

# The Lady of the Mount

by FREDERIC S. ISNAM  
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his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh. "Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably look you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag," indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead. "In the cellar, or alms, or suberger des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky, and the Governor has time to attend to such as you, it may be you'll escape with a few stripes and a warning."

"The suberger des voleurs—the thieves' inn!" said the man. "What is that?"

"Bah! You want to know too much! If now your legs only moved as fast as your tongue—!" And the speaker completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickly turned his head, and once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence.

"How did it end, Monsieur Mountebank?"—the scene with the devil, I mean."

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearied by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered.

"A comic chorus!" said the soldier. "That must be very amusing."

"It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying from where he stood, different parts of the Mount with cautious, sidelong looks; "but my poor frogs—all torn trampled!"

"Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when you get out."

"When! If I only knew when that would be! What if I should have to stay here like some of the others—pour eux oubliés—'to be forgotten'?"

"If you don't get on faster," said the soldier who had first spoken, "you won't be buried alive for some time to come, at least!"

"Pardon!" muttered the mountebank. "The hill—it is very steep."

"You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back for a chance to escape—"

"No, no!" protested the man. "I had no thought—do I not know that if I tried, your sword—"

"Quite right. I'd—"

"There, there!" said the other soldier, a big, good-natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and, at the moment more moved on, 'that tune of yours, Monsieur Mountebank,' abruptly: "It runs in my head. Let me

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"You may rob your master," he said, in effect; "defraud him of banalities, barter and those other few taxes necessary to his dignity and position; but you can't defraud Me!" Whereupon he proceeded to wrest what he wanted from the bad peasant by force—and the aid of the broomstick!—accompanying the rat-tat-tat certainly happen to every peasant who sought to deprive his lord of feudal rights. At this point a growing restlessness on the part of the audience found vent in a chorus of "My poor frogs!"

"To the devil with the devil!"

"Down with the devil!"

The cry, once started, was not easy to stop; men in liquor and ripe for mischief repeated it; "My poor frogs!" "My poor frogs!" "My poor frogs!" "My poor frogs!" Unconsciously they tumbled it and him over; a few, who had seen nothing out of the ordinary in the little play took his part; words were exchanged in vain against many lightning for the sake of fighting, when into the center of this, real stage, appeared soldiers.

"What does it mean?" Impressive in gold armor and conscious authority, the commandant came down the steps. "Who dares make a day consecrated to the holy relics? On you shall pay!" as the soldiers separated the belligerents.

"Take these men into custody and—who is this fellow?"

The mountebank, a mournful figure above the wreckage of his theater and poor puppets scattered, haphazard, like victims of some untoward disaster.

"It was his play that started the trouble," said one of the officers.

"Diable!" the commandant frowned.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"I," began the mountebank, "I," he repeated, when courage and words alike seemed to fail him.

"The commandant made a gesture. "Up with him! To the top of the Mount!"

"No, no!" at once the fellow's voice came back to him. "Don't take me there, into the terrible Mount! Don't lock me up!"

"Don't lock him up!" repeated some one in the crowd, and apparently by the sight of his distress. "It wasn't his fault!"

"No; it wasn't his fault!" said others.

"Eh!" Wheeling sharply, the commandant gazed at the lowering walls that dare question his authority; then at his own soldiers. On the beach he might not have felt so secure, but here, where twenty, well-armed, could defend a pass and a mob batter their heads in vain against walls, he could well afford a confident front. "Up with you!" he cried sternly and gave the mountebank a contemptuous thrust.

For the first time the man's spathy seemed to desert him; the lowering walls back lightning, but almost at once fell to his side, while an expression, apologetically abject, as if to atone for that momentary fierce impulse, overcame his dull visage. "Oh, I'll go," he said in accents servile. And proceeded hurriedly to gather up the remains of his theater and dolls. "I'm willing to go."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback. Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers on his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.

"Do you think they'll put me in a dungeon?"

"Dungeon, indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the oubliettes, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence—traitors, or your fine gentry consigned by letters de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Well, and find out!" returned the soldier roughly, and the mountebank spoke no more for some time; held

see—how does it go? The second verse, I mean—"

"Best! best! Mid-air-buck and mire. For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!"

"Down With the Devil!"

bank bending lower under his load and observing the injunction put upon him, until the path, broadening, led them abruptly on to a platform where a stone house of ancient construction barred their further progress. But two stories in height, this building,

"Yes; that's the one. Not bad!" humming—

"For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"

"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this thieves' inn, Monsieur," returning to the subject of his possible fate. "This suberger des voleurs—has sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go as they used to, but—"

"Is that it—up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong flanking buttresses, outjutting beneath a mysterious-looking vault and poised over a sparsely-wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with some thing running down—that looks like planking—"

"Oh, that is for the wheel—"

"The wheel!"

"The great wheel of the Mount! It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for—"

"Hold your tongue!" said the other soldier, and the trio entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them.

For the first time in that isolated half-fortified town, the mountebank, who had been evading his prospective host not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered.

But as he did so, he looked back; toward the soldier who had displayed half-friendly interest in the play. "If you care to know more about the place—"

"He began, when the mountebank, who had been evading his prospective host not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered.

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"Yonder looks like some grand lady's tower," as he followed his captors past his more attractive edifice, the mountebank ventured to observe.

"Now, perhaps, lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend," one of the soldiers brusquely interrupted; "a piece of advice. His Excellency likes not babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll try to remember," said the mountebank docilely, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming reflection fall on its windows; then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the masonry masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eye.

For some distance they continued along the narrow way, the mountebank

sharply a bolt and threw open a door. The action was the signal for a chorus of hoarse voices from within, and the little man stayed not on the order of his going, but, thrusting the mountebank across the threshold, leaped nimbly back, slammed hard the door, and locked it.

Cries of disappointment and rage followed, and, facing the company that crowded the dingy little room almost to suffocation, the latest comer found himself confronted by unkempt people and execrated in no uncertain manner. A few, formerly spectators of his little play, inclined again to vent their humor on him, but he regarded them as if unaware of their presence, pushed none too gently to a tiny window, and, depositing his burden on the stone floor, seated himself on a stool with his back to the wall.

As a squally gust soon blows itself out, so their temper, mercurial, did not long endure; from a ragged coat one produced dice, another cards, and, although there were few sows to exchange hands, the hazard of tossing and shuffling exercised its usual charm and held them. The minutes wore away; motionless in his corner,

of a violin evidently of great value, Charles Riley, a Gettysburg farmer of moderate circumstances, is now happy over the turn of affairs which he believes has freed him for the rest of his life from financial worries. The violin was supposed to be worthless and came to him in the distribution of his father's personal effects.

Riley thought little of the instrument until he was offered \$50 for it. He then suspected that it might be worth more, and refused the offer. Gradually the would-be purchaser increased his offer until it reached \$7,500, which Riley still refused.

Later in the day an effort was made by another person to buy the violin, but Riley is holding on to it until he can obtain more. The instrument bears the date "1703," which is carved on it. His father purchased it at a public sale.

Notable Wedding Anniversary. A golden wedding celebrated at Rotheray, Buteshire, England, the other day, possessed several notable features. The family party, including grandchildren numbered about 50, and of the sons present some traveled from South Africa and Canada.

They were telling stories in the smoke room.

"I'll tell you how I was once saved from a shark," said a stranger, who was crossing the Atlantic, and I had my bike with me. About half-way a storm came on, and the ship began to sink. All the boats were filled with people and launched. There were even then a few left, myself being among them.

"An idea struck me, and I rushed down to where my machine was stored. I hurriedly removed the front wheel and then took off the tire. I took my pump and blew up the tube until it was the size of a life-buoy. Then I placed it under my arm-pits and jumped overboard.

"After floating about for a while a shark began making overtures to me.

Water for Nervousness. A trained nurse says: "If people would only drink more water they would not be so nervous." Nearly every doctor will recommend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under a doctor's care would look better and feel better if they would drink at least a quart of water in the course of the day. Water seems to be a nerve food, like good butter. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself. Water drunk slowly and gradually has somewhat the same quality as deep breathing.

Lost Its Tongue. The Paul Revere bell in the city hall at Bath, Me., lost its 15-pound tongue the other day and became silent for the first time in over 100 years. The bell first hung in the steeple of the North church at Bath. The people of Bath knew that something was amiss when the curfew did not ring at nine o'clock.

INSIST ON PURE SEED  
Farmer May Determine Whether Grain Contains Impurities.

Great Care Should Be Exercised to Prevent Introduction of Noxious Weeds Upon Land Difficult of Eradication.

(By O. J. WILLMAN.)

By studying carefully the characteristics—size, shape and color—of grain and weed seeds, the farmer will be enabled to determine whether or not his grain contains impurities. Great care should be taken to prevent the introduction of noxious weeds upon land, as they are difficult to eradicate.

Various Grain Seeds.

and often cause permanent injury to the soil upon which they grow.

a. Tuft Hair-grass. Hull single, white or straw colored, hairs and a bristle at the base. In grasses.

b. Wavy Hair-grass. Similar to a, but longer and brown. In grasses.

c. Common Cat. Hull single, mostly smooth, sometimes awned. In Wild Oat. Hull single, straw-colored or brown, hairy or only so at the base, a twisted awn from middle scar ringlike. In cereals.

d. Tall Oat-grass. Hull single, nearly cylindrical, awned at base, straw-colored. In coarse grasses.

e. Bermuda-grass. Hull single, flattened, smooth, straw-colored. In clovers and grasses.

f. Meadow Fescue-grass. Hull single, brown, the pointed awn yellow and rough. In European clovers and grasses.

g. Kentucky Blue-grass. Hull single, light brown, usually acute at ends, side veins distinct. In clovers and grasses.

h. Canada Blue-grass. Hull single, lighter colored than j, more blunt at ends, side veins indistinct. In clovers and grasses, especially alsike clover and Kentucky blue-grass.

i. Rat-tail Fescue-grass. Hull single, straw-colored, rough, slender awned. In clovers and grasses generally.

m. Meadow Fescue-grass. Hull single, straw-colored. Stem cylindrical expanded at apex.

n. Soft Chess. Hull single, light straw-colored, wrinkled, awned. In coarse grasses.

o. Cheat. Hull single, nearly cylindrical, straw-colored, smooth, awned at apex. In coarse grasses and cereals.

p. English Rye-grass. Seeds similar to m, differ particularly in the flattened, wedge-shaped stem.

q. Italian Rye-grass. Seeds differ from p, chiefly in the slender awn from the apex. In grasses.

r. Darnel. Seeds particularly similar to q, but larger and more robust. In cereals.

s. Couch-grass. Seed clusters and single seeds similar to m and p. Found in cereals and awnless brome grasses, particularly wheat.

t. Sedges. Seeds brown, both free and covered by flattened, flask-shaped hull. Found mostly in grasses.

u. Wild Onion. Bulbets covering papery, white, straw-colored or purple. In cereals, particularly wheat.

v. Hemp. Seeds gray, smooth, veined. In millets and cereals.

w. Field Sorrel. Seeds smooth, amber colored, shining, often covered by reddish hull. In farm seeds generally.

x. Curled Dock. Seeds, beechnut shaped, reddish brown, shining. In farm seeds generally.

Windows in Poultry Houses. Put the windows in the poultry house down to the floor, so that the hens will get the benefit of the light and sunshine when scratching for their feed.

The trouble with windows set high up is that they let the sunshine on the perches when the hens are on the floor scratching, and when they are on the roost the sun doesn't shine, so there is no equilibrium in such plans.

For Egg Production. The secret of egg production consists of a good supply of grit, good health, plenty of exercise, pure food, green food, fresh water, cut clover hay and green cut buns, freedom from lice, regularity in feeding, cool houses in summer and warm ones in winter, and breeding only from the best laying stock.

It is Ancient. Even the silo is not strictly a modern invention. History states that in very early stages in Egypt, Italy, Spain and Mexico seeds were stored in pits either above or below ground and one hundred years ago the Italians were preserving fresh leaves for cattle in casks and pits in the ground.

Tile for Garden. An inquirer asks what size tile should be used in an ordinary sized garden. Three-inch will be large enough, but as the cost of tiling is mostly in the work, it might be well to lay four-inch tiling in a large garden.

Care With Turkeys. Always be sure that every part of any enclosure where the turkey hen and poults are kept is well drained, sometimes the hen will sit down at night in a low place, and a heavy rain will fill the depression with water and chill or drown the poults.

Business Caution Needed. The farm with its stock, machinery and crops represents a large investment, and the man who succeeds must act with the greatest business caution.

Violin Brings Farmer Wealth. Finding himself suddenly possessed



Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!"

MANY WAYS OF SOWING OATS  
Question Arises as to Advisability of Making Any Preparation of the Soil.

Oats has been such an uncertain crop in many of the western states, often the best crop being from a field that was sown broadcast and scratched in any old way, that a question has been raised among farmers as to the advisability of making any preparation of the soil other than getting the seed scattered and enough soil worked up to cover them.

In some sections this lack of the proper preparation is the rule rather than the exception. A great many sow the seed among corn stalks and disc or cover with the cultivator, harrowing afterward.

In some cases this plan has produced good crops, but from my observation and experience the best crops of oats are grown on land that has been well broken either in the fall or the early spring and the oats drilled in at the rate of two bushels to the acre.

When seed are put in this way there is no trusting to a rain to finish covering them and they will begin to germinate at once. The seed are all put in the ground to the same depth, resulting in an even stand.

When the seed are sown on top and cultivated or disced in some well covered deep, and in some cases shallow or not at all. The birds will get some of them or in a few weeks of dry weather they will not sprout at once.

If a hard rain comes while covering and before the harrow has been run over the ground it can never be smoothed so that a binder can be run over it with comfort to the driver.

GIANT THUYA GAINING FAVOR  
Found Easier to Grow and Transplant Than Any Other Conifer—Likes Any Soil.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)

The Giant Thuya is rapidly making its way in the good opinions of those interested in conifers. It is found easier to raise and easier to transplant than any other conifer. It will grow in almost any soil, even in damp, cold bottoms and on poor dry oolite, and seems equally indifferent to wind, damp and spring frosts. There is no reason why this tree should not be raised in nurseries at the price of spruce, unless it is the absence of a regular demand for it can be got to the proper size for planting in two years' less time. The tree seeds itself in sandy soil.

In a visit to England a few years ago, I saw a plantation of Thuya and larch planted in poor clay over chalk, and the Thuya had completely outstepped the larch. Another instance,

Perils of the Late Afternoon. Late in the afternoon is the perilous hour for all day workers. Not only do statistics prove it, but there is an easily understandable physiological explanation. "Will you friend not take a tram?" Without saying a word the party instantly mounted and drove off, leaving mine host, who was not without his suspicions, to draw his own conclusions as to the calling of his visitors.

"Bank clerks," says the Medical Record, "commit most of the errors in the late afternoon; wherefore there is now early closing of these institutions, since bankers have found their employes' mistakes too expensive for the maintenance of longer hours. Every one who knows anything of physiology must be feared when railway men work too many hours through many days. As to druggists, to err (with perhaps fatal consequences) in the filling of a prescription is indeed human and hardly blameworthy."

Gay Dogs, These Firmers. "I was playing in a small town one night," said an actor, "when about two-thirds of the male portion of our audience—at least six or eight men—made a united and hurried exit from the hall. Fears of a panic were allayed by the knowledge that in case of fire the remainder of our audience could be moved almost literally in a body. It was a first-class audience, the sudden exodus, about a block away from the theater, but that it was not more attractive than our show was proved by the quick return of those men. They were members of the volunteer fire department, and having answered the call of duty, sided up the blazing building, pronounced it too big for their modest fire engine to cope with, and hurried back to the theater to calmly continue to enjoy the evening's entertainment. I saw in my way home we stopped to watch the still busy flames, were only extinguished if caught very young."

Injects Liquid That Takes Off Fat. The latest development in the physico-chemical treatment of disease is the reported discovery of Dr. Max Kaufmann of Germany, lecturer at the Halle university, who has substituted excessive corpulence, and even fatty heart, with a solution of palladium (a metal of the platinum group), made colloidal, or plastic, and utilized in a paraffin solution.

Two injections weekly, it is said, produced a daily loss of two pounds weight, not only without ill effects, but with a feeling of pleasant relief. Palladium acts on the system by chemical reaction, increasing the natural oxidation of food.

Moors and Turks. The Spanish Moors were of Arab origin, and were as different from the Turks, except in the single matter of religion, as the Turks are different from the Europeans. The descendants of the Moors, who were the Christians, founded one of the most wonderful civilizations known in history—which they would never have done had they been Turks. In Cordova, Granada, Seville, Toledo and other places, art, science, philosophy and many of the graces and humanities bloomed like a garden, while the rest of Europe lay in mental decrepitude and a dry rot.

Nourishment for Sow. The sow with a litter of pigs tugging at her needs the most nourishing feed—not necessarily grain, but a good, rich slop of shorts or middlings.

Males in the Garden. Do not forget in planting your garden to provide for a patch of kale. There are different varieties, each of which is good.

Muscle Maker. Protein is the muscle-maker of the body; fat and carbohydrates the heat and energy producers.

Hour for Milking. Cows should be milked as much as possible morning and evening at the same hour.

Comfort for the Birds. No comfort can be obtained with poultry unless the fowl are kept comfortable. A man caught in a rain-storm can change his clothing and thus save catching cold, but a fowl must allow her clothing to dry on her. No-fowl can stand a constant exposure to inclement weather, and the more we protect them the better will be the results.

Eggs for Hatching. Eggs selected for hatching should be of the variety—perfect in shape, normal in size, uniform in color and firm of shell. During cold weather they should be gathered frequently to avoid chilling. The vitality decreases with age, even under the most favorable circumstances.

True Value of Our Life

Some Great Emergency Furnishes the Test Which Makes Clear the Real Valuation.

There is so much for us to do, so many wrongs to be made right and so many evils to be remedied that a consideration of the petty bickerings of life is far beneath our notice. So long as life runs smoothly in its usual channel, we are inclined to attach great importance to the minor details of existence and in time yield largely to their influence.

The terrible test of some great emergency, however, makes clear life's true values. The greatest success that can be attained, the largest fortunes that can be attained, the highest station that can be achieved are as nothing in the closing hours of a man's life. Then it is that he scrutinizes his part for the least vestige of personal good which he has wrought, and it is that memory alone which is worth anything at all to him.

He cannot derive much comfort from the wealth he has accumulated, or the social distinction he has attained, but he can and does rely for his eternal reward upon the unselfish and simple service he has rendered for the welfare of others. The life upon which we place so high a value must end some time, sooner perhaps than we imagine. We must build for the future, indeed, not blindly, not selfishly, not brutally, but in that spirit of brave fellowship which measures up to every emergency.

Duel That Never Came Off. Humphrey Howarth, a surgeon famous in the poet Rogers' day, appeared on the field arrayed only in nature's garb. "What does this mean?" asked his challenger, amazed. "I was Howarth's reply, 'if a clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues. Therefore I have met you thus.' The duel was declared off.

Water for Nervousness. A trained nurse says: "If people would only drink more water they would not be so nervous." Nearly every doctor will recommend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under a doctor's care would look better and feel better if they would drink at least a quart of water in the course of the day. Water seems to be a nerve food, like good butter. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself. Water drunk slowly and gradually has somewhat the same quality as deep breathing.

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Saved From Shark's Jaws

Veracious Account of the Experience of a Wrecked Passenger on the Atlantic.

They were telling stories in the smoke room.

"I'll tell you how I was once saved from a shark," said a stranger, who was crossing the Atlantic, and I had my bike with me. About half-way a storm came on, and the ship began to sink. All the boats were filled with people and launched. There were even then a few left, myself being among them.

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