

**AK-SAR-BEN CARNIVAL** SEPT. 25 TO OCT. 5, 1912 **OMAHA**

**Come**—make arrangements to see one or more of the magnificent **PARADES**

Automobile Floral Parade, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 1st.  
 Musical Parade, Wednesday night, Oct. 2nd.  
 Decoration Parade, Thursday afternoon, Oct. 3rd.  
 Coronation Ball, Friday night, Oct. 4th.

**CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAY** will be brought here so everyone can see the greatest Wild West Show in the world. Booking Bronchos—Rough Riders—Jedi—Come and see the real Cheyenne Show. Every afternoon from Sept. 25 to Oct. 4, inclusive.

In addition to all this there will be the **STREET CARNIVAL FOR TEN DAYS** A BIG TIME—For Everybody—A GOOD TIME  
 Parades and Performances Daily  
**DON'T FORGET—OMAHA—COME**  
 Sept. 25 to Oct. 5, 1912

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

Illustrations by  
**RAY WALTERS**

Copyright, 1908, by The Bala-Merrill Co.



"I Don't Remember."

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI's northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest. In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, far from the field of his ancestors. Sanchez, the man, buried him, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and out of the army.

During this while the son by the peasant woman, intrusted to an old fishwife who had been allowed to usurp a patch of his father's lands, received scanty care and attention, even when the stipulated fees for his maintenance had continued to come; but when, at the Seigneur's death, they ceased, any slight solicitude on the caretaker's part soured to acrimony. An offspring of dubious parentage, she begrudged him his bread; kept him from her own precious brood, and taught them to address him as "brat," "pauper," or by terms even more forcible. Thus set upon, frequently he fought; but like young wolves, hunting in packs, they worried him to the earth, and, when he continued to struggle, beat him to unconsciousness, if not submission.

One day, after such an experience at the hands of those who had partaken of the Seigneur's liberality, the boy, all bruised and aching, fled to the woods, and, with the instinct of an animal to hide, buried himself in its deepest recesses. Night came; encompassed by strange sounds, unknown terrors, he crept to the verge of the forest, and lying there, looked out across the distance toward the scattered habitations, visible through the gloom. One tiny yellow dot of light which he located held his glance. Should he return? That small stone hut, squallid as it was

had been his only remembered home. But the thought of the reception that awaited him there made him hesitate; the stars coming out, seemed to lend courage to his resolution, and, with his face yet turned toward the low long strip of land, sprinkled with the faint, receding points of light, he fell asleep.

The earliest shafts of morn, however, awaking him, sent him quickly back into the dark forest, where all day he kept to the most shadowy screens, and covers, fearing he should be followed, and, perhaps, captured. But the second night was like the first, the next like the second, and the days continued to pass with no signs of pursuit. Pinched by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate poisoned him, until in time he proflited by his sufferings and learned to discriminate in his choice of the frugal fare about him. Not that his appetite was ever satisfied, even when he extended his explorations to the beach at night, digging in the sand with his fingers for cockles, or prowling about the rocks for mussels.

Yet, despite all, he hugged to his breast a compensating sense of liberty; the biting tooth of autumn was preferable to the stripes and tongue-lashings of the old life; and, if now frugal repasts were the rule, hunger had often been his lot in the past. So he assimilated with his surroundings; learned not to fear the animals, and they, to know him; indeed, they seemed to recognize him by that sharp unsmiling glint of the eye as one of their kind. When the days grew bleaker and the nights colder, he took refuge in a corner within the gray walls of the moss-grown castle of his ancestors, the old Seigneurs. No cheerful jaccis, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to walk abroad, and sob, moan, and fierce voices fill the air! Then, creeping closer to the fire he had started in the giant hearth, wide-eyed he would listen, only at length through sheer weariness to fall asleep. Nevertheless, it was a shelter, and here, throughout the winter, the boy remained.

Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount—for no especial reason, save the desire once more to see the place—had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unkindly, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivalrous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he seemed seldom to have thought, much less spoken of, that "hostage of fortune" he had left behind; an absent-mindedness that in no wise surprised the servant—which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur, his master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son—Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

**CHAPTER III.**  
**A Sudden Resolution.**  
 After his chance encounter with my lady, the governor's daughter, and Beppo, her attendant, the boy walked quickly from the Mount to the forest. His eyes were still bright; his cheeks yet burned, but occasionally the shadow of a smile played about his mouth, and he threw up his head fiercely. At the verge of the wood he looked back, stood for a moment with the reflection of light on his face, then plunged into the shadows of the sylvan labyrinth. Near the east door of the castle, which presently he reached, he stopped for an armful of faggots, and, bending under his load, passed through an entrance, seared and battered, across a great roofless space and up a flight of steps to a room that had once been the kitchen of the vast establishment. As he entered, a man, thin, wizened, though active looking, turned around.

"So you've got back?" he said in a grumbling tone.

"Yes," answered the boy good-naturedly, casting the wood to the flagging near the flame and brushing his coat with his hand; "the storm kept us out last night, Sanchez."

"I'll keep you out for good some day," remarked the man. "You'll be drowned, if you don't have a care."

"Better that than being hanged!" returned the lad lightly.

The other's response, beneath his breath, was lost, as he drew his stool close to the pot above the blaze, removed the lid and peered within. Apparently his survey was not satisfactory, for he replaced the cover, clasped his fingers over his knees and half closed his eyes.

"Where's the fish?"

The boy, thoughtfully regarding the flames, started; when he had left the child and Beppo, unconsciously he had dropped it, but this he did not now explain. "I didn't bring one."

"Didn't bring one?"

"No," said the boy, flushing slightly. "And not a bone or scrap in the larder! Niggardly fishermen! A small enough wage—for going to sea and



He Was, Himself, a Peasant.

helping them—"  
 "Oh, I could have had what I wanted. And they are not niggardly! Only—I forgot."  
 "Forgot!" The man lifted his hands, but any further evidence of surprise or expostulation was interrupted by a sudden ebullition in the pot.  
 Left to his thoughts, the boy stepped to the window; for some time stood motionless, gazing through a forest rift at the end of which arose the top of an Aladdin-like structure, by an optical illusion become a part of that locality; a conjuror's castle in the wood!  
 "The Mount looks near tonight, Sanchez!"  
 "Near?" The man took from its hook the pot and set it on the table. "Not too near to suit the governor, perhaps!"  
 "And why should it suit him?" drawing a stool to the table and sitting down.  
 "Because he must be so fond of looking at the forest."  
 "And does that—please him?"  
 "How could it fall to? Isn't it a nice wood? Oh, yes, I'll warrant you he finds it to his liking. And all the lands about the forest that used to belong to the old Seigneurs, and which the peasants have taken—waste lands they have tilled—he must think them very fine to look at, now! And what a hubbub there would be, if the lazy  
 TO BE CONTINUED

**CHURCH LOCALS**

The Industrial Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Ward VerValin, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 25th.

German Evangelical Church, Sunday Sept. 22—At Loup City, 10 a. m., Sunday school; 10:30 a. m. service. Sept. 21—10 a. m. lesson in German.

Swedish Christian church, Sunday, Sept. 22: Sunday school 10:30 a. m., sermon 11:15 a. m. Subject—"Thy Brother Shall Rise Again." John 11: 23. All Welcome.

Why does Providence permit reverses, such as crop failures, business disasters, sudden sorrow and great calamities? This is a question of interest to all. Come and hear it discussed next Sunday at the Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m. and at Austin at 3 p. m.

Baptist church, Sunday, Sept. 22, Sunday school begins at 10 a. m. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Subject—"The Road to Satisfaction." Evening service at 8 o'clock. Subject—"The Opportunity of the Public Schools." All are cordially invited to attend these exercises.

Presbyterian church Sunday, Sept. 22—At 10:30 a. m. Theme—"Why God Permits Reverses." Evening—"Baked on One Side." Preaching at Austin at 3 p. m. This week we are starting two very instructive and interesting classes—one Tuesdays at 7:30 and the other Thursdays at same hour. Tuesday evening the course will be the Teachers Training work, Thursday evening, "Studies for Personal Workers," or "How Laymen Can Do Christian Work." You are cordially invited to attend these classes, which are open to all.

By Tuesday's Bee, we see that the West Nebraska M. E. conference in session at Scotts Bluff closed its sessions Monday. There is a change in superintendent for this district, Rev. Shumate being succeeded by Rev. R. P. Hammons. Rev. Dr. Leeper is returned to Loup City, and H. S. French back to Elm Creek. Among the appointments of special interest to our people we append the following: Arcadia, R. F. Scott; Litchfield, J. G. Jeffers; North Loup, R. S. True; Ord Allen Chamberlain; Sargent, E. S. Maynard; Ravenna, E. L. Baker.

**Clear Creek Items**  
 Mr. and Mrs. Adam Zahn and daughter, Grace, and Loren Hayden visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke, Sunday.

Wilt Hill is reported on the sick list.

Mr. Lowery of Omaha has been visiting with relatives in this neighborhood during the past week.

A dance was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Mulvany last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hill spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilt Hill.

Miss Inez Van Dyke commenced teaching school Monday in the Beck district.

Mr. Foe will preach at the Lone Elm school house next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Zahn were Litchfield visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents.

Mr. Reed and family spent Sunday with their old time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hancy and family.

Land-seekers from Meadow Grove, Neb., were in this vicinity the first of the week looking at land.

# PUBLIC SALE!

I will sell at Public Auction at my farm, seven miles northwest of Rockville, Nebraska, on

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1912**

Commencing at Ten O'clock A. M. Sharp

**50 Fifty Head of Horses 50**

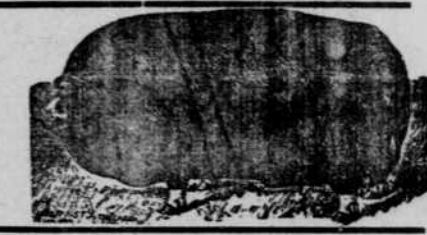
--OF ALL KINDS--



**100 Head of Cattle 100**

Consisting of Milch Cows, Yearlings and Calves

**100 Head of Stock Hogs 100**



**HARNESS and WAGONS and Other Things Too Numerous to Mention**

**FREE LUNCH AT THE NOON HOUR**

**Terms of Sale:**—All sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, a credit of 10 Months will be given by purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale, before removing stuff from the place.

**S. C. FLETCHER,**  
**HANS SMITH, Auctioneer,**  
**E. DWEHUS, Clerk,**  
 Northwestern Power Print, Loup City, Neb.

## WHY NOT YOU

Many people in this vicinity are going out to see the lands in the Famous Golden Prairie District, near Cheyenne Wyo.

## Why Not You, When You Consider

- 1st. That the down payment is no more than your cash rent next year, (about \$500)
- 2nd. That all the rest of the purchase price and interest is paid in crop payments.
- 3rd. That the lands are only \$15 to \$25 per acre and are producing 25 bushels of wheat to the acre.
- 4th. That there is no hot winds, alkali, gumbo, extreme heat or extreme cold

## THEN IT SEEMS THAT YOU

Owe it to yourself and to your family to investigate these lands. The fare is only \$17 and your other expenses need not be more than \$8, or you be gone more than 4 days.

The excursion rates are good going this month only but good to return October 31st. So in order to get the rates you ought to go now. Excursion next Thursday

Write the **Federal Land and Securities Co.**  
 Cheyenne, Wyoming