

MYNHEER JOE. BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

BOOK I. The Messenger From Khartoum. CHAPTER I. AT SHEIKH'S ON THE SQUARE CALLED ISCHIELY.

"Backsloped" loudly whispered a stout, red-faced traveler, bending over a small, nervous man, who sat on the piazza in front of the well-known Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt.

"The latter individual never raises his eyes, but with a groan and a mechanical movement of the arm draws a plaster from his pocket and holds it up, which miserable coin is gravely taken by the man in the plaid suit and traveling helmet.

"It is certainly a good sight for foreign eyes, and one that will never be forgotten. Although the month is February, a delicate, falling atmosphere hangs over the old city of the Nile.

"Come on!" he exclaimed. "I'm in this case, Great Caesar! If I can get the only authentic account of that event."

"What do you mean?" asked the stout man. "I'm not sure, but I'm afraid you're a bit out of your mind."

"Great Caesar! Why didn't you say so before? Singular man! Didn't want to interrupt the flow of genius, did he? I'd drop even my pencil to oblige you."

"There was no great need of haste. You were the first one I thought of when old Tanner brought me the news, you know him?"

"Like a book! Gruff old party; lovely daughter, Molly, too. On. What was his news, is England aroused at last to the emergency?"

"Just the contrary. Listen to what I say: Old Tanner tells me his daughter, or lone-brother, has just come two hundred miles above and hastened on by rail to Cairo, this evening it arrived, and the reis, or captain, called upon him at the hotel here with certain news that has given Tanner some misgivings.

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name. You know the Governor and Hithina are working down along the East Coast?"

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WOMEN RANCHERS IN NEBRASKA.

Success of Two Orphan Girls in Managing Their Own Section.

Two Pennsylvania girls who went to Nebraska as children lost their parents by death, and then, after a precarious existence spent in trying to teach school, determined to turn farmers.

Miss Ibbie Scott and Miss Alice Fish now own the best ranch in Blaine County, Nebraska. In an interview they are reported as saying:

"After carefully thinking the matter over, we determined that school teaching did not bring in as much money as we needed, and we decided to buy a farm.

"When our own was ready to cultivate, all our plans were under way. We took our teams out at 4 in the morning, and kept hard at work until the sun began to get about, when we went in for dinner.

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she keeps an excellent record for the number of chickens and eggs for a North Carolina, St. James, Georgia.

Alexandria's Cornucopia Grows. Queen Alexandria's cornucopia which she was so magnificently possessed of, was again revealed in a most surprising manner.

Lincoln Collars in Vogue. When collars are once made in vogue, they are returning to favor with the new class suiters.

A New Phase of Co-operation. Why not a league of twenty or more families in a city or large town for joint ownership or control of a market garden or produce farm?

Autumn Costs. The costs of all the costumes designed for early autumn are made long enough to come more than half way down the skirt.

Thinness a Woman's Pet. Not many women have owned monstrous pets that the baby rhinoceros which amuses Mrs. Cook, wife of the Governor of North Carolina.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

His Status. "Pretty much of a fool, isn't he?" "Fooly. Why, he's a born jargonist!"

Another Storm Lamb. "I understand that his money is invested in Wall Street."

Counting on It. "My dear, what are you thinking of? You gave that poor man only ten cents."

Went Back on the Horse. "My brother turned crimson the other day."

Where the Line Must Be Drawn. "If these monopolists keep on" said the alarmed, "they will soon overtake us."

Up to the Mother. "Mother, this is a very good one."

THE "PARADOX." The fact is not a paradox, but a paradox in the eyes of the ignorant.

Professor Scott, of Princeton, says that wild birds sometimes appreciate variations into their songs and notes, more freely, imitate not only the songs of other birds, but the barkings of dogs, the whistles of whistles, the rattling of wheels, the filling of a saw, and even human speech.

"The morning when I was so alluring to my back, I had a very good idea," says "You are a bit of a block, where are you?"

"At the end of a week he was saying 'Pretty, pretty bird, where are you?' He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and this spring they came again. He is making the same remark as plainly as ever a bird can speak."

Salt as a Cure for Pneumonia. The great value of salt as an anti-septic and the fact that nature appears to have made it an essential ingredient in the food of nearly all animals have made the medical profession very hospitable toward new theories or discoveries regarding its therapeutic qualities.

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