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The LADY of the MOUNGS BY FREDERIC S. ISNAM AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO. 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 es-

CHAPTER VII—Lady Elise is caught n 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 CHAPTER XII-Seigneur and a priest the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XIII—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Selgneur 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-Disguised as a peasant Lady Elise mingles with the people and hears some startling facts. CHAPTER XVI-A mysterious Mounte-bank starts a riot and is arrested.

CHAPTER XVII—The Mountebank is locked up after making close observations of the citadel, and is afterwards summoned before the governor's daughter. ors, or your nne gentry consigned by lettres de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Wait, and find out!" returned the soldier roughly, and the mountebank spoke no more for some time; held his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh. "Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably lock you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag," indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead, "in the cellar, or almonry, or auberge des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky and the Governor has time to attend to such as you, it may be you'll escape with a few stripes and a warning."

"The auberge des voleurs!-the

"Bah! You want to know too much! If now your legs only moved as fast as your tongue-" And the speaker completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickened his footsteps, once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence.

"How did it end, Monsieur Mountebank?—the scene with the devil, I

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearied by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered.

"A comic chorus!" said the soldier. "That must be very amusing."

"It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying, from where he stood, different parts of the Mount "Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when

you get out."
"'When!' If I only knew when that would be! What if I should have to stay here like some of the others?pour etre oublie!-to be forgotten?" "If you don't get on faster," said the soldier who had first spoken, "you won't be buried alive for some time

to come, at least!" "Pardon!" muttered the mounte-"You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back

for a chance to escape-"No, no!" protested the man. "I had no thought-do I not know that if I tried, your sword-"

"Quite right. I'd-" "There, there!" said the other soldier, a big, good-natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and," as once more they moved on, "that tune ruptly; "it runs in my head. Let me see-how does it go? The second verse, I mean-"

"Beat! beat! Mid marsh-muck and mire, For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!" "Yes; that's the one. Not bad!"

humming-"For if any note Escapes a frog's throat Beawre my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"
"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this thieves', inn, Monsieur?" returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des vo-leurs—that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks. who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go,

as they used to, but-" "Is that it-up there?" And the countebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong flanking buttresses, haste into the darkness of the cavern-outjutting beneath a mysterious-look.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS ing wall and poised over a sparselywooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening n the cliff to the right, with something running down-that looks like

> "Oh, that is for the wheel-" "The wheel?" "The great wheel of the Mount! It

planking-'

was built in the time of the monks, and was used for-" "Hold your tongue!" said the other

soldier, and the trio entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them. For the first time in that isolated

domain of the dreaded Governor, the mountebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast, solid, but harmonious masses.

Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooing sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more somber effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front-that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays; whose little balcony held real buds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice, the mountebank ventured to observe "Now, perhaps, lives there-"

"Hark you, my friend," one of the soldiers bruskly interrupted; "a piece of advice. His Excellency likes not babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll-I'll try to remember," said the mountebank docilely, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming reflection full on its windows; then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eve

For some distance they continued along the narrow way, the mountebank bending lower under his load and observing the injunction put upon him, until the path, broadening, led them abruptly on to a platform where a stone house of ancient construction barred their further progress. But two stories in height, this building, an alien edifice amid loftier piles, stood sturdily perched on a precipitous cliff. The rough stonework of its front, darkened by time, made it seem almost a part of the granite itself, although the roof, partly demolished and restored, imparted to it an anomalous distinctness, the bright new tile prominent as patches on some dilapidated garment. In its doorway, beneath a monkish inscription, well-nigh obliterated, stood a dwarf, or hunchback, who, jingling a bunch of great keys, ill-humoredly regarded the ap-

proaching trio. "What now?" The little man's welcome, as mountebank and soldiers came within earshot, was not reassur ing. "Isn't it enough to make prisoners of all the scamps in Christendom without taking vagabond players into custody?"

"Orders, good Jacques!" said one of the soldiers in a conciliatory tone. 'The commandant's!'

"The commandant!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well," mimicking: "Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make Song"Happy Christmas to you" cages of confessionals. or turn the cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oublietteg."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble-"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mounte



"Oh, I Suppose We'll Have to Take Care of Him!"

bank, who had been eyeing his prospective host not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered. But as he did so, he looked back; toward the soldier who had displayed half-friendly interest in the play.

"If you care to know more about the piece-" he began, when the maledictions and abuse of the misshaper keeper put a stop to further conver-sation and sent the mountebank post-

like hall intersecting the ground floor. On either side closed doors, vaguely

discerned, hinted at the secrets of the chambers they guarded; the atmosphere, dark and close, proclaimed the sunlight long a stranger there. At the end of the hall the dwarf, who had walked with the assurance of one well acquainted with that musty interior and all it contained, paused; shot sharply a bolt and threw open a door. The action was the signal for a chorus of hoarse voices from within, and the little man stayed not on the order of his going, but, thrusting the mountebank across the threshold, leaped nimbly back, slammed hard the door, and locked it.

Cries of disappointment and rage followed, and, facing the company that crowded the dingy little room almost to suffocation, the latest comer found himself confronted by unkempt people who shook their fists threateningly and execrated in no uncertain manner. A few, formerly spectators of his little play, inclined again to'vent their humor on him, but he regarded them as if unaware of their feeling; pushed none too gently to a tiny window, and, depositing his burden on the stone floor, seated himself on a stool with his back to the wall.

As a squally gust soon blows itself out, so their temper, mercurial, did not long endure; from a ragged coat one produced dice, another cards, and, although there were few sous to exchange hands, the hazard of tossing charm and held them. The minutes wore away; motionless in his corner, the mountebank now watched: then with his head on his elbow, seemed sunk in thought. Once he rose; stood on his stool and looked out between the heavy bars of the narrow window. "Not much chance to get out that way," observed a fellow prisoner.

'What did you see?" "Only a chasm in the sands." "The sands!" said the man. "Cursed

the day I set foot on them!" To this malediction the other did not answer; stepped down and, again seated in his corner, waited, while the light that had grudgingly entered the narrow aperture grew fainter. With the growing darkness the atmosphere but although he breathed with difficulty, the mountebank suffered no sign of impatience or concern to escape him; only more alertly looked and listened-to a night bird cleaving the air without; to muttered sounds, thieves' patois, or snatches of ribald mirth within; and, ere long, to new complainings.

"Our supper! What of our supper?" "The foul fiend take the auberge des

voleurs and its landlord?" "Vrai dieu! Here he comes!" the footsteps were heard without And the door, opening, revealed, indeed, in the rushlight, now dimly illuminating the hall, the hunchback, not laden, however, with the longedfor creature comforts, but emptyhanded; at his back the commandant and a number of soldiers.

"You fellow with the dolls!" Blinking in the glare of the torches, the dwarf peered in. "Where are you? Come along!" as the mountebank picture houses, depending principally rose, "you are wanted."

"Wanted?" repeated the stepping forward. "Where?" "At the palace," said the comman-

"The palace!" stopping short. "Who can want me there?" "Who?" The dwarf made a grimace. "Who?" he repeated mockingly.

"Her ladyship!" "Haven't you ears, my man?" The put an end to the old west-everycommandant frowned and made an impatient gesture. "Come, bestir your-

self! The Governor's daughter has To be Continued

Christmas Program

December 21st, 1912 at 8 O,clock

Recitation, "When Papa Was a Boy Raymond Pinckney in the casks, your guests would have Exercise "Christmas Telephone"

Dialogue....."Counting eggs" Primary Class

Kathryn Ling Song, "Three Cheers for the Turkey" Edith, Adelburt and Clifford Ward Dialogue......"Harry's Lecture"

Amy Nellravy Solo......'Little Jack Frost' Adelburt Ward.

Recitation "News Boy's Christmas"

Recitation, "A Merry Christmas' John Ward Dialogue....."A Practical Joke" Recitation...."The Longest Night"

Edith Ward Duet "Christmas morning Long Ago" Cecille and Glady Ling.

Recitation....."After Christmas" Adelburt Ward Dialogue "An Inquisitive Man" Exercise "Christmas Eve" Recitation....."Xmas"

Clifford Ward Song.....'Little Mothers' Pantomine "Night Before Xmas" Recitation, "Bud B's Christmas

Everette Gilbert Duet "The Quarrel" Edith and Clifford Ward Recitation "A Small Boy" Burnette Pinckney

Dialogue "Train to Mauro" Song "Santa Claus is Coming" Primary Class Austin Saturday. Emma F. Rowe,

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The head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, on a recent visit to the Pacific Coast, speaking of the connection of the moving picture show and dime novel in the developement of criminals, said:

"I do not mean to denounce the noving picture show as a whole. I like to go where good films are shown; and I know that the pictures, are, in many instances, both entertaining and instructive. But the scenes portraying hold-ups, kidnapping, burgleand shuffling exercised its usual ries and cowboy-Indian combats, with the narrow escapes, the thrilling experiences and the fusillade of shots accompanying, ought to be prohibited. They do not have a single meritorious feature and devolep the worst instincts in the impressionable youth. The cheap dime-novel detective story is another evil, and the circulation, or forbidden."

know the results of these evils. His calling brings him into contact with young men and young women forgers embezzlers, kidnappers and even murderers who were incited to wrongdoing by some insidious influence. seemed to become closer, more foul; He attributes their downfall in a measure to the causes named.

This is but an additional word of condemnation against the untruthful representation of the west in moving pictures. Police records are full of cases of crime caused by the young of the country whose minds have been poisoned through the medium of the moving picture show; and scarcely a day passes but what the news-papers contain accounts of some boy or girl leaving his or her home and pleasant surroundings to seek the wild and wooly frontier that they have been lead to believe still exists in our western states.

The good people of the west who take pride in their peaceful communities are justified in bringing to the attention of the public -- fathers and mothers in particular-the fact that moving on the young for support, should be prohibited from staging these "blood and thunder" plays as being typical of western life. Boards of censure should condem them on sight. Time was, perhaps, that these scenes occurred on the frontier but those times are long since past, going, as they did, "Her ladyship," said the command- with the Indian and the cowboy of ant, with a reproving glance at the free range times. The completion of the overland rail route, and with it the coming of civilization, speedily thing now is calm and peaceful; the thousand-acre ranches have given way to the tiller of the soil. The chaps and six shooter, so much in evidence in moving picture sketches, if displayed today on the streets of a western city, would create as great a stir as they would if shown on Broadway, New York, or State Street, Chicago. To be given at Moon School House Many people, no doubt, are hesitant about seeking a home in the west, for the reason that they believe these sensational conditions still exist. Movpictures, of the proper sort, have a worthy mission to fill, in providing wholsome amusement and entertainment for both young and old, at a small cost, and the educational purpose to which they are now being put is highly commendable. Let soberminded fathers and mothers demand that the shows visited by their children shall be of a nature that tends to uplift, and forbid their attendance at those places that depict scenes of west-Recitation, "A Surprise for Santa" ern life that are next to impossible, much less probable. Popular sentiment should demand the better class pictures, such as innocent minds may view without injurious effects. The owners of the picture houses will benefit, eventually, by showing clean plays, as a better class of patronage will result, and the few who demand Dare Devil Dick picture will either withdraw their attendance or materially change their tastes in regard to amusement.

Austin Happenings

Austin Sunday school was well at tended last Sunday. The minister teaching the bible class which added to the interest of the lesson, after which we listened to a fine address. Homer Ogle was seen at J. W. Gilmore's Sunday. Mrs. P. G. Paige spent Friday night

with Mrs. A. Daddow in Austin. Milt Rentfrow is quite lame frommisstep on the streets of Loup City last Saturday.

The oyster supper at Mrs. Ida Ogle's last Saturday eve was a grand success. Walt Gregg visited at Harley Mc-Call Sunday.

The Austinites all trade at home but regardless of that fact there was some 25 or 30 in Loup City last Satur-

John Riskoski attended church in Loup City Sunday.

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Mr. Curtis, a brother of Mrs. Hart- Miss Inez Van Dyke spent Friday well come on the motor Friday. Dr. N. L. Talbott is a very sick An Xmas program and tree will be man and there is very little hopes is given at the Lone Elm school house entertained for qis recovery.

Loup City Saturday. Clear Creek Items Harry Zahn returned home Saturday from near Arcadia, where he has

been shucking corn for Mr. Woodruff. Mr. Kratzer gave a dance at his home Saturday evening. Mrs. Clara Taylor returned to her

home at Loup City Saturday. A number of the young people from this vicinity attended the basket social The coal famine was relieved at in district 65, near Litchfield, last

Thursday evening. Miss Mary Adams spent Saturday afternoon with Miss Ruth Van Dyke.

Homer Ogle and Miss Jessie Gil- invited. more rttended the picture show at

at home visiting with her relatives.

on Christmas eve. All are cordially

