The CONVICT COUNTRY: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER.

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

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

Bill Hawks appeared to notice Lang at about the same instant.

"Go and tell my wife," said Lang to the farmer, "that Bill Hawks and his gang are in the fair grounds. Tell her to drive due north along the side of the wall and drive as fast as she can."

The farmer seemed to understand perfectly and communicated Louis' words to Pearl.

While Louis was talking to the farmer Lang saw Hawks calling his gang together. Lang did not attempt to escape rashly and thus call down the gang upon his wagon, but so much confidence did he have in Pearl that he calmly waited for Hawks to show his hand, trusting that in the meantime Pearl would be enabled to carry out his instructions.

From his position on horseback Lang very plainly saw his brave wife mount the seat of the Judy wagon and drive through the gate, turning the team in the direction she was told to do. Louis did not think so much of his treasure or his own life now as he did of the brave little woman he called wife, whom he had learned to love with all the ardor of his impulsive nature. Lang in giving his order to Pearl, had a plan in view of escape. He saw way down in the north corner of the ground an open hole in the fence. It was his idea when Pearl got safely started to attempt to make his escape through this opening. In the meantime Hawks drew nearer to Lang and his gang was seen to partly surround our hero. The detective was now almost in front of the low railing which formed the circle creating the race track proper. Lang turned his horse round very calmly as if to go toward the gate. A race was about to begin, and the country people were on the qui vive to see the start. Just as the gong sounded to start the races, Lang like a flash almost turned his horse around as if upon a pivot and with a prick of his bowie forced the maddened and startled animal to jump the railing and speed down the race track.

Louis Lang saw the outlaws approaching.

For a moment the country people were too surprised to utter a sound. Louis' horse was running neck and neck with the racers. It was not until the outlaws under Bill Hawks had given chase, firing shot after shot at our hero, that they began to realize the situation. At first they thought it was some mad freak of a drunken cowboy, but seeing Louis turn in his saddle and fire at his pursuers, they came to the conclusion that the thirty men following were regulators chasing a horsethief.

A dozen times in going the distance did Louis turn and send shot after shot into the ranks of his pursuers, and he managed to widen the distance between them every second. As he neared the opening in the fence, despite the noise of firing and patter of feet, he could hear the noise of the rumbling of the wheels on the roadway, and he knew that Pearl with the Judy wagon was at hand.

He gave a hullo of warning to Pearl, and then drove his horse over the low fence and threw himself over the high wall. Another instant and Lang was upon the seat of his wagon, ready to take the reins in hand over the pair of noble horses he had bought but an hour before.

Lang had scarcely mounted his seat when the heads of the foremost of his pursuers could be seen over the wall. In this skirmish Louis would have been foolish not to have shot to kill, and standing up on the seat, Louis emptied his Winchester into the ranks before starting his team flying down the road.

After placing a mile between him and the fair grounds and seeing no sign of foe in pursuit, Lang quieted his team down and allowed them to jog quietly along. An hour later mounted horsemen could be seen coming down the road, then for fully three hours a terrific pace was kept up by his noble team, until the horses were ready to drop. But the convicts were now plainly visible.

At this juncture a farmer hove in sight, driving a pair of splendid bays, spirited and fresh from grass. Seeing Lang—coatless, hatless, his team foamy and sweaty, the farmer tried to get out of his way, but to Lang the sight of a fresh team was a godsend, and he meant to have the team at any cost.

"I am an officer of the law," said Lang, "trying to escape from a gang of bandits. Will you sell me your team?" he asked of the man.

"I will not sell!" said the man. Lang looked so desperate that the farmer was afraid of him.

There was no time for banter. Louis thought he heard the sound of horses' feet. Louis covered the man with his Winchester. "Pearl!" he cried, "take my revolver and cover this man while I change stock! I hear sounds of something somewhere—to be caught now would mean death!" And in a jiffy Louis was unhitching the farmer's team. The traces of his own horses he cut, giving the lines to the farmer, and thus an exchange was made.

None too soon was Lang furnished with fresh stock. Down the road could be seen a band of mounted men appearing.

"Farmer!" shouted Louis, as he mounted his seat, and throwing him a handful of coin, "cut across into yonder field and hide your money! Good-bye!"

Louis, having obtained fresh stock, again distanced his pursuers, but it could not last long. No houses appeared in sight, and as evening drew near, our hero came to the conclusion that something would have to be done to stop the chase. In the distance the sounds of pattering feet could be heard, though nothing could be seen, and Louis managed to keep out of sight until evening dropped her mantle over earth.

"Pearl!" said Louis, "something must be done to check our pursuers. In this wagon I have over a million in wealth and something must be done to save it!"

"What are you going to do?" Pearl demanded; for the first time she showed alarm for his safety.

"I am going to ambush the villains!" he said in a determined tone of voice. "And I am going to trust you to manage the wagon alone. I want you to drive right straight ahead, all night, if necessary, until you come to a farm house or a railroad track! Either buy new stock or take passage to God's country by rail!" he said, kissing her.

Pearl knew that Lang had made up his mind, and knew that it was best for her to say little, so she kissed him tenderly good-bye and drove off as requested.

Lang got down from his seat and, Winchester on his arm, lay alongside the trail in the grass, hidden from view. Twenty minutes passed, the wagon was out of sight. The sound made by the wheels could hardly be heard; then Lang heard the sound made by tramping feet of horses. The moon came out from behind a cloud and made it quite light. Louis Lang saw the outlaws approaching. They were totally unaware of danger; they little thought one man would dare to ambush twenty. They did not waken to danger until shot after shot rang out upon the air, and they saw a single man standing in the roadway dealing out destruction right and left, and when they did realize, it was too late!

There were twenty all told, and they were riding five abreast. When Louis cast his Winchester from him as worthless and drew his revolvers, King Schiller and Bill Hawks had cashed in their last account, together with about ten others. Those that were left turned and fled like cowards, little knowing that but one man confronted them!

It did not take Lang long to capture a horse and mount him, following rapidly after his wife. It took hours for him to catch up, but at last he did, because Mrs. Lang had slowed up her team, rather desiring to run the risk of herself being caught than to continue long in suspense as to Louis' fate.

After traveling all night a railroad crossing was reached, and, as luck would have it, now that danger was really over, the fugitives learned from a farmer that a station was only a few miles away, and were also furnished with a team to drive over.

From here news was telegraphed to Dr. Huntington about the safety of his daughter, and from here was gained the first news that Jim Denver was safe, but wounded.

The money was placed in the care of the American Express company for forwarding, and it arrived safe at Chicago before Lang did.

Thus Lang's ambition was fulfilled. He had done something a little different from other men—and the fame and riches he sought were his. For a time Lang visited Dr. Huntington at his home, and before leaving for a tour of the world, Pearl and Louis' marriage was sanctified and blessed by the assistance of a reputable minister for fear that the marriage that they had contracted in the Convict City would not be considered holy.

(The End.)

ASCERTAINED MERITS OF CASE.

Russell Sage Tells How He Escaped Unprofitable Lawsuit.

Russell Sage has a horror of lawsuits.

A clerk of Mr. Sage's said the other day:

"I sought out the chief one morning in his office.

"'You remember, sir,' I said, 'my complaint against my wife's uncle?'

"'Yes,' he answered.

"'Well,' said I, 'the man is obdurate and I think of bringing suit against him. What do you advise?'

"Mr. Sage, always interested in the welfare of his employes, was silent a moment, frowning thoughtfully. Then he said:

"'Listen. When I was a clerk in Troy I had a case against a man that seemed quite as good as yours. I visited a prominent lawyer and I laid the whole matter before him in detail. When I was through he told me that he would be delighted to take the case—that it was a case that couldn't lose.

"'It can't lose,' said I.

"'It can't lose,' he repeated.

"'I rose and took up my hat. I thanked the lawyer and told him that I wouldn't bring suit, after all. And then I explained that it was my opponent's side, and not my own, which I had laid before him.

"'Before bringing a lawsuit,' Mr. Sage concluded, 'it is a good plan first to lay your opponent's case before your lawyer as if it were your own.'"

Told by Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Henrietta Russell, who writes sensibly on education, says some of the current notions in regard to it are strikingly like those of Aunt Charlotte, an old negro woman of Alabama.

Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters, and no doubt ever assailed her that possibly she might not be right. On one occasion her mistress was talking about sending some of the children to school, and Charlotte, as usual, put in her oar.

"Laws, missis," said she, "what mek you pay money for to sen' de chile to school? I got one smart boy name Jonas, but I l'arns him myse'f."

"But, Aunt Charlotte," said the lady, "how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him? I jis' mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo', an' den I say: 'Jonas, you tek yo' eye fum dat book, much less leggo him, an' I skin you alive!'"

No Sailor in His Eyes.

It was the bellboy in the Pequot House, New London, who asked Capt. De Witt Packard of the Arrow whether he had ever caught any whales, to which the man who steers the flyer replied that he had never shipped a whaler.

"Was you ever shipwrecked?" persisted the reader of "Harpoon Harry, the Boy Whaler."

"No," replied Packard, as he noticed the growing look of disgust on his questioner's face.

"Never cast on a desert island? Never caught by cannibals? And never been bitten by a sea serpent?" These questions came quickly and also received negative answers. Then the boy turned sadly away with the remark:

"H'm! you ain't no real sailor. You might as well have stayed on land."

True Realism.

The great actress brings a dress over from Paris.

It costs her $1,000. She has to have four maids to help her get into it.

When she comes out on the stage the public at once exclaims in rapture:

"This is indeed realism!"

What is she representing.

Why, a Sicilian peasant girl.—Puck.

No Expenses.

"I wish I were a night watchman."

"Why?"

"I could sleep all day and save my board and work all night and save my lodging."

Afternoon Gown Made for White House Bride

Miss Alice Roosevelt and the Rogers twins of Houston, Texas, who have been invited to the wedding. The picture shows an embroidered pongee afternoon gown being made for Miss Alice from some of the silks given her by the Empress of China and Empress Dowager of China. It is of a peculiar shade of blue wrought with large and small flowers of the same color in raised Japanese embroidery. The top of the princess gown is embellished with a small bolero effect of the embroidery. With this gown is furnished a very long-handled parasol with a top of the same embroidered silk as the dress. This costume, in fact the whole trousseau, is of American make.

Blaming Pneumonia on Mice.

The mosquito and yellow fever, the house fly and typhoid, rats and trichinosis and other pestilential combinations have added a new one to their ranks and mice and pneumonia are destined to go hand in hand if Dr E. Paller of New York is as successful as his predecessors in establishing his theory. Dr. Paller declares that weather has nothing to do with pneumonia except that mice are more abundant in houses in winter and spring. He declares that the pneumonia germ is found in the mouths of nearly all healthy persons, but it is only after the susceptible mice have become inoculated with them and spread the virulent bacilli which they have developed that there is danger of pneumonia. A corner in house cats ought to prove profitable save for the fact that no one can tell at what minute pussy will be pounced upon by some scientist as responsible for some disease even more terrible than pneumonia.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Great Singer Careless of Wealth.

Caruso, the great tenor, says stage kisses are like kissing cold cream, cold starch or vanilla beans. He earns a great deal of money. Recently he sang three songs and got for his work $3,000 in bills. He made caricatures of the portraits of them and left the originals on the table to go out and drive, forgetting entirely that the originals were money. His secretary says that it was not forgetfulness but habitual negligence—scarf pins, rings, watch—he leaves anything anywhere, to be picked up by the servants.

Pure Air Devices in Demand.

Hard apace after the water filter and distiller in the race for hygiene comes the ventilator. A Boston builder says that ventilation is, in effect, the process of dilution, and that when the vitiation to be maintained in apartments is decided the necessary constant supply of fresh air to maintain this standard may be calculated. The average production of carbonic acid by an adult at rest is 0.6 cubic feet per hour, the proportion of this gas in the external air being four parts in 10,000. The 0.6 cubic feet of carbonic acid produced per hour by a single individual will require for its diluting 3,000 cubic feet of air per hour. But the absolute air volume to be supplied cannot be specified without a thorough knowledge of all the conditions and modifying circumstances—the climate, construction of the building, size of the rooms, number of occupants, their healthfulness and activity, together with the time occupied, all must be considered.

New Peat Burns Like Hard Coal.

Oamon is the new peat success. It is manufactured in Switzerland. The peat is dried under the influence of the electric current and then further treated so that under the action of electric osmose a new compound is formed. Recent tests indicate that it burns as well as coal, without giving off odor or smoke. The percentage of ash is said to be slight and no trace of sulphur is found in the fuel. It is said to be free from all corrosive influences on the boilers and furnaces in which it is burned.

WINTER WEAKNESS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Tonic That Most People Need for Blood and Nerves.

In winter the air of the close rooms in which we spend so much of the time does not furnish enough oxygen to the lungs to burn out the foul matter in the blood. In the cold season we do not exercise as much and the skin and kidneys do not throw off the waste matter as freely as usual. The system becomes overloaded with poisonous matter, and too feeble to throw it off. Relief can be had only through the use of a remedy that will promptly and thoroughly purify and strengthen the blood, and the one best adapted for this purpose is the great blood tonic known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"They acted like magic in my case," said Mrs. Clara L. Wilde, of No. 377 Farnsworth avenue, Detroit, Mich. "I was weak and thin and could not sleep. My stomach and nerves were out of order. I can't describe how miserable I really was. I dragged through six months of feebleness, growing weaker all the time until I finally hadn't strength enough to leave my bed.

"Then a glad day came, the day when I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They made me feel strong right away. My appetite came back, I took on flesh and the color returned to my cheeks. People wondered that these pills did for me what the doctors couldn't do. I took only six boxes and then I was perfectly well. If I had not found this wonderful remedy I surely think that I must have wasted to death. Believing firmly that these pills saved my life by the strength which they gave me at a critical moment, I unhesitatingly recommend them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain no stimulant but give strength that lasts. They may be obtained at any drug store.

Relatively Speaking.

"It is a shame and a disgrace the way that things are wasted and mismanaged on the Panama canal."

"Are you any relation to the Mr. Bingleton who was summarily dismissed from the employ of the canal commission?"

"Yes; he's my brother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Civic Art Expert.

Charles Mulford Robinson, of Rochester, N. Y., who is a civic art expert, has been invited to Denver, for the purpose of making an investigation of the municipal improvements.

APPRENTICESHIP KILLED.

Union Recognition of the Coyne Schools Means That You Can Learn the Plumbing and Bricklaying Trade in 2 to 3 Months and Earn from $5 to $8 Per Day.

Day by day the world has more work to be done and is willing to pay to have it done better. The chief department in the world's great workshop is devoted to the building trades. The most important of these are Practical Plumbing, Sanitary Engineering and Bricklaying. The demand for men in these trades exceeds the supply.

With the proper kind of training, which can now be obtained in from two to three months, thousands of men of ordinary intelligence could immediately find themselves in permanent positions, paying from $4.00 to $8.00 per day. This is not idle talk, the proof awaits your inquiry.

Perhaps you have heard of schools in which Plumbing, Bricklaying and other trades are taught, and will say, "Oh, pshaw! What's the use of learning a trade if you can't get into the Union?"

Now, what do you think of a school that turns out better workmen than the average journeyman; where you are instructed by officers of the Plumbers' Union, and from which graduation means admission to the Plumbers' Union and a position with immediate returns for your tuition investment?

The only schools in the world that can do this for you are the Schools of Practical Plumbing, Sanitary Engineering and Bricklaying conducted by Coyne Bros. Co. in Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

This is the first time in history that such an opportunity has been offered to those living in the country. By either attending their schools or taking a course of practical instruction at your own home you can learn a trade that will make you independent for life, qualify you for admission to the union and enable you to earn big wages, with the further opportunity to own a paying business of your own.

You have read in the Chicago papers about these schools, and how the Plumbers' Union, by recognizing our schools, has caused the end of the apprenticeship system.

The schools are in session day and night throughout the entire year. The course of Practical Instruction at Home is not a correspondence course. They send you the tools and material for actual practice at home, and by following the instructions, in which hundreds of photographs of your instructor take you through every step in the trade, you are enabled to become a competent workman.

The Coyne Schools are the only schools in the world recognized by the Union.

Now is your opportunity. Success is assured from the beginning. Fill in and send the attached coupon to-day, and we will send you free catalogues and information describing the course you desire.

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