The CONVICT COUNTRY; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

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CHAPTER XV.

Lang Rescues a "Hunted Man."

The emigrants crossed the borders into the "Convict Country" early in the morning. At about noon they came upon what at first sight looked like an old-time palisaded farm house and barn, surrounded by a high fence of logs driven into the ground. The house was farmed of logs, two stories high, and fitted with shutters of unhewn oak, which could be drawn over the windows when necessary. The whole building was protected from view by a magnificent growth of large trees and an artificial curtain of vines growing on frames which trained them to run from limb to limb of the trees.

Golden told Lang that this was one of many outposts which formed the defense of the city in the interior. It was defended by three male and three female residents and six imported Siberian bloodhounds—a formidable company. The party was expected, because the gates were open, and in the main room of the block house were set out a homely but substantial meal ready to be eaten, and in the center of the table was a huge jug of whisky surrounded by numerous goblets and cups for drinking purposes.

"Have somet'n'," was the greeting of an old man who stood in the doorway, and with the invitation the party after tending to the wants of the animals, took themselves into the house.

After partaking of several rounds of liquid refreshments and a meal of solid food, before the train moved on again, Lang, Golden and Johnson, the proprietor of the post, withdrew to a secluded spot not far from the house, for a little private conversation.

As a starter Golden said, by way of preliminary to what he really wanted to say: "Johnson, I haven't seen you for an age, nor Paradise, either; what's going on in the city?"

By the way, I saw your wife. She asked me to ask you to come home for a visit on the 23rd of December, because Millie (she is a lovely girl) is going to marry John Edwards!" Johnson had deserted his wife. He was not a scoundrel exactly, but one who loved idleness and drink. His married life had not been a happy one, but he thought a great deal of his daughter, Millie. This last remark of Golden touched Johnson in a tender spot.

"If you come back this way soon I will pull up stakes with you and we will make the trip together."

"All right, old man, we understand one another then."

The schooners being ready, the word was now given to move on. Two women were exchanged here, two knowing ones for two who were quite ignorant.

Paradise, the city of the convicts, was now but one day's journey away. By hard driving the city would be reached by night.

For a long time they had been traveling through a dense thicket, in single file, Bronco George and Bowie Bill leading the way. The schooners strung out behind with Golden, Lang, Limpy Jim and Pete bringing up the rear.

The distant baying of hounds broke upon the stillness of the forest. Lang peering through the thicket to one side, saw a man running through the bush. His clothes were torn from contact with the underbrush; he was coatless and hatless.

"Some poor devil trying to escape, said Louis to Golden, readily comprehending the meaning. "He will be torn to pieces!"

It took the impulsive Louis but a moment to turn his bronco around and with a savage dig into the ribs of the animal, dashed after the fleeing man. There was a sharp race for a moment, and then Louis got close enough to cry, "Halt! you will be torn to pieces by the hounds! Halt, and I will save you!" But the man did not pause in his mad race; where he was going, or how he expected to escape was a conundrum to Louis; but he followed closely behind him. The baying of the dogs became louder. They were rapidly gaining on the fugitive. "Halt!" again called Louis, as he drew his revolver from his belt. "You foolish man, don't you hear the dogs? Turn with me and come back to the train. I will save you!"

The man halted. He could scarcely do anything else; he was exhausted and ready to drop in his tracks. Louis managed to draw him up behind him on the horse. Turning, Louis was just in time to see the train disappearing from view, as he thought, into the very base of one of the mountains. A lit pine knot swinging from a tree over the roadway showed fully a mile away.

The train men thought Louis would be torn to pieces, or hoped he would, anyway. Whether he escaped or not was of little consequence to them, feeling that if he did escape it would be but to run his neck into the noose for lending a helping hand to some one who was trying to escape, so they drove on, leaving him to his fate.

"Why were you attempting to escape?" asked Lang, as the two started on the back trail.

"I have been sentenced to death for attempting to release a prisoner just brought in, and made my escape by scaling the walls of the city! You will get yourself into trouble by saving me—you will have to share my fate. Don't you hear the dogs? They will tear you to pieces."

Lang was armed with a repeating rifle and two revolvers. "Take the gun from my back," said Louis coolly. "Never say die! Shoot to kill when you do shoot. Don't kill the keeper unless you have to in order to save your own life—and leave the future to me!"

Up to this time no keeper had appeared. Louis had had hopes of saving the escaping man without bloodshed—this could hardly be done, he now realized, because the sound of the galloping horse had attracted the hounds and they were swiftly closing in on the fugitives. Hearing a sound off to the right like that made by a human running through the bush, Louis called out:

"Hello, you keeper of the dogs! Call them off!"

No answering shout came from the keeper. The hounds could plainly be seen from behind now, their eyes shining like huge lumps of living coals. The noise made by the galloping horse could not drown the noise made by the hounds, whose breath came in hoarse snarls and pants.

The train by this time had entered the city and no one, not even Golden, appeared in sight. A gust of wind had blown out the torch left by Golden, and the darkness now became intensified. Lang saw there was but one way to escape alive. "Shoot to kill, friend," said Louis calmly. "Make every shot count!"

The fugitive seems to have recovered his wits, for turning in the saddle, he fired into the ranks of the pursuing dogs. The poor horse, loaded with his double burden, and exhausted by his long journey, could not long keep up the killing pace. He was parting with exertion and staggered blindly. If the horse should fall the dogs would be upon them. Both riders thought of this new danger at the same time, for each straightened up and Lang freed his feet from the stirrups.

The expected came! The horse stumbled and fell! Lang and the man he was trying to save seemed to be miraculously protected, for they fell upon their feet uninjured. Now that the fugitive seemed somewhat accustomed to the gloom, they could see quite plainly.

"Back to back!" cried Lang. "And shoot to kill!" Both men now were as cool as two brave men can be when facing death.

On came the dogs; foam falling from their extended jaws. Being close behind the fallen horse, the manhunting beasts had swerved sidewise and now completely encircled our imprisoned friends. The two men fired a rapid succession at the glowing orbs of the beasts, and they had the satisfaction to see at least two bite the dust.

Before the other dogs reached them up thundered a horseman from out of the darkness. "Down, dogs!" the newcomer thundered in a voice of command, cracking a great black whip, which made a report like the discharge of a revolver. The beasts recognized their master, and obeyed, but lay ready to spring.

"Load up!" whispered Lang, as he slipped a few cartridges into his revolver and placed the man's hand upon his cartridge belt, so that he, too, could reload.

"Who are you?" cried the newcomer. As he spoke one of the hounds gave a long drawn out "death howl," which is always the forerunner of the death of a human being. Lang and the man at his back pressed closer together and straightened themselves up to resist a second charge.

Down the road from the direction of the city could be seen Golden on horseback, madly galloping toward them, waving a pine torch in his hands.

"I am a candidate on the way to the city!" said Lang answering the keeper's query.

"I am Wilson," quietly said Lang's companion.

"Call off your dogs!" said Louis calmly.

"Don't you know that you have forfeited your life by helping this man to escape?" the keeper asked of Lang.

"I am saving him from the dogs—not from justice," replied Lang.

The keeper's face took on a demoniacal expression; he raised his huge whip and brought the lash down upon the haunches of the nearest dog.

"Then save him!" cried the brutal man.

With howls of rage and pain the dogs bounded into the air to spring upon their prey.

(To be continued.)

The man-killing beasts had now completely encircled our imprisoned friends.

"Nothing!" was the non-committal reply of the backwoodsman. He appeared not to desire to speak before Lang.

Golden interpreted Johnson's feelings aright. "Johnson, this is Louis Lang," Golden said, by way of explanation. "He killed a man in New York, he also robbed the Madison bank of ten thousand dollars belonging to Jim Denver, the detective. He is a friend of mine, and has shown himself a man by killing an Indian chief in a hand to hand fight, and saved me from the assassin's knife during the journey out. You can trust him, you know what that means!

Johnson gazed at Lang with different eyes than before and shook him by the hand most heartily. "I am glad to know you," he said, quite freely. "Well, then, King Schiller passed through here yesterday with two captives. You remember Schiller's oath, don't you; how he swore to be even with the man who had him sent up? Well, he has him and his daughter in limbo now—a Dr. Huntington of name, and to my mind a very refined man. As to the girl, she's a peach, but I'm afraid Schiller will break her heart."

"What I wanted to say to you, Johnson, in bringing you here was to ask a favor of you. It may be necessary for Lang here, or even myself, and possibly a posse to leave Paradise in the near future. Will you have a relay for us, according to our old agreement?"

"Yes, but how am I to know whether I strike the right party or not? I might make a mistake and let the wrong party through. I will keep my pledge to you, Golden, but you must be true; no traitors, you understand. I am a friend of yours, but I can't take too many risks for nothing. See?"

"You know me well enough, Johnson," replied Golden, "to know that I would not abuse the privilege, and that in no case but one of life and death to me would I ask it. When I do each of us will be furnished with the countersign we now agree upon, and our special mode of recognition. I know you will do this for me, Johnson, and I want you to promise to do it for Lang. I owe him my life, and I want him free to act for me and mine.

A House of Many Tongues.

Probably this is the most polyglot assemblage that ever filled a New England hotel since the Pilgrims made that stern and rock-bound landing of theirs. The envoys and their staffs and the correspondents foot up a total of some ten nationalities, but that isn't all by a long sight. The three hotel cooks are Italians, the steward is a Frenchman. The head porter is a German, his first deputy a negro, and one of his lesser scene shifters, who juggles trunks, a Swede. The male waiters are mostly Frenchmen and Swiss, with one Englishman assigned to the palm garden. The dining room girls are all either school teachers or college students. Two are Wellesley undergraduates, four are from Smith, and three from Vassar. The rest are scatterers. Every bell hop is a negro, and Pokotiloff has a Chinese man servant. The night clerk hailed originally from Canada. One of the twenty telegraph operators was born in Ireland and another in Mexico of American parentage. Can you beat it outside of Corey Island or an ethnological congress?—Portsmouth dispatch to New York Evening Sun.

Cured Her Rheumatism.

Deep Valley, Pa., Oct. 2d.—(Special.)—There is deep interest in Green county over the cure of the little daughter of I. N. Whipkey of Rheumatism. She was a great sufferer for five or six years and nothing seemed to do her any good till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She began to improve almost at once and now she is cured and can run and play as other children do. Mr. Whipkey says:

"I am indeed thankful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my daughter; they saved her from being a cripple perhaps for life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved that Rheumatism is one of the results of diseased Kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are right there can be no Uric Acid in the blood and consequently no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys right.

A Kissing Party.

One doesn't kiss at a kissing party. You just describe kisses, according to your experience and imagination. You write ten adjectives descriptive of a kiss as it seems to you. You also write a 100-word essay about the delirious practice and you still further exhaust your imagination—or relieve your pent-up feelings, as the case may be—by writing a little verselet on kissing.

The scientists say that kissing is dangerous. But nobody can claim there is any danger from microbes in merely dwelling on the custom in this light, airy and wholly impersonal way. Besides, it's lots of fun, when all the osculatory efforts are read aloud to a mutually appreciative company and prizes are given for the most realistic effusions.

BABY ONE SOLID SORE.

Could Not Shut Eyes to Sleep—Spent $100 on Doctors—Baby Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura for $5.

"A scab formed on my baby's face, spreading until it completely covered her from head to foot, followed by boils, having forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. Then her skin started to dry up and it became so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep. One month's treatment with Cuticura Soap and Ointment made a complete cure. Doctors and medicines had cost over $100, with baby growing worse. Then we spent less than $5 for Cuticura and cured her. (Signed) Mrs. G. H. Tucker, Jr., 325 Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis."

To Duplicate Famous French Church.

O. C. Barber of Akron, Ohio, known as "the match king," will build in the city named one of the most beautiful churches in the country. It is to be an exact duplicate of the Madeline in Paris and will cost $500,000. As in the original, there will be no windows, light being obtained through a system of skylights.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

GROWING JET BLACK ROSES.

Englishman Discovers the Secret Long Sought by Florists.

Florists in New York were greatly interested to-day in the announcement that an Englishman has discovered how to grow jet black roses, a feat which has been vainly attempted for many years. If a dozen of them could be offered for sale to-day in the city leading florists agreed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining $1,000 for the bunch.

On a few estates along the Rhine practically black roses have been grown for the last ten years, but all efforts to eliminate a redish tint in the center of the bud have so far failed. No secret has been more closely guarded by the German gardeners than this one of developing even a comparatively black flower. Visitors are allowed to look at the bushes and buds on special occasions, but what ingredient has been put into the soil to bring about the abnormal color has not been told even to close friends.

In California a specialist has also been partly successful in producing roses practically black, but, according to announcement in London, it remained for a peddler of shoelaces to attain perfection. It was said to-day by New York florists that undoubtedly the color is the result of a chemical introduced in the soil.

The same principle, however, is said to be involved as in the development of blue hydrangeas, which are produced by putting iron into the soil in which the plants are grown.

Black blossoms would be most popular as indications of mourning, but it was agreed by florists that the day is yet distant when any one of the freaks will be seen in their windows. —Baltimore Sun.

Advice that has no value is the kind most people hand out gratis.

Spaniards for Cuba.

Nearly 10,000 Spanish immigrants entered Cuba during the first three months of the present year. The Cuban consuls in Spain are instructed to act as immigration agents and to set forth the opportunities for independence and advancement in the island republic.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. Price to dealers $36.00 per M. They cost some more than other brands, but no more than a good 5c cigar should cost. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

"It is a good thing," says a New York judge, "to let your wife be boss." "Let" is certainly good.

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

Woman holds her own when she cannot afford to keep a nursemaid.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm O. Rundlay, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 16, 1899.

Naturally it was in Youngstown that the two babies robbed a bank.

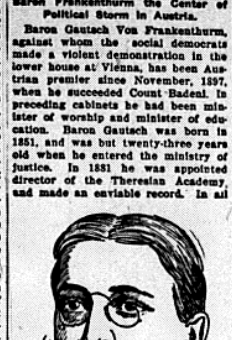
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Audubon Boy paced a mile in 2:09¼. Audubon Boy is a bird.

HAS TASK TO TAX STATESMAN.

Baron Frankenthurm the Center of Political Storm in Austria.

Baron Gautsch Von Frankenthurm, against whom the social democrats made a violent demonstration in the lower house at Vienna, has been Austrian premier since November, 1897, when he succeeded Count Badeni. In preceding cabinets he had been minister of worship and minister of education. Baron Gautsch was born in 1851, and was but twenty-three years old when he entered the ministry of justice. In 1881 he was appointed director of the Theresian Academy and made an enviable record. In all



BARON VON FRANKENTHURM

respects he is said to be a thoroughly self-made man. The service for which he is best appreciated in Austria is the reform he effected in the methods of instruction.

WORLD'S LINES OF RAILROADS.

America Has More Than Half of the Entire Mileage.

Consul General Guenther of Frankfort supplies the following remarkable railroad statistics:

According to the most recent German statistics, the length of the railroads of the world on Dec. 31, 1904, was 537,105 miles, of which 270,286 miles were in America, 187,776 in Europe, 46,592 miles in Asia, 15,649 miles in Africa and 16,702 miles in Australasia. Of the mileage of European railroads Germany stands first (34,016), followed in their order by Russia (33,286), France (28,266), Austria Hungary (24,261), the United Kingdom (22,502), Italy (10,025), Spain (8,656), Sweden and Norway (7,730).

The average cost of construction of the European railroads per mile is estimated at $107,577, while for the remainder of the world the estimate is only $59,650. The total value of the railroads of the world, according to these statistics, is $43,000,000,000, of which the European roads figure for $22,000,000,000. The estimate for rolling stock is as follows, in numbers: Locomotives, 150,000; passenger coaches, 225,000, and freight cars, 3,000,000.

BLAMES HIGH ARMY OFFICERS.

New York Surgeon Criticises American Methods in Late War.

Dr. Louis L. Seaman of New York, in speaking before the convention of military surgeons at Detroit on the fight made by the Japanese army on disease, strongly criticised American sanitary work during the war with Spain. He declared conditions were misrepresented and that hundreds died of disease unnecessarily. Neglect and even ignorance characterized the acts of high army officers in caring for their men, he insisted. On the other hand, the Japanese used the

DR. LOUIS L. SEAMAN

most modern methods and preserved the lives of their soldiers for legitimate work of the war.

King Edward Growing Peevish.

Indications are not wanting that his most gracious majesty King Edward of Great Britain and Ireland grows old and peevish. The latest incident in proof of this deplorable tendency comes from Cowes, where the king has a royal residence, Osborne house. Some repairs were to be made in the naval cadets' school near by and his majesty asked to be shown the plans. The architect sent with the drawing had a wart upon one side of his nose. This disfigurement caused his majesty great annoyance and he has demanded that the architect be removed from charge of the repairs. Everybody in London is laughing at the incident. Some of the comic papers have gone so far as to express regret at the delicate state of the king's health.

LOSS OF APPETITE

Cold Sweats, Twitching Nerves and Weakness Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature punishes every infraction of her laws, and careless habits easily lead to the condition described by Mr. William Browne, of No. 1019 Lincoln street, St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Browne is an expert tinner in the employ of the National Biscuit Co. He gives the following account of a trying experience:

"In the spring of 1902," he says, "while I was regularly working at my trade, I grew somewhat careless in my habits of eating and drinking, and finally found that my appetite was fickle, a bad taste lingered in my mouth, my nerves twitched and were beyond my control, my kidneys were out of order and cold sweats would break out over my body at odd times. Perhaps, while I stood talking with some one, this trembling of the limbs, and profuse sweating, and a severe chill would seize me. I became alarmed at my condition and, having read an endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a box and began to use them. They helped me at once. After I had used one box the twitching of the nerves, the trouble with the stomach and the cold sweats stopped and have not reappeared, and my appetite is good. I have told all my friends that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I recommend them to everybody."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Browne because nothing can strengthen the nerves except good rich, red blood—and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They drive from the blood the cause of anæmia, indigestion, nervous disorders, general weakness and the troubles of growing girls and women.

The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists, or by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Want Bowen in Congress.

Republicans of the third Connecticut district have started a congressional boom for Herbert W. Bowen, ex-minister to Venezuela. The vacancy is caused by the election of Congressman Brandegee of New London as United States senator to succeed the late Senator Platt. Mr. Bowen is very popular throughout the state. Many maintain that Mr. Bowen is not politically dead and believe that he can stand upon his record.

Interesting to Students.

The schools and colleges are now open for the fall term, and there will be many self-reliant young men and women who will be looking for a good way to earn their expenses. The Four-Track News, the great illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education, appeals to intelligent readers, and students will find it easy to secure subscriptions for it. The terms to persons soliciting subscriptions are extremely liberal, and offer a very generous margin of profit. It will pay any one interested to write to the publisher, George H. Daniels, 7 East 42d street, New York, for full particulars.

Making an Audience Laugh.

I am glad there is no recipe for making an audience laugh. We should thank heaven that it is so. There are enough people trying it now, but think of the hordes that would descend on the unsuspecting public if some one were able to tell 'how' in a few comprehensible lines. Either one is born with the power to make others laugh or he is not; there is no learning how unless you have the gift. Some one has said that to make audiences really laugh you must feel the laugh yourself—must be moved by the humor of the lines or of the situation. To my mind that is not so. Try saying the same line and making the same gesture at exactly the same place every night for six months and see just how much you are moved by the humor. It is easier, far easier, to be moved by a pathetic situation each night than it is to feel like laughing. An American audience naturally likes the American type of humor—where little is said and a great deal is left to the imagination. So, to my mind, it is best that the lines you speak shall be really humorous, in that they suggest some exceedingly funny situation or thought. But—and here is the secret—before you speak them you must really understand them and know what line of thought causes them to be spoken. If you can do this you can communicate their humor.—David Warfield in Success Magazine.

NOTICED IT.

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down.

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down I spent hours in great misery.

"I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause.

"Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.