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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER X.

PLAYING TEN-PINS WITH A HUMAN BALL.—The head of a man is outlined in the window—features invisible, for it is only a silhouette against the background formed by the moonlight outside. Evidently the unknown has some of the climbing qualities of an ape, since he has clambered up the face of a wall ten feet in height, aided by only a few running vines.

Mynheer Joe shuns his teeth tightly with a click, and then, turning partly over, coolly watches the window, too easily to breathe regularly, as a sleeping person might.

The head remains stationary for perhaps a minute, and it is evident that the man is bending his ear to listen secretly. Then the head vanishes once more.

Joe takes advantage of the respite to change his position still more, stretching one where he can conveniently stretch his muscles into giving a tremendous leap. Then he calmly awaits the turn of events.

Before long the head reappears again, this time seeming to have more confidence than on previous occasions. Now does the man stop there, his shoulders appear, and gradually he dashes his way up over the sill of the window. Ah! he is coming in this unexpected quest!

Now he has passed the Rubicon and reaches upon the floor. Joe can just see him in the moonlight and at the same time notes another fact that is much wonder. A second head is seen to move beyond the line of the first. Again he has the dark silhouette against the light background.

"An' entision," thinks the traveler. "My an' my master about to be in trouble for us, too." His El Maledi sent his anxious guard against Cairo, or were they less common every-day robbers than plumed?

He is not so much at loss this time—especially. Previous seconds of passing, and something must be done, and more of his unknown enemies are in the room.

Fortunately, the man is accustomed to meeting emergencies and thinks very little in an under ordinary circumstances. His plan of action is this simple and characteristic of his nature:

"Good for you, my boy!" says Mr. Grimes, and turns upon the couch. "I am not afraid, you know. I am in no such predicament. My hands are tied, but my heart is free. I am not afraid."

As Mr. Grimes' head vanishes from the window. When a few minutes later, he opens the door of Joe's room, where the latter has unfastened, he finds the worthy has lighted a lamp, with which the room is temporarily cast in a pale glow.

There is hardly a sound or indicate his coming and the creaking wrench from the door cannot have sufficient warning to get out of the way. He goes a rustling noise, and then some rattling upon film, just as the eagle seizes on its prey.

A sharp, strident snarl, during which the unknown takes several steps to the right, the man upon whom he planned his assault wounded, and does Joe think he can learn anything from the stains left behind.

As Mr. Grimes' head comes over his shoulder, he makes a discovery that forces an exclamation from his lips. Upon the floor can be seen the fragments of a small chair that has evidently been shattered by some violent collision. This, in itself, is not what wrenches the man, but when he sees the chair has been broken in two, he is struck with a sudden pang of fear.

"What do you say?" asks Joe suddenly.

Mr. Grimes puts one finger over the ruined marion and feels the red skin almost immediately.

"There can be no question about the nature of that acid," he replies, and his whole manner is sober, as though he appreciates the extreme gravity of the situation.

Mynheer Joe nods his head.

"It is the proof I was looking for. My steppings now have a double meaning. I no longer grape in the dark I see."

"One thing is as evident to me as the nose on your face. You have a foe who would bestow at nothing in order to gain revenge. A hand in mortal combat or whom the tortures of the underworld would be too good."

"Explain! You understand, this party does not seek my death, but would avenge a hideous object for life. Your name is known, and one woman's countenance, cut from with shoulder blades."

"Nothing," says Mr. Grimes, "nothing about this business that puzzles me, and causes his brow to assume a serious, thoughtful expression. What is it these men seek? His money or his life? The first thought is, of course, that they were ordinary robbers. Cairo comes with them in spite of military protection and there is no more surprising than in the world that he of Egypt he can give his fellows all the strength of his powerful arms, and the knife-points and beat them."

A hand that has dashed into the hand is connected with the False Pharaoh. El Maledi has emissaries in Cairo. Can it be that already the word has been passed among them to do him to death, him the sole foreign survivor of the Khartoum massacre?

Even though singular, seems to be near the truth, and yet Mynheer Joe has a third idea. He groans after it in darkness, not being able to grasp the details and make a connected theory of it.

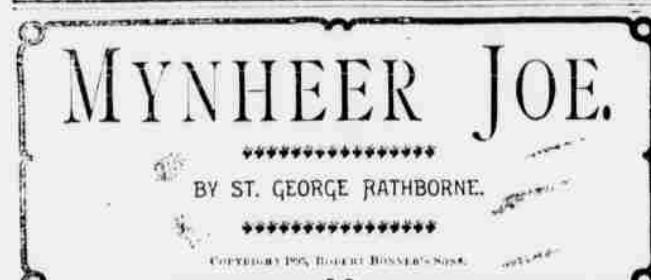
"Well," comes in a calm voice not more than five feet away from his ear, "you're here. I must have seen this visit flying from his hand—see!

"I'll be Continued Friday
Cats and Dogs in China."

Dogs, dogs and cats are the favorites in China in the line of food, because when eaten in moderation they are believed to insure health and strength.

When I jumped on the yellow who was standing here I must have seen this visit flying from his hand—see!

Agricultural.



Where it struck the stall and was smashed. My idea off-set was to clutch him and toss the Russell through the open window, but he squirmed like an eel, and hence I was compelled to dash him several blows above the ribs to quiet him. It was during the progress of this little campaign that the fellow made reference to several cities. He was no fool, and I am afraid not yet a child, who could outwit a Hindoo, besieging Brahmin to save him from the foreign devil!

Mr. Grimes gives vent to an expression that carries surprise, and yet, being a very conservative man, he is not wholly ready to agree with his friend.

"You may say there could be no mistake?" he asks, realizing what his discovery on the part of Stephen Joe really means.

"Mynheer Joe, awake danger!" "They have gone but are not forgotten," intones Grimes humorously. "You saw them; then?" asks Joe quickly.

"Well, rather," replies the other, chuckling; "and if that last fellow, not feel sure to-morrow, I'm mighty keen in my guess."

"I hope he will, it may lead to identify the rascal," Mr. Grimes?

"Yes."

"Was it you who warned me?"

"I whispered through a crack in the wall, about the spot where I had buried your bed to be."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir. When I awoke I hardly knew whether I had dreamed it or not. Then my eye caught the fellow's head at the window. I waited until he crawled in and then doubled both up together."

"Very neatly done, sir. I must say these rascally thieves are very daring just at present."

"I have been thinking it over and had about come to the conclusion that these fellows were bent upon something else."

"El! You mean murder? That they are some of the Mahdi's followers or spies, determined to have vengeance for the part you took in Khartoum?" says Mr. Grimes.

"Perhaps so. Are you dressed?"

"Partially so. I couldn't sleep and was looking out of the window from an easy chair when I heard a noise and caught sight of the sky-pavilions climbing up the wall like a couple of monkeys. I was puzzled at first how to warn you, and only hit upon that hide-scheming happy thought that to know it would do so well."

"Assuming," Never heard of such a rapid advance in my life," declares the other.

"And yet it is perfectly logical. You understand that there is a difference here. I have known Many, or some one much larger than this man, to see who had had a chain of keys, something like a key to his mind, fixed upon me, so that she recognized me at sight. Something like this, then, and says, 'I'll get you now to give us food.'"

"If you do I must even more well be having more to guard and protect. The Mahdi is an especially dangerous and I have been watching him set his forces here and learned enough to tell me that his forces are not so bad, but that they are not so strong as we thought."

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