

The Lady OF THE Mount

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after the crime against the instruments of justice, he escaped to the high seas, why did you not go with him?"

"He wouldn't have it."
"Thinking you would be more useful here? A spy?"

"He said he would be held an outlaw; a price put on him, and—he dismissed me from his service."
"Dismissed you? An excellent jest! But," with sudden incisiveness, "what about the priest, eh? What about the priest?"

The man straightened. "What priest?" he said in a dogged tone.
"You are accused of harboring and abetting an unfringed fellow who has long been wanted by the government, a scamp of revolutionary tendencies; you are accused of having taken him to sea," the prisoner started, "to some rendezvous—a distant isle—to meet some one; to wait for a ship; to be smuggled away—?"

The man did not reply; with head sunk slightly, seemed lost in thought.

"Speak—answer!"

"Who accuses me?"

From the stone chair the girl sprang; looked out. Her face white, excited, peering beneath the delicate spandrels and stone roses, seemed to come as an answer.

"Have I not told you—" began the Governor sternly, when—

"Bah!" burst from the prisoner violently. "Why should I deny what your Excellency so well knows? I told my master not to trust her; that she would play him false; and that once out of his hands—"

"Her? Whom do you mean?" The Governor's eyes followed the man's; stopped. "Elise!"

"I think," her eyes very bright, the girl walked quickly toward him, "I think this man means me."
"Elise!" the Governor repeated.
"Forgive me, mon pere; I didn't intend to listen, but I couldn't help it because—"

"How long," said the Governor "have you been there?"
"Ever since—he came in. I suppose," proudly turning to the man



"Have I Not Told You—"

"It is useless to say that I did not play this double role of which you accuse me, and that I did keep, in every particular, the promise I made—"

"Oh, yes; you could say it, my Lady!" with sneering emphasis.

"But you reserve to yourself the right not to believe me? That is what you mean?" The man's stubborn, vindictive look answered. "Then I will deny nothing to you; nothing! You may think what you will."

His face half-covered by his hand, the Governor gazed at them; the girl, straight, slender, inflexibly poised; the prisoner eyeing her with dark, unvarying glance.

"Dieu!" he muttered. "What is this?" and concern gave way to a new feeling. Her concern for something—somebody—held him. A promise!

"You can step back a few moments, my man!" to Sanchez. "A little farther—to the paraps! I'll let you know when you're wanted." And the prisoner obeyed, moving slowly away to the wall, where he stood out of earshot, his back to them.

"You spoke of a promise!" the Governor turned to his daughter. "To whom?"

A suggestion of color swept her face, though she answered at once without hesitation: "To the Black Seigneur."

The slight form of the Governor stirred as to the shock of a battery.

"There is no harm in telling now," hurriedly she went on. "He saved me from the grand tide—for I was on Saladin's back when he bolted and ran. I had not dismounted, though I allowed you to infer so, and he had carried me almost to the island of Casque when we heard and saw the water coming in. The nearest place was the island—not the point of the mainland, as I felt obliged to lead you to think, and we started for it; we might have reached the cove, had not Saladin stumbled and thrown me. The last I remembered the water came rushing around, and when I awoke, I was in a watch-tower, with him—the Black Seigneur!"

The Governor looked at her; did not speak.

"I—at first did not know who he was—until this man came—and the priest! And when he, the Black Seigneur, saw I had learned the truth, he asked me to promise—not for himself—but because of this man!—to say nothing of having met him there, or the others! And I did promise, and—he sent me back—and that is all—"

"Ah!" Did the Governor speak the word? He sat as if he had hardly comprehended; a deeper flush dyed her cheek.

"You—can not blame me—after

what he did. He saved me—saved my life. You are glad of that, mon pere, are you not? And it must have been hard doing it, for his clothes were torn, and his hands were bleeding—he can't be all bad, mon pere! He knew who I was, yet trusted me—trusted!"

The Governor looked at her; touched a bell; the full-toned note vibrated far and near.

"What are you going to do?" Something in his face held her.

Again the tones startled the stillness. "Remember it is I who am responsible for—"

"Your Excellency?" Across the court appeared Beppo, moving quickly toward them. "Your Excellency?"

"One moment!" The servant stepped back; the Governor looked first at the girl; then toward the entrance of the cloister.

"You want me to go?" Her voice was low; strained; in it, too, was a hard, rebellious accent. "But I can't—until—"

"What?"

"You promise to set him free! This man who brought me back! Don't you see you must, mon pere? Must!" she repeated.

His thin lips drew back disagreeably; he seemed about to speak; then reached among the papers and turned them over absently. "Very well!" he said at length without glancing up.

"You promise," her voice expressed relief and a little surprise, "to set him free?"

"Have I not said so?" His eyelids veiled a peculiar look. "Yes, he shall be liberated—very shortly."

"Thank you, mon pere." A moment she bent over him; the proud, sweet lips brushed his forehead. "I will go, then, at once." And she started toward the door. Near the threshold she paused; looked back to smile gratefully at the Governor, then quickly went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED) SCHOOL DAYS AGAIN.

Summerton Graded School Begins Its Work.

Summerton, Sept. 17.—The Summerton graded school opened this morning under very favorable auspices. The enrollment was large, and a spirit of cheerful earnestness on the part of the pupils seemed to present to participate in the opening exercises.

Short yet appropriate addresses were made by Revs. W. S. Trimble and J. R. T. Major and Ellison Capers and J. C. Lanham.

The corps of teachers for this session is as follows: Miss Sidie Scarborough, Summerton, principal; Miss Eula McWhorter of Anderson, Miss Mabel Brown of Manning, Miss Mattie Lanham of Edg. Field, Miss Wilfred Rankin of Greenville, Miss Cora Cantez of Summerton, and Miss Mabel Harper of Kingstree, music teacher.

The following are among the young people who will leave tomorrow for college: Ben Broadway, George Furse and Edward Furse for Wofford; Abram Briggs for Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Clinton, and Julius Mood, Capers James and Cecil Carrigan for the Citadel, Charleston.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Rosa Boyd of Columbia to Mr. Russell Shaw, formerly of this place but now of Athens, Ga., September 17, 1912.—Bishopville Vindicator.

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

In attempting to take his own part many a man grabs the whole thing.

Caught a Bad Cold.
"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan, of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought sure he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers.

Kindness soon sours unless kept in circulation.

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 others that 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.

And many a decided blonde made a late decision.

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.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NOTES Street Building and Cleaning.—Ordinances Which Assist in Securing Cleaner Streets.

No matter how efficient may be a city's street-cleaning department, no matter how much money is spent in the effort to keep the streets clean, no matter how energetically the work is prosecuted or the character and amount of machinery used, this work cannot be as efficient as when the department is assisted with the passage and enforcement of ordinances which will make it an offense, to litter up the streets, sidewalks and public places. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the expression, "the enforcement of the ordinance." It will avail nothing if all the ordinances in the world are passed, if they are not rigorously enforced. There are ordinances on the statute books of nearly every city which, if enforced, would nearly, if not wholly, solve the problem of clean streets.

The first thing to do, is to look up these ordinances. You will perhaps find, some which you never dreamed were law in your city. A strong effort should be made to secure the rigid enforcement of them. The police and other authorities are not very much to blame for the non-enforcement of them, if the general public does not particularly care either one way or the other about the matter.

One of the best ordinances which has ever been entered upon the statute books of a city and one which today is to be found upon almost every one of them is the anti-spitting ordinance. Hardly any one measure has been productive of the same amount of good results in the cleanliness of sidewalks and public buildings, trains and street cars, to say nothing of its sanitary value, as this one, and yet in exceedingly few cities is this ordinance rigorously enforced today. How often in your own city do you see men thoughtlessly expectorate tobacco juice or a disgusting collection of mucus upon the sidewalk, when perhaps not ten feet away there may be posted a warning that such an action is an offense punishable by a five-dollar fine and within a stone's throw there may be a patrolman standing on duty. There is too often a hesitancy on the part of patrolmen to make such an arrest but they will do it if the public sentiment of the community demands it.

Another ordinance which has produced good results in many cities is one which makes it compulsory upon householders and proprietors of business houses to deposit the refuse from their establishments in uniform garbage cans and set the same in convenient places where the garbage will be collected by the street-cleaning department. A penalty is provided in such an ordinance for throwing refuse upon the sidewalks or into the street by the householders or proprietors. The purpose of having garbage cans is that they are easy to handle by the collectors and, without this provision, all sorts of unsightly boxes, barrels and other receptacles would be placed on the sidewalks or in the alleys. The ordinance also provides that these garbage cans shall be covered.

An ordinance providing for a fine against refuse droppers will do much to stop this carelessness. This ordinance comes under the same class as the anti-spitting ordinance. Such a measure should make it a misdemeanor for anyone to throw or drop any paper, fruit parings or other waste material on the sidewalk or into the street. The city should provide garbage receptacles at street corners and in the middle of the city blocks for such refuse. They should be properly labelled and painted. The labeling should state what the receptacle is for and also state that a fine is provided for those who do not observe the ordinance.

The practice of throwing hand bills about the street is fast being stopped and also the tacking of cards on telephone, telegraph, light, and power poles and fences. An ordinance providing a penalty for such offense will greatly relieve such nuisances. The bare poles along a city's sidewalks are unsightly enough without having them stuck up with all kinds, sizes and colors of advertising cards and streamers. One of the most productive sources of paper waste is the long paper streamers tied together into a bunch and tacked up on poles or on the doorways to store, theatres or railroad ticket offices. Pedestrians tear them off, glance over them and then throw them down on the sidewalk where the wind blows them hither and thither. The practice is common in many cities among a certain class of merchants and various business concerns to scatter thousands of dodgers or hand bills about the streets and in the yards of residences, advertising some special sale or event. This is a most prolific source of trash and is a very unsightly thing in any city which permits it.

Another ordinance is for the protection of newly constructed streets which will not permit the tearing up of an improved street for a certain number of years after its construction.

The purpose of this is to prevent the public service corporations, such as the water company, the gas company and the like, entering a newly built street and laying mains or conduits. The reason for the ordinance is that it is almost impossible to repair a street and make that portion of it equal with the rest. Many cities require these corporations to perform such work prior to the building of the street, insisting that all mains be laid and connections made to the curb line and that all conduits be built before the street is constructed.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER. W. R. Hearst Pays Tribute to the Small Paper.

The Hearst newspapers have more than once called the attention of business men and citizens in general to the important work that is done by the editors of the smaller newspapers and to the great value of those newspapers as advertising mediums.

It would be impossible to keep this government going, impossible at least to keep representative and democratic government alive in this country if it were not for the thousands of newspaper editors scattered throughout the land—every one of them a watcher and an observer, a vigilant policeman in politics and public affairs.

Wherever two railroads cross in the United States and there is a town or village, there is—fortunately for the country—a local editor.

The editor watches the two railroads, he watches the affairs of his township, county, State and union. He talks daily or weekly to his fellow citizens concerning affairs that most vitally interest them. He is for them an eye that does not sleep, a man alert and devoted to those that are his constituents.

If the railroad crossing kills too many, if the railroads combine to charge too much or serve too poorly, if the judge, governor or mayor seems more of a railroad official than a people's, the editor is there to tell about it.

Big metropolitan newspapers with circulations running into many hundreds of thousands daily, have a peculiar power of their own.

But if you took all the metropolitan newspapers of the United States and weighed them in the balance against the press of the small cities and towns of America, it would be as though you weighed a city office building against Pike's Peak—and the local press would be Pike's Peak.

The local editor speaks to his readers as one friend speaks to another. They know him by sight. They know his record. They know the hard fight that he has made and is making. They know for how small a reward he renders efficient, unselfish service. And a word from him means more than many columns from some anonymous and unknown "editor of the big city."

The politicians of this country know well the power of the local editor. They respect it and fear it—and it is a good thing for the country that they do.

A man writing fearlessly in some congressman's or some senator's home town can do more to keep that official "straight" than all the metropolitan newspapers put together.

Public men know the power of the local editor and of the local newspaper. It is a pity that the business men of the country are ignorant of that power.

The man who has something really worth while to advertise could, if he would use the local newspapers intelligently, multiply his sales by ten, make himself known to millions that do not know him, and put himself at the head of his line of competition.

If the automobile manufacturers who attract attention just at this moment would put their advertising intelligently in the local newspapers, paying a good, fair rate and offering a good value they could very soon change the output of automobiles in America from 140,000 in one year, which was the record of 1910, to 500,000, or 1,000,000 in one year—and this is no exaggeration.

The smallest of the country newspapers has among its readers one or five or ten or a hundred men that could be made to buy a car now and will buy one sooner or later. Some intelligent automobile manufacturer with the right kind of product will realize this and sell tens of thousands of cars through the local newspapers before his competitors know what has happened.

The average of prosperity and of wealth among the readers of a country newspaper is far greater than among the readers of a metropolitan daily, and in proportion to the cost of advertising, intelligent publicity through the country newspapers gives by far the best results.

What we have said about automobile advertising refers to advertising in other lines. The dwellers in the cities, readers of the metropolitan dailies, have before their eyes the temptations and attractions of the great stores, which cannot be reached by the reader of the country newspaper. If our business men realized their

opportunities they would fight for parcels post, and they would make of every country newspaper an active distributing agency, doubling and trebling the country's prosperity and industrial activity.

This we have said before, and we shall say it again. Inasmuch as there are no Hearst newspapers in the country, inasmuch as our newspapers are published exclusively in the great cities of the country, we shall at least be credited with unselfishness in making a fight for local editors that deserve the thanks and appreciation and financial encouragement of every good citizen.

Very few realize what it means when a man undertakes the publication of a daily or weekly newspaper in a small place.

The editor risks everything, poverty, bankruptcy, indifference of the public, and at best his reward can be very small.

That is why we have in the past and do today and shall in the future try to impress on our readers and on big advertisers the fact that they should do their share toward supporting the local press of this country. There would be and could be no philanthropy about it, simply wise self interest should make every citizen buy his local paper and make every advertiser contribute according to his means to the support of the local press.

The citizen that buys his local paper gets his money back many times over in protection of his interests. And the man who advertises widely and wisely in the local press gets his money back many times over in cash returns.

The people should not be niggardly in support of those that do good work. Business men and the public generally should be especially broad-minded and liberal in their support of the local newspapers that represent and intensify public opinion throughout the country.—New York American.

DICKINSON GETS BAIL.

Defence Characterized as "Flimsy," but Judge Rice Lets Him Out.

Aiken, Sept. 14.—Judge Hayne F. Rice, of the 2d Judicial Circuit, heard two appeals for bail today; one the case of the State vs. Owens, charged with the murder of his landlord, Mr. Sanders, the homicide occurring at Williston, in Barnwell County. The State was represented by Messrs Best and Nienstein, the Hon. James E. Davis of Barnwell, and for years solicitor of this circuit, acting for the defendant. His Honor, Judge Rice, refused bail.

The second and more interesting case was that of the State vs. G. M. Dickinson, charged with the murder at Bamberg last Thursday night of J. W. Riley. The dead man and his slayer are both prominently connected in Bamberg County, and the tragedy the details of which were exploited in the newspapers of today, is generally deplored by the community. The defendant was represented by Mr. S. C. Mayfield, of the firm of Mayfield & Free, attorneys of Bamberg, while Solicitor R. L. Gunter, of this 2d Judicial Circuit, of which Bamberg county forms a part, represented the State, and fought the appeal for bail, on the ground that Mr. Dickinson's defense was too flimsy. However, Judge Rice granted bail in the sum of \$2,000, and the prisoner will be released from custody so soon as his bondsmen shall be arranged and shall qualify.

BEAT AND ROB STOREKEEPER.

Cherawfield Negroes Commit Outrage and Make their Escape.

Cheraw, Sept. 14.—At 9 o'clock this morning, watching their chance, two strange negroes entered Mr. B. L. Burns' store, a few miles from Cheraw, at Cashes, and asked for a pair of shoes. Mr. Burns got them, and while one pretended to try them on both men jumped on him. One pulled a large rock out of his pocket and beat Mr. Burns over the head and face, cutting him severely. Mr. Burns begged them not to kill him, but to take what they wanted. They took \$125 out of the safe, a double-barrelled shotgun, cartridges and a knife and shot. Mr. Burns and Mr. W. L. Gillespie, of Cheraw, who happened to come in about that time gave the alarm. The sheriff was telephoned for and soon got on the scene. Bloodhounds were also telegraphed for. There is high feeling among the lumber mill hands at Cashes, negroes and whites, and a lynch mob is being looked for if cooler heads cannot prevent it. While Mr. Burns is apparently not seriously injured, his recovery will depend on developments during the next day or two.

The Old, Battered Straw Hat.

A farmer who has a savannah or a meadow has a fortune in the making of hay while the sun shines.—William Star.