

The Lady of the Mount

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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, squalid 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. Flinched by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate poisoned him, until in time he probed 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 unsteady 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 place, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to work ahead, and sigh, moans, 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 unkind, 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."
"It'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, re-



He Was, Himself, a Peasant.

moved 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 helping them—"
"Oh, I could have had what I wanted. And they are not niggardly! Only—I forgot."
"Forgo!" 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 uprose the top of an Aladdin-like structure, by an optical illusion become a part of that locality; a conjurer's castle in the wood!
"The Mount looks never 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 fail 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 peasants had to pay their metayage, and fire-tax and road-tax—and all the other taxes—the way the other peasants do—to him—"
"What do you mean?"
"Nothing!" The man's jaw closed like a steel trap. "The porridge is burned."

And with no further word the meal proceeded. The man, first to finish, lighted his pipe, moved again to the fire, and, maintaining a taciturnity that had become more or less habitual, stolidly devoted himself to the solace of the weed and the companionship of his own reflections. Once or twice the boy seemed about to speak and did not; finally, however, he leaned forward, a more resolute light in his sparkling black eyes.
"You never learned to read, Sanchez!"

At the unexpected question, the smoke puffed suddenly from the man's lips. "Not I."
"Nor write?"
The man made a rough gesture. "Nor sail to the moon!" he returned derisively. "Read! Rubbish! Write? What for? Does it bring more fish to your nets?"

"Who—could show me how to read and write?"
"You?" Sanchez stared.
"Why not?"
"Books are the tools of the devil!" declared Sanchez shortly. "There was a black man here today with a paper—a writ, I think he called it—"

or a 'service' of some kind—anyhow, it must have been in Latin," violently, "for such gibberish, I never heard and—"
The boy rose. "People who can't read and write are low and ignorant!"
"Eh? What's come over you?"
"My father was a gentleman."
"Your father!—yes—"
"And a Seigneur!"
"A Seigneur truly!"
"And I mean to be one!" said the boy suddenly, closing his fists.
"Oh, oh! So that's it?" derisively.
"You! A Seigneur? Whose mother—"
"Who could teach me?" Determined,

but with a trace of color on his brown

cheek, the boy looked down.
"Who?" The man began to recover from his surprise. "That's not so easy to tell. But if you must know—well, there's Gabriel Gabarie, for one, a poet of the people. He might do it—although there's talk of cutting off his head—"

"What for?"
"For knowing how to write."
The lad reached for his hat.
"Where are you going?"
"To the poet's."
"At this late hour! You are in a hurry!"

"If what you say is true, there's no time to lose."
"Well, if you find him writing verses about liberty and equality, don't interrupt him, or you'll lose your head," shouted the man.

But when the sound of the boy's footsteps had ceased, Sanchez's expression changed; more bent, more worn, he got up and walked slowly to and fro. "A fine Seigneur!" The moldering walls seemed to echo the words. "A fine Seigneur!" he muttered, and again sat brooding by the fire.

In the gathering dusk the lad strode briskly on. A squirrel barked to the right; he did not look around. A partridge drummed to the left; usually alert to wood sound or life, tonight he did not heed it. But, fairly out of the forest and making his way with the same air of resolution across the sands toward the lowland beyond, his attention, on a sudden, became forcibly diverted. He had but half completed the distance from the place where he had left the wood to the objective point in the curvature of the shore, when to the left through the gloom, a great vehicle, drawn by six horses, could be seen rapidly approaching. From the imposing equipage gleamed many lamps; the moon, which ere this had begun to assert its place in the heavens, made bright the shining harness and shone on the polished surface of the golden car. Wondering, the boy paused.
"What is that?"

The person addressed, a fisherman belated, bending to the burden on his shoulders, stopped, and, breathing hard, looked around and watched the approaching vehicle intently.
"The governor's carriage!" he said. "Haven't you ever heard of the governor's carriage?"
"No."

"That's because he hasn't used it lately; but in her ladyship's day—"
"Her ladyship?"
"The governor's lady—he bought it for her. But she soon got tired of it—or perhaps didn't like the way the people looked at her!" roughly. "Mon dieu! perhaps they did scowl a little—for it didn't please them, I can tell you!—the sight of all that gold squeezed from the taxes!"

"Where is he going now?"
"Nowhere himself—he never goes far from the Mount. But the Lady Elise, his daughter—some one in the village was saying she was going to Paris—"
"Paris!" The lad repeated the word quickly. "What for?"
"What do all the great lords and nobles send their children there for? To get educated—married, and—learn the tricks of the court! Bah! With a coarse laugh the man turned; stooping beneath his load, he moved grumblingly on.

The boy, however, did not stir; as in a dream he looked first at the Mount, a dark triangle against the sky, then at the carriage. Nearest the latter drew, was about to dash by, when suddenly the driver, on his high seat, uttered an exclamation and at the same time tugged hard at the reins. The vehicle took a quick turn, lurched dangerously in its top-heavy pomp, and almost upsetting, came to a standstill nearly opposite the boy.
"Careless dog!" a shrill voice screamed from the inside. "What are you doing?"
"The lises, your Excellency!" The driver's voice was thick; as he spoke he swayed uncertainly.
"Lises—quicksands—"
"There, your Excellency," indicating a gleaming place right in their path; a small bright spot that looked as if it might have been polished, while elsewhere on the surrounding sands tiny rippling parallels caressed the eye with streaks of black and silver. "I saw it in time!"

"In time!" angrily. "Imbecile! Didn't you know it was there?"
"Of course, your Excellency! Only I had misjudged a little, and—"
The man's manner showed he was frightened.
"Falsehoods! You have been drinking! Don't answer. You shall hear of this later. Drive around the spot."
"Yes, your Excellency," was the now sober and subdued answer.
Ere he obeyed, however, the carriage door, from which the governor had been leaning, swung open.
"Wait!" he called out impatiently, and tried to close it, but the catch—probably from long disuse—would not hold, and, before the liveried servant perched on the lofty carriage behind had fully perceived the fact and had recovered himself sufficiently to think of his duties, the boy on the beach had sprung forward.

"Slam it!" commanded an irate voice.
The lad complied, and as he did so, peered eagerly into the capacious depths of the vehicle.
"The boy with the fish!" exclaimed at the same time a girlish treble within.

"Eh?" my lord turned sharply.
"An impudent lad who stopped the Lady Elise!" exclaimed the fat man—surely Beppo—on the front seat.
"Stopped the Lady Elise!" The governor repeated the words slowly; an ominous pause was followed by an abrupt movement on the part of the

child.

"He did not stop me; it was I who nearly ran over him, and it was my fault. Beppo does not tell the truth—he's a wicked man!—and I'm glad I'm not going to see him any more! And the boy wasn't impudent; at least until Beppo offered to strike him, and then, Beppo didn't! Beppo," derisively, "was afraid!"

"My lady," Beppo's voice was soft and unctious, "construes forbearance for fear."
"Step nearer, boy!"

Partly blinded by the lamps, the lad obeyed; was cognizant of a piercing scrutiny; two hard, steely eyes that seemed to read his inmost thoughts; a face, indistinguishable but compelling; beyond, something white—a girl's dress—that moved and fluttered!
"Who is he?"
"A poor boy who lives in the woods, papa!"

But Beppo leaned forward and whispered, his words too low for the lad to catch. Whatever his information, the governor started; the questioning glance on an instant brightened, and his head was thrust forward close to the boy's. A chill seemed to pass over the lad, yet he did not quail.

"Good-by, boy!" said the child, and, leaning from the window, smiled down at him.

He tried to answer, when a hand pulled her in somewhat over-suddenly. "Drive on!" Again the shrill tones cut the air. "Drive on, I tell you! Diable! What are you standing here for!"

A whip lashed the air and the horses leaped forward. The back wheels of the vehicle almost struck the lad, but, motionless, he continued staring after it. Farther it drew away, and, as he remained thus he discerned, or fancied he discerned, a girl's face at the back—a ribbon that waved for a moment in the moonlight, and then was gone.
Eight years elapsed before next he saw her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DEMONSTRATION AGENTS TO MEET.

Will Assemble at Clemson College September 3-6—Meeting Will be in Charge of W. L. English.

Clemson College, Aug. 27.—The farm demonstration agents in South Carolina will hold their annual meeting at Clemson college September 3 to 6. This meeting, which is held for purposes of instruction, will be in charge of Prof. W. L. English, State agent of demonstration work and superintendent of the extension division of Clemson. The college has appropriated \$10,000 for demonstration work and \$12,000 for extension work this year.

A new position, instructor in chemistry, will be filled by W. T. Pierce of Virginia, a graduate of Randolph-Macon. He holds an M. A. from the University of Kentucky. Mr. Pierce has done special work in the University of Chicago.

Another new position is that of assistant in chemistry in the experiment station. This will be filled by T. R. Risher, a 1912 graduate of Clemson.

A third assistant has been added in the veterinary division on account of the increase of the work in the prevention of hog cholera and of the desire to make serum in large quantities. This serum will be administered by the college veterinarians or will be sent out at the cost of making. It takes \$0 to 50 cents worth to the hog according to the size of the animal.

Dr. M. L. Quigley has been elected as successor to Dr. Burchleigh. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and comes recommended by Dr. Louis A. Kline, formerly of Clemson but now at the head of the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Frank T. Wilson of Florida, a graduate of the University of Florida and of the Maryland Agricultural college, has been selected to fill the position of assistant professor of agronomy made vacant by the resignation of Prof. J. M. Napier.

Prof. L. A. Niven is succeeded by C. F. Niven of North Carolina, a graduate of the North Carolina A. & M. Prof. Niven holds a master's degree from Cornell and has been for two years professor of agricultural college.

The position of associate professor of horticulture was left unfilled, but O. M. Clark, Clemson '07, was appointed assistant in horticulture for one year. Mr. Clark is now a horticulturist at the North Carolina experiment station.

Boys Accept Challenge.

The boys of Game Cock Troop, Boy Scouts of America, have accepted the challenge of the Florence Boy Scouts and a picked squad will go over to that place on Labor Day to compete with the Florence scouts for honors on the athletic field. The boys will be under the supervision of Mr. Thees.

Young Wife—Somehow I cannot get my bread to rise.
Hub—Why don't you set the alarm clock?—Boston Transcript.

"HARLEQUIN AT CHICAGO."

"Marse Henry" Has His Say About The Bull Moose.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Now that Theodore Roosevelt is no longer dangerous, that the third term menace has been quite lifted, that he appears at Chicago rather as Barnum, the showman, than as Diaz, the man-of-horseback, thoughtful Americans may look with equanimity upon his performances.

They may regard him as sane or insane. They may question his purpose and his method. But they will have from now onward no reason to fear him.

His genius for constructive melodrama is indisputable. The Bull Moose recalls the Wholly Horse only to discredit the earlier conceit. We are told that the Wicked City by the Lakeside has been turned into a veritable camp ground, with an old-fashioned revival in progress. We may well believe it. There is a community of interest between emotional religion and hysterical politics. In both song becomes the outburst of the soul. Armageddon is a taking trademark. The sword of the Lord beats the "big sick" as an emblem. Trust "Teddy" for knowing how to work the Bible into his advertising.

Trust is curiously intermingled with falsehood. Beneath the fuss and fustian appear some transparent facts. "Thou shalt not steal" would seem to general a sign visual, so that "Satan rebuking sin" might better describe the Bull Moose leaders and the more appropriately decorate their coat-of-arms, because what is the yawp about bosses and bossism but the outcry of one set of bosses against another set?

II.

There may be a few politicians, so called, here and there who are in politics for the love of it, but 9 out of 10 of them are after the loaves and fishes. Office is their objective point. As a rule they choose the label that promises most votes. Their loyalty to party is chiefly hope of preferment.

The Bull Moose movement is obviously an array of the "outs" against the "ins." Scratch a Bull Moose and you will find a disappointed Republican office-seeker or some disgruntled Republican turned out of office. The claimants grew too many for the party.

The honor which is said to exist among thieves will be sought in vain among the professional politicians. They know not the bond of fellowship called by the French esprit de corps. They recognize not gratitude binding friendship nor resentment restraining ambition. Time was when a man might not go back upon his brother and live in the good repute of his neighbors. That time has passed. We have seen men openly breaking life-long ties to make alliances with what appeared implacable enemies to get office, and yet no uprising of public opinion in rebuke. We are seeking daily liaisons between the purist in politics and the blackleg of business to secure votes for the one and money for the other; and no aroused popular sentiment.

If there be corrupt government anywhere, the people themselves are primarily responsible. With their eyes wide open, they are constantly and everywhere giving their support, sometimes actively and sometimes passively, to proved fakery and fakerism. Everything that the Bull Moose leaders are saying about the inequalities and fraudulencies of Government is true enough, only it does not lie in their mouths to say it, because every mother's son of them is tarred by the brush they are slinging so boisterously and applying so savagely to the objects of their disaffection in the Republican party and of their animadversion in the Democratic party. It is the case of the poker calling the pot and kettle black.

III.

It is easier to found a new religion than a new party. It used to be said that we had 50 religions and only one soup. We have not had as many parties as religions. Yet we have had a few parties.

There were the Anti-Masons. There were the Know-Nothings. Federalism evolved into Whigism and Whigism devolved into Republicanism. Democracy is the only organism which has retained its title and stood against the wear and tear of national and political vicissitudes bordering on revolution.

Nature seems to cast men in two original molds, turning out on the one hand the conservative and on the other the radical; but circumstances and environment play havoc with individualism. It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored. Many of the men who are rallying about Theodore Roosevelt have had an ox that was gored by Taft. Leslie Combs had his ox gored in Peru. Brutus Clay had his ox gored in Switzerland. Beveridge's ox was gored by the people of Indiana.

This is not to say, nor to imply, that these gentlemen are not upright and sincere. We believe them to be so.

EXPECT MANY VISITORS.

EVERYTHING LOOKS GOOD FOR LABOR DAY.

Many Entries in the Hose Wagon and Auto Races — Other New Program Features.

Florence, Aug. 24.—The firemen are getting out now to collect the amounts promised for the Labor Day celebration and they need a little more money to give the kind of show that they want to give. They hope to be kindly received and generously treated by everybody that they call on, for they are not working for themselves, but for the public.

They especially want to urge the merchants to decorate for the occasion of the tournament, and want to see the city in gay attire, for there will be a great crowd here for the races.

The firemen are getting letters from companies all around who want to come here to compete for the prizes offered the hose reel and wagon teams.

The entries for the auto races are being filled rapidly and a great show is expected in this.

There will be a great celebration by the civil improvement league, and this is to be one of the most interesting of the features of the week.

There is planned, also, a drill by some of the Woodmen and there will be other things to entertain the visitors, and everybody will do all possible he or she can to make the visitors glad that they came.

The boy Scouts propose to have a contest of their own, which will be a very interesting feature of the occasion, to be taken part in by boys between twelve and sixteen years of age.

TO RECALL BULL MOOSE LEADER.

Would Remove Gov. Hiram Johnson of California From Office—Land Frauds Basis of Charge.

San Francisco, Aug. 26.—A petition for the recall of Gov. Hiram Johnson has been put in circulation here by Alva Udell, an attorney. Udell could not be found today. Investigation failed to show that he had any powerful support in offering the petition.

One of the charges made in the petition is that Gov. Johnson approved legislation intended to foster land grabbing by wealthy individuals.

They are out of the jobs they held and there is nothing to blind their eyes to green fields and pastures new beyond the garden wall of Republicanism. It rarely takes a man long to believe whatever he wants to believe.

That Theodore Roosevelt jerked the word out of the mouth of La Follette and turned him down jay equally in the nature of the case and the men. He who draws the sword and throws the scabbard away is likely to prove in combat one to be reckoned with. Audacity and audacity and again audacity! Roosevelt the ex-President; Theodore the invincible; Teddy the lion tamer; a queer combination. No regard for facts or consequences. No respect for persons or for appearances. Prodigious capacity in labor and output. Mediocrity, with its universal appeal, in utterance, genius for self-exploitation. A defter stage carpenter than David Belasco; a bolder playmaker than Bernard Shaw; fusing Rienzi and Napoleon in one modern blend of Boulanger, Dowie and George Francis Train, and applying to the commonplaces of politics the resources of a more than Cagliostro, this God of the Coliseum exercises a spell as potent and far-reaching as Mother Eddy, as fantastic and spectacular as Oom Paul Kruger.

To what end? He may get a million of votes—two million of votes. How shall they avail him? Suppose he splits the Republican vote in twin and breaks even with Taft? Shall it profit him in the work of reorganization? Shall it enable him to possess himself of the ruined remains of Republicanism? Shall it flip his Jack in 1916?

The Courier-Journal believes him of unsound mind. On no other hypothesis can it reconcile his amazing sacrifice of the things men commonly call great, good and real; the glory of achievement; the dignity, modesty and respect of manhood; the virtue of truth and the grace of friendship; the splendor of a revered, historic name for the vulgar excitement of the ring and the ignorant applause of the groundlings. It is ghastly. It is pitiable. Good men feel like crying, not scolding, or laughing, it makes such a lame and impotent finale to a career that shone so nobly.

Nothing can come of it but defeat—ignominious defeat. There is little likelihood the ticket thus put in the field will carry a State in the Union. The Democratic ticket may carry every State in the Union. Its triumph is assured. What then?