

The Convict Country: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

By CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER.
Author of "The Revenge of Peter," "A Treatment of Peter," "The
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CHAPTER I.

"Then what are you going to do?"
"Haven't the least idea in the world."
"Are you open to a business proposition?"
"I most certainly am."
The detective arose. "Now that we have a foundation to work on, I think it is best to interest you. Let us retire to a private room where we will not be disturbed."
"Very well."
Jim Denver was a noted New York detective. Recently, while engaged in hunting down a noted forger, he had been brought to Chicago where the case ended. Becoming interested in the windy city, and seeing the possibilities there for more rapid advancement than he had enjoyed in his home city under municipal employment, attached himself to the staff of one of the leading private detective agencies, and settled down to private business. Five years before, when in New York, he had arrested Lang on suspicion of having committed a murder. He had been attracted to the young man since meeting him in Chicago, and imagined that he could use him to good advantage, the stain upon the youth's name being one of a desirable quality than hindrance in the case he had in view.
Louis Lang, about twenty-five years of age. A broad-chested, medium built, middle-American; fair of face and features, save where the marks of dissipation had begun to show upon him. A few years before, while in a saloon carousing with a number of his associates, he had become involved in a drunken brawl. In the melee one of the participants was killed, and Lang had been arrested for the crime. At the trial, Lang admitted the possibility of his having killed the man; if he had, it was in self-defense. It was proven that the mur-



"I have a scheme to rob a colony of thieves of over a million dollars in gold."
"ins." Insulted the detective, "and you will end in a different manner than you expect."
"Oh! I don't care what becomes of me!" said the young man, moodily toying with the empty beer glass on the table before him.
"Life, then, has no attraction for you?"
"Not much!" answered Lang.
"What would make life of interest to you?" asked the detective, as if interested in the answer.
"To be able to get my head to become respectable—wealthy," said the young man, fiercely.
"Pardon me, Lang," said the detective, quite earnest, "if I seem to be reading you a lecture, but I do not imagine that you are going ahead in the right direction—to attain all these—when you begin by throwing away what little respect and money you have had left! You, and every one else, owe the world your best efforts. You are really a criminal, as much as to be despised as a thief, when you sink to a low level."
"Fate!" said the youth, taking the rebuke in good part, vainly striving to frame an excuse. "The best years of my life were taken away from me. I have no ambition to begin over again. I have struggled to combat fate, but I am no better off now than I have ever been."
"Fate, indeed," echoed Denver, contemptuously. "One would think you to hear you talk that you were an old man looking back upon a life of fleeting opportunities! Instead of striving and overcoming opposition, you make life open to me as a level."
"You are a criminal," said the detective, shaking his head. "You brood over mere fancy. How many days of dissipation do you think you can put in on the money you now have?"
"This is my last night," said the young man, as he gazed at a few stray coins brought to light from his trousers' pocket.
"What are you doing with that money?"
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MARKETING POTATO CROPS.
In line with the classic case of the grater shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale University in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers near the Boston and Maine Railroad before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. Noting that they show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

CHAPTER II.
The Theory of the Convict Country.
"A colony of thieves?" questioned Lang.
"Yes! A colony of thieves!" said the detective. "No doubt you have often wondered where all of our rich defrauders and criminals go in order to keep from falling into the hands of the law?"
"It is commonly supposed that they take up their residence in Canada or other foreign countries."
"I have every reason to believe that there exists a colony composed of 'escaped' or 'wanted' criminals—not in Canada, but right here in this free and public Republic. Most of these are hinted at the possibility of the existence of such a place, and it seems to me more than reasonable. How else can we account for the many 'concocted' cases of such men as Snell's murderer (with \$50,000 on his head) and the mutilator of Amelia Olsen? I would not be surprised if it could be proven that there were secure from the law they have outraged. Bombthrowers, murderers, thieves—these are the colonists."
"A select gathering," said Lang.
"And you imagine, because these gangsters cannot be traced to Canada or Mexico, that they have formed a colony in some secluded part of the United States. Bearing the lions of the law in their den, as it were."
"That's my idea exactly. And the thing which is most to my liking," exclaimed Denver, "is the fact that these colonists have a world of gold money in their possession!"
"Where did you get your idea?"
"From a dying criminal, who confessed to having a knowledge of such a place, though he could not tell where it was located. It was described as a barricaded town. For a certain sum of money prisoners or accused persons are assisted to escape from custody, and taken to this place to live. The sum demanded as an admission fee is so large that none but criminals of renown and wealth become 'colonists,' and as they can hardly have use for money in this, undoubtedly supported by cooperative effort, I estimate that they must have accumulated about this sum of money. Even if it is the case, a vast fortune could be made by capturing or killing ten or twenty of those rascals for whom extra large rewards are offered, Tascott, for instance, and the abductor of young H. C. Brown, each a hundred thousand dollars right there for some brave man to pick up. I want you to help me discover this place."
"These 'colonists' must have a powerful clique on the outside—agents in every city of importance in the United States," said Lang, "to recruit the colony in the way described by you."
(To be continued.)

Sereno Payne's Snore.
Representative Sereno E. Payne, the Republican from the State of Iowa, has claims to fame which are not mentioned in any of his official biographies. According to those of his acquaintances who have accompanied him on sundry jaunts to the various foreign lands in search of Congressional information and even on campaign trips, he can snore longer and louder than any man in the United States. Nor is Mr. Payne at all bashful about his snoring, nor sensitive when his talents in this direction are exploited. He takes the pokes in good part and tells them he snoring. It has become a joke among his colleagues when the plans of his colleagues when they attempt to find him isolated in the sleepers or on shipboard. Mr. Payne gets usually several hundred cures for the malady he snoring. It has been sent him in which are warranted to cure after one trial. Most of the gifts come from members of Congress, who have spent sleepless nights as Mr. Payne's snoring companions.

An "Ad" to Dispense.
Among the many attempts to play upon George Ade's surname, the one here given is, perhaps, one of the best. A man from northern Wisconsin, who met the humorist some time ago, told him how his writings had made existence more tolerable for him in lonely country home.
"It was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia," said the humorist. "His snoring was helpful to the digestive organs, so when I went to the city next time, I stepped into a book store and told them I wanted something 'snoring.' They give me some books, and after meals I had my old woman read to me from 'em. And say, it don't make no difference how much they criticize your books, you're an aid to digestion, anyway."—Success Magazine.

Uncertainty of Life.
"Young man," said the clerical book passenger, addressing the beardless individual across the aisle, "do not ever get married, unless you die at night that you may never see the sun rise again."
"No," replied the party at whom the query had been fired. "I can't say that do not ever get married, unless you die at night that you may never see the sun rise again."
"You do," answered the young man. "You see, I'm a baseball umpire."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ATAKIA FOUR YEARS

MISCELLANEOUS

Attainments and inoculation.
We sowed alfalfa a year ago in May on well prepared sandy loam, worked down to a fine tilth, it being in a good state of fertility, sowing about twenty pounds per acre, and we covered it with good stable manure, taking dirt from a well inoculated spot and covering each load before scattering. In this process we failed to make the dirt meet, and when the alfalfa got started we could readily see where the soil was inoculated and where not, by the color and size of the alfalfa.
However, we got a good stand and it wintered all right. This spring the alfalfa strip offered the same results as it did last summer, and we covered it with good stable manure, taking dirt from a well inoculated spot and covering each load before scattering. In this process we failed to make the dirt meet, and when the alfalfa got started we could readily see where the soil was inoculated and where not, by the color and size of the alfalfa.
C. M. Teegarden.
Kosciuszko Co., Ind.

Good Grades.
Grades among horses and cattle are not easily produced than full bloods. In England the number of unregistered females is far greater than the number registered or that have the right to be registered. It requires the selection only of a good sire to insure a certain amount of quality, but to get the best quality it is necessary to have a good dam as well as a good sire. Good grades, whether of horses or cattle, are worth far more than poor grades. We have no standard of grades and can have none, though breeders from time to time have tried to put upon paper what they considered the points of good grades of different breeds. Some day we may have associations dealing with grades only, and when that time comes the character of the good grades may be defined by rules tending toward a standard.

Butter from Argentina.
The Argentine Republic is making butter for shipment abroad and the present is now met with frequently in larger than ever quantities. Within a year her shipments of butter to England have increased about 40 per cent. At the beginning of this year the exports to England amounted to about 15,000 packages, but it must be remembered that our winter is summer time in Argentina and that her make of butter is not so large as it is later. The farmers of Argentina are not likely to get into winter dairying for a long time yet, but there is no reason why some made Argentine butter should not play a large part in the markets of the northern countries that import butter.

Udder Manipulation.
There is a discussion going the rounds as to the value of udder manipulation. It is practiced by the Dutch and Danes and is claimed by some to have the effect of increasing the capacity of the cow. The Dutch milker manipulates the udder by pressing the two sides together with his hands and then the two ends, repeating this for a few seconds. After that the cow is again milked. This practice is said to give a rich milk is obtained. The natural thought regarding the matter is that possibly this extra half pint of milk could be found in the milk if it were not gained at the first milking. The ultimate advantage is hard to prove.

Feds and Utilities.
In the breeding of horses and cattle the fancy points may be tolerated, but they should not be permitted to crowd out the most useful qualities of the animals. If we can get a horse or cow that is good for anything without taking from something else, there is no objection to having the kind of a horse that the farmer milks the most milk of the color of the draft horse. But the useful qualities are the ones that are to be looked after and they are the ones in which our stock is now most deficient. This applies to pure-bred animals. But in the case of grades we can ignore the fads altogether and work only toward the useful.

Two Litters a Year.
The practice of raising but one litter of pigs a year is not one that is to be commended. There is more profit in two litters than in one, and the question of furnishing a protein food for winter use need not worry the farmer. There are so many things that a hog will eat that it is not much of a task to select one or two that may be fed in conjunction with the main ration. It will prove to be one of the great helps to the producing of winter pigs, and winter dairying will be a yet stronger encouragement. With two broods a year the farmer is able to obtain from the money invested in equipment.
WANTED TO SLEEP
Curious Case of a Tired Preacher Should Have Suez Dairies.
A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.
"You will doubtless understand how tired I was when I began my induction with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties I was so exhausted, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."
"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced a physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me."
"Six months have elapsed since I began to use Grape Nuts food, and the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time I began to use Grape Nuts on our table. I find that by eating a dish of it after my Sabbath work is done (I usually do so now) my nerves are quieted and my mind is refreshed (I sleep) I cannot say that I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—no matter what the weather conditions—and our children will eat Grape Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Post-Office, Dallas Creek, Mich.
There's a reason.
Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.