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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER V.

"IF YOU MUST FIGHT, TAKE A MAN OF YOUR SIZE!"

The fair Molly is taken aback by this intelligence—her face shows it; but she is not the one to remain long in such a condition of mind, and her clear laugh serves to brush away the mist that seems to be gathering over the little company.

"This is indeed a pleasure—a peculiar coincidence—you saved me, and one in our employ rescues you from the water," she says.

"Kismet! It is fate," groans Sandy, but they pretend not to understand him, though his meaning is as plain as daylight.

"You will forgive me for speaking of you as the poor German castaway—the peculiar name led me astray," she goes on, just as if she and Joe were alone in the bijou parlor.

"It is natural—I am used to it. Behold the effect of having a nickname saddled on to one in boyhood. It has followed me everywhere. A waggish companion corrupted the name of 'Miner' into 'Mynheer' and tacked 'Joe' to it. Long ago I gave up in despair the attempt to live the name down. 'Mynheer Joe' it will be to the end of the chapter."

There is an oddity about it that strikes her as singularly pleasant. All her gentleman friends are "Mr." or "Colonel" or the "Hon." This or That. Mynheer Joe stands on alone. It has an individuality that marks it above all others.

"And you are the messenger from Khartoum. You come with news of General Gordon?" she continues.

"Yes," he replies simply.

"When did you last see him?"

"On the 20th day of January."

"As long ago as that? But I forget what a tremendous distance Khartoum is away. How glad the whole civilized world will be to hear from him!" Mynheer Joe bites his lips, but says nothing yet. "The people love him so! I have always hoped to meet him, of all men, if ever I visited Egypt, and just to think he has talked with you, eaten with you, even fought at your side!"

"And died as close to me as you are standing at this moment, Miss Tanner."

"Dead! Gordon dead?" she whispers, aghast.

"It is even so," he replies sadly.

"Can it be possible? Oh, how terrible it is to believe that grand man is no more! What a shock it will cause wherever the telegraph can carry it!" she murmurs.

"That reminds me," exclaims Sandy, with a hasty glance at his watch, "that I have business before me. You will excuse my haste." And, with a parting salute, he vanishes.

Mr. Grimes is the only one who notices his departure, for the others are too interested in what is passing.

"And you saw him fall? You won't mind telling me the sad story?" Miss Tanner pleads.

"If you will be seated, I will relate it just as I have to Sandy. In the morning all the world will know the facts. Surely, there have been rumors concerning this thing?"

"Yes, but people refused to believe them. They came from untrustworthy sources, and were hardly in before contradictions came after. We have all been waiting for positive truth. It comes at last with you. Now tell me, you who were with Gordon, how he fell."

Mr. Grimes finds himself a nonentity, and, with a smile, betakes himself from the bijou parlor back of the portiere. True, he has no cablegram to send just yet, but he fancies he may make use of the wires later on in connection with private business. At present he can amuse himself watching the bright scene in and before Shepherd's, and speculating upon the strange vicissitudes of fortune that one day have a man in rags and the next elevate him to a princely income. Mr. Grimes is nothing if not a philosopher.

The two left in the cozy little parlor do not miss the silver king at all, so wrapped up is Mynheer Joe in his companion, and so deeply interested does Molly become in his narrative.

He tells it modestly, for this man can never boast of his own exploits. At the same time he is by force of circumstances compelled to give facts, and Molly is at liberty to draw her own conclusions. As she already has a high opinion of Mynheer Joe, she is apt to make a liberal judge.

How her eyes kindle as she sits there, spellbound, listening to the story of Gordon's death! It is a tale to thrill the pulses of all who admire a brave, generous heart, devoted to the good of his fellowmen. Molly hardly seems to breathe as she drinks in his words. This man, in her eyes, is also a hero ten times over. Even had it not been his arm that plucked her out of the cruel Mediterranean at Malta, still would she accord him this exalted position. For has he not been with Gordon, and does not the reflected light of the great chieftain fall upon him? The man whose sword avenged the death of Chinese Gordon can never be aught else but a hero to her eyes.

It takes some time to tell all, for Mynheer Joe rather enjoys this tete-a-tete with the girl who has become the belle of European Cairo. Even when he rapidly sketches his late trip upon the Nile, and brings the story to a conclusion she has many questions to ask that are right to the point, and which, upon being answered, bring the situation out in a clearer light.

Then Mr. Grimes—considerate Mr. Grimes—who believes he has left them alone long enough, makes his appearance. There does not seem to be any particular necessity for his coming, but he evinces an interest in the explorer that no person has ever seen him show for any one else. Sandy finds the two still together when he returns after sending his wonderful dispatch, the great dispatch that will be the sensation of the day in London and Another. Flushed with success he appears before them and mechanically glances at his watch, a villainous habit he has upon every occasion.

The action catches Molly's eye, and with a little feminine scream she snatches out her own timepiece, studded with diamonds, and looks at the tell-tale face in consternation.

"Eleven o'clock! An hour and a half away from the ballroom! What will Lord Quinsy and the baron think? And I had engaged a dance each with them! They will never forgive me!"

"I am sorry to be the cause of your trouble," begins the explorer, humbly.

"Please don't mention it! I wouldn't have missed this hour and what I have heard at brave Gordon for ten lords or fifty barons. It was only the governor I was thinking of. They must have asked for me, and the dear good man will be fairly wild looking for me."

Mynheer Joe imagines an insignificant, bald-headed, good-natured little man tearing around the hotel pleading with every one to help him find his daughter. If he comes across such an individual he will recognize him at once.

"You will excuse me, Mynheer," she says, holding out her hand again—the hand upon which flash diamonds that, with those in her ears, at her throat and in her bonny brown hair, are surely worth a king's ransom.

He murmurs that he will be glad to meet her again, perhaps in the morning, if circumstances are favorable, with a sidelong glance toward Mr. Grimes, that has no apparent meaning, and yet which causes a grim smile to appear upon the face of the silver king.

Then she glides from the bijou parlor, Sandy holding the portiere aside, though he has to stand on his tiptoes in order to make it clear her head.

The three gentlemen are left alone. Sandy takes out a cigar and looks at the others. The mute invitation is immediately accepted, for a couple of hands are extended, and the weeds exchange owners.

"Let's go outside. The house is no place for smoking in his opinion," remarks Joe.

So the trio adjourn to the piazza. More than one curious glance is cast toward them, for, in spite of the secrecy that has been exercised, rumors have gotten around concerning the truth. It is strange how these things leak out—a word is sometimes enough to start the ball rolling, and people, once interested, add a little here and a trifle there until a story has been manufactured out of whole cloth.

Hardly have they reached the piazza and Joe stops to light his weed when a dapper little fellow, Sandy's counterpart in nervous ways, steps up and taps him on the arm.

"Beg pardon—do I understand you have arrived from up the river, sir—from Khartoum?" asks this sprightly chap, apparently not noticing Sandy in the background.

Mynheer Joe puffs away, and between each puff he nods his head up and down in an affirmative way that sets the little man fairly wild with suspense. He will speak soon—when he gets ready, but not until that time comes. It is plainly evident Mynheer Joe knows how to manage the creature known as a press agent.

Sandy is chuckling near by, dreadfully tickled at the thought of having for once obtained an advantage over his rival.

"You are quite right, sir. I have arrived this very night from Khartoum," finally admits the object of all this attention, having reduced his weed to a point of suspicion, where it would burn without much care.

Out come the pencil and note-book.

"Would you mind giving me a little information regarding the state of affairs at Khartoum when you left? I represent the New York Herald, the London Times and the Paris Figaro. I shall be pleased to take your views, sir, and give you every courtesy in my power," rattles on the little correspondent, then catching sight of Sandy his face blazes up, he waves his hand as though in warning, and cries:

"Too late, Barlow—you're left! Fall to the rear! I may let you pick up some crumbs presently, but don't bother now. As you were saying, my dear sir, at the time you quitted Khartoum matters were assuming a serious aspect?"

"Very," replies Mynheer Joe, gravely.

"And Gordon—you left him well, hoping for the sending of the British line even now on its way there. His views and yours would be very acceptable reading for the world. A vast audience, indeed, sir. Would you kindly relate your story in detail, or at least that portion of it concerning Gordon?"

His manner is persuasive, his voice honeyed, and better would fall to melt in his mouth. Unfortunately he has laid hold of the wrong man. Mynheer Joe lays a hand on his shoulder and almost crushes him.

"For pardonders I must move you to my press agent. Just now I am engaged. Your arm, Mr. Grimes, if you please."

"But where can I find him? I beg that you will inform me. This is a matter that concerns the whole civilized world. Think of it, sir! Tell me the name of this gentleman," and the excited correspondent even lays hold of the explorer's coat in his eagerness to gain his attention.

"You will find him yonder. Sandy, will you accord him this gentleman?"

"That Sandy! Barlow knows it all! I see it now! A vile conspiracy to beat me off! Well, I've played my last games, and I'll consolidate them into a sensation that will equal the world. Catch a weasel asleep, eh?"

But he has spoken to empty air when Sandy hunches.

"Lets move, old fellow! The mosquitoes are eating it at my service—we have still our coffee in the morning. You couldn't get a line out now, yet your individual responsibility if this Khedive committed suicide."

"Barlow, let me have it a little. I'll be entirely disarmed if Parkle catches it on this deal. Is Gordon dead?"

"Yes."

"And Khartoum only taken?"

"Without a doubt."

"When will you take it? Just send five lines to-night immediately—please."

"When will you give me the opportunity for the indulgence? Look around you, Cyrus."

So the rival press agentdom walks down the piazza together. Sandy has long wanted for this hour, his cup is full and running over, pressed down with good measure.

Meanwhile, the other couple move along the piazza in an opposite direction, enjoying the delicious atmosphere, their cigars and the bright moon.

By this time the great crowds have in a measure ceased to jostle others in the square called Ezbekiyeh, for the hour grows late. Still there are enough present to keep up a lively appearance—to please the eye of the observer, with the glamour of coffee as they pass to and fro.

Something is on the mind of Mr. Grimes, but he perhaps thinks the present moment is hardly a propitious one in which to speak. Several times he opens his mouth, as though the spirit moves him, but each time he shakes his head and remains silent.

As they enter the light thrown from the windows more than one curious glance is cast upon them, for already has word been whispered around that Mynheer Joe has come from the scene of action, and there is an air of mystery thrown about him, which his personality increases rather than diminishes; for, as has been said before, he is one and there are such as would attract attention even on Pall Mall or the Champs Elysees.

Looking into the dancing-room they see Molly Tanner chatting along in a dreamy waltz with a fierce looking man wearing an immense moustache that curls up to his eyes, and a full beard. She nods her head to them and smiles as she glances toward her partner in the dance; there is something so spicy and piquant about it that Mynheer Joe feels drawn toward the girl more than ever.

"She's a dandy," the effervescent correspondent had said to him, while on the way to the hotel, and the more he sees of her the better she pleases him, coquettish apples, though, upon trying to analyze it he is bound to confess the meaning ambiguous and a trifle dim.

From the window they walk down to the end of the piazza. Here an acquaintance seizes hold of Mr. Grimes and begs a few minutes' private conversation with him, which, of course, he gives, asking Joe's pardon for leaving him.

The latter steps down to the square to walk a little upon the cool flags.

The events of the night have been more than singular, when his fortunes are concerned, and he has plenty to reflect upon as he strolls alone in front of the hotel.

Around him are scenes also that must make some impression on his mind, although they are far from new to him.

While thus strolling aimlessly about with the intention of killing a little time, so that he may relish Mr Grimes when the latter is disengaged, Mynheer Joe chances to pass that portion of the hotel known as the bar.

In common with all other hotels, Shepherd's has a retreat where the thirsty traveler can wash the dust out of his throat, and judging from the manner in which it is being patronized on this night the dust must be on the move in Egypt. A sandstorm could not cause the users to call more copiously.

Mynheer Joe arrives upon the scene just in time to witness a rather comical spectacle. Of town in the grand square there is always plenty, but as a general thing these are not among the guests of the hotel, but rather denizens hovering in the vicinity and poorly-dressed dragomans, or, as is more frequently the case, white-robed individuals and the owners of donkeys, while the donkey boys stand about as idle as boys upon the corners.

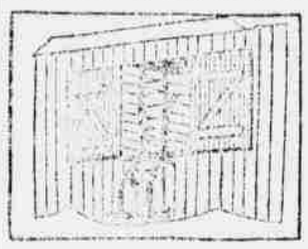
(To be Continued.)

SOUTHERN ✧ FARM ✧ NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

A Handy Grain Lift.

The plan of a device to take sacks of grain up and let them down from the ground and a remedy for Dinsmore to the Ohio Farmer by a correspondent who says: "We take one from a sacked to the cornrack for a good



GRAIN LIFT.

drive. I make it of the best. The lift of the wheelbarrow is used, leaving body free from the use of the lift. Take the rollers on the sides of the floor. Two forks are made to fit the room this means in a clear box, same as the style of a hoist. We will, with a set on it it can be used by taking hold of the lift so if the hoisting be worn, out very easily. The handle on the stick gives the same advantage you have in it, and when the stick is on a line from B to E second cog is will naturally run in B to E second cog is will naturally run in B to E second cog is will naturally run in