

The Lady OF THE Mount

By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM**
Author of "The Strollers" "Under the Rose" Etc.
Illustrations by **WALTERS**
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CHAPTER X.

The Cloister in the Air.
Irrespective of environment, the cloister of the Mount would have been a delight to the eye, but upheld in mid air, with the sky so near and the sands so far below, it seemed more an inspiration of fancy than a work of hand. Dainty, delicate, its rose-colored columns of granite appeared to thin for tangible weight; the tympanum sculptured designs, fanciful as the carvings in some palace of a poet's dream. Despite, however, this first impression of evanescence, it carried a charm against the ravages of time, and ethereal though it was, had rested like a crown on the grim head of the rock through the ages.

Once a place for quiet meditation, the cloister had, through a whirligig of change, become the favorite resort of the Governor, for dejeuner, or after dinner dram, and, on occasions, for the transaction of much profane though necessary labor pertaining to his office and private concerns. He busied himself there now; or had been busying himself, but paused to look up from the large book before him, whose pages were inscribed with items and figures. His finger, following the mental computation, remained stationary. Fougage—tax upon fires; banvin—duties on wine; vintagaine—the lord's right to his share of the produce; mileage—his due from each mine or half setier of coin—consideration of these usually all-important matters seemed for the moment to have been forgotten.

He leaned back, and as he sat thus, the light and shadow playing on him, the dark, steely eyes looked the more sunken, the hard, cynical lips beneath the white mustache the more cruel, the spare figure the more alert and ready, as if to grapple with some hidden danger.

"J'arrive en ce pays De Basse Normandie—"
At one of the apertures looking out to the barren waste of sand stood the Lady Elise; the words of the old Norman chant she was singing in desultory fashion rang softly, oddly, in that spot, where black-clad brethren for centuries had been wont to tread. Me-



"I—I Feel Very Well.

"I—I Feel Very Well."
Mechanically the Governor listened, but the voice soon ceased abruptly and again, after the manner of one of orderly habits, he bent over the big book; once more the curving finger slid up and down, and parsimony, the vice of the aged, had begun to shine from his pinched features, when a footstep rang on the marble pavement. "Your Excellency sent for me?" The commandant stood respectfully near. The Governor closed the book with deliberation; lifted his eyes. "The prisoners that were taken last night are safely housed?" "Housed? Yes, your Excellency! But we have little room. The upper cells are all occupied; the dungeons, fairly full! Even the In-pace and Les Deux Jumeaux have been pressed into service."
"Hum!" The long hand tapped restlessly a moment; the cold eyes gleamed, then shot an inquiring look. "There are no new particulars about last night's encounter with this—Black Seigneur?" "None, your Excellency, except," the commandant drew a paper from his breast pocket, "I have here in writing the detailed account of the officer in charge of your Excellency's boat, who was wounded himself in the encounter."
"Read it."

The commandant obeyed. "Our schooner, belonging to his Excellency, the Governor, was returning last night to the Mount with troops—reinforcements for the garrison from St. Dard—when it happened quite by accident near a ship, maneuvering at a respectful distance from the island of

Casque. The night was dark and cloudy, but our men got a look at her and suspecting who she was and knowing her armament, against our will, we felt obliged to bear away. She, having no reason to think us other than a fishing schooner, or that we were freighted with troops instead of cod, did not follow and we had passed out of sight, and were rounding the island when we ran into two small sail-boats that had just set out from there."

"To join the ship of this outlaw!" interposed the Governor. "Go on!" shortly. "We hailed; their answer was unsatisfactory; we ordered them to halt, whereupon they tried to sail away. We followed and overtaking them, commanded them to surrender. Their leader, who was the Black Seigneur himself, refused, and we attacked—" "Bien! We attacked!" But what then? Eh, what then?" "With fury they responded; in spite of their inferiority of numbers tried to board us. Bravely our men repulsed them; yet still they persisted; led by their captain, the Black Seigneur, had gained the deck when a chance shot struck him. As he fell back, the others tried to escape; one boat was sunk—" "And the other, bearing their leader, got away!" interrupted the Governor harshly. "In the confusion—yes, your Excellency."

The Governor waved his hand impatiently. "By this time the ship of the Black Seigneur had drawn nearer and our men put about and made for the Mount with a number of prisoners. Several shots were sent after us, but we managed to reach port."
"The officer in charge of the troops thinks this fellow, their leader, was wounded severely—fatally perhaps?" "He thinks it most probable, your Excellency."

For some time the Governor, with frowning brows, sipped silently from a glass of liquor at his elbow, and, stiff, motionless, the commandant waited; close at hand, a dove plumed itself on the roof of the cloister walk; beyond, the girl again began to sing fitfully. Out of the corner of his eye the commandant dared look at her, leaning now against the wall, the clear-cut, white features outlined against an illimitable blue background.

"Les amours—" "Involuntarily he started to raise a hand to his warlike mustache, when abruptly his wandering attention recalled. "The man ashore I spoke to you about, has been taken into custody?" "Yes, your Excellency; and is now at the barracks."

"Send him here. One moment—" The commandant paused, vaguely conscious the girl had moved away from the wall. "You spoke of there being a lack of food—these new prisoners must be confined in the dungeons; if necessary, crowd more of the others in the upper cells, and—there is still the Devil's Cage."

"The Devil's Cage?" Through the rose-tinted columns, above the Governor's head, the commandant could discern the figure of the Lady Elise, who had approached and now was gazing inquiringly at them. "Your Excellency would use that? One can neither lie down in it, nor sit in it, upright?" "Well," the cold eyes flashed, "it is not intended for upright people! But the man you were ordered to arrest!" with sudden sharpness; "the man from the shore! Send him to me!" "At once, your Excellency!" And responding promptly to his superior's mood, the commandant saluted briskly, and retired.

"What man?" The drapery of her gown drawn back, the Lady Elise stood poised on the court's low coping between the fairy-like pillars. "No one you know, my dear."
"Which means—it is none of my concern?"

"Not at all." His voice was now perfunctory; and his expression, as he surveyed her, slightly questioning. "You are looking somewhat pale today?" "Am I?" carelessly. "I—I feel very well." As she spoke, she went to him and leaned over the back of his chair. "Mon pere, won't you do something for me?" "What?" "Promise first." With her hand on his shoulder.

He reached up; the long, cold fingers stroked the shapely, warm ones. "One should never leap into the dark with a promise," he answered. "Especially to a woman."
"Not even when that woman is one's own daughter?" she asked, sliding to the arm of the chair. He regarded the bright face now thoughtful; the lips, usually laughing, set sensitively. "Is it another trip to the court, or do you wish to turn this stern old Mount again into a palace of pleasure?" To invite once more the Paris lords and ladies—the King, himself, perhaps? It would not be the first time a monarch has been entertained at the Mount—or a Marquis, either, eh? Shall we ask the Marquis?"

She made an impatient movement. "I want you to promise to break up the terrible iron cage, and—" "Tut!" Jocosely he pinched the fair cheek. "A girl's thoughts should be of the court and the cavaliers."
She turned away her head. "You treat me like a child," she said with a flash in her eyes.

"No, no! Like a woman," he laughed. "But the Marquis—perhaps he could not come here; perhaps he is too much concerned with the galeries of Paris!" Her figure straightened; she was about to walk away, when— "You ride this afternoon?" he asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I had not thought of it."
"If you do I desire that some one accompany you." Her face changed; she looked at him quickly, and half turned. "Remember Saladin as well, and—keep closer to the Mount in the future."
"Poor Saladin!" she breathed, with averted glance. "He got his deserts!" answered the Governor harshly. "An ugly trick that of his—to bolt and leave you stranded at the extreme point of the mainland where the bay swings around!" "The 'grand' tide—it came in so fast—and made so much noise—" "It frightened him! Well, fortunate it was, indeed, you were not on his back; that you had already reached the point, and had had time to dismount! An unpleasant experience, nevertheless—with the water separating you from the Mount, and a great curve of land to be walked before you could arrive at a human habitation!"

"I—it wasn't a very comfortable feeling," she acknowledged, flushing. "And if the fisherman hadn't subsequently seen you and taken you across in his little boat, you would have been more uncomfortable later. You rewarded him well, I trust?" "He—wouldn't take anything."
"And you neglected to inquire his name?" "I—did not think."

"You were so glad to get back?" remarked the Governor, regarding her closely. "What sort of man was he?" abruptly. "Old."
"And—" "That—is all I remember."
"Hum! Not very lucid. No doubt you were too overwrought, my dear, to be in an observant mood." His voice sank absently; his fingers sought among the papers, and, as his glance fell, the girl walked away. Again she leaned on the parapet, and once more regarded the barren waste below—the

figures of the cockle-seekers, mere specks, the shadow of the Mount, stamped on the sand, with the saint, a shapeless form, holding up a tapering black line—a sword—at the apex. "She is keeping back something. What?" Above an official-looking document the Governor watched her, his lips compressed, his eyes keen; then shrugged his shoulders and resumed his occupation. The death-like hush of an aerial region surrounded them; the halcyon peace of a seemingly chimerical cloister; until suddenly broken by an indubitable clangor—harsh, hard!—of a door, opening; shutting. The Governor lifted his head in annoyance; the dove on the roof of the cloister-walk flew away, and a short, fat man, breathing hard, appeared.

"Pardon, your Excellency! But the drafts! They seem sometimes to sweep up from the very dungeons themselves, and—" "Well?" "Beppo cut short excuse, or explanation. 'A prisoner is waiting without. The man, Sanchez, from the shore! Monsieur le Commandant, who brought him, told me to inform you.'"

The Governor considered a moment with down-bent brows. "You may show him in, but first," he glanced up with a frown, "I have a question to put to you."
"Your Excellency?"

"This morning you thought fit to apprise me," Beppo looked uncomfortable, "in view of the events of last night—that you saw yesterday this fellow, Sanchez, setting out in a sail-boat, accompanied by a priest—a fact that might have been of great service to me, had I been aware of it in season!" The Governor paused to allow the full weight of his disapproval to be felt. "At what hour did you see them start out?"

"About dusk, the time of the 'grand' tide," was the crestfallen answer. "I was following the shore, feeling anxious on account of the Lady Elise, who, I knew, had gone in the direction of the forest, when I saw them, some distance out, but not too far to recognize this fellow's boat and in it two men, one of them in the black robes of a priest. I attached no importance to the incident until—" The Governor interrupted. "You may send the prisoner in," he said shortly. "No—wait!" Toward the spot where the girl had been standing the Governor glanced quickly, but that post of observation was now vacant, and his Excellency more deliberately looked around; caught no sight of her. "You may send him in here," he said, "alone. I will speak with the prisoner in private."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 19 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An expert cabinet maker can take a piece of furniture and make it look as if it was two hundred years old—and so can the average small boy.

CANDY MANUFACTURER FINED.

Jos. Lines Charged With Violation of Law Regulating Working Hours of Women.

Columbia, Sept. 12.—Inspectors of the State department of agriculture will rigidly enforce the laws governing the working hours of women. The inspectors will require that seats be provided for all women employees. Jos. Lines, a Columbia candy manufacturer, was fined \$10 in Magistrate Fowles' court yesterday on the charge of working three women after 10 o'clock at night in a mercantile establishment. The warrant was sworn out by Inspector Bonner of the department.

TO CANVASS SOUTH CAROLINA.

Harold Weir, of Chicago, Employed by State Chamber of Commerce.

News and Courier. Regarding the employment of Mr. Harold Weir, of Chicago, by the South Carolina State Chamber of Commerce, the Asheville Citizen has the following:

"A contract was made here yesterday between the South Carolina State Chamber of Commerce and Harold Weir, of Chicago, to have the latter make a State-wide campaign in that State in the interest of bettering the conditions of the commercial organizations. The arrangement was made with Mr. A. W. McKeand, president of the State organization, and secretary of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Woods, secretary of the State organization and the Spartanburg Chamber, and Mr. Johnson, secretary at Greenville, these gentlemen constituting a committee to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Weir is to devote at least sixty days of his time to this work, and will visit every town and city in South Carolina of over 2,000 inhabitants to carry on campaign of from three days to a week to raise funds for the commercial organization existing or for one to be organized. Every such organization will thus be put on a firm financial footing, and will be in a position to do some real work in advertising.

"A certain percentage of the money raised will go to the State Chamber of Commerce, and it is planned that the amount will be at least \$45,000 for the first year's work. A concentrated campaign of advertising will then be carried on co-operatively by the local and State organizations for the development of the entire State.

"This is generally considered one of the most forward moves from a commercial standpoint ever instituted by a Southern State, and is possibly the first of its kind. The plan has been in process of formation for some time, and has only recently been perfected. If it results as successfully as its promoters hope it to do, it will probably be quickly copied by other States. At present this State does not even have a State organization of this kind."

Dependancy.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers.

A woman has no business with a family if she can't take something old and make it over into something new.

"Mrs. J. N. Hill, Homer, Ga., has used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for years, and says she always recommends it to her friends. 'It never fails to cure our coughs and colds and prevents croup. We have five children and always give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a cold, and they are all soon well. We would not be without it in our house.' Sibert's Drug Store.

When a dwelling burns down the family usually manages to save everything except the things that were worth saving.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured other ailments I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.

When a man does get even with another he is never satisfied until he gets a little more so.

Many Driven From Home.

Every year, in many parts of the country, thousands are driven from their homes by coughs and lung diseases. Friends and business are left behind for other climates, but this is costly and not always sure. A better way—the way of multitude—is to use Dr. King's New Discovery and cure yourself at home. Stay right there, with your friends, and take this safe medicine. Throat and lung troubles find quick relief and health returns. Its help in coughs, cold, grip, croup, whooping cough and sore lungs make it a positive blessing. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Sibert's Drug Store.

NO MORE OVERCHARGING.

New System of Labeling to Protect Patrons of Express Companies.

Winston-Salem Journal.

Overcharging by dishonest express agents has been made impossible by a system of labeling just put into effect by the Southern Express Company in obedience to an act of Congress.

By this system the sender of express is required to specify in writing the article which he desires to send, whether it is paid or C. O. D., and its destination. The agent then makes out a label which is attached to the article and also the sender receives a duplicate. If the article is C. O. D., this label is white, if paid the label is yellow. On the label is specified the weight of the article, the destination, the charges and the rate. If it is prepaid, the amount paid is specified. If it is sent C. O. D., the amount to be collected is specified on the label.

By this system it is impossible for any express agent to overcharge without his act being apprehended by either the receiver or the agent at the other end of the line.

THE DANUBE LOSES VOLUME.

Several Industries Threatened by River's Decrease.

Berlin, Sept. 9.—After 10 years of close observation the river authorities of Southern Germany have come to the conclusion that the upper Danube is losing volume from year to year, and that the change is such that it will be a matter of only a few decades before several industries on the stretch of river above Ulm are completely ruined in consequence. It is said that already the loss during the last few years is equal to several hundred thousand dollars. Near Sigmaringen is a water mill erected in 1817, when it was in constant use and received constant power from the stream. Owing to the fall in the stream it is now able to work only in autumn and winter, and in dry summers it can be used less than half the days of the year. Thus in the years with dry summers, 1893, 1907, and 1911, it was working only 175, 142 and 172 days in the whole year. Similarly the Danube stream, which was at one time 75 feet broad and from five to eight feet deep at Imendingen, and at Sigmaringen was even navigable in the 16th century, is now very frequently represented by a dry river bed.

The secret of this disappearance which can have little effect on the lower Danube owing to the constancy of the larger tributaries, lies in a phenomenon in physical geography which can best be explained by saying that one river is robbing another. European and even American geographers and geologists are fond of quoting the question of the Meuse Valley, and English geologists have the classic example on the east coast of Yorkshire of an inland river gradually eating away the supply of the coastal streams, but here in Southern Germany the combatant rivers are rather more famous, for geographers and geologists are quite convinced that the Danube is being robbed by the Rhine. So much water that in earlier times would have passed through the Iron Gates of the Black Sea now reflects the castles of the Rhine, and finally enters the North Sea.

The sources of the Brigach and the Breg, which join at Donaueschingen, and there, on the addition of the so-called "Danube source," are called the Danube, are losing every year through the percolation of the rain supply through the soft limestone of the so-called German Jura mountains. Similar freaks of limestone hydraulics explain the famous fountain of Vaucluse in France and Malham Cove in England, but in these cases the water comes out of the earth within a short distance of its entry and the divergence from its original path is not great. In the instance of the Danube, however, it is very different, and the official statistics give a loss in volume at from 2,000 to 6,000 litres per second during the last 12 years. Apparently what is one man's gain is another man's loss, and consequently there is some dispute, between Baden and Wurtemberg as to what shall be done. So far, however, no very comprehensive scheme has been formed for putting an end to the predatory progress of the River Rhine.

Many a pretty woman is merely a bunch of pride, pretense and practice.

Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 168 pounds. I can eat anything I want to and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in ten years. I refer to anyone in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers.

MANY SNAKES IN THE CORNER.

Elections Pass off Pleasantly—Cotton Picking Going on—Small Cotton Crop—Other Matters.

Dark Corner, Sept. 11.—The election passed off very pleasantly here yesterday at the Reid club. In fact both primaries were pleasant. I am sure that no fraud was committed at the first or second primary at the Reid club. Each and every man voted as he should for whom he pleased and only one time. No one was allowed to vote whose name had not been on the club roll at least 5 days before the first primary or any who was not twenty-one years of age. Those who were dead, we just let them remain dead and did not vote them, as I have heard was done in some places. All negroes were debarred. In fact we tried to conform to the rules of the Democratic party of South Carolina.

The weather has been very dry here. We have not had a heavy rain until today in about five weeks. Cotton picking is on in this corner or was until the showers of the last few days and now this big rain today will call a halt for a few days. The cotton crop is going to be rather short, I think, in this corner this season.

Mr. T. H. Osteen, who has been very sick, seems to be improving. Mr. Richard Bracey is and has been sick for several days with chills and fever.

This corner is getting (or seems to be) a "rep" for killing rattlesnakes. No less than three have been killed here recently. John Green, colored, killed one with thirteen rattles.

L. E. Avin one with nine and Jim R. Griffin one with six.

Mrs. Jessie Turner and daughter, Miss Gladys, and Miss Irma Smith of your city, visited here at the "Sycamores" (Mr. T. H. Osteen's) last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. R. R. Ardis and two sons, Marion and LeGrand, of Creston, visited at Elmhill last Saturday.

J. T. Childers spent last week with relatives near Mechanicsville.

Mrs. Joe H. Geddings of Pinewood visited at Elmhill (W. J. Ardis') last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Weeks visited Mr. Weeks' brother-in-law, Mr. Ben D. Geddings, at Ramsey, last Sunday.

Well, Mr. Editor, the elections are all over. I hope that we are all will forget all our differences and lay our shoulder to the wheel and with a strong push shove South Carolina into the line of peace and prosperity, just where she ought to be.

"Hard Times."

"A really effective kidney and bladder medicine must first stop the progress of the disease and then cure the conditions that cause it. Use Foley Kidney Pills for all kidney and bladder troubles and urinary irregularities. They are safe and reliable. They help quickly and permanently. In the yellow package. Sibert's Drug Store.

Experience often teaches us that it isn't worth anything after we learn it.

"Antoine Deloria, Postmaster at Garden, Mich., knows the exact facts when he speaks of the curative value of Foley Kidney Pills. He says: 'From my own experience I recommend Foley Kidney Pills, as a great remedy for kidney trouble. My father was cured of kidney disease and a good many of my neighbors were cured by Foley Kidney Pills.' Sibert's Drug Store.

Hereditarily never fails to work out in the matter of red hair, but it frequently falls down when it comes to brain.

\$80,000,000 Lost Annually by Wage Earners.

"Dr. Sadler estimates that about \$80,000,000 in wages is lost annually to the American people as a direct result of colds. Lost time means lost wages and doctoring is expensive. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. It will stop the cough, and heal and soothe the sore and inflamed air passages. Sibert's Drug Store.

The cutting down and clearing away of the grass off the sidewalks and streets very much improves the looks of those streets which have been visited by the city street force.

"T. L. Parks, Murrayville, Ga., Route 1, is in his 73rd year, and was recently cured of a bad kidney and bladder trouble. He says himself: 'I have suffered with my kidneys. My back ached and I was annoyed with bladder irregularities. I can truthfully say, one 50c bottle of Foley Kidney Pills cured me entirely.' They contain no habit forming drugs. Sibert's Drug Store.

It is easier to go broke in a hurry than it is to get rich quickly.