

The Lady OF THE Mount

By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM**
Author of
"The Strollers"
"Under the Rose"
Illustrations by
RAY WALKERS

Quoted from the book by the author.
"Pard!" softly. "Here's one dares speak his mind!"

"I speak plainly," in a tone of authority, "and you would do well to heed!"

"Perhaps," interposing. "What say you, comrades?"

Smiles illumined evil faces; they, who had just been on the point of blows among themselves, now regarded one another with common understanding. One weighed tentatively that delicate weapon, a spontoon; a second stroked his halberd, as liking to feel the smoothness of the shaft, while a third reached for a gleaming "Folard's Partizan." And in the glare of the fire every implement showed sign it had been used that night. The point of the spontoon was as steel crusted o'er; the ax of the halberd might have come from a butcherie; the blade of the "Partizan" resembled a great leaf at autumn-time. This last waved perilously near the unconscious burden; had the man made a movement to resist, would have struck; but the black eyes, only, combated—held the blood-shot ones. Though not for long; again the weapon seemed about to dart forth; the man about to hurl himself and his burden desperately aside, when, from above, came the sound of hoarse laughter and singing, and simultaneously a number of peasants, Bretons by their dress, burst into view.

"Eh, cockatoo, what now!"

Many of these newcomers were hurt; few free from cuts; but none thought of stanching their wounds. Their principal concern seemed for articles they carried—heavy, light; valuable, paltry—spoils from the high! Two staggered beneath a great chest stamped with the arms of the Mount and its motto, and appeared anxious to hurry—perchance toward the forest on the shore where they might bury their treasure. Others had in their arms imposing pieces of silver; vases and a massive surtout de table that had once belonged to the Cardinal Dubois. A woman, gaunt, toothless, wore a voluminous bonnet a l'Argus, left at the Mount by one of the ladies of the court; and waved before her a fan, set with jewels. She it was who called out:

"Eh, cockatoo!" shrilly. "Who would you be killing?"

"A selfish fellow that refuses to share!" answered he of the halberd, as if little pleased at the interruption.

"Refuses to share, does he?" she repeated, and, swaggering down, peered forward; only to start back.

"The Black Seigneur!"

"The Black Seigneur!" Those who accompanied her—a rough rabble from field and forest—gazed, not without surprise, or uncouth admiration, at one whose name and fame were well known on that northern coast; but these evidences of rough approval were not shared by the alien rogues. On my lady's finger the gem sparkled; held their eyes like a lure. Black Seigneur, or not, they muttered sullenly, what knew they of her he had with him; whose hand was not that of cinder-wench or scullery maid? Let them look at her face! She might be a great lady—she might be the Governor's daughter herself!

"The Governor's daughter!" All, alike, caught at the word.

"And if she were!" fiercely the Black Seigneur confronted them.

While, hesitating, they sought for a reply, quickly he went on. Who had a better right to her? The Black Seigneur! The Lady Elise! Harshly he laughed. Was it not fair spoil? His Excellency's enemy; his Excellency's daughter. Did they think treasure sweeter than revenge? Let them try to rob him of it! As for the ring? Contemptuously he took it from my lady's hand; threw it among them.

A few scrambled, others were still for finishing the tragedy then. The people versus the lords and their spawn. "Kill at once!" the injunction had gone forth from Paris.

As he spoke, one of the fiercest put out his hand; touched my lady, when the fingers of the Black Seigneur gripped hard his throat; hurried him so violently back, he lay still. Companions sprang to his aid; certain of the peasants interfered.

"Let him alone!"

"He speaks fair!"

"Bah! Tonight all are equal."

"Your Black Seigneur is no better than others!"

"You lie!" In a high tone the woman with the great lady's hat broke in. "At them, my chickens! Beat well these Paris rogues, who come only for the picking!"

"Yes; beat them well!"

But the runagates of the great city were not of a kind to submit lightly; curses and blows were exchanged; knives gleamed and swords flashed. Amid a scene of confusion, the cause of it stayed not to witness the outcome; running down the sloping way, soon found himself on the sands; then keeping to the shadows, passed around the corner of the wall.

Here, for the time concealed was he safe; none followed, and, leaning against the damp blocks of masonry, breathing hard, as a man weak from fatigue, loss of blood, he sought to recover his strength. It returned only too slowly; the passing lassitude annoyed him; for the moment he forgot he had but recently come from the dungeon and the hardships that sap elasticity and vigor. He was impatient to move on; looked at my lady—and a sudden fear smote him! How white she appeared! Had she—His hand trembled at her heart; a blank dismay overcame him; then joy—At that instant he thought not of the girl between them; was conscious only he held her—slender, beautiful—in his arms; that she seemed all his own, with her breath on his cheek, her soft lips so close. Above sounded the madness of the night; the crackling of flames; the intemperate voices! In the angle of the will, with darkness a blanket around them, he pushed back the hair from her clear brow, bent over, closer—suddenly straightened.

"Pard!" he muttered, a flush on his face. "Am I, then, like the others, pillagers, thieves?"

Several moments he yet stood, breathing deep; then, starting away, set himself to the task of crossing the vast stretch of beach between the Mount and the distant lights of a ship.

The sandy plain had never seemed so interminable; before him, his shadow and that of my lady danced ever illusively away; behind, the great rock gave forth a hundred shooting flames, while, as emblematic of the demolition of so much that was beautiful, higher than saint with helpless sword on cathedral top, a cloud of smoke belched up; waved sidewise like a monstrous funeral plume. A symbol, it seemed to fill the sky; to move and nod and flaunt its ominous blackness from this majestic outpost of the land. Walking in a vivid crimson glow, the Black Seigneur gazed only ahead, where now, on that monotonous desert, the rim of the sea on a sudden obtruded. As he advanced, sparkles red as rubies—laughing lights—leaped in the air; at the same time a seething murmur broke upon the stillness.

Toward those leaping bright points and the source of that deep-sounding cadence, the young man stumbled forward more rapidly, less cautiously, also, it may be; for while he was yet some distance from the water's rim, his feet fell on sand that gave way beneath them. He would have sprung back, but felt himself sinking; strove to get out, only to settle the deeper! The edge of the lise, with safety beyond, well he could see, where the satin-like smoothness of the treacherous slough merged into a welcome silk-like shimmering of the trustworthiness sands. That verge, however, was remote; out of reach of effort of his to attain; his very endeavors caused him to become the more firmly imbedded. Had he cast my lady aside, possibly could he have extricated himself; but with her, an additional weight, weighing him down—

Loudly he called out; only the sea answered. Now were the clinging particles at his waist; he lifted my lady higher; clear of them! Once more raised his voice—this time not in vain!

"Mon capitaine! Where are you?"

"Here!"

"We don't see you."

"You won't soon, unless—"

The end of a line struck the sand.

The night had almost passed; its last black hour, like a pall, lay over the sea, where, far from the Mount, a ship awayed and tossed. In the narrow confines of her master's cabin, the faint glimmering of a lamp revealed a man bending over a paper, yellow and worn; the lines so fair and delicate, they seemed almost to escape him!

How strange, after all these years, the sight of her handwriting!—and now, to be writing you! Yet is it meet—to farewell! For that which you have heard, mon ami, is true. I am going to die. You say, you heard I was not well; I answer what really you heard; the question, mon ami, beneath your words! . . . And, dying, it is well with me. I have wronged no soul on earth—except you, my friend, and you forgive me. . . . I had hoped the years would efface that old memory. You say they have not. . . . It is wise you are going away.

The reader paused; listened to the sea; the moaning and sighing, like voices on the wings of the storm.

You speak in your letter about "trickery"—used to estrange us! Think no more of it, I beg you. What is past, is gone—as I, part of that past, when we were boy and girl together—soon shall be. And come not near the Mount. There can be no meeting for us on earth. I send you my adieu from afar. . . . It is only a shadow that speaks. . . . mon ami.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Some Time Later.

The little Norman isle, home of Pierre Laroche, so wild and bleak-looking many months of the year, resembles a flowering garden in the spring; then, its lap full of buds and blossoms, smiling, redolent, it lifts itself from the broad bosom of the deep. And all the light embellishments of the golden time it sets forth faintly; fringing the black cliffs with clusters of sea campion, white and frothy as the spray, trailing green ivy from precipitous heights to the verge of the wooing waters, whose waves seem to creep up timorously, peep into the many caves, bright with sea-anemones, and retreat quickly, as awed by a sudden glimpse of fairyland.

Near the entrance of one of these magical chambers, abloom with strange, scentless flowers, sat, a certain afternoon in April, a man and a woman, who, looking out over the blue sea, conversed in desultory fashion.

"From what your father tells me, Mistress Nanette," the man, an aged priest, was speaking, "the Seigneur Debarac should be here today?"

"My father had a letter from him a few days ago to that effect," answered the young woman somewhat shortly.

"Let me see," apparently the old man did not notice the change in his companion's manner, "he has been away now about a year? It was in July he brought the Governor's daughter to the island one day and sailed the next!" Nanette made a movement. "How time flies!" he sighed. "Let us hope it assuages grief, as they say! You think she is contented here?"

"The Lady Elise? Why not? At least, she seems so; has with her, her old nurse, my aunt, who fortunately escaped from the Mount—"

"But the death of her father? It must have been a terrible blow—one not easy to forget!"

"Of course," said Nanette slowly, "she has felt his loss."

The old man gazed down. "I have sometimes wondered what she knows about the causes of the enmity that existed between his Excellency and the Black Seigneur?"

The other's eyes lifted keenly. "When last did you see her, Father?" "She comes often to my cottage to walk and—"

"Talk?" "Well, yes!" The fine, spiritual face expressed a twinge of uneasiness. "About the past?"

The priest shifted slightly. "Sometimes! An old man lives much in the past and it is natural to wander on a bit aimlessly at times, and—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

City Schools of Sumter.

The public schools of the City of Sumter were organized in 1885 with Mr. J. B. Duffie as superintendent. He served for six years and was succeeded by Mr. S. H. Edmunds who is the present superintendent.

The schools were opened in a building now occupied since its renovation by Mr. Perry Moses. Since then three new school buildings have been erected for the use of the white children of the community. In the fall of 1895 the report for the first month of the white schools showed an enrollment of 282; on the first month of 1912 there were over 800 pupils in attendance. The schools of Sumter have several unique features. One is the segregation of the sexes throughout the schools. After the pupils reach the sixth year the girls go to the Hampton school building and the boys to the Calhoun school. Another feature is the military system in the Calhoun school with a regularly employed commandant. This feature has proved very beneficial in every way. Still another noticeable distinction is the large number of pupils in the high school. In the four years of the high school this year there are 238 students; 112 girls and 126 boys. In the fourth year of the high school there are 21 girls and 33 boys.

Another distinctive feature is the large percentage of students who, after completing the course in the high school, go to college.

A very gratifying feature is the atmosphere of cordial co-operation that pervades the schools, an absence of antagonism between pupils and teachers, and the presence of a cooperative relationship between teachers and parents.

The following is the directory for 1912-1913:

Board of Education.
R. I. Manning, J. A. Mood, Neill O'Donnell, A. D. Harby, J. H. Chandler, C. M. Hurst, Secretary and Treasurer.

Superintendent of Schools.
S. H. Edmunds.
Principal of Boys' High School and Commandant.
W. M. Scott.

Director of Music.
L. C. Moise.
Supervising Principal Washington School.
Miss E. W. McLean.

Director of Art.
Miss Marion Satterwhite.
Teachers.

Primary School, Washington Building:
Miss A. D. Richardson,
Miss A. M. Graham,
Miss Lillian Murray,
Miss S. H. Nelson,
Miss M. G. Randle,
Miss L. L. Jennings,
Miss I. H. McNally,
Miss W. M. Wise,
Miss N. A. Hodges,
Miss Lydia Richardson,
Miss Mary Robinson.

Grammar and High Schools for Girls, Hampton Building:
Miss Ruth Harrington,
Miss Kathleen Wright,
Miss M. L. Brunson,
Miss L. C. McLaurin,
Miss K. Moses,
Miss C. E. Welborn.

Grammar and High Schools for Boys, Calhoun School Building:
Miss J. H. McLeod,
Miss L. E. Robinson,
Miss Elizabeth Hepburn,
Miss E. A. Wilson,
W. M. Scott,
L. C. Moise.

Our Greatest Bargain Offer

Reading Supply for Whole Year

SEMI-WEEKLY WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON	All For \$2.00
POULTRY HUSBANDRY	
FARM PRESS	
WOMAN'S WORLD	

FARM AND FIRESIDE (The National Farm Paper)

This remarkable subscription offer may be withdrawn at any time, therefore do not delay, but forward your order to The Watchman and Southron at once. Besides getting the Watchman and Southron twice a week for twelve months, you will receive sixty-two numbers of the other publications—a full year's subscription on each. Old subscribers may renew and get this great combination offer.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Date.....191.....

Watchman and Southron, Sumter, S. C.

Enclosed find \$2.00 for which please enter my order for the Semi-weekly Watchman and Southron and the above four Magazines, all for a period of 1 year.

Name..... R. F. D..... P. O.....

Our Prize Contest

1st Prize—Dinner Set.
2nd Prize—Dinner Set.
3rd; 10 prizes each of a 4-lb Pound Cake with Royal Icing.

Present Your Labels on
DECEMBER 20th
At The
NEW YORK BAKERY.

THE BEST FOOD IS BREAD
THE BEST BREAD IS—

Butter-Nut Bread==

RICH AS BUTTER SWEET AS A NUT
NEW YORK BAKERY. AT ALL LEADING GROCERS.

SAVE THE LABELS FOR A NICE "DINNER SET."

PANAMA CANAL OPENING. Completion of Locks Likely to Delay the Opening—Tentative Date, January 1, 1915.

Some time next summer or fall, no exact date being specified, a vessel will pass what is now the Isthmus of Panama, which consequently must disappear from the world's geography and by the same human agency, the western Hemisphere will be divided into two continents. The vessel will not be the Oregon nor any other famous ship, but will be one of the many small water craft in daily use by the canal builders; and probably the only passenger will be Col. Geo. W. Goethals, who for the past eight years has been carrying on the greatest engineering work the world has ever seen. It will be later than that, anywhere from six months to a year perhaps, before the formal opening of the waterway will take place and a naval fleet headed by the famous old Oregon will pass through into the western ocean, and the canal may be fairly said to be open to trade.

These facts are not of official record as yet; the date of January 1, 1915, still stands for the opening predicted by Colonel Goethals. But that the opening will be anticipated to a great extent has been promised by the canal builders in unofficial statements, and now comes a clear intimation of their purpose to advance the opening date, in the annual report of the canal commission, just published. It is disclosed while the completion of the great locks by January 1 next will not be possible, owing to contract delays, within six months thereafter the channel will be finished, while to insure the safe passage of the locks, the contractor has been called upon, to finish the gates in one flight first, so that if the rest of the work is in condition passage of ships can be permitted without waiting for the completion of the other flights. This statement will be understood, when it is known that the locks are being built in duplicate; side by side, not only to add to the capacity of the canal, but to insure its continuance in operation in case of a serious accident to a ship in one of the locks.

The report shows a most satisfactory state of progress of the whole great work, though in view of the fact that it is dated September 10, last, the figures regarding excavation; placing of concrete, erection of dams and locks and subsidiary works are not as recent as those contained in the regular monthly reports. Naturally the most interesting feature of the report relates to the operations in the Great Culbraz Cut, Here, great landslides, many ranking with an Alpine avalanche in magnitude, have so increased the amount of material to be excavated that were it not found possible to steadily reduce the cost a yard of dredging and steam shoveling through the growing expertness of the employes and improved engineering methods, the total cost of excavation would have been

vastly greater than the estimates. During the last year nearly 16,500,000 cubic yards of earth were taken out of this cut, leaving nearly 12,000,000 to be displaced before the canal can be operated. The damage caused by the slides may be appreciated from the fact that nearly 5,000,000 cubic yards of early excavated was so composed or nearly 36 per cent of the total excavation.

JURY WAS OUT BUT SHORT TIME.

Only 20 Minutes Required for Judicial Twelve to Reach Agreement. Will Take Appeal.

New York, Nov. 19.—"Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie," "Dago Frank" and "Whitey" Lewis killed Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, at the instigation of Chas Becker, and must pay the penalty of death in the electric chair. The jury which has been hearing the evidence against the four gunmen so declared today when it returned a verdict of murder in the first degree after but 20 minutes of deliberation.

The gunmen heard the verdict pronounced against them without show of emotion. They stood at the bar looking straight ahead as the foreman of the jury made known the result of their deliberations and they continued to stare stolidly in front of them until the formalities of the proceedings were concluded.

Remanded to their cells in the Tombs until tomorrow, when Justice Goff will fix the day for imposing sentence, they turned and filed out of the court room with as firm steps as when they had entered.

"Whitey" Lewis was the most dramatic of the four, as when he testified on the witness stand. As they entered the door leading over the Bridge of Sighs "Gyp" said something to "Lefty" in a sullen undertone which none could hear. Outside "Lefty's" doll-faced wife, "Lefty's Lillian," as she is called, wept on the shoulder of her husband's father, who vainly tried to comfort her.

"Gyp's wife, known as "Gyp's Lillian," received the news in the house of detention. The two other gunmen are unmarried.

Former Magistrate Charles G. F. Wable, counsel for the gunmen, announced that he would appeal from the verdict and as in the case of Becker, months may elapse before their ultimate fate is determined. Meanwhile they will occupy cells near that of the former police lieutenant in the death house at Sing Sing.

FORMER SUMTER MAN KILLED.

P. A. Sanders Suffers Crushed Skull in Being Thrown From Buggy. Was Confederate Soldier.

Greenwood, Nov. 20.—P. A. Sanders, an aged man, died at the city hospital here this morning as the result of injuries received in being thrown from his buggy yesterday, in a runaway. His horse took fright at some dressed hogs hanging in his yard, ran away and threw Mr. Sanders out, his head striking a rock and practically crushing his skull. Mr. Sanders lived

between Greenwood and Coronaca. He came here from Sumter county about 15 years ago. He served in the Confederate army, a member of the Second Louisiana regiment. He leaves a wife and several children.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

I am offering the B. B. Seymour place in Concord Township consisting of 340 2-4 acres for sale under division. For particulars, apply to E. D. Hodge, Trustee, Alcolu, S. C.

What We Do==

We Invest Money,
Loan Money,
Manage Estates

and, as our name implies hold funds in trust.

If you desire any of these services performed faithfully and accurately, it will be to your interest to communicate with us.

SUMTER TRUST CO.

N. Main St. Sumter, S. C.

DON'T

Throw Your Old Clothes Away—Have Them

Dry Cleaned

And They Will Look New.

COPELSTON'S

Liberty Street.