

**The Lady**  
OF THE  
**Mount**  
By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM**  
Author of  
"The Strollers"  
"Under the Rose"  
Etc.  
Illustrations by  
**RAY WALTERS**

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against the damp blocks of masonry, breathing hard, as a man weak from fatigue, loss of blood, he sought to recover his strength. It returned only too slowly; the passing lassitude annoyed him; for the moment he forgot he had but recently come from the dungeon and the hardships that sap elasticity and vigor. He was impatient to move on; looked at my lady—and a sudden fear smote him! How white she appeared! Had she—his hand trembled at her heart; a blank dismay overcame him; then joy—At that instant he thought not of the pull between them; was conscious only he held her—slender, beautiful—in his arms; that she seemed all his own, with her breath on his cheek, her soft lips so close. Above sounded the madness of the night; the crackling of flames; the interperate voices! In the angle of the will, with darkness a blanket around them, he pushed back the hair from her clear brow, bent over, closer—suddenly straightened.

"Pard!" he muttered, a flush on his face. "Am I, then, like the others, a pillager, a thief?"

Several moments he yet stood, breathing deep; then, starting away, set himself to the task of crossing the vast stretch of beach between the Mount and the distant lights of a ship.

The sandy plain had never seemed so interminable; before him, his shadow and that of my lady danced ever illusively away; behind, the great rock gave forth a hundred shooting flames, while, as emblematic of the demolition of so much that was beautiful, higher than saint with helpless sword on cathedral top, a cloud of smoke belched up; waved sidewise like a monstrous funeral plume. A symbol, it seemed to fill the sky; to love and need and flaunt its ominous blackness from this majestic outpost of the land. Walking in a vivid crimson glow, the Black Seigneur gazed only ahead, where now, on that monotonous desert, the rim of the sea on a sudden intruded. As he advanced, sparkles red as rubies—laughing lights—leaped in the air; at the same time a soothing murmur broke upon the stillness.

Toward those leaping bright points and the source of that deep-sounding cadence, the young man hurried forward more rapidly, less cautious; also, it may be, for while he was so some distance from the water's rim, his feet fell on sand that gave way beneath them. He would have sprung back, but felt himself sinking; strove to get out, only to settle the deeper! The edge of the lise, with safety beyond, well he could see, where the satin-like smoothness of the treacherous silt merged into a welcome silk-like shimmering of the trust-worthy sands. That verge, however, was remote; out of reach of effort of his to attain; his very endeavors caused him to become the more firmly imbedded. Had he cast my lady aside, possibly could he have extricated himself; but with her, an additional weight, weighing him down—

Loudly he called out;—only the sea answered. Now were the clinging particles at his waist; he lifted my lady higher; clear of them! Once more raised his voice—this time not in vain!

"Mon capitaine! Where are you?"

"Here!"

"We don't see you."

"You won't soon, unless—"

The end of a line struck the sand.

The night had almost passed; its last black hour, like a pall, lay over the sea, where, far from the Mount, a ship swayed and tossed. In the narrow confines of her master's cabin, the faint glimmering of a lamp revealed a man bending over a paper, yellow and worn; the lines so faint and delicate, they seemed almost to escape him!

How strange, after all these years, the sight of your handwriting—and now, to be writing you! Yet is it not to say farewell! For that which you have heard, mon ami, is true. I am going to die. You say you heard I was not well; I answer what really you heard, the question, mon ami, beneath your words. And saying, it is well with me. I have wronged no soul on earth—except you, my friend, and you forgive me. . . . I had hoped the years would efface that old memory. You say they have not. . . . It is wise you are going away.

The reader paused; listened to the sea; the moaning and sighing, like voices on the wings of the storm.

You speak in your letter about "trickery"—used to estrange us? Think no more of it. I beg you. What is past, is gone—as I, part of that past, when we were boy and girl together—soon shall be. And come not near the Mount. There can be no meeting for us on earth. I send you my adieu from afar. . . . It is only a shadow that speaks. . . . mon ami.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

**Some Time Later.**

The little Norman isle, home of Pierre Laroche, so wild and bleak-looking many months of the year, resembles a flowering garden in the spring; then, its lap full of buds and blossoms, smiling, redolent, it lifts itself from the broad bosom of the deep. And all the light embellishments of the golden time it sets forth daintly; fringing the black cliffs with clusters of sea campion, white and frothy as the spray, trailing green-ivy from precipitous heights to the verge of the wooing waters, whose waves seem to creep up timorously, peep into the many caves, bright with sea-anemones, and retreat quickly, as awed by a sudden glimpse of fairyland.

Near the entrance of one of these magical chambers, absent with strange, scentless flowers, sat a certain afternoon in April, a man and a woman, who, looking out over the blue sea, conversed in desultory fashion.

**High School Notes**

Mabel Daddow substituted in the 8th grade Monday March 31st.

Ethel Olson of class '15 has been absent for several weeks on account of sickness.

The Seniors selected their class flower and motto, the flower being "Lily of the Valley," the motto, "Green but Growing." Everything corresponding with the class colors, "Green and White."

The Seniors have ordered their class pins and expect them soon.

Mrs. McCray, 8th grade teacher, is still ill and is greatly missed by the entire school, who all join with us in wishing for speedy recovery.

Whooping cough is still prevailing among the pupils, especially in the lower grades.

**Clear Creek Items**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kuhn and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shuttler were Mason City visitors last Thursday.

Adam Zahn was hauling lumber from Litchfield Thursday.

Lewis Adams returned home from school Saturday.

Irma and Lawrence Lowery returned to their school work at Broken Bow the first of the week, after spending their spring vacation at home.

Grace Adams gave a "taffy pull" party to her pupils last Saturday afternoon at the home of her parents.

Geo. Shaw and wife visited at the Guthrie home, they leave this week for their new home in Idaho.

Andy Coopernsmith and wife spent Saturday afternoon at the Adams home.

R. D. Adams and wife, and daughters Grace and Maud, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn and family Sunday.

**Along R. R. No. 2**

Another of those pleasant affairs took place last Friday when several of the neighbors appeared at the home of W. T. draper prepared to celebrate their eighteenth wedding anniversary. Those present were Geo. Doug-

# THE LAST CALL

## THE NORTHWESTERN'S BIG AUTO CONTEST CLOSES

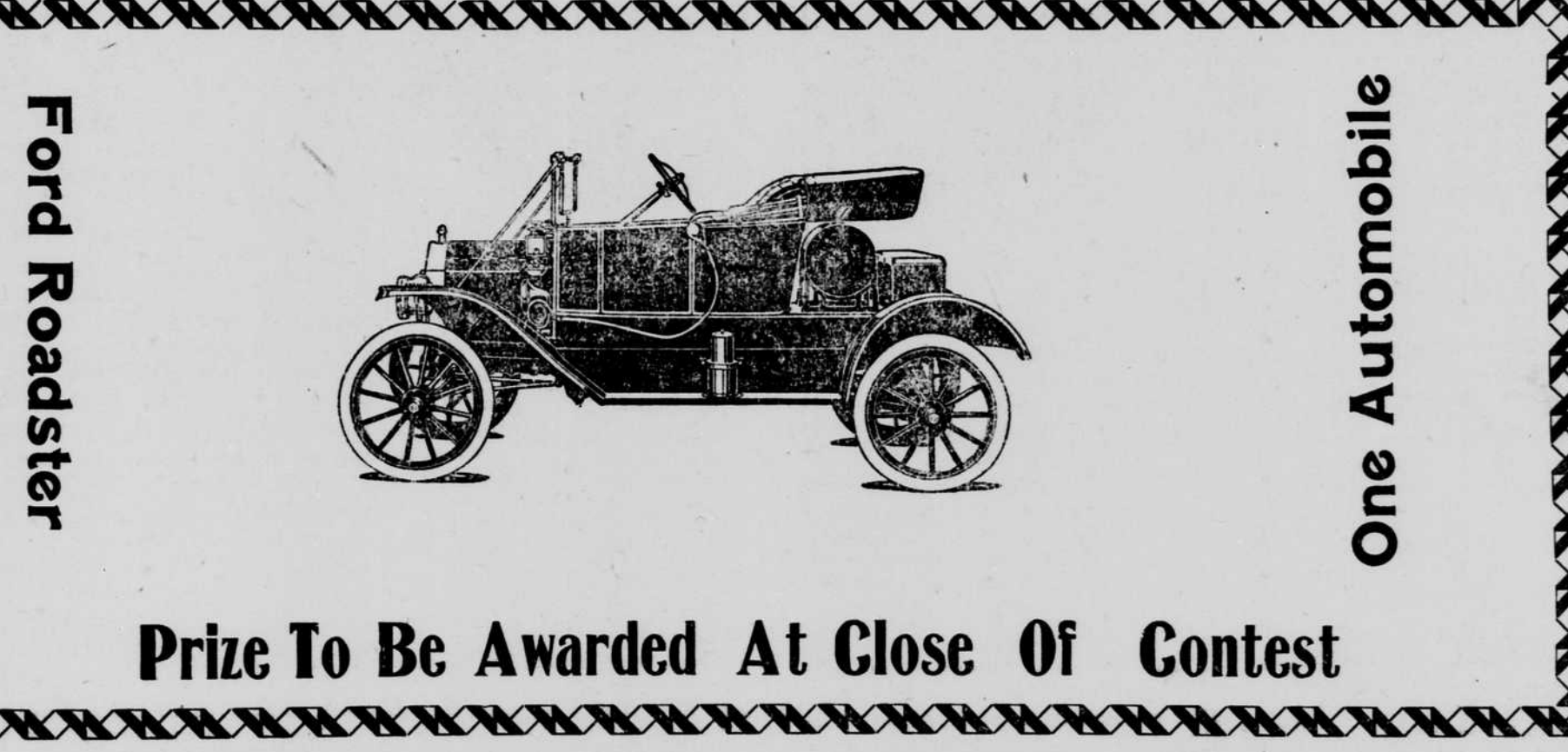
### MONDAY, APRIL 7th, 1913

If you are in the Office by 9 o'clock p. m. on the closing day you may cast all the votes you have, but the door of the office will be closed at exactly 9 o'clock.

The Biggest and Best Prize ever given by a Sherman County Institution

**The Count**

Three people who have no personal interest in the contest will be asked to make the count and they will be people whose names are a guarantee of honesty and square dealing.



**Candidates Notice**

Any Candidate who desires, may have a representative to watch the count and see that everything is done properly and everyone given fair treatment

## Who will win? You or Someone Else

**A Sample of Consistency?**

Here is a story from Lincoln, correspondence of the Omaha Daily Bee, that carries a moral: "What do you think of this?" said Labor Commissioner C. W. Pool this morning to a newspaper man, as he exhibited a bunch of letters he had received from Nebraska manufacturers. "Here are 123 letters received this morning from men who are clamoring for the patronage of the people of Nebraska on the goods they are manufacturing and yet over 33 per cent of these letters are enclosed in envelopes printed at the government printing office in Washington. In a short time we will have Made-in-Nebraska show on in Omaha, in which these same manufacturers will exhibit the products of their factories in an endeavor to educate the people of our state into patronizing home manufacturers," said Mr. Pool, "and yet I am safe in saying that 50 per cent of these manufacturers are men who instead of patronizing their home printing establishments, send off to Washington to get their printed envelopes."

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las and wife, E.C. Kilpatrick and wife Chas. Johnson and wife, W.G. Tucker and wife, O.G. Hunt and wife and Harry Shipley and wife. After the company was seated for the spread Mrs. Kilpatrick presented a set of plates and fruit dishes. After an afternoon spent in games, music and visiting the guests departed each feeling that he was a little better acquainted with his neighbor.

Miss Blanche Draper who teaches in the McFadden district, spent last Saturday and Sunday at the home of W. T. Draper.

Sunday school will be organized at what is known as the Zimmerman school house on Sunday April 6 at 2:30.

Miss Josie Blasko spent a few days last week with Lula McFadden at Austin.

Rolland and Eva Goodwin were entertained at the home of Mr. Jorgensen's Sunday eve.

Austin was well represented at the Sunday School convention which took place at the Wiggle Creek church March 30th.

Mrs. Andy Gray spent last week with her daughter Mrs. Chas. Sinner.

Norton Lambert of Austin has been hauling hay the past week, which he purchased of Mrs. Cook.

Harold Burt and Janette Taylor spent Monday of this week at the home of Winnifred Hughes.

Sarah Gray is helping Mrs. Obermiller this week.

Mr. Knoefel took his little daughter Alma to Lincoln Tuesday to be treated by experienced doctors, we hope it will not be as serious as the parents expect.

Those receiving perfect attendance certificates in district 36 for the month of March were Vergie McFadden, Curtis Roush and Hazel McFadden, Miss Hazel also received a certificate of award.

Mary, Rosa and Elizabeth Gehring are new pupils in the Wiggle Creek school.

Lettie Peugh and Edgar Foster spent Sunday with Russel Curry, Maurice Keeler will work for Wilbur Curry again this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daddow spent Sunday evening at the Brodock home.

Lula McFadden will teach in district 4 next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson visited at Iver Lyhne's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paulson visited friends at Sweetwater Sunday.

Mrs. Jorgenson, Mrs. Vern Alleman, and Mrs. Albert Snyder visited at the home of Nick Daddow last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daddow and Miss Lena Snyder visited at H. W. Brodock's Sunday.

The Wiggle Creek Ladies aid will meet at the home of Mrs. V. W. Al-

leman next Thursday.

E. M. Marvel bought a stallion at Aurora a short time ago and he will stand him at his farm this summer.

Miss Minnie Oltjenbruns was quite sick last Friday.

Francis Spencer took the eighth grade examination.

Ruth McFadden did not take the eighth grade examination as was reported in the route news some time ago.

Oliver Brodock helped Jim Roush haul a hog house to his place from where Wilbur Curry farmed last year.

Fritz Bichel has bought the A. D. Peters farm, or the old Throckmorton place, at one time called the half way house to Litchfield.

W. H. McLaughlin was doing some road grading Monday.

S. N. Criss bought several head of cattle at Papiernick's sale last Friday.

Will Crittle was out on Route 2 after a load of machinery last Saturday.

Anton Spotanski painted his barn this week.

Wilbur Curry was on Route 2 Tuesday.

Miss Lena Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snyder, passed next to the best eighth grade examination in the county during examination week a short time ago.

Miss Carrie Bogseth's school was the best eighth grade school in the county in examination. This is the Verdun school.

Miss Ohlsen held examination in the Hawk district Monday.

Miss Elvie Spencer is a new scholar in district No. 4 this week.

Geo. Stork was painting on the new bungalow of John Ohlsens Monday.

Fred Johnson built a new chicken coop Monday.

Joe Pedler and several others were autoing on Route 2 last Saturday, looking at the beautiful scenery along the divide. This road is noted for its straightness, with only a few short curves.

Mr. Geering has moved on the old Lindgren place west of Goodwin's the past week.

Mrs. Lizzie Koch sold Mr. Geering several tons of baled hay this week and her boys were busy delivering the same Monday.

Henry Ohlsen had his men out to the Bichel school house all the past week putting a foundation under it, laying new floors and putting new siding over all the building and making other repairs, at a cost of over \$300.00.

N. P. Nielson took home a load of fence posts Saturday.

Dug Bowen, Lee Adamson and Burt Curtis were working on Route 2 the past week.

Miss Henderson's school in the Bichel district was dismissed last Friday, while the workman laid the floors in the school house.

Alleman brothers' mother came up from Irving, Kans., last Friday.

Mr. Steel from near Rockville moved on No. 2 last week.

Henry Obermiller took home a new buggy last week.

Mrs. Nielson and daughter Olga are visiting at Boelus after an absence of several years. They will return home the latter part of the week.

W. O. Brown invested in a new manure spreader this week.

Mr. Tessman from Henderson has been up here this week.

C. O. Wagner took home a load of corn Tuesday.

W. S. Waite was putting in a new light line to H. S. Conger's.

Art Wilson has traded his farm off on Wiggle Creek but expects to still farm it this season.

Harold Burt took in the picture show at Loup City, Saturday night.

Why not use the road drag on the roads now and fill up the ruts so the spring rains will run away at once without standing in them and making the roads bad for days.

Mrs. Tom Garner has a brother living in the path of the flood that swept Dayton the past week. She had not heard from him Saturday and is very anxious for some news from there.

Luther Goodwin is working for C. J. Norstedt this summer.

F. M. Michow marketed several loads of hogs at Loup City Tuesday.

C. J. Norstedt butchered his summer's meat Tuesday.

Norton Lambert was over to P. L. Patton's Tuesday.

Winter wheat looks the best, on an average, this year, than for many years. In some fields there is a green cast over all the field. Grass in spots has commenced to show green.

Ed Kilpatrick and Jim Arnett were hauling loads from Loup City Tuesday.

Chris Oltjenbruns and Otto Henning helped F. M. Michow haul hogs Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Iver Lyhne were trading at Loup City Saturday and took home a load.

Harry Gardner, W.G. Odendahl and Frank Winkleman had quite an experience in trying to get to the island east of Homer Hughes' last week. They had a boat and had to break the ice ahead of the boat and were succeeding quite well until Frank thought he would stop long enough to take a plunge. When he appeared again all decided to go back to the shore and pitch their camp and again they were unlucky, for the high bank along the river suddenly gave way and fell into the river. By this time the river was very high and their boat disappeared down the river with the ice that commenced to break up at that time. Frank Grow, John O'Bryan, Ashley Conger, Walt Reed and Irwin Conger had similar experiences while camping on the river this spring.

Call The **BURLINGTON** For Rates

One Way **Colonist rates west** Low Fares

Round Trip **Homeseekers rates** South and West

**DON'T FORGET**

The free Government lands in the big corn country Wyoming

For any information desired regarding rates and sleeping cars to all points. Call or phone J. A. Donielson; Agent, Loup City, Neb.

**For Insurance or TREES of any kind try F. E. BREWER**

I have a nice line of Norway Poplars, home grown.

Loup City, Nebraska

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

I will call sales in any part of Sherman County.  
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**S. A. Pratt**  
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TEN YEARS IN GRAND ISLAND