

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA - By Anthony Hope

Condensation for Condensed Novel Series

By Prof. William Fenwick Harris

Ruritania was not England, or the quarrel between Duke Michael and Rudolph Rassendyll could not have gone on, with the remarkable incidents which marked it, without more public notice being directed to it. It is perhaps as strange a thing as has ever been in the history of country that the king's brother and the king's personator, in a time of profound 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 between Black Michael and Rudolf Rassendyll, both of the royal house of Elphberg, but of very differing antecedents. The one was well known to the royal palace at Strelau; the other was at home at No. 305 Park Lane, London, west. The kinship between the two was quite an accident, dating from the year 1733, when a dashing young prince, later known to fame as Rudolf the Third of Ruritania, paid a visit to London. There he was courteously entertained and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially Amedea, countess of Burleson, and Baroness Rassendyll. In the end the prince left England rather hastily under a cloud, but not before he had fought a somewhat sanguinary duel with Countess Amedea's husband. In the years since there have appeared at intervals in the family of the Rassendylls certain sons who have been marked by the long, straight nose and the dark red hair of the royal house of Ruritania.

The years pass, many of them, another Rudolf of Elphberg is about to be crowned King of Ruritania. The same nose, the same red hair distinguish him. The loyal half of the population of Ruritania could not sleep at night till the coronation was safely over. For the late king had left another son, by a second and morganatic marriage, Black Michael, Duke of Strelau and Lord of Zenda. Though Michael bore none of the marks of the Elphbergs, he had been his father's favorite, and he cast a longing eye on the throne; all the cut-throats and blackguards of Ruritania seconded his wish, for Michael was a man after their own hearts.

Curious that young Rudolf Rassendyll should be moved by an idle curiosity to witness the coronation of Rudolf of Ruritania; still more curious that he, too, should bear the familiar nose, the same red hair. So thought Col. Sapt, aide to the king, and Fritz von Tarlenheim, his close friend, as they came upon the young Englishman in the forest of Zenda, making his way afoot to Strelau. So, too, thought the king when he appeared a moment later. But scandals of the past can no more be concealed in Ruritania than in England. As young Rassendyll later told the tale, first the king frowned, "then gradually the corners of his mouth began to twitch, his nose came down (as mine does when I laugh), his eyes twinkled, and, behold, he burst into the merriest fit of irrepressible laughter, which rang through the woods and proclaimed him a jovial soul.

"Well met, cousin!" he cried, stepping up to me, clapping me on the back, and laughing still. "You must forgive me if I was taken aback. A man doesn't expect to see double at this time of day, eh, Fritz?"

"I must pray pardon, sire, for my presumption," said I. "I trust it will not forfeit your Majesty's favor."

"By heaven! you'll always enjoy the king's countenance," he laughed, "whether I like it or not!" All the good fellowship in the world, however, could not permit royal scandals of the past to be masked up at a coronation. Rudolf Rassendyll must not show his face at this moment in the capital of Rudolf of Ruritania. "But by thunder!" cried the king, "you shan't leave Ruritania today. For you shall dine with me tonight, happen what will afterward."

That was just the trouble, "happen what will afterward." One sotled to another, until they were all as full of wine as they had right to be. At last the king set down his glass and leaned back in the chair.

"I have drunk enough," said he. "Far be it from me to contradict the king," said I. Indeed, his remark was most absolutely true—so far as it went. But still the love that he bears his brother. Could he king refuse? He could not. Was the wine drugged? The morning answered yes.

"If he's not crowned today," cried Sapt, "I'll lay a crown he's never crowned."

"By heavens, why?"

"The whole nation's there to meet him: half the army—aye, and Black Michael at the head—shall send word that the king's drunk?"

"That he's ill," said I, in correction.

"'Ill' echoed Sapt, with a scornful laugh. "They know his illness so well. He's been ill before! As man grows old he believes in fate. Fate sent you here. Fate ends you now to Strelau. You'll o'?"

"Yes, I'll go," said I, and I turned my eyes on the prostrate figure of the king.

"Tonight," Sapt went on in a hasty whisper, "we are to lodge in the palace. The moment they save us you and I will m—m—"

ANTHONY HOPE, known outside the world of books as Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, was born in London, Feb. 9, 1863, the

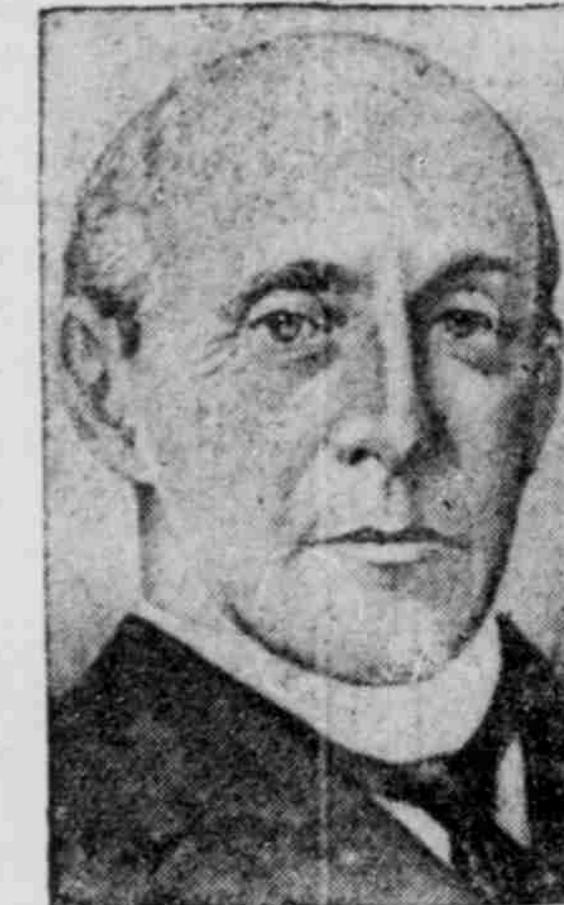
prepare. His first book was "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has probably remained his best known one.

He was a clergyman. He married an American woman. It is to be hoped he may have many more children of the brain to follow in the footsteps of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues."

He was educated at Marlborough, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took honors in letters and was president of the Oxford Union, which means that he was already a man of mark in his undergraduate days. By way of a profession he became a barrister of the Middle Temple in 1887.

But if the pursuit of law interferes with the production of a thrilling tale, may he never have a case to

an unusual power of interesting his readers in his persons and their doings.



ANTHONY HOPE, BORN 1863.

horses and ride here at a gallop. The king will be ready and he must ride back with me to Strelau, and you ride as if the devil were behind you to the frontier!"

So began those wondrous days of adventure which saw the throne of Ruritania occupied by an Elphberg with all the traces of the stock, though not "of the blood." "The play actor," Rupert of Hentzau called him, when he cast to know the secret, but "as good an Elphberg as ever sat upon it," declared Sapt at the end.

The wild ride to Strelau, with Sapt instructing the English Rudolf most minutely in past life, his family, his tastes, pursuits, weaknesses, friends, companions, and servants—as Ruritania knew them—the etiquette of the court, what would be expected at the coronation—and above all of the Princess Flavia.

"God save the king!" cried the people after the coronation had been safely managed.

"God save 'em both!" whispered Sapt as his mouth wrinkled into a smile.

But if things went well at Strelau with Rudolf Rassendyll, now crowned as Rudolf the Fifth of Ruritania and the accepted lover of the Princess Flavia, Fortune did not smile on the other Rudolf at Zenda.

For Black Michael had had word from there that cleared for him the mystery of the coronation. Riding as fast as horses could lay feet to the ground, he seized poor Rudolf of Ruritania and held him prisoner. But then ensued a pretty pass. "Aye, but he can't speak," roared Sapt in grim triumph. "We've got him. How can he denounce you

without denouncing himself? This is not the king, because we have kidnaped the king and murdered his servant." Can be say that? Hang me if Michael won't expose himself, if he tries to expose you."

But the most difficult situation for a loyal gentleman—and that was Rudolf Rassendyll—arose from the Princess Flavia. "I had to keep the princess devoted to me—and yet indifferent to me: I had to show affection for her—end not feel it. I had to make love for another; and that to a girl who, princess or no princess—was the most beautiful I had ever seen. How I succeeded in carrying out my program will appear hereafter."

How they fell in love, he with her and she with him, is part of the story. And how, forgetting self, he rescued the king, and robbed himself of love and throne and almost life. When he had fallen sorely wounded.

"Fritz," he called, "is the king still alive?"

"Aye, friend—dear friend," said he, tender as a woman, "thanks to the most gallant gentleman that lives, the king is alive!" All's well that ends well. But of the Princess Flavia?

"If I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then, this side the grave, I will live as becomes the man she loves and for the other side I must stay a dreamer." Copyright, 1919, by the Boston Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post) Printed with permission of, and arrangement with Henry Holt & Co., authorized publishers. Published by special arrangement with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. All rights reserved.

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CERTIFICATES FOR SUMMER STUDENT

Indiana University to Give Part-Time Credits to Local Teachers.

Certificates from Indiana university will be given to the members of the class who complete the work of the part-time teachers' vocational course that has been in session this week at the high school. The class, which was for the northern counties of the state, and is similar to the school which is to be held in Indianapolis for the southern counties next week, has been under the charge of G. F. Buxton, assistant professor of vocational education of Indiana university.

Three courses were offered here: Organization of vocational courses, technique of teaching part-time classes, and social and industrial relations of industrial education. The graduates will be qualified to teach part-time classes, and their certificates will be in the nature of recommendations to the state board of education of their fitness in this branch of teaching.

Vocational Program.

The class is a part of the vocational program of Indiana university. One meeting a week was held during the winter, and three classes a day have been given all this week. Prof. Buxton will have charge of the Indianapolis classes next week.

Winter is Near, Says Sergeant of Police

Winter is nearly here, according to Sergt. Rydzunski, who occupies the night desk at the police station. Two knights of the road made application to the sergeant for lodgings Thursday night, this occasion being the first sign of the ending of summer.

The two visitors were insulted at the suggestion that they go to work and earn a regular place to sleep, being too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work. Sergt. Rydzunski explained that the "Hotel de Gink" would not be open for several months, and gave them directions as to how to reach Howard park.

SECURES OPTION.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 1.—An option on the Atlanta Coca Cola Co. which, if carried through, would result in reorganization and enlargement of the concern, has been given to a syndicate represented by New York bankers. It was announced Thursday night by Howard C. Canfield, president of the company. The present stockholders would get \$15,000,000 in cash and \$10,000,000 in the new stock, the company added.

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