

# THE LADY OF THE MOUNT

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I.**—Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy.

**CHAPTER II.**—"The Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in a tract of the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman.

**CHAPTER III.**—Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Lady Elise returns after seven years' schooling, and entertains many nobles.

**CHAPTER V.**—Her ladyship dances with a strange fisherman, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious Le Seigneur Nola.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Black Seigneur rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Sanches, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Lady Elise has Sanches set free.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Seigneur and a priest at the "Oodias."

**CHAPTER X.**—Sanches tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Disguised as a peasant, Lady Elise mingles with the people and bears some startling facts.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—A mysterious Mountebank starts a riot and is arrested.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—The Mountebank is locked up after making close observations of the citadel, and is afterwards summoned before the governor's daughter.

**CHAPTER XV.**—The governor enters the room during the interview with the Mountebank.

**CHAPTER XVI.**—As a miserable buffoon, the Mountebank is released by order of the governor.

**CHAPTER XVII.**—Desaurac overpowers guard and dons soldier's uniform.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**—The Seigneur success-fully escapes guards and finds the "Great Wheel."

## CHAPTER XXII.

**The Whirling of the Wheel.**

As old as church or cloister, the massive wheel of the Mount had, in the past, played prominent part in the affairs of succeeding communities on the rock. It, or the hempen strand it controlled, had primarily served as a link between the sequestered dwellers, and the flesh-pots and material comforts of the lower world. Through its use had my lord, the abbot, been enabled to keep full the mighty wine-butts of his cellars; to provide good cheer for the tables of the brethren, and to brighten his cold stone interiors with the fresh greens of Flemish tapestry, or the sensuous hues of rugs and fabrics from seraglio or mosque. Times less ancient had likewise claimed its services, and even in recent years, by direction of his Excellency, the Governor, had it occasionally been used for the hoisting of goods, wares, or giant casks, overcumber-some for men or mules.

Toward this simple monkish contrivance, the summit's rough lift, or elevator, wherein serfs or henchmen had walked like squirrels in a cage to bring solace to generations of isolated dwellers, the Black Seigneur had at first stepped impetuously; then stopped, hardly breathing, to look over his shoulder at the door that had been left unfastened. An involuntary question flashing through his brain—the cause of this seeming carelessness—found almost immediate answer in his mind, and the certainty that he stood not there alone—a consciousness of some one else, near, became abruptly confirmed.

"What are you doing, soldier?" A voice, rough, snarling, drew swiftly his glance toward a presence, intuitively divined; an undersized, grotesque figure that had entered the place but a few moments before and now appeared from behind boxes and casks where he had been about to retire to his mattress in a corner.

"What do you want?" repeated this person, the singer and viciousness on his distorted features, revealed in the moonlight from the large opening, like that of some animal unparalyzedly disturbed.

"To, landlord of the thieves' inn!" And inaction giving way to movement on the intruder's part, a knife that had flashed back in the hand of the hunchback, with his query, was swiftly twisted from him and kicked aside, while a scream of mingled pain and rage became abruptly suppressed. Struggling and writhing like a wildcat, Jacques proved no mean antagonist; with a strength incredible for one of his size, supplemented by the well-known agility of his kind, he scratched, kicked and had managed to get the other's hand in his mouth, when, making an effort to throw off that clinging burden, the Black Seigneur stepped the dwarf's head violently against the wooden support of the place. "At once all belligerency left the hunchback, and, releasing his hold, he sank to the ground.

An instant the intruder regarded the inert form; then, going to the door, latched and locked it with a key, he found inside. Having thus in a measure secured himself from immediate

caused him to draw back from an immortal role; already was the car again descending!

It came up loaded; went down once more, reappeared. On the little platform now were more than a dozen men assembled, but to Jacques this force looked multiplied. Amid the confusion of his thoughts, vaguely could he hear orders given; caught something about the need for quiet, haste, overpowering the guard; then saw the door open, and the men, like shadows, go out; leaving him alone

No; with two black figures; ominous; armed. He could see the glitter of their weapons, and ventured to move his thick tongue, when, fiercely silenced, he crouched down; waited, with hands clenched, an interminable period; until faintly from afar sounded the note of a night-bird.

Roughly jerked to his feet, between them he walked to the door; heard it close; stepped out into the night. Many times had he made his way between wheel-room and guard-house, but now the route seemed strange, and, looking around near the structures at the entrance to his dungeons Jacques shook his head as if to rid his brain of some fantasy. But the scene did not change; the guard-house remained—familiar; unlike, with unknown faces peering from it, and an



"Seigneur, We Hardly Dared Hope—"

imperious voice issuing commands to him, once unobeyed commander here!

And comprehending what was being said, he struck his breast violently; with curses would have answered that the keys were his own; the dungeons, too, and what they held, and that he would never lead them there; never open these doors! But this grim, savage, determined band beat down his arms, and his courage; and, with the shadow of the grave again before him, the dwarf walked on; past the stable into the guard-house, where familiar forms once had been seated, and into the passage leading to the dungeons beyond.

(To be Continued)

## BOYD TALKS FACTS.

The recent fatal railroad wrecks where in many persons were killed and others injured; the numerous, recent automobile casualties throughout the country in which many have been killed, (in 103 recent automobile accidents 69 people were killed and 225 injured); the crowded condition of our streets and the near inauguration of the street car line, to say nothing of everyday hazards lurking everywhere, are suggestive of accident insurance. We've got every desirable form at small cost.

The Maryland Casualty Co. is the only company that maintains a claim department in North Carolina, pays claims promptly and gives double indemnity for accidents on public carriers. It pays to get the best. See W. G. BOYD, AGENT.

## HAD NARROW ESCAPE FROM BURNING HOUSE.

The dwelling on the Isaac Holton place, two miles this side of Reelsboro, was burned to the ground early Wednesday morning. The blaze was discovered in the roof after midnight, the occupants, Levi Keller and his wife, barely escaped with their lives. They lost practically everything they possessed. Mr. Keller was badly burned while trying to save some of his household goods. The building was constructed almost entirely of light-wood, as it was put up many years ago, and burned like oil. Mr. and Mrs. Keller are now being sheltered by neighbors.

## NEW BERN MARKET

Sept. 2 1912

### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Furnished by New Bern Produce Co., Wholesale Produce and Commission Merchants: 79 Broad St., and Coast Line Meat Market, Broad Street.

CHICKENS—Grown, pair.....	65 @ 80
CHICKENS—Spring, pair.....	35 @ 40
EGGS, per pair.....	\$1.35 @ \$1.35
DUCKS, per pair.....	10 @ 15
EGGS, per doz.....	16 @ 17
HAMS, country, smoked, lb.....	@ 18
BEEF, lb.....	22
Wool.....	16 to 17
Hogs, dressed, lb.....	8 @ 9
Bacon, dressed, lb.....	8 @ 9
HIDES—G. S., lb.....	@ 9
Green, lb.....	@ 8
Dry Flax, lb.....	12 @ 14
Dry salt, lb.....	10 @ 12
Irish potatoes, new crop.....	\$2.50
Green Corn, per hundred.....	1.00
Pumpkins per crate.....	50 to 75
Onions per crate.....	\$1.50
Peas, per crate.....	1.50
Light plant, per dozen.....	40
Sweet potatoes, bushel.....	1.00
Lime Beans, quart.....	13

## NEW BERN WILL HAVE NEW BANK

Citizens' Savings Bank and Trust Company Chartered.

### BEGIN BUSINESS SOON.

### Makes the Fourth Banking Institution in This City.

The Citizens' Savings Bank and Trust Company has been chartered by the State and will start business at an early date. It will do a savings bank business and will be the first institution in the city to be conducted purely as a savings bank.

That it will be a successful business venture is regarded as certain. Its stock is in good demand already by those who foresee that the new bank will prove a permanent and paying concern.

The authorized capital is \$50,000 and the bank will open for business with a capital of \$25,000 paid in.

Messrs. Clyde Eby, T. A. Uzzell and William Dunn are the incorporators of the enterprise. These gentlemen are connected with the People's Bank, but it is understood that there will be no connection between the two institutions.

The new bank will open for business as soon as a suitable place can be secured, which it is expected will be very soon. It makes the fourth banking institution in New Bern.

### ALLEN HARRINGTON KILLED BY TRAIN.

A special from Washington, N. C., under date of Aug. 30 says: "A white man by the name of Allen Harrington, who resides at Vanceboro, was found dead on the Norfolk Southern track this morning by the passenger train running between Raleigh and this city. The right arm of the body was cut off and considerable bruises found on the head."

Harrington sold a part of his tobacco crop in Greenville Thursday and after the sale of the tobacco was seen under the influence of liquor.

On his body there was found an empty half-pint whiskey flask, also loose change to the amount of \$2.75.

It is believed that Harrington fell from a late train while trying to pass in a drunken condition, from one coach to another.

He is survived by his widow and three small children.

### MR. F. E. DICKINSON DEAD.

Mr. Francis E. Dickinson died at James City yesterday morning in the 56th year of his age. He leaves a wife and four sons. The body will be taken to Harlowe this morning for burial. Mr. R. S. Weeks, of Mayville, a brother of Mrs. Dickinson, came in last night and will accompany the funeral party to Harlowe. Mr. Dickinson had been for many years in the employ of the Mungler-Bennett mill in James City.

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**Bradham Drug Co.**  
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In New Coplin Building, Middle Street. There you will find a spick-and-span new stock and at the most reasonable prices in town. And you can buy on easy terms if you want to. Come and see our line whether you want to buy or not.

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