

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Your chief is out of danger," finally said the doctor, turning to Pearson and Sharkey. "With proper care he will be able to move on a stretcher in two or three days."
"Your duty is done then, doctor," replied Pearson, who seemed to be the leader, now that the captain was disabled. "Now, in the matter of your joining our band; which would you prefer; to depart or to continue with us?"

"I am willing to join you, providing," began the doctor.

"Providing we will guarantee you protection, an ample salary, and a chance at some future time to obtain revenge upon a certain doctor whom you have a grudge against, is that it?" interrupted Pearson.

"That is it," said Schiller.

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to our cause?"

"I am."

"It is well."

Evidently they had prepared for such a ceremony as that which followed, for they escorted the doctor into yet another room leading off from the one they were in. Here were stabled as many horses as there were men accommodated in the other room. In one corner was a pile of brush and secured corn stalks.

"You will now repeat after me the oath that binds us together, bearing this in mind, that our promises to you will be fulfilled only after you have proved yourself worthy of it!"

"I do solemnly swear," repeated Pearson.

"I do solemnly swear," repeated the doctor in a firm voice.

"That I will not betray any of the secret signs, haunts, modes of gaining a livelihood, the character of a brother, to anyone who is not entitled to know them; nor will I let any one else betray any of the secrets, if in my power to prevent, even if I have to

most beautiful, refined and simple, such as are all good girls brought up by pure parents. Her heart and hand had been sought for by many, but she was never free to accept of any. Thus far in life her path had been strewn with flowers and the thorns had been carefully hidden from sight. A vision of beauty and grace, and as sweet as the music of the spheres.

Having introduced the main passages of our story, we shall now take the liberty of inserting a clipping taken from the Plankinton Plaindealer of Friday, June 17th:

"Dr. Huntington, the well known practitioner and genial leader of society and his daughter, the beautiful Miss Pearl, have very mysteriously disappeared from the haunts which know them so well, as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The facts of the case are these, as near as we can learn:

"At 7:30 o'clock last evening, the doctor was engaged with his patients, in his office, when the door bell rang violently.

"Mrs. Huntington answered the summons. The caller is described by her as a man of medium build and height, wearing a heavy beard and mustache. He said he wished to see Dr. Huntington immediately. A man has been nearly killed through a railroad accident, and the doctor must come right away!"

"The wife informed Dr. Huntington, and the visitor was admitted to the doctor's presence. Dr. Huntington hastened to secure his medicine and instrument cases, a roll of cotton batting, some linen, and prepared bandages and left the office with the man, bidding his patients good-bye for the day. In front of the door stood a bay horse hitched to an open wagon. The stranger got in first and held out his hand for the cases.

"Just then Thaddeus Whalen, of

ror struck on hearing that such was not the case, and that they had not sent for the doctor.

"I have patrolled the railroad track up and down for miles, but could find no trace of blood to bear out the statement of the girl that her father had been hurt in crossing the track, and up to this time all is wrapped in mystery as to the disappearance of the two."

CHAPTER XI.

The True Facts of the Disappearance of Dr. Huntington and Daughter.

Dr. Huntington, after his interview with the man who had driven off in the carriage of the driver, down well-lit Main street, then off on Forest avenue, crossed the railroad track which circumscribed the town, and as the last rays of the summer sun disappeared behind the high trees at the edge of the wood, the twin came in sight of Squire Briggs' house. As the driver made no sign of slackening up, the doctor, in a moment of impulse, attempted to get out while the vehicle was in motion.

"The wounded person is at the hired men's quarters down at the far end of the farm," said the driver, placing a restraining hand upon the doctor's arm.

"Why, I thought the old cabin was deserted—too dilapidated to be of service as a place to alight, the doctor suspiciously. He did not recollect of having ever seen the driver, his rig or his team before. If it had not been for fear of making a mistake, he would have refused to go to the place, and it was not without misgiving that he rode the few rods further, through a narrow lane, running through a narrow strip of timber."

The cabin was situated at the edge of the wood, in a far corner of the vast farm field. It was an old-fashioned log hut of one room, size about forty by fifty feet, with a fireplace at one end and a window on one side. The house and yard that enclosed it had not been tenanted for a considerable period. The former looked as if tumbled to decay, while from the tumbled down state to the front door. The window was boarded up, but through the cracks in the window and the cracks in the walls caused by the mud falling away from between the logs, a dim light which could not have been seen very far.

Arriving at the end of the lane, the team was hitched to the fence, and the doctor and driver walked toward the house door. There was a sound as of shuffling feet on the inside of the house, then the driver opened the door, motioning to the doctor to enter first.

The scene presented to the gaze of the doctor was one gotten up especially for his benefit, and calculated to throw him completely off his guard, which it did. On a rug, but placed before the fireplace, rested the form of a man, supposed to be wounded. Near the head of the bunk, on a three-legged stool, sat a tin cup containing what looked like water. On the hearth of an upturned barrel in a candlestick, burned a candle that furnished the flickering light which illumined the rude interior. All these things were apparent to the doctor, and he was plainly seen—but he did not see the form of a man behind the door.

The driver motioned again to the doctor to enter, and the doctor did so. As he crossed the threshold, the door was closed behind him. The supposed dying man quickly turned and blew out the light and while the doctor stood undecided how to act, he was pronounced upon behind. In the arms, pincioned, a rough axe thrust into his mouth, and he was thrown roughly upon the floor.

The candle was lit again and over the doctor stood Dr. Schiller. He hated enemy and one time rival in the love of the woman Dr. Huntington had married.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE SAM IN BUSINESS.

Likely to Do Things on a Large Scale When He Operates at All.

Uncle Sam may not set up as a business man, but he does go into business, he is likely to do it in a large way, as he does for instance at the New York navy yard, where are located the largest naval storehouses in the United States.

In the general storehouses there is carried a stock of material, merchandise and supplies of the most varied character, including lumber, cordage, and provisions, clothing, shoes and hardware, including many articles of ship supplies and everything required for the sailors' personal wants amounting in value to upward of \$10,000,000.

The business done in these storehouses during the fiscal year ended in 1904 amounted to more than \$30,000,000.

Supplies are received here from many sources and are promptly shipped to all parts of the world. The shipments in the course of the fiscal year 1904 aggregated \$1,000,000 gross tons and comprised more than 450,000 packages.

The official who administers this business, of a volume that would be counted big among the biggest businesses done by private concerns, is known as the General Storekeeper, this post being occupied by a pay director of the United States navy.

She Was It.

Miss Gaddie—Your brother and he were partners in a little game of whist at Hoyle's house last evening.

Miss Knox—Oh! I thought it might be you.

Miss Gaddie—Why, what did he tell you about it?

Miss Knox—He just said he had had a rubber at whist.

MEMBERS OF THE W. R. C. ON GEN. KING'S OFFICIAL STAFF



KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.



MRS. ELIZABETH A. TURNER.

Commander-in-chief King has filled the vacancies on his staff in unique fashion, and one that has no precedent in G. A. R. annals. He has appointed as his staff to none work of the W. R. C.—three of its earliest and its proudest, viz.: Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, the present treasurer of the department of Massachusetts; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner of Bridgeport, and Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Ohio, members of his official staff.

Doubtless the presence of these three distinguished ladies upon the staff of the commander-in-chief will mark a new departure at the Denver encampment and complications may arise if their new duties demand their absence from the convention of the W. R. C., where they are always very much in evidence.



MRS. SARAH E. FULLER.

HOPE OF THE NATION.

Farmer Boy to Be Great Directing Force, Says Exchange.

The farmer boy is the hope of this nation, and it is a position of honor of a man of himself and a great directing force of the nation. He asks no man for employment if he is the fortunate owner of a little farm. His vote and his voice should show how glorious it is to be ended with the spirit of a true patriot. One may as well try to buy the soul of an educated southern farmer boy as to buy his vote, says an exchange. The white joy of the south, chiefly of Anglo-Saxon lineage, are of the best strains known to the world's history. The Cavalier, the Scotch-Irish, the Huguenot, with a small admixture of the Pennsylvania Dutch, form the basis of the whole population. Add to this the fact that they have inherited a master's temper and courage from their ancestors, and it will be seen that the elements of manhood form the very wool and warp of their fibre. All they need is industrial training to lead the world in agriculture, commerce, mining, manufacturing and transportation.—Palmer Times-Herald.

SHOULD WAR BE HUMAN?

Pertinent Consideration as to Size and Deadliness of Bullets.

Is the military bullet too small? Japan uses a German-silver or steel-jacketed bullet of less than .35 caliber. It is long, built for speed, wide range and flat trajectory. Our army uses a bullet slightly larger. They are called "humane" because the wounds they make are small, almost painless and heal quickly. But they have not the stopping power of the larger balls and many experts believe that they tend to prolong war, by lowering the death-rate in battles and engagements. In fighting wounds after being wounded, is a long war preferable to a short, bloody one? Has the reappearance of baronet-stabbing, due to the reduced killing power of the bullet, made more humane? "With the Progression," Everybody's Magazine.

Peril in the Naval Flotilla.

In deciding that United States submarine boats, with inexperienced crews, shall not be allowed to plunge in water deeper than eight fathoms, and that a convoy must be on hand with lifting apparatus the naval board has sought to prevent any such terrible disasters as overcame the French submarine boat off Algiers recently. In spite of the fact that many mariners are no new thing and that they were invented as long ago as our civil war, when a confederate submarine destroyed a union boat, incidentally killing its own crew, the submarine has not yet reached a stage when it can be operated safely by any but experts, and even then accidents may happen, with the most serious consequences.—Boston Transcript.

Will Fight "Tainted Money."

Dr. Washington Gladden will introduce a resolution aimed at stopping the acceptance of gifts of "tainted money" by executive officers of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions when the board meets for its annual session on Sept. 14 to 18. The resolution will undertake to relieve the executive officers from all authority to receive gifts of money. Dr. Gladden is working to stop the use of "tainted money" in his previous opposition to "tainted money," and there are likely to be some lively speeches at the meeting. Many members of the board are of opinion that any resolution restricting the executive officers in receiving gifts will be voted down.

LESSON TAUGHT BY WAR.

Japan's Triumph Contains Much Food for Thought.

The triumph of Japan is taken in various ways by a complicated and diverse. We prefer to take it in the first place for what it teaches of value to ourselves. The American bill for alcoholic drinks during a single year is estimated in dollars alone at a billion and a quarter. What is it in consequences who shall estimate? Japan drinks with the moderation which she exhibits in every phase of life. Her people do far more for show, for personal conspicuousness than they do for ends of general worth. The Japanese were worried for months by the fierceness of their battleships, but in the end they won, not by numbers, but by morality—by sobriety, devotion, courage and intelligence. They did not win by talk and bluster either. They have shown, in peace and war, a calm, firm, unshakable, predominant taste, a hostility to mere noise and thunder, an ability to be quiet and mind their business, whether that business be art, domestic quality or deadly war. It is the quality of our sailors, the disinterestedness of our promotions, the honesty of contracts, the subordination of personal gain and ambition—all this is more important than the tonnage of our fleet. It is not so much the number of torpedo boats or battleships as it is the way they will be managed in emergency.—Collier's Weekly.

FRANCE LEFT FAR BEHIND.

Great Increase in Population of the German Empire.

After Russia Germany is the richest country in children. For every 10,000 inhabitants there are 363 living births a year, as against only 226 in France. Hence the increase of population in Germany is correspondingly great. In the course of the nineteenth century the population within the present territory of the empire has much more than doubled in spite of the considerable number of Germans who have emigrated during the time. In 1814 there were 24,000,000 souls in the territory of the present empire, while in 1900 there were 56,300,000, which corresponds to a yearly average increase of one per cent. More than 6,000,000 Germans have emigrated from their homes during the nineteenth century. In order to measure the meaning of these figures we must compare them with those of a country like France, which is practically stationary in its population. In the middle of the century there were as many people in France as in Germany. In 1845 there were in Germany 24,000,000, in France 24,500,000, while in 1870 France had nearly 4,000,000 more than Germany. To-day the French population has risen only to 35,000,000 and is therefore more than 20,000,000 behind Germany.—Yale Review.

Marking the Birthplace of Boston.

Marking the birthplace of Chester A. Arthur was the beginning of a movement that is spreading and yet may well be carried further yet. A monument in memory of Ann Story and the Ethel Allen tower in Barling have already been dedicated. There are numerous places in Vermont that have been the scene of historic events or the birthplace of distinguished people and local patriots should prompt us to see that they are all marked in some way. We cannot erect a Beaulieu monument or an Ethel Allen tower at all the places but we can easily erect a stone or a tablet to mark the spot and preserve their memory. A simple bronze tablet, such as placed on the wall of the pavilion in Montpelier, makes a permanent record of the visit of Lafayette to the city, would be sufficient in most cases.—Montpelier Argus.

Railway Notes.

Mr. I. P. Spining, who for several years past has occupied the position of Northwesters passenger agent of the C. & O., has been appointed General Northern Agent of the Big Four Railway, with headquarters at 233 Clark street, Chicago.

For Health and Economy

Calumet Baking Powder

"Best by Test"

Used in Millions of Homes

Booth Tarkington in Luck. While Booth Tarkington was in Paris he became interested in aeronautics. The captive balloons in the vicinity of the Eiffel tower so caught his fancy that he made many ascents, growing more infatuated with each experience. His dad just missed resulting disastrously to him. He decided on giving a lunch in midair, but at the last moment an important guest found it impossible to be present, so it was decided to postpone the affair. The balloon in which they were to have made their ascent broke from its moorings and drifted far away, giving the people who had taken the place of Mr. Tarkington's party a terribly rough experience before it landed them on terra firma.

CUTICURA GROWS HAIR.

Scalp Restored of Dandruff and Hair Cleared by One Box of Cuticura and One Cask of Cuticura Soap.

A. W. Tatt of Independence, Va., writing under date of Sept. 15, 1904, says: "I have had falling hair and dandruff for twelve years and could get nothing to help me. Finally I bought one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cask of Cuticura Soap, and they cleared my scalp of the dandruff and stopped the hair falling. Now my hair is growing as well as ever. I am highly pleased with Cuticura Soap as a toilet soap. (Signed) A. W. Tatt, Independence, Va."

Rascally New York Lawyers.

At no time in the history of New York have so many lawyers been under indictment for felonies as to-day. Neither is there any period when prisons and penitentiaries of the state included in their list of inmates as many lawless men as there are in the state prisons of New York, as shown by the prison commission report for the current year, 1904 lawyers.

The Outlook's Magazine Number for September contains seven or eight specially illustrated features, a really charming story by Zona Gale, and the usual weekly survey of the world's history and comment on men, books and things. The Peace Conference at Portsmouth is discussed in the second of the articles sent directly to the Outlook by its staff correspondents at Portsmouth, and it is picturesquely brought before the eye by an eight-page pictorial feature—many of the photographs in which were taken expressly for the Outlook by its own photographer at Portsmouth, Mr. Arthur Hewitt.

Expected to "Reach Par."

Somebody congratulated Russell Sage the other day on his hearty appearance just after he had passed his eighty-ninth birthday. Mr. Sage replied quietly and characteristically that he expected to "reach par," meaning that he hoped to reach the age of 100.

Wanted to "Reach Par."

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The Best Results in Starching

can be obtained only by using Defiance brand of starch getting 4 as more for same money—no cooking required.

A woman's worst fault is her inclination to believe everything a man tells her.



On his bare breast was burned

kill, or be killed in the defense of the same. That I will never see a worthy brother wronged, nor knowingly wrong him; that I will do everything in my power to promote the interest of my associates, to uphold and hold together my kind. That I will abide by the laws, and in every way do my best to improve the common lot of my fellows. That I will give up my life to them, my body to molder and rot, should I fall in my duty to you! Amen! Do you so promise?"

"I promise," was the answer.

"Then I will take you a member of the CONVICTS' CLUB. Bare your heart!"

Two of the desperadoes stepped to the doctor's side, while he feebly attempted to carry out the order, but through this ordeal he was as helpless as a child.

A red hot branding iron was brought from the stove, and before the doctor could cry out or make resistance, he was seized and held securely while on his bare breast was burned in the living flesh the initials "C. C."

"You are now the equal of any of us, and your life belongs to the king of the convict country!"

CHAPTER X.

Abduction of Doctor and Pearl Huntington.

Dr. Huntington heard of the pardon of Dr. Schiller, and was gratified in one sense of the word. He was not a hard-hearted man and really felt sorry for his guilty brother. Dr. Huntington recalled the words spoken by Dr. Schiller in reference to being revenged, and was constantly in fear of the result. But as the years went by after Schiller's release and no sign was made, Huntington felt easier.

Dr. Huntington was now a prosperous man, and a very successful practitioner. He had tasted the fruits of the honest lot and enjoyed the favor. He owned a beautiful residence, furnished throughout in sumptuous style; was blessed with a handsome and worthy helpmate, and still more handsome daughter. He has ceased to care for old England and his aristocratic family and had passed them from memory—a happy and contented man, engaged in his profession, working for the best interests of his fellow townsmen and neighbors.

The daughter grew up to be an honor and credit to her parents. She was