

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

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CHAPTER XXII.
The Attempted Assassination of Lang. The promise of Schiller in sending Lang to fight a duel gave Golden an opportunity to appeal to the public to throw safeguards around his protégé. It was Louis' fate to permit himself in mortal combat against human being—and that too, without preparation.

Louis, in being notified of his appointment, realized the pit he had fallen into in striking Schiller. He felt that his life would pay the forfeit of his folly. Even if he succeeded in killing his antagonist, which was extremely doubtful at the best, what was to hinder Schiller from condemning him to perform many other feats of skill and strength—one of which undoubtedly could be devised which would silence him forever?

Before Golden retired for the night, Schiller managed to have him duly ordered to make inspection of the outposts. As Paradise Peter and his assistants had been killed by Lang, he could not raise objection to being ordered to strengthen the guards, and thus was easily got out of the way for the time-being.

In the morning Rogers paid his customary visits to the mines to oversee his regular work, and an order kept him there until far into the night.

Wilson, being convicted of a crime, was not his own free agent, so was unable to assist Lang in any way.

Upon the statute books of paradise is a rule to the effect that any person convicted of a crime and given a penalty who does not answer to his name when the penalty is to be executed, is himself liable to forfeiture of life without the chance.

This rule was hopped by Schiller that Lang being a stranger, would by some means be delayed from answering to his charge and thus forfeit his privileges as a convict.

Louis, for the want of proper care and nourishment, was delirious from



Opened his eyes in a dazed manner as if trying to imagine whose face it was he looked into.

pain in his head, and lay with a fever in a semi-stupor very nearly the whole day. In such sentences as his, the participants in secret cases, look prone to show themselves quite frequently in the streets to show the people that they were expecting to be on hand when called. As Louis did not appear, rumors were circulated around to the effect that he had run away or was keeping himself in hiding to escape the ordeal.

Perhaps Louis Lang would never have mustered up sufficient courage to face the mob that was clamoring for his blood, but for the interposition of Pearl Huntington. Pearl at last realized the value of the man whom she was forced to accept as her husband. Whether Louis was a criminal or not it made little difference to her—he was a man, and she loved him. Golden before he rode away on his mission, explained to Pearl that as the wife of Lang, she would be expected to witness the test of strength between him and Whalen, no matter how trying or revolting it might be to her. She was not notified officially of this fact, any more than had Lang been notified that he had been sentenced, but she knew enough now of arbitrary law to understand that ignorance or technicality would not save her or him. When she came to the conclusion that she loved Louis for his noble devotion to her cause (she could think of no other solution of her dilemma) that he in return loved her the first thing she wanted to do was to place herself in some position to encourage him with her sympathy.

All day long Pearl sat in the parlor of Golden's home waiting patiently for the appearance of Lang, but he came not. Till up a late hour she had so thought that our hero was frustrated from the effect of his wound, and was at a loss to understand his absence. She heard rumors in relation to the fact that he had run away to escape fighting his foe, but she could not believe this. In the first place, to her, it would have been impossible for him to escape; in the second place, she did not imagine that Lang would abandon her. She had too much confidence in him. At last she could bear the suspense no longer. She could hear the murmurings of the mob, the threats of violence, and in desperation she sought him out. It was well for Lang that he had one true friend free to aid him, for if any

she explained, "and I—" hesitatingly.

"And if I were not a criminal, a desperate scoundrel, you could—" "I could love to love you!" smiling through tears which unbidden stole to her eyes.

Louis looked at her in amazement. "Are you positive that you do not love me as I love?" he asked, grasping her hand in his own.

"Perhaps I do," she said without hesitation, "but it would make me feel far happier to know that I had been thrown away upon a man whose gratitude alone would be sufficient!"

Louis drew her unresistingly to him and kissed her. "Trust me," he said, "I can see you possessed of the truth. With your love to strengthen me I can carry the day."

Louis glanced at the clock. It lacked only a few minutes of the time when he should appear to fight his duel.

"It is time for action!" he cried, "I must go!" "I will go with you!" she exclaimed.

At precisely eight o'clock, King Schiller rose from his throne, or in the box commanding the view of the arena. He sat in the same position as he bowed to the populace seated around him, said:

"Bring up the combatants!"

Largo, the Italian, the keeper of the arena, started into the ring through an entrance from the rear, and behind him stalked the massive being Whalen, whom a murmur of admiration at his appearance, followed by hisses when it was discovered that Lang was not in the company.

"Where is this Lang?" demanded Schiller, as if surprised.

There was a commotion at the main entrance! In stalked our hero, hatless, and spotted with blood! He was supporting his wife upon his arm.

"I am here!"

Before recording what came next in our hero's life we may as well explain a few chapters of his life which that honorable and most august person's intention to have Louis killed or maimed before he reached "the hall of justice."

Schiller was playing a desperate game. He knew that he was not loved by his subjects. He had more than his throne at stake—his very life—and a fortune. His game was to dispose of the mob which roused him by threats of torture he expected to compel Dr. Huntington to acknowledge himself heir of "Chesterlee Gatling"—of which Huntington, through strange fortune now was the only descendant. By marriage with Pearl, as the only child, Schiller meant to become possessor of the immense fortune. This could only be done by the poisoning of Louis and remaining in a position to abduct the doctor.

Not once had the thought entered Louis' mind of escaping. The hoisting of the mob which roused his action, partially prepared him for the worst. Ere he left the house he armed himself with his trusty blilly. It was not long before he had taken a dozen steps from the house when some one whirled his wife from his arm, while a second form made a murderous strike at him with a club! But Louis was not a coward, and his assailants had accomplished their purpose he laid both bleeding at his feet!

Even at his best, our hero was almost too late. The clock had ceased vibrating after striking the fatal hour of eight. It was only by the greatest difficulty that he arrived at the door of the building just as Schiller put the question, "Where is this Lang?"

"I am here!" cried our hero; and while the vast crowd rose up to catch a glimpse of the man at the top of the building he marched his trembling wife down the long aisle and seated her in the box assigned for the concubines. He then stepped over the wall of the pit into the arena.

(To be continued.)

CHEAPER THAN THE SUNLIGHT.
Remarkable Argument Put Forward at Town Meeting.

At a town meeting held in Arlington some twenty-five years ago the late W. W. Rawson, father of the well known market gardener, made a remark which the older inhabitants of the town will remember. Among the questions brought up in meeting was the question whether to use gas or kerosene to light the town. The town had put in a few oil lamps with large reservoirs as an experiment. One of the speakers, the late Mr. Rawson's house, in which he took a just pride.

Wilson W. Fay of the "Height" made a quiet speech in favor of gas. He thought the gas and cleaning would make oil cost more in the end. Mr. Rawson, always ready for an argument, and with visions of losing his fine oil lamp, arose and said: "Mr. Moderator, it is cheaper now than ever was known and the town is better lighted than I ever knew it to be, and as regards the cost of gas and kerosene, why, Mr. Moderator, kerosene in relation to the present high price, is cheaper than sunlight."

Naval Progress.
"Having seen a projectile that will pierce any armor," said the seeker for information, "what will the next step be?"

"To find an armor that no projectile will pierce," answered the naval expert.

"And then?"

"We must find a projectile that will pierce any armor."—Washington Star.

"SPIRAL" RAILROADS IN AFRICA.
Engineers Have Successfully Overcome Unusual Difficulties.

In the construction of the Amahelwe railway, in Cape Colony, unusual difficulties have been encountered, and the result is, one of the most remarkable railways in existence. The line winds round another hill, and then, at the lower level, goes under its own track. This portion of the railway is known as the "spiral." It is a line of rails, the rails along the bank of the Mangulu river for two miles and then doubles back for a mile and a half, so that the train is really only half a mile to the good. This section is called the "zigzag," and with the spiral, is unique in South Africa. All along the route the line crosses through cuttings or on embankments. Some idea of its extraordinary character may be formed from the statement that in eighteen miles the line falls or rises to a height of 1,500 feet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Get at the Cause.
Sacramento, Ky., Nov. 13th (Special)—A typical illustration of the way Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Rheumatism is well told by Catherine Dewey, who is very well known here. She says:

"For over four years I was greatly troubled with Rheumatism. It used to take me worst in my legs and feet. When the pain was so bad I could not put my feet to the ground. As I am over seventy-three years of age I began to think I was too old to get cured and should have to bear my Rheumatism the rest of my life. But I heard about Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought I would give them a trial. So I got a box and began taking them. Within a few days the Rheumatism had done me a wonderful lot of good. They eased the pain from the first, and today I am in better health than I have been for many years."

Strange Murderer of Great Jurist.
The proverbial inability of eminent lawyers to frame their own wills so as to command the support of the courts has been again illustrated by the invalidating of the will of the late Chief Justice Paxson of the Supreme court of Pennsylvania. He devised a large portion of his estate to a woman, the establishment of an agricultural school for poor boys. Under the Pennsylvania law wills containing charitable bequests must have the signatures of subscribing witnesses. But the chief justice forgot all about the witnesses and his bequest has been held void.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.
Lady Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scatched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching, I was scratching all day and night. I had a doctor, who prescribed a dozen steps from the house when some one whirled his wife from his arm, while a second form made a murderous strike at him with a club! But Louis was not a coward, and his assailants had accomplished their purpose he laid both bleeding at his feet!"

Ruins of Fortified Village.
In building the foundation for a lunatic asylum, workmen at Carshalton discovered the ruins of a fortified village, which probably was built about four acres. The pottery and other objects found in it indicate that the fortress had been occupied up to half a century before Christ.

There is more Carshalton in this section of the country than you would expect to find. For a great many years ago, the village was a fortified town, and was surrounded by a wall and a ditch. The ruins of the walls and the ditch are still to be seen. The village was built on a hill, and the ruins are now a part of the landscape.

Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, announce for publication in November "The Critique of Socialism," by Edward P. Adams, first delivered as an after dinner address before the Boston club in Oakland. It is stated to be an arraignment of Socialism in style somewhat droll, but with a serious purpose.

The Isthmian Canal.

Now that the Canal Treaty has been ratified, we may expect to see work covered in a short time on the great canal-ship, carrying huge loads of Pillsbury's Vitos to all parts of the world. By the way, have you ever eaten Vitos? It is a lot better than any other cereal food.

Longest Lived British Title.
The Earl of Aberdeen belongs to perhaps the longest lived family in the British peerage. The title, which was granted in 1632, was in the possession of the fourth bearer only in 1869.

Important to Mothers.
Beware of counterfeiters of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and see that it is the original.

Signatures of *Dr. Williams*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

You may call the ancient coffee pot one of the old settlers.

NOT A TRACE LEFT
Rheumatism Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There is one remedy that will cure rheumatism in any of its forms and so thoroughly eradicate the disease from the system that the cure is permanent. This remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the proof of the statement is found in the experience of Mr. T. B. Wagner, of No. 73 Academy Street, Watertown, N. Y. He says:

"The pain was in my joints and my sufferings for over two years was beyond description. There was an intense pain in my shoulders that prevented me from sleeping and I would get up and walk the floor at night. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the improvement was gradual, but by the time I had taken four boxes I was entirely cured and I have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since that time."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also enthusiastic in the endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I have tried the pills myself for stomach trouble and have experienced great relief from their use. My doctor, Dr. J. C. Atwood, of Gill Street, Watertown, has used them for female weakness and was much benefited by their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as an extremely valuable family medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the improvement of the worst cases of bloodlessness, indigestion, influenza, headache, backache, lameness, neuralgia, nervousness, spinal weakness, and the special ailments of girls and women whose blood supply is scanty or irregular. The Genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful or dangerous ingredients. At all druggists or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid. Each box contains 60 cents per box, six boxes for \$3.50.

Monks Use An Antidote.
The monks of the St. Bernard hospice in Switzerland are up-to-date. They have purchased an automobile to carry provisions up the mountain. In order to get to the highest teams they had a horse hitched to the motor wagon. The government's permission had to be obtained, because of the bridges, and it was not long before it tended for such heavy loads.

The Richest Man.
Croesus was king of Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, in the seventh century before Christ, and was renowned for his prodigious wealth. His country he could not give away, and he bequeathed to Persia, 546 B. C. His wealth gave rise to the expression, "As rich as Croesus." But with all his money he could not buy himself food, or wholesome nourishing and palatable as Pillsbury's Vitos, the leading cereal food of the day.

COBBACK'S PASSION FOR VODKA.
His Happiness Centered on Strong Drink and Food.

Ernest Poole, in his striking article in the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat," on present conditions in Russia, says that he called "Poboyat Cetyl," quotes a brutal Cossack as follows:

"For what more can a man want than vodka? To close the door of your room and pour out your vodka, and to eat a big gallon bottle of vodka lying across your stomach, and plenty of good cold meat and eggs on the chair by your side and go out. This trick was the good God, who only makes us stop meat and eggs in Lent, but lets us keep on with our vodka. We have a clever trick for these jolly bedrooms. You put the candle in a little dish of water, so when you blow off the candle burns on and on till the flame strikes the water with a big splutter and goes out. This trick was found out hundreds of years ago, and now we all know it; so every one in the village can get drunk without danger of setting anything on fire."

Another piece of fall work that we have found in our locality is to protect your young trees against mice and rabbits. Before the ground freezes I put on a lath shield around each of the apple trees that have soft bark, and I keep the same mice from them as well as the rabbits. I am not afraid of the rodents injuring the trees above a foot from the ground, unless the snow comes very deep.—Peter Smith, Illinois, in Farmers' Review.

Some Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State.
From a beautiful farm down Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meadows, comes a fine grade of coffee for delivery from the coffee habit.

"When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum Food Coffee, and I have since then. It would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing healthy baby 14 months."

"I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of the old kind of coffee, and I feel that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself."

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off the old kind of coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than was of the old coffee."

"In fact the entire family, from the youngest arrival, (a year old this morning) up to the head of the household, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 34 pages.