

The Lady

OF THE

Mount

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"The Strollers"
"Under The Rose"
Etc.
Illustrations by
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acter of their previous meeting, a definite disinclination to encountering the figure on the stairs caused the Governor abruptly to draw into the entrance of the church. There, concealed, impatiently he waited for the man to pass on, thus affording him the opportunity to slip by and return to the gate.

Meanwhile, the Lady Elise had repaired to the palace; a prey to harassing doubts her father's words had failed to remove, she listened to those sounds of the strife she no longer saw. But that she wished to obey her father unquestioningly now—at, perhaps, a supreme moment for both of them!—she could not have remained where she was. Never had the palace looked so blank and deserted; she rang her bell; no one answered. The servants had apparently all left—gone, it might be, to look down on and behold this *guerre à la mort* waged near the gates. Or, perhaps, had they all, except the old nurse, fled from the palace, never to return?

As she asked herself these questions, in the distance the noise of the conflict grew louder; the shouts of the people more distinct, nearer! With a sudden premonition of disaster close at hand, the desire to see what was happening—to know the worst—seized her. No longer could she remain in her apartments; she must return to the ramparts—to her father; and then if need be—The thought drove some of the color from her cheek, but in a moment her braver instincts spoke; there awoke within her the courage and spirit of her Norman ancestry.

Pale, yet determined, she hastened down the long, dimly lighted corridor, and was nearing the door leading to the street when it suddenly opened and a man, tall and dark, showing in his appearance many signs of the fray, stepped in. At sight of her a quick exclamation fell from his lips; his bold, anxious eyes lighted. "My Lady!"

"You!" Her startled glance met his. "I heard the firing; hastened to the Mount—here! I trust not too late!"

"Too late!" she repeated wildly. "Where else should the Black Seigneur be than here, at the Mount—at such a moment?"

"True!" he returned quietly. "Where else?"

She noted not the accent; behind him, through the open space a bright flick of flame, in the direction of the soldiers' barracks, shot into the air, and, at the same time, she saw that the officers' quarters and out-buildings glowed red. The knowledge of what it meant—that her apprehensions had been realized, sent a shudder through her, and quickly as the door closed, shutting out the sight, she ran toward the threshold, one thought in her mind—her father, and where she had last seen him! That she was seized, held, restrained, seemed but a natural, though terrible, incident of the moment.

"Pardon, my Lady! In a moment they will be here, and they will not spare you! Your father is not at the gate; he left before the soldiers gave way! Believe me, or not—it is the truth! As true as that, if you go out, they will kill you!"

And did he not want that; why else was he here? The young man's face darkened; he made an impatient gesture. They were but wasting time; already were the people close without; one of the assailants, a woman, had been shot in the assault; the others? Her Ladyship would understand; if she wished to save herself! His tones vibrated with strange eagerness. The palace had a rear entrance, of course? Then had they better flee upward to some place of concealment, and, later when the people were congregated most in pillage, endeavor to find a way to leave the Mount. After that, it would be easy; his ship was waiting—Her wild words interrupted; her father—she would go only to him! She would never leave him now!

That which she proposed was impossible, quickly the young man answered. "Yet—the terrible mob! Did she realize to what she would expose herself? Did she know the terrible danger? More plainly he told her. As for her going, it was not to be thought of; he must see she did not persist in her purpose.

"You?" My lady flashed him a glance "You!" she repeated. "Whose men broke faith—"

"That may be!" His voice rang bitterly. "Yet, with stubborn resolution, your Ladyship must not go!"

"Must not!—And you presume—dare tell me that? You, the—"

"I would there were no need to cross you, my Lady," he returned, when behind him the door, leading from the street, suddenly opened; closed.

"Elise!" The voice of the Marquis, who had hurriedly entered, rang out; changed. "Mon dieu! What is this?" In the dim light, an instant my lord stared hard at the man before him; then with drawn blade threw himself upon him.

"You!" A rapid coup de tierce was the Marquis' reply. "You! Whose outlaws carried her off before! You are pleased to jest, Monsieur Bandit!"

"No jest, my Lord!" coolly. "Moreover, it is you who serve her ladyship ill at such a moment in—"

"Mon dieu! You instruct!"

"I have no wish for this combat, Monsieur le Marquis!" As he spoke, the Black Seigneur retreated slowly toward the door. "But if you press too close—"

"Ma foi! You talk very brave, but I notice your legs take you backward. However, it will not serve; you shall not escape."

"No?" His back now against the door, the Black Seigneur defended himself with his right hand, the while his left felt behind for a bolt which it found; shot into place. "Then let us remove temptation by locking the door!"

"What! You did, then, intend—"

A sudden fierce pounding from without on the door, interrupted.

"It was necessary to keep them out—but it will be only for a moment. So put up your blade!" peremptorily. "There is no time to lose."

"You are right!" The Marquis' face expressed scorn and unreasoning anger; his sword leaped to an accelerated tempo. "There is no time to lose. I shall honor you! The Marquis de Beauvillers will stop to cheat the fourches patibulaires!" And my lord lunged, a dangerous and clever thrust that was met, answered. From the Marquis' hand the blade flew; struck the pavement; at the same time, a rending and tearing of wood came from the door.

The Black Seigneur leaped forward; but the stroke his adversary, now disarmed, expected, fell not on him; directed toward a lamp overhead, sole source of illumination of the corridor, the weapon struck hard. Shattered by the blow, the ornamental contrivance crashed to the floor; the place was plunged in darkness.

"Save yourself, my Lord!" said a calm voice, and my lady, standing, as it were, in the center of a vortex of wildly rushing figures, felt her waist suddenly clasped; herself swept on! Once or twice she struggled; resisted, hardly knowing what she did; but the sound of a low, determined voice, not unfamiliar to her, and the consciousness of a physical force—or was it all physical?—that seemed to beat down her will, left no choice but to obey.

Darkness gave way to waves of light; reflections of flame surrounded them; black trails of smoke coiled around. The girl's strength went; her breath came faster. A thick cloud choked her; she wished only to stop, when arms closed about her.

Upward! Still upward! By winding stairs, through passages and doorways, vaguely she felt herself borne, until a cold breath of air, blowing suddenly in her face, revived her; awoke her to a confused realization of the place they had at last reached—the upper platform at the head of the long, open stairway of granite. And with that consciousness, she again sought to free herself; but, for an instant the arms held tighter, while a dark face bent close, scanning her features, then abruptly he released her.

"Your Ladyship is uninjured?"

"Yes; yes!"

"One moment!" Turning, he left her, and walking to the verge of that open space, searched quickly the waste of darkness below, far out to sea. The girl's glance followed him; wavered; her first apprehension awoke anew. Her father! Where was he? She clasped her hands despairingly as she gazed down the Mount; then around her. Suddenly, a bright patch of light—open doorway to the church—caught her eye and she started. At the picture, framed by the masonry, which the glow revealed, a low exclamation fell from her lips, and crossing the platform, and descending a few steps, she ran to the entrance of the sacred edifice.

"Eh, your Excellency; has your Excellency any orders?" sounded a voice.

There, before an altar, in the dim flicker of candles and the variegated gleaming from the ancient stained-

W. McLaughlin helped Ed. Flynn kill his summer meat Tuesday. Ed. gave the carrier some fresh meat.

Chas. Snyder had his windmill moved over about two rods over a new well he had put down some time ago.

An elderly man drove a twenty hundred pound hay baler all the way from Gibbon Neb., last week to bale 10 tons of hay for J. A. Converse. He will also load the same on the cars at Loup City.

Mr. Cox and family moved on the farm farmed by Roy Conger the past year.

W. O. Brown is putting a fence around his new house and yard.

Will Behren put up a mail box Tuesday.

Joe Johnson helped W. F. Howard haul hay Tuesday.

Wm. Rutherford was hauling corn from Loup City Monday.

The mill race was level full of snow in some places the past week.

Art Gilbert did some papering for Will Draper the past week.

Chas. Schwaderer took home a new windmill Monday. His old one blew down in the heavy wind last Friday.

G. B. Wilkie and Fred Johnson replanked the bridge west of Clarence Burt's this week.

There wasn't any school on Route 2 last Friday.

C. L. Barr is working for Chris Oltjenbruns.

Miss Ohlsen in the Hawk district gets to teach 9 months instead of 8.

Billy Rowe and son have F. M. Mickow's new addition ready for the plasterers this week.

The ground is in fine shape after the rain of last week. Winter wheat is in good condition and has commenced to look green. Cattle and horses are looking better than last spring.

John Hesler has started his new milk wagon and has a brand new turnout.

Road bosses John Peterson, Fred Johnson and G. B. Wilkie have been good to the carrier by opening all the snow drifts in their district. C. J. Nordstedt was lucky for he had no snow to open on the route as the wind carried it out of the cuts.

Jim Roush does not expect the calves to arrive from North Platte for about 10 days.

Oliver Brodock got storm stayed at Loup City for two days last week. His auto is still there.

Tom McFadden and Homer Hughes got their autos home Saturday from Ernest Daddow's where they had to abandon them last week on their way home from Joe Daddow's.

The Ladies Aid Society of Wiggle Creek held another of their enjoyable surprises at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daddow last Thursday. They took the house by storm which continued all afternoon and many of them had hard time getting home. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daddow will soon move to Loup City.

The wind mill wheel at Jess Fletcher's was blown off in the storm of last Friday. The tower is almost down also.

Adolph Newhouser is a new patron on Route 2. He is living on the Jim Bone place.

Miss Lettie Peugh was teaching Saturday to make up for lost time.

John Hesler has commenced to build some new buildings on his farm south of town.

The silos on the Jim Lee place and the old Foss place were blown to the ground last Friday.

Myrl McLaughlin made a drive to Litchfield Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shipley will be patrons on Route 2 next year. Harry bought the quarter of land farmed by Gust Youngland the past year. It cost him \$6000. Mr. and Mrs. Shipley were old route patrons of the carrier when he drove Route 1 several years ago.

Carrier on Route 2 had to admit his defeat with the weather man last Friday. This is the second full day I have missed in the past seven years. On Saturday I made the trip with some trouble, but the roads were good for several miles at a time and where they are bad they were awful. Almost everyone thought they had the most snow in their yards. Chickens and little pigs suffered the most in the storm. A great many of them were killed. The north and south roads were drifted the worst. The wind did a large amount of damage all over the route. The rain that came before the snow was about the same all over the route.

Those that took the eighth grade examination on Route 2 last Friday were, Ruth McFadden, Elsie Oltjenbruns, Roy Wilson, Annie Johnson, Lula Brodock, Lena and Burt Snyder, Veva and Russell Wilkie.

Along R. R. No. 2

Mrs. Alma Zwick was snowed in at Chas. Morrison's over Friday's big blizzard.

Robt. Dinsdale is putting a fence around his yard this week.

Miss Henrietta Conger has been very sick, and at this writing is no better.

E. G. Taylor's men have been having a time this week working in snow, mud and water, trying to complete the new flume.

Clark Hile went down to Plattsmouth, Neb., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daddow and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Daddow were Loup City visitors Tuesday.

Spotanski Bros. took home a load from town Tuesday.

Will Engles has been doing some carpenter work for Will Draper this week.

Harry Shipley did some braking Tuesday. He is getting ready to set out some trees along his west line.

Ernest McFadden, Irwin Conger and Horace Casteel have been duck hunting on the big island this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Alleman visited several days last week at Ravenna.

Charles Snyder had a well man up to his farm this week from Ravenna, doing some well work.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the Altar.

"Morbled! Here's a madman!" Ere the Black Seigneur could unsheathe his sword, that of the Marquis had pierced slightly his shoulder. "Put up your blade, my Lord!" As quickly springing back and drawing his own, he held himself in an attitude of defense. "In this matter are we, or should we be—of a mind!"

"We!" My lord's weapon played in fierce curves and flashes; he laughed derisively.

"I am here to serve her ladyship—"

J. G. PAGELER
Auctioneer
Loup City, - - Nebraska

I will call sales in any part of Sherman County.
Phone or write, Jack Pageler Loup City, Nebraska

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 7, '13

Special Prize Period EXTENDED to March 26th

Owing to the big storm of last week, coupled with preceding beastly weather since beginning of the Subscription Contest, the closing day has been postponed one week, but

Will Positively Close on the Above Date

Two Passenger Ford Runabout Car

Every Candidate Gets a Prize

Now is the time to get busy in the Northwestern's big contest. Win a prize

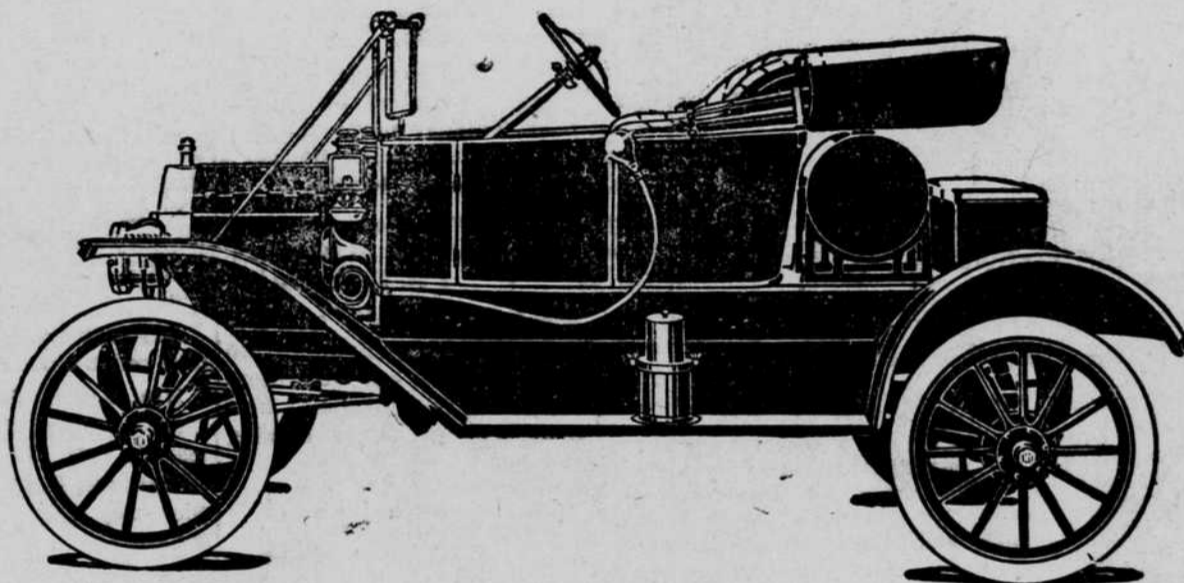
for a few days effort and lay a foundation of votes for the capital prize. Your friends will help you if you help yourself. Many votes are coming into the Northwestern office for the candidates. No contestant should miss this chance to get a nice Special Prize. Make a big effort to get in \$25 by March 26 at 6 o'clock p. m., and you are sure of a prize and a little more than that amount may win you the Diamond ring or one of the better specials and this effort may pave the way to other bigger prizes. Now is the time to get busy. Every contestant can rest assured that there will be no better prizes given and the contest will close April 7th, if death or sickness does not prevent. The special prizes mentioned will be given away March 26.

Special Prizes to be Awarded Between March 6 and March 26

- One Diamond Ring - - \$25
 - One Silver Mesh Bag - \$15
 - 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

Prize To Be Awarded At Close Of Contest

Ford Roadster



One Automobile

SPECIAL PRIZES

- One Diamond Ring.....\$25.00
 - One Silver Mesh Bag.....\$15.00
 - 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

exhibition at VAUGHN & HINMAN'S and SWANSON & LORHOLM'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.

Special Prize Awards

The candidate that has turned in the most money between the dates of March 6, and March 26, (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 26 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. 26

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 26. 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.

J. W. Burleigh
Proprietor

Contest Manager,

Care Northwestern