ward.

interruption without-for anyone try-

ing the door would conclude the wheel-

room vacant, or that the dwarf slept

there or in the store-house beyond— the Black Seigneur walked to the ap-

erture, and reaching up, began to pay

out the rope from a pulley above. As he did so, with feet braced, he leaned

over to follow in its descent a small

car along the almost perpendicula

planking from the mouth of the wheel-

room to the rocks, several hundred

A sudden slackening of the rope-

assurance that the car, at the end of

line, had reached the loading-

below without the fortifications-

it quickly at the hunchback's throat.

the fingers he had involuntarily raised

to push the bright blade aside, fell,

while at the same time any desire to

attempt to call out, or arouse the

guard, was replaced by an entirely dif-

ferent emotion in his aching brain.

Never before had he actually felt that

sharp touch-the prelude to the final

thrust. At the sting of it, a tremor

ran through him, while cowardice, his

besetting quality, long covered by

growl and egotism in his strength and

hideousness to terrify, alone shone

from his unprepossessing yellow fea-

"You were brave enough with the

soldiers at your beck!" went on a de-

termined voice whose ironical accents

in no wise served to alleviate his

panic. "When you had only a mounte-

bank to deal with! But get up!" con-

temptuously. "And," as the hunch-

back obeyed, his crooked legs shaking

"To take a little of your own medi-

cine! Pardi! What a voluble fellow!

With no more words the hum back,

staggering, hardly knowing what he

did, entered the ancient abbot's ma-

chine for holsting. But as he started

to walk in the great wheel at the side

of his captor, a picture of the past-

the times he, himself, had forced pris-

oners to the wheel, stimulating with

jeer and whip—arose mockingly be-fore him, and the incongruous present

seemed, in contrast, like a black wak-

That it was no dream, however, and

that the awakening would never oc-

our, he well knew, and malevolently

though fearfully he eyed the rope, com-

ing in over the pulley at the aperture;

to be wound around and around by a

smaller wheel, attached to the larger,

An inkling of the sort of merchan

dise to be expected, under the circum-

stances, could but flash through his

mind, together with a more vivid con-

sciousness of the only course open for

him-to cry out, regardless of conse-

quences! Perhaps he might even have

done so, but at that instant-as if the

cold touch of a bare blade on his

neck; and with a sudden chill, the

More stealthily now he began to

study his companion in the wheel, while a question, suddenly occurring,

refterated itself in his brain. This

man-who was he? And what did he

know of the mountebank, or his, Jac-

ques', dealings with the clown? That

his captor was no soldier of the rock,

by this time assured, and a growing

suspicion of the other's identity

brought home with new force to the

dwarf the thankless part chance, per-

haps, had assigned to him in that

night's work. And at the full realization of the consequences, should his surmise prove correct—what must ui-

timately happen to himself in that

event, when unwilling co-operation at the wheel should become known—al-most had he again reached the des-

perate point of calling out; but at that moment a turn in the wheel

onged there, the hunchback felt

brief heroic impulse passed.

other had read the thought-came the

and-drawing up what?

"into the wheel with you!"

"Why-what-"

In with you, or-"

ing dream.

and island, stood in a vast bay on thwestern coast of France, and he time of Louis XVI was a sov-stronghold. Develops that the boy was the son of Seignsur a, noblance.

COR CHAPTER III—Young Desaurac deter-mines to secure an education and be-come a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris.

CHAPTER V-Her Ladyship dances with a strange fisherman, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a newsprious La Segnaur Nois.

CHAPTER XI-Lady Elise has Sa

TER XIII—Sanchez tells De Lady Elise betrayed him, i eved. The Seigneur plans to a prisoners at the Mount. CHAPTER XIV-Lady Elise with her father to spare the lives o

CHAPTER XV-Disguised as a peasant ady Elise mingles with the people and sears some startling facts.

CHAPTER XVI—A mysterious Mounte

CHAPTER XVII—The Mountebank is locked up after making close observation, of the citadel, and is afterwards sum moned before the governor's daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII—The governor enters the room during the interview with the Mountebank. CHAPTER XIX—As a miserable buf-toon, the Mountebank is released by or-

der of the governor. CHAPTER XX-Desaurae overportuard and dons soldier's uniform. CHAPTER XXI—The Seigneur success ully passes guards and finds the "Gree

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 mee had my lord, the abbot, been ever 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 tapstry, 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 occasional-

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 dwellars, the Black Beigneur had at

ly been used for the hoisting of goods,

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 slone a consciousness of some one else, near, became abruptly

"What are you doing, soldier?" A voice, rough, snarling, drew swiftly his glance toward a presence, intuitively divined; an undersized, grotesque fig-ure 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 erson, the anger and viciousness on his distorted features, revealed in the moonlight from the large opening, like that of some animal unwarrantedly

SEPREMOR.

"You, 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 hunchck, with his query, was swiftly risted from him and kicked saide, thile a scream of mingled pain and rage became abruntly suppressed. Struggling and writhing like a wildcat, Jacques proved no mean artagon-ist; with a strength incredible for one of his size, supplemented by the well-known agility of his kind, he scratched, known agillty 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 datied the dwarf's head violently against the wooden support of the place. At once all belligerency left the hunchback, and widesally he held he seek to the naing his hold, be sank to the

that moment a turn in the wheel brought to the level of the aperture, the car. In it, or elinging thereto, were a number of figures who, as soon as the rope stopped, sprang noiselessly to the platform.

"Beigneur, we hardly dared hope—"
"We obeyed orders, but—"
Gazing through the spokes of the wheel, and listening to their whispered exclamations, any lingering doubt as et form; then, going to the door, shed and locked it with a key he and inside. Having thus in a measured himself from formediate

Barrington House When in Norfolk 1

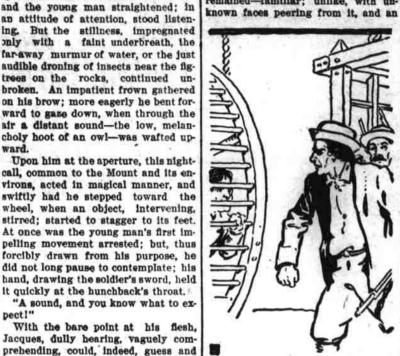
BARRINGTON, Proprieto tes \$1.50 day; \$7.50 week ot and gold batha, Specia

ned him to draw back from an imnortal role; already was the car again It came up loaded; went down one

nore, reappeared. On the little platform now were more than a do men assembled, but to Jacques this force looked multiplied. Amid the confusion of his thoughts, vaguely could be hear orders given; caught omething about the need for quiet haste, overpowering the guard; then aw the door open, and the men, like chadows, go out; leaving him alone

No: with two black figures; omino armed. He could see the glitter their weapons, and ventured to move his thick tongue, when, fiercely silenced, he crouched down; walter with hands clenched, an interminabl period; until faintly from afar sound ed 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 be tween wheel-room and guard-house but now the route seemed strange and, looking around near the struc tures 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 Hopeimperious voice issuing commands to him, once unquestioned commander

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)

in the support of his misshapen frame, BOYD TALKS FACTS.

> in many persons were killed and others injured; the numereous, recent automo bile casualties throughout the country in which many have been killed, (In 103 recent automobile accidents 59 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 Carolins, 12ys 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 Reelsborn was burned to the ground early Wed-nesday morning. The blaze was discovered in the roof after midnight, the occupants, Levi Keller and his his wife, barely escaped with their lives. They lost practically everything they possessed. Mr. Keller was badly burns ed while trying to save some of his household goods. The building was constructed almost entirely of lightwood, as it was put up many years ago, and burned like oil. Mr. and Mrs. Keller are now being sheltered by neigh-

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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 con-

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 runing 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 Maysville, 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 emp'oy of the Munger-Bennett mill in James

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ithin a week after the demise of the The helpmate of the savage loes most of the work, and he is most helpless without her. She make and break camp, cooks, cuts up he husband's kill and carries it to camp She dresses the skins of deer and seal. She makes the footgear and clothes, paddles the canoe and carries every burden. Without her no domes do arrangement can go forward.

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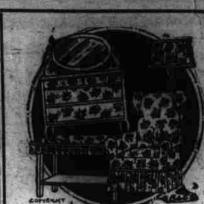
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