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By ZEB. P. COUNCIL.
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DURHAM, N. C., April 9, 1907.

WHAT has become of the eighth district since the combine of the fifth district?

CITY affairs are warming up some, for there came near being a fight last Monday night.

WHILE candidates for city aldermen were not so fast in coming out as those for mayor, it is evident that there are many in the city that are willing to "Make the sacrifice" and serve as a city alderman.

BLIND tigers will now come in for a rest spell until after the election. This may possibly be due to the fact that policemen are busy looking for their jobs, or it may be that blind tiger runners are out looking for their men to run for office. However it may be, it is noticeable that not so many cases of this kind are pulled at this time.

ADVICE TO FARMERS AND THEIR SONS.

The Waxhaw Enterprise says editorially:

"We notice that quite a number of our exchanges have lately been urging the country boys to stay on the farm. We also observe that some two or three city divines in this State are now offering the same advice to farmers' sons. Well, it goes without the saying that on the farm is a mighty good place to stay, if a fellow had rather be there than any where else. But we presume that farmers' sons, like everybody else, naturally have their preferences and are as much entitled to them as other people are. If farmers' sons want to remain on the farm, let them do so, and if they prefer to go elsewhere, let them do so. We repeat here what we have frequently said before, that when some editors get out of something else to write about, they proceed to give the farmer and his family a whole lot of free advice."

There is a great deal of sense in this. It has always seemed to us that farmers are about as capable as other people of attending to their own business, and it is an increasing wonder why they and their families should come in for more unsought advice than any other class in the world.—Charlotte Observer.

The above is in line with the stand we have taken in such matters, and we have often wondered why it is that many people expect a newspaper to know more about affairs of men that follow a different line than they.

Death of Charles Cheatham.

Charles Cheatham, who recently moved here from Oxford, died Friday afternoon at his home on Gregson street. He had been suffering from a stomach trouble for several days and this was the cause of his death.

He was about 45 years of age and left wife and several children in addition to these he left a mother and several brothers. There are also a great many other relatives, most of whom reside in Granville county.

The remains were taken to Oxford and the burial took place in the old family burying ground.

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The Prisoner of Zenda

By ANTHONY HOPE

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(CONTINUED.)

On Flavia's arrival I cannot dwell. Her joy at finding me up and well instead of on my back and fighting with death makes a picture that even now dances before my eyes till they grow too dim to see it, and her reproaches that I had not trusted even her must excuse the means I took to quiet them. In truth, to have her with me once more was like a taste of heaven to a damned soul, the sweeter for the inevitable doom that was to follow, and I rejoiced in being able to waste two whole days with her. And when I had wasted two days the Duke of Strelsau arranged a hunting party.

The stroke was near now, for Sapt and I after anxious consultations had resolved that we must risk a blow, our resolution being clinched by Johann's news that the king grew peaked, pale and ill and that his health was breaking down under his rigorous confinement. Now, a man, be he king or no king, may as well die swiftly and as becomes a gentleman, from bullet or thrust, as rot his life out in a cellar. That thought made prompt action advisable in the interests of the king. From my own point of view it grew more and more necessary, for Strakenz urged on me the need of a speedy marriage, and my own inclinations seconded him with such terrible insistence that I feared for my resolution. I do not believe that I should have done the deed I dreamed of, but I might have come to flight, and my flight would have ruined the cause.

It is perhaps as strange a thing as has ever been in the history of a country that the king's brother and the king's personator in a time of profound outward peace near a placid, undisturbed country town, under semblance of amity, should wage a desperate war for the person and life of the king. Yet such was the struggle that began now between Zenda and Tarenheim. When I look back on the time I seem to myself to have been half mad. Sapt has told me that I suffered no interference and listened to no remonstrances, and if ever a king of Ruritania ruled like a despot I was in those days the man. Look where I would, I saw nothing that made life sweet to me, and I took my life in my hand and carried it carelessly, as a man dangles an old glove. At first they strove to guard me, to keep me safe, to persuade me not to expose myself, but when they saw how I was set there grew up among them, whether they knew the truth or not, a feeling that fate ruled the issue and that I must be left to play my game with Michael my own way.

Late next night I rose from table, where Flavia had sat by me, and conducted her to the door of her apartments. There I kissed her hand and bade her sleep sound and wake to happy days. Then I changed my clothes and went out. Sapt and Fritz were waiting for me with three men and the horses. Over his saddle Sapt carried a long coil of rope, and both were heavily armed. I had with me a short stout cudgel and a long knife. Making a circuit, we avoided the town and in an hour found ourselves slowly mounting the hill that led to the castle of Zenda. The night was dark and very stormy, gusts of wind and spits of rain caught us as we breasted the incline, and the great trees moaned and sighed. When we came to a thick clump about a quarter of a mile from the castle we bade our three friends hide there with the horses. Sapt had a whistle, and they could rejoin us in a few moments if danger came, but up till now we had met no one. I hoped that Michael was still off his guard, believing me to be safe in bed. However that might be, we gained the top of the hill without accident and found ourselves on the edge of the moat where it sweeps under the road, separating the old castle from it. A tree stood on the edge of the bank, and Sapt silently and diligently set to make fast the rope. I stripped off my boots, took a pull at a flask of brandy loosened the knife in its sheath and took the cudgel between my teeth. Then I shook hands with my friends, not heeding a last look of entreaty from Fritz, and laid hold of the rope. I was going to have a look at Jacob's ladder.

Gently I lowered myself into the water. Though the night were wild, the day had been warm and bright and the water was not cold. I struck out and began to swim round the great walls which frowned above me. I could see only three yards ahead. I had then good hopes of not being seen as I crept along close under the damp, moss grown masonry. There were lights from the new part of the castle on the other side, and now and again I heard laughter and merry shouts. I fancied I recognized young Rupert Hentzau's ringing tones and pictured him flushed with wine.

Recalling my thoughts to the business in hand, I rested a moment. If Johann's description were right, I must be near the window now. Very slowly I moved, and out of the darkness ahead loomed a shape. It was the pipe, curving from the window to the water. About two feet of its surface was displayed. It was as big round as two men. I was about to approach it when I saw something else, and my heart

stood still. The nose of a boat protruded beyond the pipe on the other side, and, listening intently, I heard a slight shuffle, as of a man shifting his position. Who was the man who guarded Michael's invention? Was he awake or was he asleep? I felt if my knife were ready and trod water. As I did so I found bottom under my feet. The foundations of the castle extended some fifteen inches, making a ledge, and I stood on it, out of water from my armpits upward. Then I crouched and peered through the darkness under the pipe, where, curving, it left a space.

There was a man in the boat. A rifle lay by him. I saw the gleam of the barrel. Here was the sentinel! He sat very still. I listened. He breathed heavily, regularly, monotonously. By heaven, he slept! Kneeling on the shelf, I drew forward under the pipe till my face was within two feet of his. He was a big man, I saw. It was Max Hof, the brother of Johann. My hand stole to my belt, and I drew out my knife. Of all the deeds of my life I love the least to think of this, and whether it was the act of a man or a traitor I will not ask. I said to myself, "It is war, and the king's life is at stake." And I raised myself from beneath the pipe and stood up by the boat, which lay moored by the ledge. Holding my breath, I marked the spot and raised my arm. The great fellow stirred. He opened his eyes—wide, wider. He gasped in terror at my face and clutched at his rifle. I struck home. And I heard the chorus of a love song from the opposite bank.

Leaving him where he lay, a huddled mass, I turned to "Jacob's Ladder." My time was short. This fellow's turn of watching might be over directly, and relief would come. Leaning over the pipe, I examined it from the point it left the water to the topmost extremity, where it passed, or seemed to pass, through the masonry of the wall. There was no break in it, no chink. Dropping on my knees, I tested the under side. And my breath went quick and fast, for on this lower side, where the pipe should have clung close to the masonry, there was a gleam of light. That light must come from the cell of the king! I set my shoulder against the pipe and exerted my strength. The chink widened a very, very little, and hastily I descended. I had done enough to show that the pipe was not fixed in the masonry at the lower side.

Then I heard a voice—a harsh, grating voice:

"Well, sire, if you have had enough of my society I will leave you to repose, but I must fasten the little ornaments first."

It was Detchard. I caught the English accent in a moment.

"Have you anything to ask, sire, before we part?"

The king's voice followed. It was his, though it was faint and hollow, different from the merry tones I had heard in the glades of the forest.

"Pray my brother," said the king, "to kill me. I am dying by inches here."

"The duke does not desire your death, sire—yet," sneered Detchard. "When he does, behold your path to heaven!"

The king answered:

"So be it. And now, if your orders allow it, pray leave me."

"May you dream of paradise," said the ruffian.

The light disappeared. I heard the bolts of the door run home. And then I heard the sobs of the king. He was alone, as he thought. Who dares mock at him?

I did not venture to speak to him. The risk of some exclamation escaping him in surprise was too great. I dared do nothing that night, and my task now was to get myself away in safety and to carry off the carcass of the dead man. To leave him there would tell too much. Casting loose the boat, I got in. The wind was blowing a gale now, and there was little danger of oars being heard. I rowed swiftly round to where my friends waited. I had just reached the spot when a loud whistle sounded over the moat behind me.

"Hello, Max!" I heard shouted.

I hailed Sapt in a low tone. The rope came down. I tied it round the corpse and then went up it myself.

"Whistle you, too," I whispered, "for our men and haul in the line. No talk now."

They hauled up the body. Just as it reached the road three men on horseback swept round from the front of the castle. We saw them; but, being on foot, we escaped their notice. But we heard our men coming up with a shout.

"The devil, but it's dark!" cried a ringing voice.

It was young Rupert. A moment later shots rang out. Our people had met them. I started forward at a run, Sapt and Fritz following me.

"Thrust, thrust!" cried Rupert again, and a loud groan following told that he himself was not behindhand.

"I'm done, Rupert!" cried a voice. "They're three to one. Save yourself!"

I ran on, holding my cudgel in my hand. Suddenly a horse came toward me. A man was on it, leaning over the shoulder.

"Are you cooked, too, Krafstein?" he cried.

There was no answer.

I sprang to the horse's head. It was Rupert Hentzau.

"At last!" I cried.

For we seemed to have him. He had only his sword in his hand. My men were hot upon him. Sapt and Fritz were running up. I had outstripped them, but if they got close enough to fire he must die or surrender.

"At last!" I cried.

"It's the play actor!" cried he, slashing at my cudgel. He cut it clean in two, and, judging discretion better, than death, I ducked my head and flung to tell scampered for my life. The devil was in Rupert Hent-

zau, for he put spurs to his horse, and I, turning to look, saw him ride full gallop to the edge of the moat and leap in, while the shots of our party fell thick round him like hail. With one gleam of moonlight we should have riddled him with balls, but in the darkness he won to the corner of the castle and vanished from our sight.

"The deuce take him!" grinned Sapt. "It's a pity," said I, "that he's a villain. Whom have we got?"

We had Lauengram and Krafstein. They lay stiff and dead, and, concealment being no longer possible, we flung them, with Max, into the moat and, drawing together in a compact body, rode off down the hill. And in our midst went the bodies of four gallant gentlemen. Thus we traveled home, heavy at heart for the death of



"It's the play actor!" cried he.

our friends, sore uneasy concerning the king and cut to the quick that young Rupert had played yet another winning hand with us.

For my own part I was vexed and angry that I had killed no man in open fight, but only stabbed a knave in his sleep. And I did not love to hear Rupert call me a play actor.

CHAPTER XV.

RURITANIA is not in England or the quarrel between Duke Michael and myself could not have gone on, with the remarkable incidents which marked it, without more public notice being directed to it. Duels were frequent among all the upper classes, and private quarrels between great men kept the old habit of spreading to their friends and dependents. Nevertheless, after the affair which I have just related such reports began to circulate that I felt it necessary to be on my guard.

The death of the gentlemen involved could not be hidden from their relatives. I issued a stern order declaring that dueling had attained unprecedented license (the chancellor drew up the document for me, and very well he did it), and forbidding it save in the gravest cases. I sent a public and stately apology to Michael, and he returned a deferential and courteous reply to me, for our one point of union was—and it underlay all our differences and induced an unwilling harmony between our actions—that we could neither of us afford to throw our cards on the table. He, as well as I, was a "play actor," and, hating one another, we combined to dupe public opinion. Unfortunately, however, the necessity for concealment involved the necessity of delay. The king might die in his prison or even be spirited off somewhere else. It could not be helped. For a little while I was compelled to observe a truce, and my only consolation was that Flavia most warmly approved of my edict against dueling, and when I expressed delight at having won her favor prayed me, if her favor were any motive to me, to prohibit the practice altogether.

"Wait till we are married," said I, smiling.

Not the least peculiar result of the truce and of the secrecy which dictated it was that the town of Zenda became in the daytime—I would not have trusted far to its protection by night—a sort of neutral zone, where both parties could safely go, and I, riding down one day with Flavia and Sapt, had an encounter with an acquaintance which presented a ludicrous side, but was at the same time embarrassing. As I rode along I met a dignified looking person driving in a two horse carriage. He stopped his horses, got out and approached me, bowing low. I recognized the head of the Strelsau police.

"Your majesty's ordinance as to dueling is receiving our best attention," he assured me.

If the best attention involved his presence in Zenda, I resolved at once to dispense with it.

"Is that what brings you to Zenda, prefect?" I asked.

"Why, no, sire. I am here because I desired to oblige the British ambassador."

"What's the British ambassador doing dans cette galere?" said I carelessly.

"A young countryman of his, sire—a man of some position—is missing. His friends have not heard from him for two months, and there is reason to believe that he was last seen in Zenda." Flavia was paying little attention. I dared not look at Sapt.

"What reason?"

"A friend of his in Paris, a certain M. Featherly, has given us information which makes it possible that he came here, and the officials of the railway recollect his name on some luggage."

"What was his name?"

"Rassendyll, sire," he answered, and I saw that the name meant nothing to him. But, glancing at Flavia, he lowered his voice as he went on: "It is thought that he may have followed a

(Continued on fourth page.)

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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.

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