

# The Lady OF THE Mount

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"The Strollers"  
"Under the Rose"  
— Etc. —  
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rest; for hardly had the sun set its seal in the sky than from the forests the appearance of a body of troops rewarded the watchers. From hotel to hotel the word went, and men, women and children, unkempt and curious, ran down to the beach to await the approach of the guard. Proudly had it departed, with waving of plumes; slowly it returned, a bedraggled procession of staggering horses and heavy-eyed men. Had it come back a little earlier, the dark might have kept the truth from the people; now the pitiless red glare revealed to the full the plight of the troopers. It told, too, the disappointment of Monsieur le Commandant, who looked neither to the right nor to the left; and the despair of my lord, the Marquis, pale counterfeit of his debonaire self.

"Her Ladyship! They haven't brought her back!" Low murmurs arose; grew louder; some one laughed. But suddenly, without answer, the soldiers dragged by, into the town, and laboriously up to the top of the Mount. At the gate his Excellency waited; cast one glance at the company—their leader—and silently turned. Later, however, was he closeted with both the commandant and the Marquis—a brief period with the former who departed, carrying a look eloquent of the unpleasantness of the interview.

"And now," said the Governor in tones somewhat strained, as the officer's dejected footfall died in the distance, "we've got rid of that dolt, let us consider, my Lord, the purport of this outrage."

"Purport?" repeated the Marquis petulantly, stretching his stiff legs. "Did they not tell me that if anything happened to the Black Seigneur, they would hold her, Elise, answerable for it? You see they had learned," bitterly, "of your intention to hang him after the wedding!"

"From which you infer?" "They will keep her as hostage! Indeed, they said as much when—"

"They bound you, my Lord?" "The color came to the young man's face. "It was a trap," he said, his voice pitched higher; "and they came prepared, not for one man, but the guard!"

"Still it was very ill-advised—a great mistake—to have taken the shorter way through the forest alone."

"The proposal did not originate with me! Elise suggested it. She seemed in a wild, headstrong mood; nothing would stop her. Now," moodily he rose, "mon dieu! What has she brought upon herself? Where is she now?"

His Excellency did not stir; his face, like a pale mask, was turned aside. "I do not think," he said slowly, as arguing to convince himself, "she is in any immediate danger."

"But my lord caught irritably at the word. "No danger! She is surrounded by it. And we? What are we to do? Sit idly here? Give me a ship, your Excellency, and I will follow the boat of this Black Seigneur, and when I find it, force them to—"

"What?" The Governor's eyes swerved dully. "Have you forgotten their threat? Their last words to you that if we attempted to follow, to rescue—that, rather than give her up—"

"They would not dare!" cried my lord with sparkling glance.

But his Excellency shook his head. "No; no; it won't do! And now," again looking away, "leave me, my Lord, to consider." With which, the interview, as unsatisfactory to the one as the other, terminated.

Several days that passed were not calculated either to alleviate his Excellency's anxiety, or the Marquis' impatience; for during that period of waiting came no word of my lady, or news of her captors. Mysteriously as a phantom ship had the boat that had carried the Governor's daughter away appeared on the coast and vanished, and from none of the Governor's vessels, or any of the fishing craft could be gleaned information of its whereabouts. My lord, the Marquis, annoyed at what seemed but fruitless delay; was still for setting forth and inviting battle; but of this his Excellency would not hear, arguing, no doubt, to himself that in temporizing lay greater assurance of safety to his daughter than in precipitate action. So the situation grew hourly more trying, until—as if it already were not intolerable enough!—a new concern added ironical weight to present perplexities.

My young lord, between whom and the master of the Mount had been growing a more strained relationship, sought the Governor one day, and, in excited tones, announced he had just learned that the prisoner, the Black Seigneur, was ill and probably would survive but a short time longer in the dungeon where he was confined. As his Excellency knew, the fellow had been wounded, and now with scanty nourishment, want of air, and close quarters, was generally in a bad way.

His Excellency heard; moistened his lips and seemed about to speak, but was silent, while more anxiously the young man went on. Of course under different conditions, with care and attention—a well-lighted room and excellent food—they might hope to restore their prisoner's strength; at least, preserve for a time one so precious to themselves, upon the thread of whose life hung my lady's!

His Excellency still answered no word; only looked down, and, knitting his brows, the young nobleman restlessly waited. At length, with an expression on his face the Marquis had never before seen there, his Excellency rose, moved like an automaton to the bell, and called for the jailer.

"Monsieur le Marquis has a few instructions to give you." The Gov-

ernor's voice, but a breath, told what he words cost him.

The man responded gravely, looking from one to the other.

"Use your own judgment in the matter, my Lord," went on his Excellency, and left them together.

After that, a change, subtle but deep-rooted, came over the Governor; a silent man always, now his taciturnity became most marked. Under stress of untoward circumstances, all the instincts at the Mount, save the young noble, departed; but his Excellency appeared hardly to notice their going; drawing his cloak of reserve closer about him; seemed only to ask for that solitude, not difficult to find in his aerial kingdom. Sometimes for a long while he would stand in the cloister, gazing seaward; again wander in the church, look at the monuments, always to pass one of them quickly.

Only on a single occasion, when the Marquis, who was daily becoming more nervous, sought him, with a reverent report of his prisoner-patient, did the Governor give sign that beneath this apparent apathy yet stirred malevolence and rancor.

"Yes, yes," he returned, a spark of ill-concealed venom in his glance; "he is doing well, no doubt! I am sure he will do well. But well or ill, I wish to hear no more of him! No more, Monsieur le Marquis!" His voice vibrated; surprised, the kinsman of the King stared, then stiffly turned away.

So matters stood, when one day, alone in the cloister, his Excellency was disturbed by a rough-looking fellow who brought a letter and said he would await the reply at the tavern in the town.

Deliberately the Governor took the missive, tore open the envelope, and surveyed the small bit of paper it contained. Whatever the brief message told him, his Excellency's face did not change, and he was still coldly, carefully studying sentences and words after his fashion, when through the door my lord, the Marquis, stepped in some haste. Lifting his eyes, the Governor had no difficulty in reading the question on the young man's countenance. For a moment they looked at each other, and then the long, white fingers of his Excellency again sought the letter.

"They," his voice seemed to clip the words, "propose an exchange of prisoners, and give me three days to consent to it!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### A Sound Afar.

About midway in the curve of one of the numerous bays, marking the coast line, and several hours distant from the Mount, stands a stone cross erected by an English mariner to indicate the place of his landing. The symbol is visible on all sides from afar, for before it are the sands and the sea and behind stretches the land barren of wood—low, level, covered only with marsh grass. Toward this monument of man's conquest—most prominent object in a prospect, dreary and monotonous—rode, late one afternoon, a band of horsemen. At their head galloped my lord, the Marquis; in the center could be seen a man with bound arms whose horse was led by one of the others. This person—a prisoner, thin, haggard, yet still muscular of frame—from time to time gazed about; a look of inquiry or calculation in the black undaunted eyes.

"What prison are you taking me to now?" once he asked the trooper who held the reins of his horse. "And why do you go in this direction? Is it you dare not ride along main highways on account of the people?"

"Never you mind!" came the gruff answer. "And as for the people, they'd better look out!"

"Bah!" laughed the prisoner. "You can put some of them in cells, but not all!"

"There may be something worse than a cell waiting for you!" was the malicious retort.

"No doubt!" said the other stoically. But as his eyes again swept the horizon, from the opposite direction appeared another band of riders. At first the prisoner, regarding them, looked puzzled; then as the newcomers rode straight and rapidly on toward the cross, his countenance expressed a faint understanding. A fresh relay of men, he concluded; one his present guard would consign him to, and then themselves return to the Mount. Still was the meeting-place an odd one, and the demeanor of the two boats or men not entirely consistent with his conclusions; for, as they drew nearer, both parties slackened their pace, suspiciously to scrutinize each other.

"Twenty—the number agreed upon!" muttered the Marquis, and spurring on, led his troops nearer the cross.

Not many paces distant the word was given to halt, and, as they obeyed, on the other side of the monument the

strange men likewise drew rein. At the same moment, there flashed on the captive's mind a discovery. These faces, looking so grimly out over the marshy field at them, were not the women messengers of paid soldiers, but of men he knew—his men! Across the space separating the two parties he could read their quick looks—their satisfaction—their complacency! He watched them with eyes in which pride and tenderness mingled. And then, for the first time, did he observe they had brought some one with them—a woman, or a girl—the Governor's daughter!

The bold black eyes of the prisoner regarded her fixedly. What did it mean? said his keen gaze. Colorless as marble, my lady held herself very erect on her horse; then while his glance yet probed her, the proud face slowly changed; on the cold cheek youth's bright banner flared high. The young man turned; following the direction of her gaze, looked at the Marquis; my lord's features radiated felicitation; his eyes shone with welcome. And a fuller understanding came over the prisoner; in some mysterious manner had the Lady Elise been made captive, and now had the nobleman come to escort his betrothed back to the palace.

Even as the Black Seigneur reached this conclusion, he became cognizant his bonds had been loosed; the reins placed in his hands. "You are free," said a voice and mechanically he rode toward his comrades.

Thus, near the crumbling and time-worn cross, was the exchange of prisoners effected; the girl whirled away by my lord, who seemed fearful of treachery, and the Black Seigneur left to the greeting of his men.

"Now, by the tuneful Nine"—the poet, Gabriel Gabarie, pushing his burly form to the front, was the first to extend a hand—"but, from your looks, the Governor looks ill to the welfare of his lodgers!"

"And had we not captured my lady," spoke up another, gazing after the party of the Marquis, "the would have looked yet worse to the welfare of one of them, no doubt!"

"Drink this, Seigneur," cried a third; "you must drink this—a special bottle we brought for the occasion!"

"Sent by old Pierre when he heard we were coming for you!" added the poet. "Your drinking-cup, lads! Unfasten the skin for yourselves! To mon capitaine!"

Once, twice, deeply they drank—toast and vintage alike to their taste; then straightening, looked at the Black Seigneur whose eyes yet burned in the direction my lady had gone. With a start he seemed to recall himself to the demands of the moment; his first questions they expected; the ship—where did she lie? Snug and trim in a neighboring cove, ready to slip out, if occasion required and danger pressed—which contingency they did not just then expect, since at the moment was his Excellency more concerned with affairs on the land than matters pertaining to the sea. What these paramount interests were, the young man, on whose thin cheek now burned a little color, did not at once ask; only gazed inquiringly over the group, where one, whom he might have expected, was absent.

"Sanchez—he is not with you?" A look of constraint appeared for an instant on the poet's face.

"No, he's with the people, I expect. You see," he went on, "things have been happening since you elected to enact the mountebank. The bees have been busy, and this little hive they call France is now full of both and bustle. The bees that work have been buzzing about those that don't; they made a great noise at Versailles, but the King Drone only listened; did not try to stop it, fearing their sting. They hummed at the door of the Bastille, until the parasite bees, not liking the music, opened the doors, let them all in—"

"The Bastille has fallen?" The listener's voice rang out; his eyes, searching sharply the features of the bard, seemed to demand only the truth, plain, unadorned.

"It has," answered the other gravely. "And the tune sung in and around Paris has kept on spreading until now it is everywhere! You may hear it in the woods; along the marshes; out over the strand! The very Mount, immovable, seems to listen. When will the storm break? Today? Tomorrow? It needs but a word from Paris, and then—"

The poet broke off, and silently the Black Seigneur seemed to be weighing the purport of the news; for some moments stood as a man deep in thought; then, arousing himself, spoke a few words, and gave a brief order. Swiftly the riders swept away in the direction from which they had come, and only when they had gone some distance did the young man once more turn to the poet with a question:

# CONTEST BULLETIN

## Big Excitement, Look! Look!!

Only Twelve Days, and These Fine Special Prizes are Yours

# WHO WILL WIN?

The Special Prizes that we gave away Wednesday was a great success, and as a reward of merit and appreciation of excellent work done by contestants and their friends, we have decided to make another big and expensive Special Prize offer. The harvest time is at hand. NOW! RIGHT NOW is your chance to make a cinch finish. It will be worth anyone's time to try for these special prizes—Everyone starts for them on an equal basis, as only subscription payments turned in between the dates of March 6 and March 19, inclusive, both dates will count on these awards and the work done between these dates, will assist in winning the automobile. Now dear contestant, how easy it is if you have the proper spirit, you must have the proper spirit before you can succeed. At all times be aggressive, let everybody know that you want a 5 years subscription.

Special Prizes to be Awarded Between March 6 and March 19

- One Diamond Ring - - \$18
  - One Silver Mesh Bag - \$12
  - One Toilet Set, Stag Horn, Plate Glass \$6.
  - One Gold Calling Card Case and Purse \$2.50
- And Every Contestant who turns in \$25 will get a \$2.50 Hand Bag

### SPECIAL PRIZES

- One Diamond Ring.....\$18.00
- One Silver Mesh Bag.....\$12.00
- One Toilet Set, Stag Horn Finish, Plate Glass.....\$ 6.00
- One Gold Calling Card Case and Purse.....\$ 2.50
- And every contestant who turns in \$25 will get a hand bag.....\$2.50

To be given between the dates of March 6 and March 19, inclusive, of both dates. The choice of prizes will be given to the candidate having the most money to her credit and the candidate having the second largest amount will get second choice and so on down until the four better prizes are taken, and then each candidate turning in as much as \$25 will get a nice \$2.50 leather hand bag. The special prizes will be on

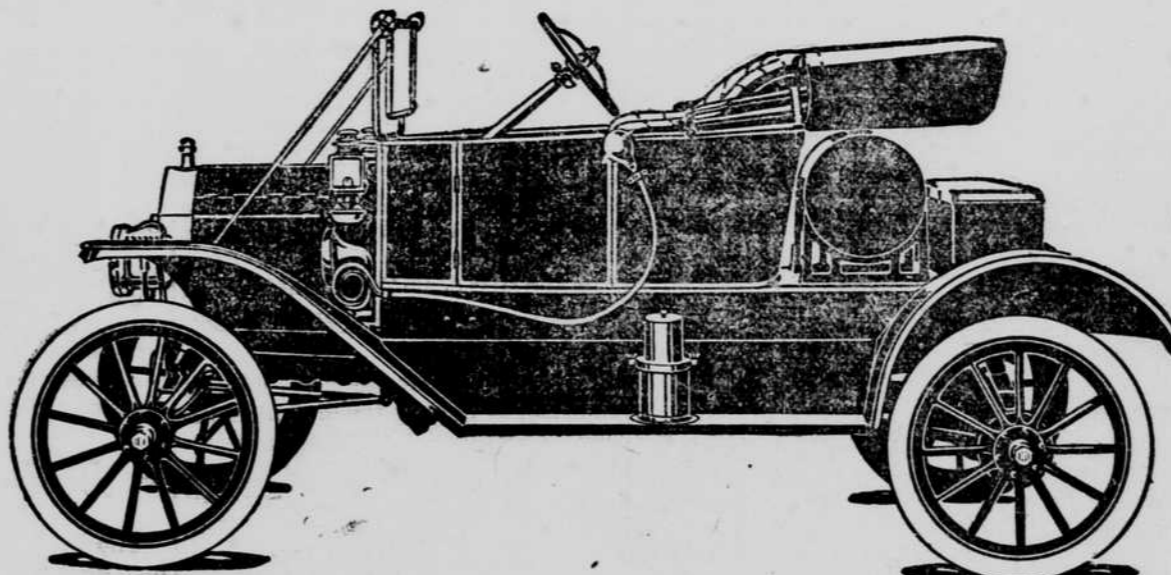
exhibition at VAUGHN & HINMAN'S and SWANSON & LOFHOLM'S. They are all nice prizes, and are fully guaranteed by these gentlemen, they say they are first class and their word goes. Go and see these fine prizes.

How easy you can get this \$25.00. Just ask twelve of your friends to subscribe for the Northwestern for two years each, and possibly you can get people to give you a five year subscription each. Now Contestant you are asking no favors of a man when you ask him to subscribe for four years in advance, as he will get his money's worth.

Get busy and get a fine prize. Call the Contest Manager and tell him your troubles.

## Prize To Be Awarded At Close Of Contest

Ford Roadster



One Automobile

### Special Prize Awards

The candidate that has turned in the most money between the dates of March 6, and March 19, (both dates inclusive) will get choice of the special prizes and the candidates that have the largest amount of money in respective rotation will get choice until all the larger prizes are taken, and every candidate that has turned in \$25. between March 6 and March 19 at 6 p. m. will get a hand bag, so don't get discouraged you will get a prize. It's easy to collect \$25, all you have to do is to ask four subscribers to pay 4 years each and you have it. You must not be afraid to ask for big subscriptions. Your friends can pay ahead as far as they like. A word to the wise is sufficient, the subscription price of this paper is \$1.50 per year.

Contestants who live outside of Loup City may send their money by mail with list of subscriptions, but the post mark must show that the subscriptions were mailed not later than six o'clock p. m., Mar. 19

**Schedule of Votes on Subscription Contest**

1 year \$1.50.....	300 votes
2 years \$3.00.....	700 votes
3 years \$4.50.....	1200 votes
4 years \$6.00.....	1800 votes
5 years \$7.50.....	2500 votes
6 years \$9.00.....	3300 votes
7 years \$10.50.....	4200 votes
8 years \$12.00.....	5200 votes
9 years \$13.50.....	6300 votes
10 years \$15.00.....	7500 votes

### Not The Close of The Contest

Do not confuse March 19th and the prizes to be awarded at that time with the close of the contest. The above prizes will be given as an extra reward for work done by contestants from March 6 to March 19. The closing day of the contest when the Automobile is to be awarded will be announced later. The regular schedule of votes will apply to money turned in on special prize period, and the votes will count on the Automobile and other capital prizes.

### Prizes For Everyone

All contestants who turn in at least \$25.00 who do not win one of the above prizes will receive a beautiful leather hand bag.

## At the Opera House

MONDAY MARCH 10, 1913

One Night only

Carl M. Dalton, Present the  
Funniest of all Farce Comedies

Ole Olson

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A laugh from start to finish  
All our own special scenery  
Good singing and dancing specialties  
Tickets on sale at Vic Swanson's store. Price 25, 35 and 50c

J. W. Burleigh  
Proprietor

## Contest Manager,

# Care Northwestern