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The LADY OF
the MOUNT
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AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE," ETC.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy.
CHAPTER II—The "Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman.

CHAPTER III—Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris.
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 rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

CHAPTER IX—Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish.
CHAPTER X—Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor.

CHAPTER XI—Lady Elise has Sanchez set free.
CHAPTER XII—Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XIII—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XIV—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

CHAPTER XV—Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish.

CHAPTER XVI—Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor.

CHAPTER XVII—Lady Elise has Sanchez set free.

CHAPTER XVIII—Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XIX—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XX—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

CHAPTER XXI—Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish.

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CHAPTER XXX—Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XXXI—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XXXII—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Mountbank and the Hunchback.
Up the Mount with shuffling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.
"Do you think they'll put me in a dungeon?"
"Dungeon, indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the oubliettes, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence—trait-

by a cane, and the sentiment. "I was all bad peasants deserve to fare!" and culminating in an excellent climax to the lesson—a tattoo on the peasant's head that sent him simultaneously, and felicitously, down with the curtain.

"What think you of it?" At my lady's elbow one of the officers turned to a companion.
"Amusing, but—" And his glance turned dubiously toward the people. Certainly they did not show proper appreciation either for the literary merits of the little piece or the precepts it promulgated in fairly sounding verse.

"The mountebank!" From the crowd a number of discontented voices rose. "Come out, Monsieur Mountebank!"
"Yes, Monsieur Mountebank, come out; come out!"

With fast-beating heart the Lady Elise gazed; as in a dream had she listened—not to the lines of the puppet play; but to a voice—strangely familiar, yet different—ironical; scoffing; laughing! She drew her breath quickly; once more studied the head, in its white, close-fitting clown's covering; the heavy, painted face, with red, gaping mouth. Then, the next moment, as he bowed himself back—

"Down With the Devil!"

apparently unmindful of a missile some one threw and which struck his little theater—the half-closed, dull eyes met hers; passed, without sign or expression!—and she gave a nervous little laugh. What a fancy!

"Act second!" the tinkling of a bell prefaced the announcement, and once more was the curtain drawn, this time revealing a marsh and the bad peasant at work, reluctantly beating the water to the Song of the Stick.

"Beat! beat!
At his lordship's command;
For if there's a croak,
For you'll be the stroke,
From no gentle hand."

A merry little tune, it threaded the act; it was soon interrupted, however, during a scene where a comical-looking devil on a broomstick, useful both for transportation and persuasion, came for something which he called the peasant's soul. Again the bad peasant protested; would cheat even the devil of his due, but his satanic Majesty would not be set aside.

"You may rob your master," he said, in effect; "defraud him of banalities, barter and those other few taxes necessary to his dignity and position; but you can't defraud Me!" Whereupon he proceeded to wrest what he wanted from the bad peasant by force—and the aid of the broomstick!—accompanying the rat-a-tat with a well-rhymed homily on what would certainly happen to every peasant who sought to deprive his lord of feudal rights. At this point a growing restlessness on the part of the audience found vent in a murmur.

"The for your devil's stick!"
"Down with the devil!"
"Down with the devil!"

The cry, once started, was not easy to stop; men in liquor and ripe for mischief repeated it; in vain the mountebank pleaded: "My poor dolls! My poor theater!" Unconsciously they tumbled it and him over; a few, who had seen nothing out of the ordinary in the little play took his part; words were exchanged for blows, with many fighting for the sake of fighting, when into the center of this, the real stage, appeared soldiers.

"What does it mean?" Impressive in gold adornment and conscious authority, the commandant himself came down the steps. "Who dares make riot on a day consecrated to the holy relics? But you shall pay!" as the soldiers separated the belligerents.

"Take those men into custody and—who is this fellow?" turning to the mountebank, a mournful figure above the wreckage of his theater and poor puppets scattered, haphazard, like victims of some untoward disaster.

"It was his play that started the trouble," said one of the officers.
"Diab!" the commandant frowned. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I," began the mountebank, "I—" he repeated, but here, where twenty, well-armed, could defend a pass and a nob batten their heads in vain against walls, he could well afford a confident front. "Up with you!" he cried sternly and gave the mountebank a contemptuous thrust.

For the first time the man's spath seemed to desert him; his arm shot back like lightning, but almost at once fell to his side, while an expression, apologetically abject, as if to atone for that momentary fierce impulse, overpowered his dull visage. "Oh, I'll go," he said in accents servile. And proceeded hurriedly to gather up the remains of his theater and dolls. "I'm willing to go."

CHAPTER XVIII.
Additional Local

Mrs. Carrie Bogseth, who has been visiting the folks at home over Thanksgiving, returned to her school just south of Loup City Monday morning. Her many friends were sorry to lose her again and hope no tangling alliances may arise to make any other place but this feel like home.—Erickson Journal.

Comes to our table the Erickson Journal, a neat and newsy little 6-col. quarto, four pages at home, journal printed and edited by A. C. Bell, who had been a printer on the Ord Journal and Greeley Independent in the past. Bro. Bell has a right to feel proud of the start he has made.

As numerous inquiries from friends of the editor's son, Frank W. Burleigh, are made to us from day to day as to how he is getting along in his eastern home, we take this occasion of answering all questions from friends here and elsewhere. When he and his wife left here the first of July, 1911, they went to Nelsonville, Ohio, where Frank had accepted the position of physical director of the Y. M. C. A., in that city, with a membership of 600, mostly miners. Later, having made good, he received a call to go to Columbus, the state capital, and take a like position in the new railroad Y. M. C. A. building, with night charge of the entire building which he accepted. Still later, when labor troubles and strikes caused financial down curve in Y. M. C. A. circles, he resigned from the work and returned to his former employment of railroading, going to firing on the Toledo & Ohio, most of the time on a switch engine in the yards. While at Nelsonville he had joined the Ohio M. E. Conference, deciding to later make the ministry his life work, and while in Columbus, when not otherwise engaged, he was down at the railway mission doing religious work, frequently having charge of preaching services. Some three months' since while the annual session of the Ohio Methodist conference was being held in Columbus, he was assigned to a pastorate at Jasper, in the southern part of the state, where he is at present, and where a recent letter tells us he is getting along well and happy in his work. He had just finished a series of successful meetings and was about to begin meetings at another point. Can you blame "dad" when his heart is made glad with good news from his boy? We are sure his many friends will be pleased to hear from him and join with those who already have through us wished for success and happiness for himself and his noble wife and little daughter in their work in the Master's vineyard.

Mourning Customs.
"Mrs. S. is married again," said an acquaintance, speaking of a widow of less than two years' standing. "Her mourning didn't last very long, but she surely did make it deep while she was about it. What a farce this wearing of 'mourning' is, anyway!"

With which I heartily agreed. Our fidelity to old, heathenish customs is astonishing when we stop to think about it. The moment the spirit takes its departure some one begins to plan the 'mourning' garb for the bereft ones, as though outward and visible signs of their woe were a real necessity, and oftentimes the less the inward regret the greater the outward show.

I heard a woman severely criticised because she appeared at the funerals,

of her father in her usual suit of blue with a white hat. "She should at least have shown her respect," said the critic, "by wearing a black hat."

Yet she had shown her love and devotion to him by being with him almost constantly during his illness, giving him every care and comfort that love could give, and he had often expressed his disapproval and dislike of the symbols of mourning and would have approved her disregard of the conventional garb.

Why do we so closely follow those old, senseless customs? There is nothing beautiful or comforting or even significant in many of them, but we blindly follow from superstitious dread of breaking away from old idols.

Another person shocked his neighbors by refusing to have anyone 'sit up' with the body of the departed one, which lay in a closed room where nothing could molest and needed no care nor vigil. But it was "customary," and anyone who dares depart from custom risks horrified criticism. Yet his course was more commendable and sensible than that which asks of others the unnecessary but customary rite of "sitting up" with the cold clay until the time of burial.

Truly, our customs need reforming.—Nebraska Farmer.

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