

The DURHAM RECORDER.
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EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
By ZEB. P. COUNCIL.
ESTABLISHED 1820.

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DURHAM, N. C., Mar. 19, 1907.

If the city has many more damage suits on account of their sewerage, it will be necessary to issue more bonds than are now asked for to meet the demands.

THE time may be ripe for the state prohibition, but it will be rather a difficult matter to convince those towns that have had prohibition for some years to believe it.

VOTER is beginning to bring out his choice for the office of city alderman and mayor of Durham, but it remains to be seen whether the voters will do as one voter wants things.

FROM the recent session of the legislature, it appears that it does not matter if you say anything so it does not pinch, but if it pinches you will have to come up and tell why you said it.

OF course the school you are in sympathy with has a good base ball team this year and at present will win more games than ever before, but you are not going to say much about it toward the last of the season unless they make good.

THERE are four candidates mentioned for the mayoralty of Durham, three of whom have announced their candidacy, and the end is not yet in sight, provided some of the others can find friends enough to persuade them to run for the office.

THE CITY ALDERMEN.

As the time approaches for the election of a new board of city aldermen or the re-election of the present board, there is talk among people generally, and the trend of such talk is somewhat divided.

Some are of the opinion that the present board of aldermen should be allowed to continue the work they have begun, and point to the progress that has been made by them in better streets and sidewalks. That the present board stands for progress such as in keeping with Durham, and that such should be endorsed by the people.

Others are of the opinion that we need in the city a more economical administration of its affairs, and that a new set of men should be elected as aldermen, that the present board have spent all the money they had in the treasury, and all that they could borrow, and that now they want to issue bonds to pay off said indebtedness. So far no definite steps have been taken for the running of a new set of men for this position. The anti-saloon league has not announced its intention of putting out a ticket.

From Patrick Henry School.

The following are on the honor roll for last week: Mamie Massey, Iola Massey, Lalou Harward, Verdine Wilson.

For this week: May Sue Herndon, Iola Massey, Mamie Massey, Hardy Massey, Davie Barbee, Lalou Harward, Verdine Wilson.

The union meeting of the Mt. Zion Baptist association will meet Mt. Moriah church the 30-31. The programs have been printed and sent out to the churches of the association.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By ANTHONY HOPE

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[CONTINUED.]

"I fancy," said he, "that when Josef tells them the king is gone they'll think it is because we smelt a rat. For you may swear Black Michael doesn't expect to see him in Streisau today."

I put the king's helmet on my head. Old Sapt handed me the king's sword, looking at me long and carefully.

"Thank God, he shaved his beard!" he exclaimed.

"Why did he?" I asked.

"Because Princess Flavia said he grazed her cheek when he was graciously pleased to give her a cousinly kiss. Come, though, we must ride."

"Is all safe here?"

"Nothing's safe anywhere," said Sapt, "but we can make it no safer."

Fritz now rejoined us in the uniform of a captain in the same regiment as that to which my dress belonged. In four minutes Sapt had arrayed himself in his uniform. Josef called that the horses were ready. We jumped on their backs and started at a rapid trot. The game had begun. What would the issue of it be?

The cool morning air cleared my head, and I was able to take in all Sapt said to me. He was wonderful. Fritz hardly spoke, riding like a man asleep, but Sapt, without another word for the king, began at once to instruct me most minutely in the history of my past life, of my family, of my tastes, pursuits, weaknesses, friends, companions and servants. He told me the etiquette of the Ruritania court, promising to be constantly at my elbow to point out everybody whom I ought to know and give me hints with what degree of favor to greet them.

"By the way," he said, "you are a Catholic, I suppose?"

"Not I," I answered.

"Lord, he's a heretic!" groaned Sapt, and forthwith he fell to a rudimentary lesson in the practices and observances of the Romish faith.

"Luckily," said he, "you won't be expected to know much, for the king's notoriously lax and careless about such matters. But you must be as civil as butter to the cardinal. We hope to win him over because he and Michael have a standing quarrel about their precedence."

We were by now at the station. Fritz had recovered nerve enough to explain to the astonished station master that the king had changed his plans. The train steamed up. We got into a first class carriage, and Sapt, leaning back on the cushions, went on with his lesson. I looked at my watch—the king's watch it was, of course. It was just 8.

"I wonder if they've gone to look for us," I said.

"I hope they won't find the king," said Fritz nervously, and this time it was Sapt who shrugged his shoulders. The train traveled well, and at half-past 9, looking out of the window, I saw the towers and spires of a great city.

"Your capital, my liege," grinned old Sapt, with a wave of his hand, and, leaning forward, he laid his finger on my pulse. "A little too quick," said he in his grumbling tone.

"I'm not made of stone!" I exclaimed.

"You'll do," said he, with a nod.

"We must say Fritz here has caught the ague. Drain your flask, Fritz, for heaven's sake, boy."

Fritz did as he was bid.

"We're an hour early," said Sapt.

"We'll send word forward of your majesty's arrival, for there'll be no one here to meet us yet. And meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," said I, "the king'll be hanged if he doesn't have some breakfast."

Old Sapt chuckled and held out his hand.

"You're an Elphberg, every inch of you," said he. Then he paused and, looking at us, said quietly, "God send we may be alive tonight."

"Amen," said Fritz von Tarnheim.

The train stopped. Fritz and Sapt leaped out, uncovered and held the door for me. I choked down a lump that rose in my throat, settled my helmet firmly on my head and (I'm not ashamed to say it) breathed a short prayer to God. Then I stepped on the platform of the station at Streisau.

A moment later all was bustle and confusion—men hurrying up, hats in hand, and hurrying off again; men conducting me to the buffet; men mounting and riding in hot haste to the quarters of the troops, to the cathedral, to the residence of Duke Michael. Even as I swallowed the last drop of my cup of coffee the bells throughout all the city broke out into a joyful peal, and the sound of a military band and of men cheering smote upon my ear.

King Rudolf V. was in his good city of Streisau! And they shouted outside: "God save the king!"

Old Sapt's mouth wrinkled into a smile.

"God save 'em both!" he whispered.

"Courage, lad!" and I felt his hand press my knee.

CHAPTER V.

WITH Fritz von Tarnheim and Colonel Sapt close behind me, I stepped out of the buffet on to the platform. The last thing I did was to feel if my revolver were handy and my sword loose in the scabbard. A gay group of officers and high dignitaries stood waiting me, at

their head a tall old man, covered with medals and of military bearing. He wore the yellow and red ribbon of the Red Rose of Ruritania, which, by the way, decorated my unworthy breast also.

"Marshal Strakenec," whispered Sapt, and I knew that I was in the presence of the most famous veteran of the Ruritanian army.

Just behind the marshal stood a short, spare man in flowing robes of black and crimson.

"The chancellor of the kingdom," whispered Sapt.

The marshal greeted me in a few loyal words and proceeded to deliver an apology from the Duke of Streisau. The duke, it seemed, had been afflicted with a sudden indisposition which made it impossible for him to come to the station, but he craved leave to await his majesty at the cathedral. I expressed my concern, accepted the marshal's excuses very suavely and received the compliments of a large number of distinguished personages. No one betrayed the least suspicion, and I felt my nerve returning and the agitated beating of my heart subsiding. But Fritz was still pale, and his hand shook like a leaf as he extended it to the marshal.

Presently we formed procession and took our way to the door of the station. Here I mounted my horse, the marshal holding my stirrup. The civil dignitaries went off to their carriages, and I started to ride through the streets with the marshal on my right and Sapt, who, as my chief aid-de-camp, was entitled to the place on my left. The city of Streisau is partly old and partly new. Spacious modern boulevards and residential quarters surround and embrace the narrow, tortuous and picturesque streets of the original town. In the outer circles the upper classes live. In the inner the shops are situated, and behind their prosperous fronts lie hidden populous but wretched lanes and alleys filled with a poverty-stricken, turbulent and (in large measure) criminal class. These social and local divisions corresponded, as I knew from Sapt's information, to another division more important to me. The new town was for the king, but to the old town Michael of Streisau was a hero, and a darling.

The scene was very brilliant as we passed along the Grand boulevard and on to the great square where the royal palace stood. Here I was in the midst of my devoted adherents. Every house was hung with red and bedecked with flags and mottoes. The streets were lined with raised seats on each side, and I passed along, bowing this way and that, under a shower of cheers, blessings and waving handkerchiefs. The balconies were full of gayly dressed ladies, who clapped their hands and curtsied and threw their brightest glances at me. A torrent of red roses fell on me. One bloom lodged in my horse's mane, and I took it and stuck it in my coat. The marshal smiled grimly. I had stolen some glances at his face, but he was too impulsive to show me whether his sympathies were with me or not.

"The red rose for the Elphbergs, marshal," said I gayly, and he nodded.

I have written "gayly," and a strange word it must seem. But the truth is that I was drunk with excitement. At that moment I believed—I almost believed—that I was in very truth the king, and with a look of laughing triumph I raised my eyes to the beauty laden balconies, and then I started. For, looking down on me, with her handsome face and proud smile, was the lady who had been my fellow traveler, Antoinette de Mauban, and I saw her also start, and her lips moved, and she leaned forward and gazed at me. And I, collecting myself, met her eyes full and square, while again I felt my revolver. Suppose she had cried aloud, "That's not the king!"

Well, we went by, and then the marshal, turning round in his saddle, waved his hand, and the cuirassiers closed round us, so that the crowd could not come near me. We were leaving my quarters and entering Duke Michael's, and this action of the marshal's showed me more clearly than words what the state of feeling in the town must be. But if Fate made me a king the least I could do was to play the part handsomely.

"Why this change in our order, marshal?" said I.

The marshal bit his white mustache. "It is more prudent, sire," he murmured.

I drew rein.

"Let those in front ride on," said I, "till they are fifty yards ahead. But do you, marshal, and Colonel Sapt and my friends wait here till I have ridden fifty yards. And see that no one is nearer to me. I will have my people see that their king trusts them."

Sapt laid his hand on my arm. I shook him off. The marshal hesitated.

"Am I not understood?" said I, and, biting his mustache again, he gave the orders. I saw old Sapt smiling into his beard, but he shook his head at me. If I had been killed in open day in the streets of Streisau Sapt's position would have been a difficult one.

Perhaps I ought to say that I was dressed all in white, except my boots. I wore a silver helmet with gilt ornaments, and the broad ribbon of the Rose looked well across my chest. I should be paying a poor compliment to the king if I did not set modesty aside and admit that I made a very fine figure. So the people thought, for, when I, riding alone, entered the dingy, sparsely decorated, somber streets of the old town there was first a murmur, then a cheer, and a woman, from a window above a cookshop, cried the old local saying:

"If he's red, he's right!" Whereat I laughed and took off my helmet that she might see that I was of the right color, and they cheered me again at that.

It was more interesting riding this alone, for I heard the comments of the

crowd. "He looks paler than his wont," said one. "You'd look pale if you lived as he did," was the highly disrespectful remark.

"He's a bigger man than I thought," said another.

"So he had a good jaw under that beard, after all," commented a third.

"The pictures of him aren't handsome enough," declared a pretty girl, taking great care that I should hear. No doubt it was mere flattery.

But in spite of these signs of approval and interest the mass of the people

received me in silence and with sullen looks, and my dear brother's portrait ornamented most of the windows—which was an ironical sort of greeting to the king. I was quite glad that he had been spared the unpleasant sight. He was a man of quick temper, and perhaps he would not have taken it so placidly as I did.

At last we were at the cathedral. Its great gray front, embellished with hundreds of statues and boasting a pair of the finest oak doors in Europe, rose for the first time before me, and the sudden sense of my audacity almost overcame me. Everything was in a mist as I dismounted. I saw the marshal and Sapt dimly, and dimly the throng of gorgeously robed priests who awaited me. And my eyes were still dim as I walked up the great nave with the pealing of the organ in my ears. I saw nothing of the brilliant throng that filled it; I hardly distinguished the stately figure of the cardinal as he rose from the archiepiscopal throne to greet me. Two faces only stood out side by side clearly before my eyes—the face of a girl, pale and lovely, surmounted by a crown of the glorious Elphberg hair (for in a woman it is glorious), and the face of a man whose full blooded red cheeks, black hair and dark, deep eyes told me that at last I was in the presence of my brother, Black Michael. And when he saw me his red cheeks went pale all in a moment and his helmet fell with a clatter on the floor. Till that moment I believe that he had not realized that the king was in very truth come to Streisau.

Of what followed next I remember nothing. I knelt before the altar and the cardinal anointed my head. Then I rose to my feet and stretched out my hand and took from him the crown of Ruritania and set it on my head, and I swore the old oath of the king. Then the great organ pealed out again, the marshal bade the heralds proclaim me, and Rudolf V. was crowned king, of which imposing ceremony an excellent picture hangs now in my dining room. The portrait of the king is very good.

Then the lady with the pale face and the glorious hair, her train held by two pages, stepped from her place and came to where I stood. And a herald cried:

"Her royal highness the Princess Flavia!"

She courtesied low and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it. And for an instant I thought what I had best do. Then I drew her to me and kissed her twice on the cheek, and she blushed red, and—why, then his eminence the cardinal archbishop slipped in front of Black Michael and kissed my hand and presented me with a letter from the pope, the first and last which I have ever received from that exalted quarter.

And then came the Duke of Streisau. His step trembled, I swear, and he looked to the right and to the left, as a man looks who thinks on flight, and his face was patched with red and white, and his hand shook so that it jumped under mine, and I felt his lips dry and parched. And I glanced at Sapt, who was smiling again into his beard, and, resolutely doing my duty in that station of life to which I had been marvelously called, I took my dear Michael by both hands and kissed him on the cheek. I think we were both glad when that was over!

But neither in the face of the princess nor in that of any other did I see the least doubt or questioning. Yet had I and the king stood side by side they could have told us in an instant, or at least on a little consideration. But neither they nor anyone else dreamed or imagined that I could be other than the king. So the likeness served, and for an hour I stood there, feeling as weary and biased as though I had been a king all my life, and everybody kissed my hand, and the ambassadors paid me their respects, among them old Lord Topham, at whose house in Grosvenor square I had danced a score of times. Thank heaven, the old man was as blind as a bat and did not claim my acquaintance.

Then back we went through the streets to the palace, and I heard them cheering Black Michael, but he, Fritz told me, sat biting his nails like a man

(Continued on fourth page.)



"If he's red, he's right!"

WANTED—Men, Women, boys and girls to represent McClure's Magazine. Good pay. Address 67 East 23 St., New York City.

North Carolina, } In the Superior Court,
Durham County, } Thos. P. Morgan, }
vs. } Rosa Morgan. } Notice.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Durham County for an absolute divorce; and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Durham Superior Court, which will be held on the 13th day of May 1907, at the court house in the said county in Durham, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in the said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Executor's Notice.

Having this day qualified as Executor of the estate of W. H. Atkins, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate, to present them to me duly verified on or before the 8th day of March, 1908, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement.

This the 8th day of March, 1907.
ROBERT J. ATKINS,
Executor.

This the 23 day of February 1907.
C. B. Green
Clerk of Superior Court.

WANTED AT ONCE!

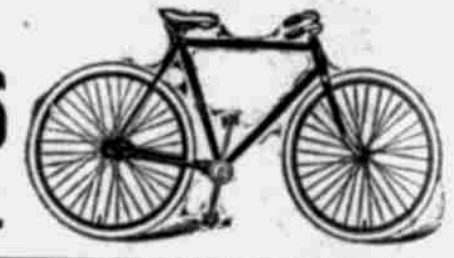
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