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The Lady of the Mount by Frederic S. Isnam

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I—Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has a chance to meet a young man...

CHAPTER II—The "Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in a vast bay on the northern coast of France...

CHAPTER III—Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman...

CHAPTER IV—Lady Elise returns after seven years' schooling, and entertains many nobles...

CHAPTER V—Her Ladyship dances with a strange fisherman, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious Le Seigneur Nois...

CHAPTER VI—The Black Seigneur escapes. CHAPTER VII—Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" tide...

CHAPTER VIII—Black Seigneur retreats, and takes Lady Elise to his residence. "Are you—a fisherman?" she asked abruptly...

CHAPTER IX—A Discovery. "Why did you do that?" It was Lady Elise who now spoke, lifting her head haughtily to regard the newcomer...

CHAPTER X—The young man made a movement and the speaker stopped; caught sight of his lady, just beyond, in the fading light...

CHAPTER XI—The young man made a movement and the speaker stopped; caught sight of his lady, just beyond, in the fading light...

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"But Suppose I Did Promise?"

"You mean I must say nothing about meeting him? You?" "For his sake!" "And your own!"

"Mine?" He made a careless gesture. "I should not presume! For myself I should exact or expect, from your Ladyship no promise..."

"My lady did not reply; her gaze, in which suspicion had become conviction, again met the young man's, whose black eyes now gleamed with a sudden, challenging light."

"With your permission, my Lady, I will speak with this fellow," he said, and abruptly strode from the tower; followed by the man, when he stopped...

"The man made a rough gesture. 'C'est vrai!' regretfully. 'But when I saw you two together I thought I had seen a—' He stopped. 'She is so like—'"

"Nay; I don't blame you; the sight was certainly unexpected! I had thought to come down and prepare you, but—'tis done!"

"And I knew what it meant." The old servant looked over his shoulder toward the tower. "Call it magic!" with a short laugh...

"The priest came not in time; fearing he was watched, waited until night to leave his hiding-place at Ver-ranch."

"And after missing me last night, you thought to find me here today?" "I knew you were most anxious to see him; that upon him depended your chance to undo some of his Excellency, the Governor's, knavery! And, then, to find you here with the daughter of the man who has wrought you so much wrong; robbed you of your lands—your right to your name!"

From where she stood, at the distance to the tower, the Governor's daughter saw now the two men descend; she perceived, also, at a turn in the path, coming up slowly, as one whose years had begun to tell upon him, another figure, clad in black; a priest. This last person and the Black Seigneur accosted each other; stopped, while the other man, who had crossed himself at sight of her, drew aside...

Below the ocean beat around the rock, and her eyes seemed to have rested an interminable period on the dark surface of the water, when at length she heard him; near at hand; directly behind. Still she did not stir; he, too, by the silence, stood motionless. How long? The little foot moved restlessly; why did he not speak? She knew he was looking at her—the Governor's daughter who had in-dreadfully looked into a forbidden chamber; was possessed of dangerous knowledge.

Again she made a movement. When was he going to speak? It was intolerable that he should stand there, studying, deducing! That she, accustomed to command; to be served; to have her way at court and town, should now be judged, passed upon, disposed of, by—whom? Quickly she looked around; the flashing brown eyes met the steady black ones.

"Well?" "The man will take you back." His manner was quiet; composed; implied a full cognizance of what she knew, and an absence of any further desire to attempt to disguise the truth.

"Back! Where?" She could not conceal her surprise. "To the Mount."

"For the moment she did not speak; she had not known what to expect—certainly not that."

"Why not?" A smile, slightly forced, crossed his face. "Does your Ladyship think I came for you on my own? Only, before your Majesty's departure, it will be necessary for you to agree to a little condition."

"Condition?" She drew her breath quickly. "That you will say nothing to circulate him. He is an old servant of mine, has broken some of the laws of the land," with a somewhat contemptuous accent, "works his bit of ground; pays no tithes, and a tax on all the fish he catches. Only in a certain matter yours may be served."

"You once told me you were not!" "I—told you!" She stared at him. "Told me you were no telltale," he repeated. "And—when Beppo lied, you told the truth—about a ragged vagabond of a boy."

"Beppo!" The look in her eyes deepened; cleared. "I remember now," she said slowly. "You were the boy with the fish, who said he lived in the woods. I met you while riding, and again that night, as a child, leaving for Paris; but I did not know, then, you would become—"

"Yes; an outlaw," she repeated firmly. Angered by his unflinching gaze, she went on: "Who dares not fly the flag of his king! Who dares not come openly into any honest port!"

"She ended, her brown eyes flashing. His own darkened; but he only remarked coldly: "My Lady, at any rate, dares much!"

"Oh, I've no doubt you don't care to hear—"

"From you!" He looked at her oddly, from the golden hair to the small, dainty foot. "From your Ladyship!" he repeated, as if amused. An instant he regarded her silently, intently; but his voice when at length he again spoke was cool and slightly mocking:

"My Lady speaks, of course, from the standpoint of her own world—a very pretty world! A park of plaisance, wherein, I can vouch for it, my Lady dances very prettily."

"The girl started. 'Telltale!' she repeated. 'I would not have anything happen to him on my account.' 'And if I refuse to promise?' she asked haughtily. 'To enter into any covenant with—you?'"

"But you will not!" he said steadily. "Your Ladyship, for her own sake, should not force the alternative."

"Alternative?" "Why speak of it?" "What is the alternative?" she demanded.

"If your Ladyship refuses to promise, it will be necessary for the man to return alone."

"You mean," in spite of herself, she gave a start, "you would make me a prisoner?" "It should not be necessary."

"But you would not dare!" indignantly. "Not dare! Your Ladyship forgets—"

"True!" with a scornful glance. After a pause: "But suppose I did promise? Are you not reposing a good deal of confidence in me?"

"Not too much!" "I presume," disdainfully, "I should feel flattered in being trusted by—"

"She did not finish the sentence. But the young man apparently had not heard. 'I'll take the chance on your own words,' he added unexpectedly."

"My words?" "That you are no telltale." The girl started. "Telltale!" she repeated. "I would not have anything happen to him on my account."

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"My words?" "That you are no telltale." The girl started. "Telltale!" she repeated. "I would not have anything happen to him on my account."

An Open Letter to the Renter of High Priced Land

To you, to your wife, to your growing family, this letter is addressed. Every word of it is a message for you. It is one of the most important messages you have ever received. Do not feel an impulse to cast this aside with the thought, "Oh, it's only an advertisement!" No, it is not simply an advertisement—it is an opportunity. It not only is an opportunity—it is THE OPPORTUNITY—THE ONE OPPORTUNITY OF YOUR LIFE.

Do not read any further if you are fully satisfied with your present circumstances, but if you are not fully satisfied please read what some folks say who, until a few days ago, were situated as you are now situated, but who have broken away just as you may break away if you only dare to do so.

ARTHUR ACKERMAN OF ARCADIA, VALLEY COUNTY, NEB., SAYS: "I came here doubting the things I had heard and read about this country. Some of my friends had been out last week and brought back stories that made me think they had lost their heads. I had not been in the Golden Prairie District an hour until I was satisfied. I have seen thousands of acres of oats here, grown without irrigation on the upland prairies, the poorest of which are better than the best I have seen in Valley county, Nebraska. I have seen thousands of acres of better wheat than I have ever seen before anywhere. I have talked with farmers who have bought their land on the crop payment plan and who will market this season enough grain to pay in full for the land. I have bought a half section on the crop payment plan and will move here during the coming winter, so as to be ready to begin farming early in the spring."

"I have been a renter all my life, but no more of it for me. I have seen in three days here farm after farm on which the crops now matured will more than pay for the land on which it is grown, at the price my land cost me, and I have satisfied myself that the rainfall this season is not above the average. My wife told me to get close to school and there is a good school in half a mile of the land I have bought. On the adjoining section is winter wheat on sod breaking that I am certain (and I am an old thrasher) will make 20 bushels per acre, and oats that will yield 60 bushels or over. My boy will help me farm this half section and will soon pay for it in the crops raised."

OTTO KRUSE OF GLENWOOD, IA., read our advertisement. He wrote for our literature and was so interested that he had his father, one of the wealthy farmers of Mills county, Iowa, come with him to look the country over. They arrived here on the morning of August 22. In the afternoon they drove out in an auto with Mr. Busselle, returning in time to close a contract for a half section selected by the young man and leave for Iowa on the first train. Arriving home Mr. Kruse forwarded the money to the Citizens' National Bank of Cheyenne to pay for the land, and now has his deed and abstract. When we asked Mr. Kruse to stay over another day, he said: "Why should we stay longer? We have found everything better than you represented. I have picked out the land I want and will hurry home to get things in shape to move out onto my new farm."

BYRON R. BEAVER OF ULYSSES, BUTLER COUNTY, NEB., read our advertisement. Mr. Beaver and his wife decided to see the Golden Prairie District. They arrived in Cheyenne at our office Saturday morning, September 7; they spent that afternoon and Monday looking over the district, and on Tuesday morning closed a contract for 320 acres on the crop-payment plan, Mrs. Beaver returning home to look after the children and things; Mr. Beaver staying to superintend the building of a house and barn; so they can move out in December. Mr. Beaver authorized us to quote him as follows: "Put me on record as saying that the Golden Prairie District is all and more than you claim for it. We have been royally treated, and you have shown us thousands of acres of the finest crops we have ever feasted our eyes on. The drinking water is so pure, the soil so fertile, the social and educational advantages so attractive that I cannot find words to adequately express my delight. To us from Central Nebraska it is hard to realize that the highest point reached by the thermometer here this season is only 88 above zero, and that the lowest last winter was only 9 below on one day, but the government records bear out your statement to this effect. Surely it is a delightful climate, and we are glad we are going to make our home here."

THESE STATEMENTS HAVE THE RIGHT RING, DO THEY NOT? You are almost persuaded to look into this matter, but before you spend your money to make the trip you wish to be absolutely sure that conditions here are as we represent them to be. YOU WANT TO KNOW. There are hundreds of prosperous farmers here now who know. They came, they saw, they were convinced. The publishers of this paper know. We place no advertisement in any paper until the owners investigate and are fully satisfied that the Golden Prairie District of Wyoming is a successful crop producer and that all our representations are true. BUT YOU WANT TO KNOW. You do not want to come on a wild goose chase and so, to make a long and interesting story short and to the point, and to give you the assurance that we mean business and are ready to back our claims we issue and mail on request a Certificate of Guaranty of which the following is a copy:

THE FEDERAL LAND AND SECURITIES COMPANY Capital Stock \$200,000.00 Reference by permission: Citizens' National Bank and First National Bank of Cheyenne. CERTIFICATE OF GUARANTY The Golden Prairie of Wyoming is an agricultural district. It is protected on the southwest by the snow-capped Rockies and is not subject to the extreme heat or hot winds. The records of the U. S. Weather Bureau prove this. The district lies west of the sand hills of western Nebraska and is well grassed, fertile prairie, free from sage brush, alkali, gumbo or hardpan. No irrigation is practiced or required to raise crops here. Pure water is found in abundance at reasonable depth. To protect those bona fide prospective settlers who have been misinformed or who are uncertain as to conditions here we issue this CERTIFICATE OF GUARANTY for the benefit only of the one whose name is endorsed hereon in ink. GUARANTY: We, THE FEDERAL LAND AND SECURITIES COMPANY, hereby guarantee that every statement hereon or contained in any of our literature, or signed letters relative to the Golden Prairie District of Wyoming, is true and correct. We further agree to reimburse the one whose name appears hereon for his railroad fare from his present address to Cheyenne and return and Five Dollars (\$5.00) per day for the time actually and necessarily spent by him in making a personal examination of said district, this agreement to be binding upon us in the event the said party calls at our office within 30 days from the date hereof, goes over the district with us and does not find conditions here fully as represented by us in every particular. To THE FEDERAL LAND AND SECURITIES COMPANY By President

Fill out and mail us at once the coupon found on this page. It will entitle you to receive this certificate, made out in your name. Then, when you get it, together with the literature we will send you, get on the train and come and look at this Famous Golden Prairie. If you are so fortunate as to have a wife, have her come with you, and then you can together settle this important matter of taking advantage of the opportunity we now offer you. Come prepared for surprises. We want to show you a 165-acre farm belonging to a former Iowa renter from which he has just delivered to the Burns elevator winter wheat for which he has received a check for \$1,775.00, besides delivering \$285.00 worth to the elevator at Egbert, and keeping 200 bushels for seed. And it is wheat, too, W-H-E-A-T, which the elevator company tested at 62 pounds per measured bushel! We want to show you a sample of oats that the owner has just delivered to the elevator for which he states, on careful and accurate measurement of the land, he received from the elevator company pay for 7 1/2 bushels per acre. We want to show you just a few little things like these. Then we will show you in the same neighborhood and just across the fences from improved farms producing such crops as those mentioned above, land we own and offer to you at \$15.00 to \$25.00 per acre, which we can sell direct to you as we have sold some 150,000 acres to other wide-awake farmers on terms of: Plan 1—One-third cash, one-third in five years and one-third in ten years, with warranty deed and mortgage back, or Plan No. 2—One-fifth cash and balance in ten equal annual installments, or Plan No. 3—Whereby after making a small cash payment, as an evidence of good faith, you pay the balance of both principal and interest by delivering to your nearest market station one-half of the crop raised, which is credited at market price until the land is paid for.

(COUPON) The Federal Land and Securities Company, Cheyenne, Wyo. Gentlemen: I read your advertisement in the Northwest and am interested in the land you offer. I would like to see the land and receive a Certificate of Guaranty. If you will please send me a copy of the literature and a copy of the Certificate of Guaranty, I will be glad to pay these about \_\_\_\_\_ dollars for my trip to Cheyenne. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

The Federal Land and Securities Co. CHEYENNE WYOMING