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DURHAM, N. C., April 5, 1907.

The Ogden Movement.

The educational board, or whatever you call it, can no longer be laughed down. Mr. Rockefeller, who is cordially hated and roundly abused by those who do not expect any of his money, is spiking guns all about and will soon have his hands on everybody who is liable to do him much harm. Princeton College received \$200,000 the other day and of course it will not lie in the mouths of the Presbyterians to abuse the old Baptist dean and take his favors too. Some big Methodist college will come in for its share next, and then our Episcopalian friends will be muzzled. The Baptists are already estopped from jumping on Standard Oil too heavily on account of the family relation—and there you are! Mr. Ogden, the smiling president of the movement, who likes the colored people of the South so well, is a clover; and the educational leaders who need money are buzzing around him like bees in a peach tree. It is a most interesting situation, and we fancy that the music in regard to Mr. Rockefeller is changing somewhat. Don't you remember a few months ago the opinion was ventured in these columns that the Standard Oil magnate is probably a Christian, and how the brethren jumped on us and walked all over us with their brogans on? Well, we could say that with much less danger now, and by the time a few more colleges and other benevolent institutions are oiled a little we shall have many recruits; and it may be that after a time these same critics will be willing for the gates of heaven to be left ajar so that the old man may squeeze in after all. Money compels the filly to travel.—Charity and Children.

Assessors Named.

The county commissioners have named assessors and list takers for this year as follows:
Durham township: Assessors—John W. Pope, W. G. Bradshaw and J. W. Carlton. List takers R. C. Cox, R. T. Faucette and A. C. Hayes. List takers for the two special school districts in this township—J. W. Carreron. These districts are East and West Durham districts.
Cedar Fork township: M. L. Sorrell, Hugh Green and J. M. Barbee, list takers and assessors.
Patterson township: G. D. Markham, Winston Upchurch and J. H. Horner, list takers and assessors.
Lebanon township: R. G. Russell, Ed Holt and H. J. Pope, list takers and assessors.
Mangum township: H. L. Carver, A. W. Tilley and A. R. Copley.
Oak Grove township: W. G. Pope, S. M. Suitt and G. C. Stallings.

News was received in this city last Tuesday that Dr. W. C. Tyree, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Raleigh, had happened to an accident by falling from a plank that was used around the church during the remodeling. In some way he fell and broke his leg between the ankle and the knee. He was given medical attention and was resting quietly when the news came.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By ANTHONY HOPE

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[CONTINUED.]

Lauengram and Krafstein looked glum and uneasy, but young Rupert's smile grew broader.
"He hopes soon to find a medicine for it, sire," he answered.
And I burst out laughing, for I knew what medicine Detchard longed for. It is called revenge.
"You will dine with us, gentlemen?" I asked.

Young Rupert was profuse in apologies. They had urgent duties at the castle.
"Then," said I, with a wave of my hand, "to our next meeting, gentlemen. May it make us better acquainted."

"We will pray your majesty for an early opportunity," quoth Rupert airily. And he strode past Sapt with such jeering scorn on his face that I saw the old fellow clench his fist and scowl black as night.
For my part, if a man must needs be a knave I would have him a debar-nair knave, and I liked Rupert Hentzau better than his long faced, close eyed companions. It makes your sin no worse, as I conceive, to do it in a la mode and stylishly.

Now, it was a curious thing that on this first night, instead of eating the excellent dinner my cooks had prepared for me, I must needs leave my gentlemen to eat it alone, under Sapt's presiding care, and ride myself with Fritz to the town of Zenda and a certain little inn that I knew of. There was little danger in the excursion. The evenings were long and light, and the road this side of Zenda well frequented. So off we rode, with a groom behind us. I muffled myself up in a big cloak.

"Fritz," said I as we entered the town, "there's an uncommonly pretty girl at this inn."
"How do you know?" he asked.
"Because I've been there," said I.
"Since"—he began.
"No. Before," said I.
"But they'll recognize you?"
"Well, of course they will. Now don't argue, my good fellow, but listen to me. We're two gentlemen of the king's household, and one of us has a tooth-ache. The other will order a private room and dinner and, further, a bottle of the best wine for the sufferer. And if he be as clever a fellow as I take him for, the pretty girl and no other will wait on us."

"What if she won't?" objected Fritz.
"My dear Fritz," said I, "if she won't for you, she will for me."

We were at the inn. Nothing of me but my eyes was visible as I walked in. The landlady received us. Two minutes later my little friend (ever, I fear, on the lookout for such guests as might prove amusing) made her appearance. Dinner and the wine were ordered. I sat down in the private room. A minute later Fritz came in.

"She's coming," he said.
"If she were not, I should have to doubt the Countess Helga's taste."

She came in. I gave her time to get the wine down. I didn't want it dropped. Fritz poured out a glass and gave it to me.

"Is the gentleman in great pain?" the girl asked sympathetically.
"The gentleman is no worse than when he saw you last," said I, throwing away my cloak.

She started with a little shriek. Then she cried:
"It was the king, then! I told mother so the minute I saw his picture. Oh, sir, forgive me!"

"Faith, you gave me nothing that hurt much," said I.
"But the things we said?"
"I forgive them for the thing you did."

"I must go and tell mother."
"Stop," said I, assuming a graver air. "We are not here for sport tonight. Go and bring dinner, and not a word of the king being here."

She came back in a few minutes, looking grave, yet very curious.
"Well, how is Johann?" I asked, beginning my dinner.
"Oh, that fellow, sir—my lord king, I mean?"

"Sir" will do, please. How is he?"
"We hardly see him now, sir?"
"And why not?"
"I told him he came too often, sir," said she, tossing her head.

"So he sulks and stays away?"
"Yes, sir."
"But you could bring him back?" I suggested, with a smile.
"Perhaps I could," said she.

"I know your powers, you see," said I, and she blushed with pleasure.
"It's not only that, sir, that keeps him away. He's very busy at the castle now."
"But there's no shooting on now."
"No, sir; but he's in charge of the house."

"Johann turned housemaid?"
"The little girl was brimming over with gossip."
"Well, there are no others," said she. "There's not a woman there—not as a servant, I mean. They do say—but perhaps it's false, sir."
"Let's have it for what it's worth," said I.

"Indeed, I'm ashamed to tell you, sir."
"Oh, see, I'm looking at the ceiling."
"They do say there is a lady there, sir, but except for her there's not a woman in the place. And Johann has

to wait on the gentlemen."
"Poor Johann! He must be over-worked. Yet I'm sure he could find half an hour to come and see you."
"It would depend on the time, sir, perhaps."
"Do you love him?" I asked.
"Not I, sir."
"And you wish to serve the king?"
"Yes, sir."

"Then tell him to meet you at the second milestone out of Zenda tomorrow evening at 10 o'clock. Say you'll be there and will walk home with him."

"Do you mean him harm, sir?"
"Not if he will do as I bid him. But I think I've told you enough, my pretty maid. See that you do as I bid you. And, mind, no one is to know that the king has been here."

I spoke a little sternly, for there is seldom harm in infusing a little fear into a woman's liking for you, and I softened the effect by giving her a handsome present. Then we dined, and, wrapping my cloak about my face, with Fritz leading the way, we went downstairs to our horses again.

It was but half past 8 and hardly yet dark. The streets were full for such a quiet little place, and I could see that gossip was all agog. With the king on one side and the duke on the other, Zenda felt itself the center of all Ruritania. We jogged gently through the town, but set our horses to a sharper pace when we reached the open country.

"You want to catch this fellow Johann?" asked Fritz.
"Aye, and I fancy I've baited the hook right. Our little Delliha will

bring our Samson. It is not enough, Fritz, to have no women in a house, though brother Michael shows some wisdom there. If you want safety, you must have none within fifty miles."

"None nearer than Streisau, for instance," said poor Fritz, with a love-lorn sigh.
We reached the avenue of the chateau and were soon at the house. As the hoofs of our horses sounded on the gravel Sapt rushed out to meet us.

"Thank God, you're safe!" he cried. "Have you seen anything of them?"
"Of whom?" I asked, dismounting.
He drew us aside that the grooms might not hear.

"Lad," he said to me, "you must not ride about here unless with half a dozen of us. You know among our men a tall young fellow, Bernenstein by name?"

I knew him. He was a fine, strapping young man, almost of my height, and of light complexion.
"He lies in his room upstairs with a bullet through his arm."
"The deuce he does!"

"After dinner he strolled out alone and went a mile or so into the wood, and as he walked he thought he saw three men among the trees, and one leveled a gun at him. He had no weapon, and he started at a run back toward the house, but one of them fired, and he was hit and had much ado to reach here before he fainted. By good luck they feared to pursue him nearer the house."

He paused and added:
"Lad, the bullet was meant for you."
"It is very likely," said I, "and it's first blood to brother Michael."
"I wonder which three it was," said Fritz.

"Well, Sapt," I said, "I went out tonight for no idle purpose, as you shall hear. But there's one thing in my mind."
"What's that?" he asked.
"Why, this," I answered—"that I shall ill requite the very great honors Ruritania has done me if I depart from it leaving one of those Six alive."

And Sapt shook my hand on that.

CHAPTER XIII.
ON the morning of the day after that on which I swore my oath against the Six I gave certain orders and then rested in greater contentment than I had known for some time. I was at work, and work, though it cannot cure love, is yet a narcotic to it. So that Sapt, who grew feverish, martyred to see me sprawling in an armchair in the sunshine, listening to one of my friends who sang me amorous songs in a mellow voice and induced in me a pleasing melancholy. Thus was I engaged when young Rupert Hentzau, who feared neither man nor devil, and rode through the demesne, where every tree might hide a marksman for all he knew, as though it had been the park at Streisau, cantered up to where I lay, bowing with burlesque deference and craving private speech with me in order to deliver a message from the Duke of Streisau. I made all withdrawal, and then he said, seating himself by me:

"The king is in love, it seems."

"Not with life, my lord," said I, smiling.
"It is well," he rejoined. "Come, we are alone. Rassendyll!"
I rose to a sitting posture.
"What's the matter?" he asked.
"I was about to call one of my gentlemen to bring your horse, my lord. If you do not know how to address the king, my brother must find another messenger."

"Why keep up the farce?" he asked, negligently dusting his boot with his glove.
"Because it is not finished yet, and meanwhile I'll choose my own name."
"Oh, so be it! Yet I spoke in love for you, for indeed you are a man after my own heart."

"Saying my poor honesty," said I, "maybe I am. But that I keep faith with men and honor with women, maybe I am, my lord."
He darted a glance at me, a glance of anger.
"Is your mother dead?" said I.
"Aye, she's dead."
"She may thank God," said I, and I heard him curse me softly. "Well, what's the message?" I continued.
I had touched him in the raw, for all the world knew he had broken his mother's heart, and his airy manner was gone for the moment.

"The duke offers you more than I would," he growled. "A halter for you, sire, was my suggestion. But he offers you safe conduct across the frontier and a million crowns."
"I prefer your offer, my lord, if I am bound to one."
"You refuse?"
"Of course."

"I told Michael you would." And the villain, his temper restored, gave me the sunniest of smiles. "The fact is, between ourselves," he continued, "Michael doesn't understand a gentleman."
I began to laugh.
"And you?" I asked.
"I do," he said. "Well, well, the halter be it."

"I'm sorry you won't live to see it," I observed.
"Has his majesty done me the honor to fasten a particular quarrel on me?"
"I would you were a few years older, though."
"Oh, God gives years, but the devil gives increase," laughed he. "I can hold my own."
"How is your prisoner?" I asked.
"The k—"
"Your prisoner."
"I forgot your wishes, sire. Well, he is alive."

He rose to his feet. I imitated him. Then came the most audacious thing I have known in my life. My friends were some thirty yards away. Rupert called to a groom to bring him his horse and dismissed the fellow with a crown. The horse stood near. I stood still, suspecting nothing. Rupert made as though to mount. Then he suddenly turned to me, his left hand resting on his belt, his right outstretched.
"Shake hands," he said.
I bowed, and did as he had foreseen—I put my hands behind me. Quicker than thought his left hand darted out at me and a small dagger flashed in the air. He struck me in the left shoulder. Had I not swerved it had been my heart. With a cry I staggered back. Without touching the stirrup he leaped upon his horse and was off like an arrow, pursued by cries and revolver shots—the last as useless as the first—and I sank into my chair, bleeding profusely, as I watched the devil's brat disappear down the long avenue. My friends surrounded me, and then I fainted.

I suppose that I was put to bed and there lay unconscious or half-conscious for many hours, for it was night when I awoke to my full mind and found Fritz beside me. I was weak and weary, but he bade me be of good cheer, saying that my wound would soon heal and that meanwhile all had gone well, for Johann, the keeper, had fallen into the snare we had laid for him and was even now in the house.

"And the queer thing is," pursued Fritz, "that I fancy he's not altogether sorry to find himself here. He seems to think that when Black Michael has brought off his coup, witnesses of how it was effected—saving, of course, the Six themselves—will not be at a premium."

This idea argued a shrewdness in our captive which led me to build hopes on his assistance. I ordered him to be brought in at once. Sapt conducted him and set him in a chair by my bedside. He was sullen and afraid, but, to say truth, after young Rupert's exploit we also had our fears, and if he got as far as possible from Sapt's formidable six shooter Sapt kept him as far as he could from me. Moreover, when he came in his hands were bound, but that I would not suffer.

I need not stay to recount the safeguards and rewards we promised the fellow—all of which were honorably observed and paid, so that he lives now in prosperity (though where I may not mention)—and we were the more free inasmuch as we soon learned that he was rather a weak man than a wicked and had acted throughout this matter more from fear of the duke and of his own brother Max than for any love of what was done. But he had persuaded all of his loyalty and, though not in their secret councils, was yet, by his knowledge of their dispositions within the castle, able to lay bare before us the very heart of their devices. And here, in brief, is his story:

Below the level of the ground in the castle, approached by a flight of stone steps which abuted on the end of the drawbridge, were situate two small rooms, cut out of the rock itself. The outer of the two had no windows, but was always lighted with candles; the inner had one square window, which gave upon the moat. In this inner

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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

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