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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XVI.

[Continued.]

So they drift upon other subjects, of which there are plenty to discuss. During the day Mynheer Joe has met Molly's father and talked matters over, so that he knows much of their plans for the future, and can shape his own accordingly.

It is their last night in the grand old city of Cairo. When darkness again descends over Egypt they hope to be on the crack vessel of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's fleet, heading for Port Said and the Suez Canal.

Whether Joe is conscious of the fact or not, Molly soon discovers that her companion is the observed of all. Women and men look at him secretly or openly stare. The news of the duel has permeated society in Cairo; it is a secret no longer. Nearly every one is glad the affair turned out as it did, for the baron had made few friends in Egypt. Besides, it is human to rejoice at defeat in seeing pride lowered; and ever since the Russian came to Cairo his reputation as a duellist has been noised abroad. The man who has downed him once naturally by a long odds of the fact of his connection with the fall of Khartoum.

Molly sees the admiring glances, and she is proud of Joe; the very fact that he seems unconscious of his exploit is another reason she still higher in her estimation. So for that worthy gentleman of nothing beyond the fact that he is in the company of the girl he love. Also his studies raise him to the height of a hero of romance, and she finds herself looking back in them for

It was so evidently imagined that with the second meeting looked up in his room, dressing and smoking with the pain of his wound inflicted by a rival, the two young people have a delightful evening, which to them at their will be liable to come in days to come.

Mr. Grimes is present and keeps a watchful eye upon them, for he has a suspicion that former mischief will be attempted by the ingenuous scoundrel, under such circumstances as he knows allow him to be unchallenged and free in order to thwart any disloyal plans.

At the appointed time Sandy comes again, and the trio dine in front of the hotel in full view of all appearances. The moment every one alone leaves, they discuss the trip up the Nile, and Mr. Grimes and Molly plan to spend a few weeks in Alexandria.

Meanwhile?

In the day's time the Alexandria is due in Alexandria and she must leave Cairo at the early morning in the month of the Nile. Well, we are really local [illegible] of excitement in Egypt to the [illegible] and then the travelers are taken to the train that is he waiting.

As yet they have seen nothing of the baron. Mynheer Joe wonders if the Russian's absence is in any measure due to the manifestations of Sandy, the indicators to it, at the force of the little man correspondent, but it is no use. The great Napoleon could not have [illegible] a more unruffled countenance. Sandy looks as long out as a [illegible].

It lacks but five minutes to eight when a carriage drives up. The baron alights from it. All notice that his right arm is in a sling, but his face has a smile upon it as he bows.

He does not come along. Colonel Taylor and the Hindoo servant are in his company, and look after the portmanteau and various packages.

Mynheer Joe realizes that Sandy has not yet had a chance, in all probability, to put his little game into operation. Perhaps he does not desire to do so until the last hour. He wonders what sort of a scheme it may be, and how the little correspondent will manage to manipulate the wires.

Then as the baron and his companions enter a compartment, Joe loses them, and they alight from his mind at the same time.

Our five friends occupy one carriage and have quite an enjoyable time during the seven hours it takes them to make the hundred and thirty miles between Cairo and Alexandria.

Lunch has thoroughly been provided, and is enjoyed in game. Mynheer Joe was made to admire in Molly Tanner with every hour of his acquaintance and if the thought had not occurred to him before, he is now fully resolved to win her for his wife.

Why not, when fate seems to have made them for each other? He has saved her life; they meet again in a peculiar fashion and are mutually attracted; she is the one who would benefit by his uncle's will in case he never comes up—all these things can mean but one result. She must be his.

He revels in the thought that the worthy old pater may return to his beloved Chicago while the young people, filled with the desire to see more of the world, visit the strange places of earth to add to the geographical knowledge of humanity. With such a companion, it will be happiness to bedevil himself for months, if need be, in the wilderness. He only longs for the chance to try it.

Mynheer Joe is no fool; if he has spent much of his later life away from society, he does not wish to be too abrupt. It is just as well that they get to know each other better before he attempts to assume the position of lover.

The journey becomes a trifle wearisome with such slow time, and all are really glad when Alexandria is reached, about three in the afternoon.

No steamer yet. She must be delayed.

The tourists are taken to the Hotel de l' Europe, on the grand square. If the steamer arrives, they will have to make a speedy transfer, as she will not remain more than an hour or so.

Sandy becomes all business.

He asks none of them to join in his secrets, but disappears from view. Perhaps he means to get the first information concerning the coming of the steamer and has his own way of doing it.

At exactly five minutes to four he makes his appearance at the hotel.

"Steamer is in sight," he says to Mr. Grimes.

"How do you know, Sandy?" asked that worthy.

"I had a good glass and the position afforded me a fine situation for observation. She will be in at five and leave at six. See that you are ready."

"Look here! How about that little engagement you made to keep?"

"Silence, my dear fellow! Say nothing, but keep your eyes open." And Sandy marches to find the others and communicate his news.

Mr. Grimes looks after him and smiles.

"I really suspect the sharp little fellow has been up to something or other. He has good friends here in Alexandria among the officers, who would do a good deal for him. I wonder what his game is, and if he will succeed in giving the baron his second knockout. Perhaps it will be my turn to have a hand in the game after awhile."

Sandy cannot hope to keep the news of the approaching steamer from all others, nor does he desire to do so. All that he wants is to get his friends in readiness, so there may be no delay on their part.

He is off again as though very important business demands his attention; nor do the others see him until it is time to leave.

Amid the bustle of departure from the hotel Sandy again shows up that secures his baggage. They are soon landed at the quay. The steamer has some little distance out, and shouts signals that demand haste on the part of those coming alongside.

Then begins a din that is only equaled by the shouts of the donkey drivers in the public square. The boatmen of Alexandria can give even a New York hackman points about bulldozing a traveler into accepting their peculiar craft. The chance is numerous and at times it actually looks as though some of the excited might lay violent hands upon the travelers and attempt to toss them into their boats—a proceeding that would result disastrously to the boatmen.

At length, however, they have a couple of boats to take themselves and baggage out to the steamer, and when this point has been actually settled, the mob quiets down like a hive of bees after an eruption or else seeks fresh victims.

Mynheer Joe notices that another party is embarking near by—the baron. He has secured a boat, and, with his two followers, heads for the steamer. Then Sandy's plan has been a dead failure! Mr. Grimes turns a look that borders on the sarcastic upon the correspondent, and is immediately knocked all in a heap by the twinkle he sees in Sandy's eyes. It seems to say to him: "Wait, and you may yet see some fun, my fine fellow."

Surprised, Mr. Grimes notices that Sandy keeps one eye turned in the direction of the boat in which the baron is seated, as though he finds deep interest there. He, too, turns his eyes in that direction.

At first he sees nothing out of the way. The man rows along after the indolent fashion of these lazy Alexandria boatmen, paying no attention to the signals from the steamer that indicate a lack of time.

Looking beyond, Mr. Grimes pricks up his ears, so to speak; for a glimmer of the truth flashes into his brain when he sees a boat propelled by a couple of British soldiers and containing three others, one of them an officer, following the baron's craft and not far behind.

They come up rapidly.

The Russian turns in his seat in the stern and takes one look at the other boat, but does not seem to bother his head over it a bit. In the course of two minutes the boat containing the officers is alongside the other, and the officer lays his hand on the gunwale.

"What does this mean?" demands the baron, in a loud, offensive voice.

One friends motion to the men to stop rowing, so that they may hear other passes near by.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am looking for Baron Popoff," says the officer.

"That is my name, sir," replies the other.

He does not look startled, only annoyed, as though some impecunious creditor is about to make a descent upon him at the last moment.

"I have just found you in time, Baron," with a significant glance toward the waiting steamer. [illegible] found the [illegible] remarks some [illegible] in the [illegible].

"Indeed, sir, what do you [illegible]? I have not heard [illegible] engaged in the Russian service."

"Forgive me, sirrah, I have heard of the matter beyond the [illegible] I have [illegible] on [illegible] the [illegible]."

"Why, [illegible] Russian [illegible] [illegible] to kick [illegible]."

"My business was [illegible] I am sorry to hear this [illegible] of your [illegible], but my orders allow no [illegible] [illegible]."

"But, sir," stammers the [illegible] [illegible], "I am booked to leave on that steamer!"

"I am sorry for that, [illegible]."

"You will [illegible] this, sir. Where [illegible] this business is [illegible], but if I [illegible] with you to the [illegible] I [illegible]."

The officer looks for a moment but he is as firm as adamant.

"I only know my orders," he says.

"And will not allow me to proceed, sir?"

"I am no Englishman, sir. I have been sent to find and [illegible] you before the general. [illegible] Now, if there were a [illegible] and a thousand [illegible] on them, would I [illegible] [illegible]?"

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"Well, [illegible] you, [illegible]," he says [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"Sir!"

"Take the prisoner to Suez and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

"Sir, [illegible] I shall [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

"Silence! [illegible]."

"I would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]