the haunt was discovered. If you do not know where it is, you at least will not be held responsible for any harm that may come through the discovery, see?"

"We kill traitors!" said the matter-of-fact Sharkey, complacently.

"It may save your life," said Pearson, as he satisfied himself that the doctor was completely blinded. But he took no pains to insure the doctor's comfort, for he placed a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists. "I am obliged to do this," he said, as he changed places with the boy and sat upon the seat with Schiller, driving the team, "so the boys won't think me unkindful of the duty I owe them in protecting them from possible danger from treachery."

The doctor sat in silence for quite a time, meditating upon the strangeness of his adventure. Oft and anon, from the distance, could be heard the baying of dogs, so that the doctor knew he was being driven past farm houses now and then. But they met no one. At last the team came to a halt and the doctor was assisted to alight.

The trio left the roadway and the doctor heard the team drive off. Pearson walked arm in arm with Schiller, guiding his footsteps, so that the doctor did not fall into any of the numerous ruts or bark his shins against any of the snags in the underbrush. Sharkey followed on behind, carrying the doctor's case of instruments.

Again Doctor Schiller broke the silence: "What kind of a place are you taking me to?" he asked.

This time Pearson condescended to keep up the conversation. "Did you

bound together in the state described, however, places them on a footing with the rest of us. Whether all do anything contrary to the law or not, all are held accountable to the law for what the few have done, understand?"

"Yes, I believe I do. What you mean to say is, that the law never forgives you what you have done at any time, no matter how right you live afterwards."

"That's it. But we live in open defiance of the law. That is, we have manufactured laws that conflict with the laws of the United States. For instance, we shoot a man for interfering with another man's wife. If there is any law we do respect, it is the law of marriage. Most all of our penalties are death. A man is compelled to be honest to another if he desires to live. We are not justified in taking life, we are not the law, but it cannot be otherwise with us."

"How do you live? That is how do you obtain your supplies?" asked the doctor.

"We have agents who supply our wants. They have many acres of fine agricultural land, supplied with modern machinery, and plenty of help to till the soil. What we do not raise, we buy, or in extreme cases, like the present, we raise by force."

"You talk of schools. I should think there would be no need of such a thing as an educational institution. The country cannot exist, it will be depopulated through poverty, if nothing else. You certainly have not been in existence long enough to have raised children to the age of schooling."

"Not so. We have existed for twenty years or more unmolested. We are self-supporting. We dig gold from the mountains. We have manufactures (in a remote form) for the making of shoes, and supply a large portion of

can depend upon me. To show you that I am sincere, I will do all in my power to aid you in any undertaking you may engage in. To show the people whom I come in contact with that I will do right by them; if human hands can save your comrade I will put him on his feet again!"

"We will soon be at the rendezvous and can then be convinced of the sincerity of your resolve," said Pearson.

They walked on in silence the balance of the journey. At last the party came upon a little clearing. By aid of the moon, which was shining now, a man's form shown up in the distance. "Halt! Who comes there?" was the challenge.

"Citizens, friend sentinel, who have with them a doctor," was Pearson's reply, and at the same time he made a mystic sign with his fingers.

The trio traveled a short distance further and were again halted. Again they passed a sentinel and at last stopped before the door of a dugout, situated in a ravine.

The door stood partly ajar, through which came the glimmer of a light created by the burning of a pine knot suspended from the ceiling of the room which was about eight feet square. A sentinel, armed to the teeth, guarded the door, but upon receiving the password, allowed the party to pass. Hewed logs at the rear of the room formed a "blind door," which led into another room twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide, along one side of which bunks were arranged after the fashion of berths on a steamboat, and from the number of these at least thirty persons were finding sleeping accommodations in the abode. In one corner of the room, on a lower berth lay the wounded man.

Up to this point the doctor had not been relieved of the bandage from his eyes. This was now taken off, together with the handcuffs. The room was dimly lighted by a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle. The doctor first rubbed his eyes, then his wrists, while he accustomed himself to his surroundings. A groan from the direction of the corner berth made him look toward it. There were two villainous looking men sitting at the side of the bunk, holding the hands of a wounded man.

The doctor threw off the covering which was over the man, who lay stretched upon a rude mattress, a bandage roughly tied around his waist and over one limb. He was soaked in blood.

"A basin of warm water," said Schiller to Pearson. "Hand me my instrument case," he said to Sharkey. With one hand on the wounded man's wrist he was counting the number of heartbeats to the minute. This being done, the doctor opened his case and laid out a package of clean bandages, and selected several instruments to have them handy. After the water arrived he bathed the hurt with a sponge, and examined the wound made by the bullet.

"We will administer a little chloroform," said the doctor, as he saturated his handkerchief with the fluid taken from his case.

When the man was thoroughly under the influence of the drug, he was lifted upon the table. The doctor then began probing for the bullet and succeeded in locating it almost immediately. It was but the work of a moment to remove it, and to thoroughly cleanse the wound with a preparation taken from his case. The flow of blood was stopped as well as possible, and the wound bound up. The patient was placed upon the bunk again, before the chloroform was taken from him.

(To be continued.)

## BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

Sure Thing Gambler for Once Gets the Worst of It.

"There was a sure thing gambler down in Mississippi named Gamble—good name by the way," said John Sharpe Williams. "He never made a bet unless he was sure he would win. He was out at a country fair, staying at a hotel. One morning a man who was in the sporting line himself got up early and looked out of the window. He saw Gamble carefully measuring with a tape line the hitching post in front of the hotel. He knew something was up, and when Gamble went out to the fair he went out and measured the hitching post himself. Then he took a sledge hammer and drove the post into the ground an inch and a half.

"That night, after supper, while they were sitting on the hotel porch, Gamble craftily led the conversation around to the difficulty of judging distances and heights.

"Now," he said, "there's that hitching post out yonder. I'll bet a hundred I can come nearer its height than any body here."

"How high would you reckon it is?" said the sledge hammer artist, who after a lot of conversation, had put up the hundred with Gamble.

"Oh," said Gamble. "I'll take it at 30 inches."

"Oh, no," replied the other man, "you are wrong. I'll bet it is less than 29."

"They measured and it was 28½. Gamble hasn't smiled since that day."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## Heard of Osler.

She—They say the Kongo dwarfs, six specimens of whom have been brought to London by Col. Harrison, never reach a greater age than 40 years.

He—What do you suppose does it—chloroform?

## Japan's Specie Reserve.

Japan's specie reserve stood at \$225,000,000 (American gold value) on Jan. 1, 1905, after eleven months of costly war.

## FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT.

As a man thinketh before breakfast, so is he.

Reverence is the foundation of lasting love.

Life loves best those of her children who laugh.

Righteousness is a lot more than respectability.

A smooth tongue has caused many a man to slip.

Killing time is a sure way of spoiling character.

The sense of duty is a sign of the divine in man.

The sense of duty is a sign of the divine in man.

He was a cynic until one day he met a little child.

Hatred often comes from only knowing half of a man.

Hatred often comes from only knowing half of a man.

No words of faith have force until they become flesh.

Ardent lovers don't always make amiable husbands.

It is hard for the leek to see why people prefer the lily.

The only sure thing about a lie is that it will never die.

If you have horse sense you should know when to say neigh.

Women should take their cues—from Cupid—and be blind.

Whoever heard of a man being sorry for what he didn't tell?

Christ's yoke is built for two, and so becomes a bond for him and you.

When his goods are his chief good a man is likely to find little lasting good.

When Love takes up the harp of life the neighbors still complain because the airs are all sentimental.—New Orleans Picayune.

## UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT.

Caused by Sores on Neck—Merciless Itching for Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the soreness, inflammation and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the torment subsided, to my great joy. The sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spalding, 104 W. 104th St., New York City."

What three women know the whole neighborhood knows.

Storekeepers, Hotel-men and all householders will be interested in Acetylene Apparatus Mfg. Co. announcement in this paper.

Never hit a man when he is down. Hit him when his friends are down.

## Here is Relief for Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weaknesses and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Drug-gists or by mail 50 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Lector, N. Y.

Why it is impossible for any barber to work on any man's face without working on his own?



## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. Every time it will cure.

## Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. That

**Bearing-down Feeling,** causing pain, weight and headache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system. It corrects

## Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

**Dizziness, Faintness,** Extreme Lassitude, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus. For

**Kidney Complaints** and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

You can write Mrs. Pinkham about yourself in strictest confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

W. N. U. Omaha. No. 26—1905.

## More Converts Every Year



Every day in every year that comes, more housewives are giving up their exorbitant priced Baking Powders and turning to K.C., the honest and reliable, which has stood so well the test of years. They are finding out that

## K.C. BAKING POWDER

costs one-third the price of powder anywhere near K.C. quality, and makes better, purer, more healthful baking. 25 ounces for 25c.

Send postal for "Book of Presents."

JAQUES MFG. CO.  
Chicago, Ill.

## Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?



**LION COFFEE**, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)

(Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

## This Is What Catches Me!

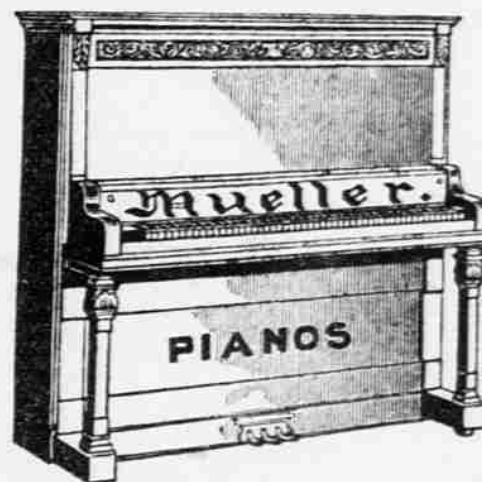
16oz.—One-Third More Starch.



A... FULL POUND

for 10c

No premiums, but one-third more starch than you get of other brands. Try it now, for hot or cold starching it has no equal and will not stick to the iron.



## Mueller Pianos Are Sent Free

to responsible people on trial. If you don't say they are \$100.00 better than any piano you have seen, box it up, send it back at our expense.

Our Prices Are Way Down because we have no agents or travelers. Our terms are cash, or \$20.00 down and \$5.00 monthly. Write today for catalog and prices.

Address the makers,

SCHMOLLER & MUELLER

Established, 1859. OMAHA, NEB.

## The Occidental Building & Loan Association of Omaha, Nebraska,

will furnish money to help to build homes, which can be repaid in monthly payments. Anyone desiring a home should write for information as to our plan of loaning money. Address, 1523 Douglas St., Omaha, Nebraska.

## MOLES and WARTS REMOVED

Without pain and without leaving mark or scar. GUARANTEED PERMANENT. \$1.00 per bottle by mail—Miller Manufacturing Co., Lincoln, Neb.

## PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.



Pearson walked arm in arm with Schiller.

ever hear of the Jonesboro Bank robbery?" he asked.

"Yes! You mean the time when President Jones was killed by about twenty mounted desperadoes while attempting to protect the bank's property?"

"The same. Well, we are going right to the cave in which the desperadoes took refuge when pursued by the citizens."

"So?" asked the doctor in surprise. "Yes, I don't mind telling you, Dr. Schiller, that we are only a foraging party for a colony of convicts—it is a hard term to call a company of men—convicts, but that is what we are! We have formed a colony; built a city; protected ourselves against capture, and mean to live in peace—if we can. But, Doctor, I don't think you will find us such a bad lot of men, after all. I don't know whether you are in sympathy with crime or not, though you once did commit a criminal offense. Even your class will never realize what a life such men as I have led in infancy, youth and manhood, and the need of protection from ourselves and the world."

"It must be an interesting community," said the doctor. "So it is. You would hardly believe that we compel one another of the motley group of citizens to live upright and honest lives, would you. Composed as it is of all the different shades and grades of criminal outcasts."

"Hardly," was the incredulous answer.

"Such is the case, however," replied Pearson, enthusiastically. "We respect one another's rights; carry on business honestly; support schools, and while our colony, as you can well imagine, is not founded on a religious basis, we recognize something of the sort—honorable marriage, or duty to our neighbor. Barring a few necessary raids, such as we are out upon now, we live very ordinary lives."

"You are not all hardened then; you cannot be!"

"We are not all criminals, of course not. But most of us have done something some time or other to merit punishment from the government. There are many like you, who have paid the penalty of their sins, and only associate with us because they cannot bear to parade themselves before the world as having fallen once. Being

one of the states with this article. In fact our treasury is on a sound basis, better to-day than it ever was."

"Why do you divulge to me the secret of your existence?" asked the doctor.

"For the simple reason, my dear doctor," replied Pearson, complacently, "that it is my wish that you take up residence with us. We are in need of a few professional men like yourself, to make life pleasant for us. You are one of our kind—an outcast—and have nothing to lose by joining us. As for a money consideration, we can pay you a salary princely in magnitude in comparison with your present income!"

The doctor was somewhat prepared for the offer. "All I want is money and revenge in this world," he said, as if assenting. "Money to be happy—revenge on the man who is the cause of all my trouble!"

"You can command money in plenty," said Pearson—what kind he did not say. "Revenge depends upon yourself. Whom have you such bitter feelings against?"

"A doctor who was instrumental in sending me up."

"How, and in what way do you mean to accomplish your ends?"

"How I don't know, nor care. But I want to make him suffer as I have suffered. Disgrace him before the world as he has disgraced me! Ruin him; imprison him; do anything to make him feel what it is to be damned—an outcast of society. That is my only aim and desire!"

## CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Schiller Initiated Into the Convict Society.

"The time may come," said Pearson, insinuatingly, to Dr. Schiller, as he helped that worthy over a log lying across their path, "if you join our forces, when you can do even more than this. You are a man of intelligence and will undoubtedly command influence in time. There is no reason why, in the future, you could not organize a band, kidnap the gentleman, and incarcerate him alive in a living tomb!"

The chance was readily grasped by the doctor. "I accept," he said. "I have everything to gain. If you desire my presence among your clique, you