The DURHAM RECORDER. ******************* SEMI-WEEKLY.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

By ZEB. P. COUNCIL.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

Entered as second-class matter August 8, 1903, at the postoffice at Durham, N. C., under the act of Congress of March | ++++++++++++++++++++++++

Subscription Rates:

One year\$1.00	s
Six months50 cents	
Three months25 cents	
Rates for advertising made known on	ľ
application.	

DURHAM, N. C., Mar. 29, 1907.

THOSE interested in advetising will lose some pointers if they do not watch the "Rise of Jimmie Johnson," and learn the cause of his rise.

SMALL-Pox is in many counties in the state at present and very little is being said about it. In fact, if you did not take the trouble to go about in Durham the Charybdis of Indiscretion, and I asking about it you would not know that we had a case near at all.

THE city aldermen have decided to ask for only half of the amount of bonds that the bill passed in the legislature gave privilege of being voted for. It would be going at it rather heavy to ask for \$300,000 city bonds and \$300,000 county bonds at the same time. This reduces the bonds to be voted in May to \$450,000.

THERE may be no machine in State politics, and really we are not sure we fully understand what is meant by the term, but if anything to amount to anything is done in county affairs and a ring is not formed for pushing it through to a successful end we do not remember the time. Those days when men go into open convention without having figured out just how things are to be run are passed if they ever really existed.

ALREADY there are ninetyseven cases on the criminal docket for the next term of Durham superior court, but this does not mean that there are ninetyseven to come before the court on some charge, but many cases are made against one man in some instances. However, one case will settle the whole charge and all the difference there will be when the trial comes off that there will be more costs attached to the settlement.

Kinston Free Press: Monday evening while on his westbound trip, and just before reaching New Bern, Capt. Charlie Hancock, being put on the lookout for such a person had his suspicion aroused of a negro passenger who got on at Newport and phoned to the New Bern police to meet the train. The negro was placed under arrest and proved to be Jenks Graham, wanted for the murder of his brother-in-law, a negro named Sills, at Swansboro Saturday lad, would cut your throat as readilynight. Graham while on a spree Saturday night at Swansboro began beating his wife when Sills interfered, Graham stabbed Sills to death and escaped.

THERE are some that are of the opinion that the Fifth District combine accomplished itsmis: sion when it persuaded Hon. W. W. Kitchin to announce that he was a candidate for Governor so that some other gentlemen could come in for the congressman's seat, and they might as well say that Solicitor Brooks was assisting in the combine for the purpose mentioned, as he is the only person so far that has announced his and was about to throw the letter away candidacy. It does not differ about "how come" Mr. Kitchin to decide to run for governor, so far as we are concerned, he is as good as elected. He is large enough and straight enough to ninely astonished. "Does she take me fill any office the people may put for a greater fool than you?" him in charge of.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By ANTHONY HOPE

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[CONTINUED.]

I could not speak. I kissed her hand and went out cursing myself. Outside I found Master Fritz, quite

reckless of the footmen, playing at cat's cradle with the Countess Helga. "Hang it," said he, "we can't always be plotting! Love claims his

share.' "I'm inclined to think he does," said I, and Fritz, who had been by my side, dropped respectfully behind.

CHAPTER IX.

I were to detail the ordinary events of my daily life at this time they might prove instructive to people who are not familiar with the insides of palaces: if I revealed some of the secrets I learned they might prove of interest to the statesmen of Europe. I intend to do neither of these things. I should be between the Scylla of duliness and feel that I had far better confine myself strictly to the underground drama which was being played beneath the surface of Ruritanian politics. I need only say that the secret of my imposture defied detection. I made mistakes. I had bad minutes. It needed all the tact and graciousness whereof I was master to smooth over some apparent lapses of memory and unmindfulness of old acquaintances of which I was guilty. But I escaped, and I attributed my escape, as I have said before, most of all to the very audacity of the enterprise. It is my belief that, given the necessary physical likeness, it was far easier to pretend to be king of Ruritania than it would have been to personate my next door neighbor.

One day Sapt came into my room He threw me a letter, saying: "That's for you-a woman's hand, I think. But I've some news for you

"What's that?"

"The king's at the castle of Zenda,"

"How do you know?" "Because the other half of Michael's Six are there. I had inquiries made, and they're all there-Lauengram. Krafstein and young Rupert Hentzauthree rogues, too, on my honor, as fine as live in Ruritania."

"Well, Fritz wants you to march to the castle with horse, foot and artil-

"And drag the moat?" I asked. "That would be about it," grinned Sapt, "and we shouldn't find the king's body then."

"You think it's certain he's there?" "Very probable. Besides the fact of those three being there, the drawbridge is kept up and no one goes in without an order from young Hentzau or Black Michael himself. We must tie Fritz

"I'll go to Zenda," said L.

"You're mad." "Some day."

"Oh, perhaps. You'll very likely stay there, though, if you do."

"That may be, my friend," said 1 carelessly.

"His majesty looks sulky," observed Sapt. "How's the love affair?"

"Hold your tongue!" I said. He looked at me for a moment. Then he lit his pipe. It was quite true that I was in a bad temper, and I went on

"Wherever I go I'm dogged by half a dozen fellows."

"I know you are. I send 'em," he re

plied composedly. What for?

"Well," sald Sapt, puffing away, "it wouldn't be exactly inconvenient for Black Michael if you disappeared With you gone the old game that we stopped would be played-or he'd have a shot at it."

"I can take care of myself."

"De Gautet, Bersonin and Detchard are in Strelsau, and any one of them, as readily as I would Black Michael's and a deal more treacherously. What's the letter?"

I opened it and read it aloud: If the king desires to know what I deeply concerns the king to know let him. do as this letter bids him. At the end of the New avenue there stands a house in large grounds. The house has a portice with a statue of a nymph in it. A wall incloses the garden; there is a gate in the wall at the back. At 12 o'clock tonight. if the king enters alone by that gate. turns to the right and walks twenty yards, he will find a summer house, approached by a flight of six steps. If he mounts and enters he will find some one who will tell him what touches most dearly his life and his throne. This is written by a faithful friend. He must be alone. If he neglects the invitation his life will be in danger. Let him show this to no one, or he will ruin a woman who loves him-Black Michael does no-

"No," observed Eapt us I ended, "but he can dictate a very pretty letter." I had arrived at the same conclusion when I saw there was more writing on

the other side. ""Hello! There's some more,"

If you heritate [the writer continued] consult Colonel Sapt-"Eh?" excluimed that gentleman, gen-

I waved to him to be silent.

Ask him what woman would do most to prevent the duke from marrying his cousin and therefore most to prevent his becoming king? And ask if her name begins with-A.

I sprang to my feet. Sapt laid down

"Antoinette de Mauban, by heaven!" I cried.

"How do you know?" asked Sapt. I told him what I knew of the lady and how I knew it. He nodded.

"It's so far true that she's had a great row with Michael," said he thoughtfully.

"If she would, she could be useful," I said. "I believe, though, that Michael

wrote that letter." "So do 1, but I mean to know for certain. I shall go, Sapt."

"No, I shall go," said he. "You may go as far as the gate."

"I shall go to the summer house." "I'm hanged if you shall." I rose and leaned my back agains

the mantelpiece. "Sapt, I believe in that woman, and I shall go."

"I don't believe in any woman," said Sapt, "and you shan't go."

"I either go to the summer house or anck to England," said I. Sapt began to know exactly how far he could lead or drive and when he

must follow. "We're playing against time." I added. "Every day we leave the king where he is there is fresh risk. Every day I masquerade like this there is

fresh risk. Sapt, we must play high. We must force the game." "So be it," he said, with a sigh, To cut the story short, at half-past

11 that night Sapt and I mounted our horses. Fritz was again left on guard, our destination not being revealed to him. It was a very dark night. I wore no sword, but I carried a revolver, a long knife and a bullseye lantern. We arrived outside the gate. I dismounted. Sapt held out his hand.

"I shall wait here," he said. "If I hear a shot, I'll"-"Stay where you are. It's the king's

only chance. You mustn't come to grief too."

"You're right, lad. Good luck." I pressed the little gate. It yielded, and I found myself in a wild sort of shrubbery. There was a grass grown path, and, turning to the right as I had been bidden, I followed it cautiously. My lantern was closed, the revolver was in my hand. I heard not a sound. Presently a large dark object loomed out of the gloom ahead of me. It was the summer house. Reaching the steps, I mounted them and found myself confronted by a weak, rickety wooden door which bung upon the latch. I pushed it open and walked in. A woman flew to me and seized my hand,

"Shut the door," she whispered, I obeyed and turned the light of my lantern on her. She was in evening dress, arrayed very sumptuously, and her dark striking beauty was marvelously displayed in the glare of the bullseve. The summer house was a bare little room, furnished only with a couple of chairs and a small iron table, such as one sees in a tea garden or an open sir cafe.

"Don't talk," she said, "We've no time. Listen! I know you, Mr. Rassendyll. I wrote that letter at the duke's orders."

"So I thought," said I. "In twenty minutes three men will

be here to kill you."

"Three-the three?" "Yes. You must be gone by then. If not tonight you'll be killed"-

"Or they will." "Listen, listen! When you're killed your body will be taken to a low quarter of the town. It will be found

there. Michael will at once arrest all your friends-Colone Sapt and Captain von Tarienheim first-proclaim a state of siege in Streisau and send a messenger to Zenda. The other three will murder the king in the castle, and the duke will proclaim either himself or the princess-himself if he is strong enough. Anyhow, he'll marry her and become king in f. ct and soon in name. Do you see?

"It's a pretty plot. But why, ma-

dame, do you"-"Say I'm a Christian-or say I'm jealous. My God, shall I see him marry her? Now go, but remember-this is what I have to tell you-that never by night or by day are you safe. Three men follow you as a guard. Is it not so? Well, three follow them. Michael's three are never 200 yards from you. Your life is not worth a moment if ever they find you alone. Now go. Stay-the gate will be guarded by now. Go down softly, go past the summer house, on for a hundred yards, and

Get over it and fly for your life." "And you?" I asked. "I have my game to play too. If he finds out what I have done, we shall not meet again. If not, I may yetbut never mind. Go at once,"

you'll find a ladder against the wall.

"But what will you tell him?" "That you never came-that you saw through the trick."

I took her hand and kissed It. "Madame," said L "you have served the king well tonight. Where is he in

the castle?"

She sank her voice to a fearful whisper. I listened engerly.

"Across the drawbraige you come to a heavy door. Behind that lies-bark! feet, laughing aloud. What's that?" There were steps outside.

"They're coming! They're too soon! Heavens, they're too soon!" And she turned pale as death. "They seem to me," said L "to be in

the nick of time." "Close your lantern. See, there's a chink in the door. Can you see them?" I put my eye to the chink. On the lowest step I saw three dim figures. I cocked my revolver. Antoinette hasti-

ly laid her hand on mine. "You may kill one," said she, "but

A voice came from outside-a voice that spoke perfect English.

"Mr. Rassendyll," it said.

I made no answer. "We want to talk to you. Will you promise not to shoot till we've done?" "Have I the pleasure of addressing

Mr. Detchard?" I said. "Never mind names."

"Then let mine alone." "All right, sire. I've an offer for you." I still had my eye to the chink. The three had mounted two steps more. Three revolvers pointed full at the

"Will you let us in? We pledge our honor to observe the truce."

"Don't trust them," whispered An-

"We can speak through the door,"

"But you might open it and fire," objected Detchard, "and, though we should finish you; you might finish one of us. Will you give your honor not to fire while we talk?"

"Don't trust them," whispered Antolnette again.

A sudden idea struck me. I considered it for a moment. It seemed feasi-

"I give my honor not to fire before you do," said I, "but I won't let you in. Stand outside and talk."

"That's sensible," he said. The three mounted the last step and stood just outside the door. I laid my ear to the chink. I could hear no



The table caught them full and square words, but Detchard's head was close to that of the taller of his companions (De Gautet, I guessed), "H'm! Private communications,"

thought I. Then I said aloud: "Well, gentlemen, what's the offer?"

"A safe conduct to the frontier and £50,000 English." "No, no," whispered Antoinette in the

lowest of whispers. "They are treach-"That seems handsome," said I, reconnoitering through the chink. They

were all close together, just outside the door now. I had probed the hearts of the rufflans, and I did not need Autoinette's warning. They meant to "rush" me

as soon as I was engaged in talk. "Give me a minute to consider," said L and I thought I heard a laugh out-

I turned to Antolnette.

"Stand up close to the wall out of the line of fire from the door," I whispered.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in fright.

"You'll see," said I. I took up the little iron table. It was not very heavy for a man of my strength, and I held it by the legs. The top, protruding in front of me, made a complete screen for my head and body. I fastened my closed lantern to my belt and put my revolver in a handy pocket. Suddenly I saw the door move ever so slightly. Perhaps it was the wind; perhaps it was a hand trying it outside.

I drew back as far as I could from the door, holding the table in the posttion that I have described. Then I called out:

"Gentlemen. I accept your offer, relying on your honor. If you will open the door"

"Open it yourself," said Detchard. "It opens outward," said I. "Stand back a little, gentlemen, or I shall hit

you when I open it." I went and fumbled with the latch.

Then I stole back to my place on tip-"I can't open it." I cried, "The latch

has caught." "Tut! I'll open it!" cried Detchard "Nonsense, Bersonin! Why not? Are you afraid of one man?"

I smiled to myself. An instant later the door was flung back. The gleam of a lantern showed me the three close together outside, their revolvers leveled. With a shout I charged at my utmost pace across the summer house and through the doorway. Three shots rang out and battered into my shield. Another moment and I leaped out, and the table caught them full and square, and in a tumbling, swearing, struggling mass they and I and that brave table rolled down the steps of the summer house to the ground below. Antoinette de Mauban shricked, but I rose to my

De Gautet and Bersonin lay like men stunned. Detchard was under the table, but as I rose he pushed it from him and fired again. I raised my revolver and took a suap shot. I heard him curse, and then I ran like a hare, laughing as I went, past the summer house and along by the wall. I heard steps behind me, and, turning round, I fired again for luck. The steps ceas-

"Please God," said I, "she told me the truth about the ladder," for the wall was high and topped with iron

(Continued on fourth page.)

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