

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

CHAPTER I.

THE RASSENDYLLS—WITH A WORD ON THE ELPH- BERGS.

"I WONDER when in the world you're going to do anything, Rudolf?" said my brother's wife.

"My dear Rose," I answered, laying down my egg-spoon, "why in the world should I do anything? My position is a comfortable one. I have an income nearly sufficient for my wants (no one's income is ever quite sufficient, you know). I enjoy an enviable social position: I am brother to Lord Burlesdon, and brother-in-law to that most charming lady his countess. Behold, it is enough!"

"You are nine-and-twenty," she observed, "and you've done nothing but——"

"Knock about? It is true. Our family doesn't need to do things."

This remark of mine rather annoyed Rose, for