The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

By CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

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

Copyright 1906, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lang Enters the City.

The order to his dogs to spring upon Lang and Wilson were the last words spoken by Paradise Pete, the brutal keeper. Wilson shot him through the heart before giving his attention to the dogs. For a moment there was a terrible time. Both Wilson and Lang fired point blank into the savage beasts' faces and with deadly effect, for it did not become a tussle—flesh against flesh, but one only of bullets.

When Golden arrived upon the scene with the torch and lit up the surroundings he was surprised to find the battle ended. Paradise Pete and his six man-killers, who on more than one occasion had been instrumental in tearing limb from limb the quivering flesh of escaping prisoners, lay dead upon the ground and standing back to back stood Lang and Wilson unharmed, yet vigilant.

"This is a bad business!" said Golden, shaking his head at Lang, "but I am glad it's all over. Hullo, Wilson, is it you?"

"Yes, this is me—or what's left of me," said that worthy coolly, and he put out his hand to shake with Golden.

"How is it that you were being pursued by the dogs?" Golden asked.

"Well, you see it was like this: Schiller last night brought home two captives, a Dr. Huntington and his daughter, of whom you no doubt have heard. It was his intention to lock the doctor in the haunted house, a prisoner, and take Miss Huntington to his palace as his wife, yet without the formality of a marriage, leastwise this is what he said to Huntington. Of course, this nearly crazed the father, and Miss Huntington, who is the bravest little woman I ever saw, knelt at the king's feet and prayed to him to permit her to remain but one night with her father—for her father's sake.

"King Schiller seemed to revel in the pain and torture that he was making Huntington undergo, and he brutally refused the request of the girl. As I understand the case, Schiller has never asked the girl to be his wife, and you know, as you helped to frame the laws, that a woman once within the walls of our city has an equal right with the man to say whether she will be that man's wife or not. As Miss Huntington refused to become his wife voluntarily, Schiller attempted to carry out his threat. The case appealed to me.

"I stepped forward and demanded that Schiller grant her request. Schiller turned on me like a savage beast and addressed me as a meddling upstart, heaping curses of a most horrible nature upon my head! I was enraged at his gross villainy and I struck him.

"I realized my mistake the minute I struck him; my chances for aiding the doctor and his daughter were now slim. The king sentenced me then and there to work in the mines for life! But to a certain extent I carried my point, for he relented and allowed the girl and her father to remain together last night, and I was locked in the cellar preparatory to being sent to the mines. During the night I managed to make my escape through the cellar window and, as I thought, over the walls of the city without being seen. It appears, however, that Schiller had purposely left this chance open to me, for Paradise Pete and his dogs were set on my trail early this morning and have kept it up all day, until at last they routed me out of my hiding place, as you are aware. Now that I am free I swear I will be even with Schiller, king though he is!"

"I am with you in that!" said Lang.

"Count me in!" said Golden. "I am afraid, though, that you boys have gotten yourself into serious trouble by killing the dogs. (Then to Lang) "You can escape if you want to!"

"I am still resolved to go on," replied the youth. "I cannot, and I will not while I live see a helpless woman wronged if in my power to prevent it."

"Them's my sentiments, also!" replied Wilson. "I am willing to go back and run the death gauntlet, if necessary. But I don't think that it will amount to that, for you, Golden, with a majority of the citizens at your back can enforce the law that will give me a chance and that's all I want!"

"You are right," returned Golden. "I can enforce the law, and I will! And if you are as handy in a fight with man as you are with beasts, tomorrow, no matter if you are condemned to die to-night, you may be a free man. Let us on to the city."

The City of Paradise, as Golden said, lies between three mountains, or rather hills of large dimensions, and is enclosed on three sides. Walls of rock and shrubbery close up the gaps not otherwise provided by nature. The largest opening, toward which they were now journeying, was inclosed by a huge wall, through which the near base of one of the mountains, a huge gate had been left up to which the road ran. To one not acquainted with the geography of the country would have thought that beyond this wall, overrun with clinging vines, lay a city, so completely isolated appeared the place. No lights could be seen from the outside and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The roadway was hardly perceptible, yet Golden without hesitation approached the gate, and knocked with the head of his revolver upon the frame work. A wicket appeared open and through it came the sound of a voice. "Who comes here?" was the challenge. "Friends!" answered Golden.

"Advance and give the sign," was the order.

Golden placed himself in position before the opening, one foot advanced and holding up his right hand, palm outward, whispered "K."

"I?" in shape of a half question was the sentinel's ejaculation.

"N," added Golden.

"G," said the sentinel. "What does that stand for?"

Golden knocked with the head of his revolver upon the gate.

"K-i-n-g," spelled Golden. "The King of Paradise."

"'Tis well. Who are you, where do you come from, where do you go?"

"I am Golden. I hail from Chicago. I go to the king!"

"Unbar the gates!" was given as a command to some one on the inside.

As the gate swung open far enough to admit a person, Golden stepped aside, so that Lang could be seen. "I have in my charge a candidate, who having paid his rightful fee, is entitled to the freedom of our city," said Golden.

"Advance, candidate. Who else is with you?"

"Wilson."

"What does he do with you? He has been sentenced to life imprisonment in the mines and tried to escape!"

"At my request he returns to Paradise," said Golden.

"Why don't you disarm him?" was the sentinel's question, as the gates were closed behind the three friends.

"He is carrying Lang's gun. I consider him harmless."

"The man has been condemned to death by the king. It is my duty to arrest him!"

The party was now standing upon a high bluff, looking down upon the city, which was spread out before them. Lang, for a moment was bewildered at what he saw. The town was laid out in a circle. The houses, built close together, and of but a single story in height, were situated close up to the walls on all sides, as if it were to form a double barrier. From the lone window in each dwelling shone bright lights completely illuminating the paths which ran in front of the cottages, giving a very cosy and homelike appearance to the surroundings. In the center of the city was a massive building, in comparison with the others, at least fifty feet high, with plenty of windows, through which light streamed. Nearby also were three other buildings of large dimensions, which were comparatively dark and deserted. There were streets and lawns, and here and there bridges spanned the canyon which completely split the city in twain.

The well-lit building was the general assembly hall. In this building were conducted all the important society events. Off to one side, Lang noticed it at once, because it was dilapidated, lonely and dark, was a house which he recognised as the haunted cottage. Right in front of it, in bold outline, was the palace of the king. This was a grand structure, far superior to any of the other homes, for it was built of stone and enclosed on all sides by gardens of flowers and a well kept lawn. It was truly a grand sight, this city! Civilization in the very heart of the woods.

The trio were surrounded by an armed guard, several of whom at the seeming order of the person who had been conversing with Golden, laid their hands upon Wilson. He did not resist.

"Hsh!" cried Golden to the guards, in a voice of thunder. "I am Golden, and I demand to be left to leave this man alone!" The guards hesitated. It was evident, that they held him in high esteem.

"All right," said the first guardsman, motioning his followers back. "Of course, Golden, if you become responsible for Wilson, that is your affair, but you understand that it is a crime punishable by death to disobey the orders of the king."

"Do you mean to tell me, John Rogers, that the people of Paradise have granted Schiller the power of life and death?"

"It has not been granted him openly," replied the guardsman humbly, as if ashamed to acknowledge the fact. "Nevertheless, Schiller has usurped this function from the people. He is surrounded by a pack of bloodthirsty scoundrels who, for the privilege of living in luxurious idleness, are always ready to carry out his orders. The toughs are in power now; the really honorable citizens are in the majority, though of course I know that none is actually in love with him."

"This power must be taken away from this man," said Golden. "It is not right that he possess it." Then Golden told Rogers how the attempt had been made on his own life. "It may be your turn next; for that reason it should be your duty to enforce the law—the law is what we want."

"Well, you can depend on me, and my men also, for that matter. What are you going to do?"

"I am first going to get Lang, my friend here, the oath administered. Then I am going to see that the two prisoners who were brought in last night are not dealt harshly with. Though we are outlaws, Rogers, it need not necessarily mean that we are heartless wretches!"

"I will go with you," replied Rogers. "I have a bone to pick with Schiller myself. I owe him no good turn, and will be glad to do you a favor if in doing so I can revenge myself on the unprincipled scoundrel. It was but a month ago that he condemned poor Silverman and Reynolds to life imprisonment in the mines because they refused to do some dirty work for him. A short time before that Schiller made overtures to Dickinson, a bank defaulter, who ran away from Chicago with Genevieve Johnson, 'pretty Jennie,' they call her here, to allow him to live with her. Of course Dickinson was infuriated at the man's audacity. He struck Schiller. Schiller was too cowardly to strike back and protected with his power, he sentenced Dick to death. His miserable hirelings pounced upon the defenseless and wronged man, and threw him into the lion's den without a chance; without even a knife to protect himself with!"

Louis Lang could feel the horrors creep up and down his spine at the recital of the case of Dickinson and his wrong. What if Schiller should take a sudden dislike to him? of what value would be his life? In saving Wilson from the dogs, he had under the new regime, forfeited his life to the crown! Would it be exacted of him? But Louis Lang was not of the faint-hearted kind; he resolved that if he had to die, he would die bravely.

(To be continued.)

NEW PROFESSIONS PAY WELL.

Expert Knowledge of One Subject Always in Demand.

"New professions pay well, in spite of all that is said against them," said a man of forty who had abandoned a general law practice to take a specialist's position in a technical training school. "We don't hear so much about the overcrowding of professions as we used to. The technical training schools scattered over the land teach doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects and editors to divide their work into separate departments. Salaries for specialists drawn from all the old professions range from $6,000 to $20,000 a year. A man who commands more than the last named figure must be exceptionally clever in one line of work.

"It is never too late for a man to begin. I know a New York physician who thought he was doing very well with $2,000 in the general run of his profession until he was 50 years old. But he was fond of roses, and read everything that he could get hold of upon the subject, the question of reducing the cost of existing varieties and the secret of producing new ones. He gets $12,000 a year now from a farm that sends the highest-priced roses to New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

"There is no end of variety of pursuits for which a man can prepare himself through a technical education. The telephone alone has opened up a vast field. Then there is mining, bridge building, electrical specialities and chemistry. The main thing is to screw up courage to get out of the rut."

Though the moon looks best when it is full, it's different with a man.

THE BUMPER WHEAT CROP OF CANADA.

100,000,000 Bushels of Wheat from 4,000,000 Acres of Land.

In order to secure the attention of the reader to any special article that is brought before the public, it is often the custom to lead the reader on by the introduction of an interesting story until by one bold jump, he is introduced to the subject that it is desired shall be brought to his notice. This is not fair to the reader, and it is not the intention to do that in this article. It will discuss in the briefest way "Western Canada" and its possibilities for settlement. For the past six or seven years the Government of the Dominion of Canada has talked of the resources of Western Canada to the readers of this and thousands of other papers throughout the United States. The quality of the soil was spoken of, the large area of fertile lands was discussed the possibilities of the country as a grain-growing district were talked of, and the story of the success of farmers from the United States was told. The story is not yet an old one. The two hundred thousand from the United States, who have made Western Canada their home, who have taken advantage of the 160 acres of land that the Government gives free to actual settlers are telling the story to-day to their friends. They have proven the statements made through these columns and by the Government Agents. They have produced from their lands, twenty, thirty, forty and more bushels of wheat to the acre, and netted profits ranging from three to ten and more dollars on every acre tilled. They have found the climate fully as good as they were told it would be, schools were convenient and easily organized, railways were not far distant, and markets close at hand. The social conditions were such as they chose to make them, and law and order were observed. Many of them bought land, because it was low-priced and good, and hundreds of cases could be cited where the purchase price of the land was paid out of the first crop. The writer knows of cases this year where the farmer, as a result of the yield on his farm, was put in a position that would enable him to increase his holdings three extra acres for every acre cropped and pay cash for it. Is it any wonder that one grows enthusiastic when speaking about Western Canada.

But what may be said of this year. We are now in a position to speak regarding it. The conditions throughout Manitoba and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have been remarkably favorable. Had conditions been no better than in past years there would have been every cause for congratulation. We find though all previous records broken, and that from a four million acre crop of wheat there will be one hundred million bushels of a yield—or 25 bushels to the acre. Could anything better be desired? Covering the entire country the same splendid reports are being received. The following dispatch was sent by Mr. F. W. Thompson, Vice President of the Ogilvie Milling Co., one of the most careful grain men in America:

"Have just returned from covering several hundred miles of the crop district. I never saw anything like it in this country before. The average yield and quality far exceeds our earlier expectations. It is an immense crop. The weather is extremely favorable."

Up to three weeks ago it was Mr. Thompson's opinion that the crop would not reach general expectations.

"F. W. Thompson sends another telegram from Winnipeg to-night, saying that his estimate of the wheat crop is now one hundred millions bushels. Before he went west he thought it would fall considerably short of that figure."

The moral of this story is that there should be no hesitation in making a decision if you wish to better your condition; or, if you have a family of boys that you wish to become settled on farms, it is a safe proposition to call upon the nearest authorized Canadian Government Agent, and get particulars as to most suitable districts and railway rates.

To Duplicate Shakespeare's Church.

Rev. F. Ward Denys, rector at St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal church of Baltimore, plans the building in his city of the only counterpart in the world of the church at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, where Shakespeare was christened and married, where he worshiped and was buried.

To Launder Colored Embroidered Linens.

To launder colored, embroidered linens with good results, the work should be done quickly and carefully. Wash through warm, Ivory Soap suds, rubbing with the hands; rinse through a clear water, then through another which is slightly blue. Dry in-doors; ice iron, keep the piece very damp and place it, right side down, on a soft blanket. Press with a hot iron.

ELEANOR H. PARKER.

Cabinet Officer is Athlete.

Robert Bacon, the recently appointed Assistant Secretary of State, is an athlete of renown, famous for his horsemanship and as a polo player.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Some men practice what they preach, but the majority are satisfied with preaching what they practice.

When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

That wasp-waisted effect in the new gowns will be generally imitated also in the husbands' pocketbooks.

KOREA MADE WEALTHY BY WAR.

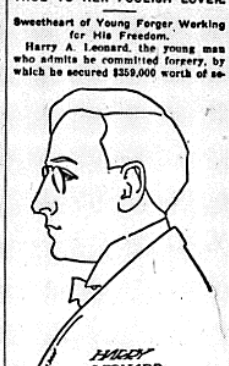
Millions of Money Circulated in the Hermit Nation.

Korea has filled its pocketbook with the fruit of the war. Ever since the naval actions of last February at Port Arthur and Chemulpo there has been a remarkable feeling of security in the hermit nation, and the principal highway being open, exceptional inducements to trade forced results which could not have been hoped for during peace. The Japanese and Russian forces created an easy market for the excellent crops of cereals without the trouble and expense of foreign transportation. Native labor was employed on a large scale in connection with the movement of troops and railroad construction, so that many millions of yen were distributed among the people and never before has the average Korean had so much to spend or spent it with such freedom. Cost of living, however, has also increased for both native and foreign population from 50 to 100 per cent.

TRUE TO HER FOOLISH LOVER.

Sweetheart of Young Forger Working for His Freedom.

Harry A. Leonard, the young man who admits he committed forgery, by which he secured $359,000 worth of securities from the National City bank, at New York, has one friend who declares he meant no harm in his act and who will stand by him through thick and thin. This person is Miss Lulu H. Schrader, the sweetheart of Leonard, who is doing all in her power to gain his freedom.



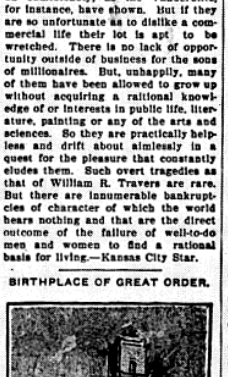
HARRY LEONARD

EMPTY LIFE OF THE IDLE RICH.

Why Many Men of Wealth Find no Pleasure in Existence.

The suicide of W. R. Travers, the New York millionaire, was the outcome of one of the defective conditions of American life—the general failure of members of the second generation of wealthy families to adjust themselves to their surroundings. If the sons of wealthy parents happen to have a taste for business they can get on comfortably, as the Vanderbilts, for instance, have shown. But if they are so unfortunate as to dislike a commercial life their lot is apt to be wretched. There is no lack of opportunity outside of business for the sons of millionaires. But, unhappily, many of them have been allowed to grow up without acquiring a rational knowledge of or interests in public life, literature, painting or any of the arts and sciences. So they are practically helpless and drift about aimlessly in a quest for the pleasure that constantly eludes them. Such overt tragedies as that of William R. Travers are rare. But there are innumerable bankruptcies of character of which the world hears nothing and that are the direct outcome of the failure of well-to-do men and women to find a rational basis for living.—Kansas City Star.

BIRTHPLACE OF GREAT ORDER.



Many delegates to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois visited Washingtonian Hall, Bloomington, where the first state convention of the organization was held thirty-one years ago. The structure then was occupied by the First M. E. church congregation, and the illustration depicts the building as it appeared at that time.

To Explore Greenland Coast.

Mylius Ericksen of Copenhagen is preparing a Danish ship and a sledge party for an expedition to unexplored regions of the northwest coast of Greenland. The plans have been approved by many societies of scientists, including the American Geographical society and the Royal Geographical society of London and by Dr. Hansen and Prof. Von Drygalski of Berlin.

You Have No Right to Suffer

From Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble.

Q. What is the beginning of sickness?

A. Constipation.

Q. What is Constipation?

A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the entire system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the Deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel trouble at the present time.

Q. What causes Constipation?

A. Neglect to respond to the call of nature promptly. Lack of exercise. Excessive brain work. A sedentary occupation and improper diet.

Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?

A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, piles, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles, etc. It is the foundation disease that all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, loss of sleep and strength are its symptoms. Appendicitis and Bright's are caused by Constipation. Its consequences are known to all physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women become confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.

Q. Do physicians recommend this?

A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is "are you constipated?" That is the source.

Q. Can it be cured?

A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to physics such as pills, salts, mineral water, castor oil, laxative teas, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the malady. You know this by your own experience.

Q. What then should be done to cure it?

A. Get a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and Six-much Trouble in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.

Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?

A. It is a Compound with 45 per cent of the juice of Concord Grapes. It is a powerful strengthening, healing influence upon the intestines, so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual but sure. It is not a physic, but it cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel Trouble. Having a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a tonic it is unequalled, invigorating the system against disease. It strengthens and builds up waste tissue.

Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?

A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size.

Good for Ailing Children and Nursing Mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

124 FREE BOTTLE. 10145

Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO.,
148 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

The $1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50c size. At drug stores.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Boylike.

The late Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge visited a St. Louis family some years ago.

There was in this family a little boy with an inordinately sweet tooth.

"Mrs. Dodge," said the boy's mother one day, "do you think it is right for Bobby to eat so much bread and jam?"

"It doesn't hurt him," the visitor answered.

"But all that jam?" complained the mother anxiously.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dodge, with a grim smile, "he doesn't eat it. He leaves it on the doorknobs."

The Lion Was Frightened.

They were talking about the recent escape of a lion at one of the summer parks just outside of Newark, and the rank outsider expressed the belief that it must have been something of a scare.

"Scare," echoed the man from the inside; "I should say it was a scare. The people made such a din I was afraid the poor old fellow would die of fright before we could get him back to his cage.

"We found him hiding behind a tree, and it was ten minutes before we could induce him to face that yelling mob and get back to where he knew he was safe.

"He is the gentlest old fellow in the world and never would have wandered out had he not been frightened by the man who fell into the cage from the cycle whirl above. Of course, that upset him, and when he saw the door open he just naturally lit out.

"Then the people made such a noise that his one idea was to flee. The more he ran the more they yelled, and when we did get him back into the cage it was hours before he stopped trembling and composed himself to sleep.

"It was a shame to scare the poor old fellow like that. He wouldn't hurt a child if he could, and considering the fact that he has no teeth I don't see what damage he could have done even had he been inclined to be mischievous. I was really sorry for him."

"GOLD GOLD."

"Good," He Says, "But Comfort Better."

"Food that fits is better than a gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-Nuts food no man on earth ever had a worse infliction from catarrh of the stomach than I had for years.

"I could eat nothing but the very lightest food and even that gave me great distress.

"I went through the catalogue of prepared foods but found them all (except Grape-Nuts) more or less indigestible, generating gas in the stomach (which in turn produced headache and various other pains and aches) and otherwise unavailable for my use.

"Grape-Nuts food I have found easily digested and assimilated, and it has renewed my health and vigor and made me a well man again. The catarrh of the stomach has disappeared entirely with all its attendant ills, thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is my almost sole food. I want no other." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten day's trial tells the story.

There's a reason.