

# MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER V.  
 (Continued.)

Just now, however, Mynheer Joe is made the witness of a singular scene. Two foreigners are at it, hammer and tongs.

How it came about it would be impossible to state; each one believes the other guilty and that the apology ought to come from that side.

A comparison between the two makes the traveler to smile. In point of size they are surely antipodes, one so large and massive, the other diminutive.

The taller man has a voice like a tornado howling in the mountains, laying stress on prostrate and swirling up the hillsides. Now and then it is punctured with the sharp, flapping exclamation, those that burst from his antagonist, penetrating and shrill as the highest notes of the violin. They growl and gabble together, each endeavoring to lay the blame of the collision upon the other. When two men possessed of very tempers get into a heated argument the result is seldom in doubt.

Sooner or later they come to blows, and this period depends pretty much upon the state to which their feelings have carried them.

This promises to be the case in the present instance. The little man is game despite the enormous difference in their size. He dances before his heavy antagonist, holding up his small fists in a way that proclaims him the possessor of some scientific knowledge in the line of self-defense. Should the giant, however, bring one of his sledge-hammer blows to bear upon him these frail barriers must be smashed aside as though mere cobwebs.

Although the big man is angry it can be seen that he is amused at the same time. Unless the fury of the other passes all bounds and he commits an assault the tall man will hardly proceed to extreme measures. Just now he is endeavoring to alarm his antagonist by an exhibition of lung power—by bawling at him with all the tremendous force of a cattle drover on the war path. His bull-like voice and the queer exclamations he uses would be extremely amusing to Mynheer Joe upon another occasion. Just how something of an important nature has come into his mind—something that causes him to take a new interest in this strange game that is being played before him.

This smaller man answers in all particulars the mental photograph he has drawn of Demosthenes Tanner, the father of the fair Molly. He is small, slightly bald, nearly fifty, full of life and vigor, and ready to stand up for his dignity.

So Mynheer Joe decides on the spur of the moment that he has run across the man who has chartered the dabbah Alice—he owes him a debt of gratitude on account of the rescue from the waters of the Nile—perhaps the time has come when he can repay that with interest.

Thus he finds more to engage his attention in the complication before him than others who have been gathered by the hot dispute.

In justice to Mynheer Joe let it be said that his sense of fairness and the eternal fitness of things had much to do with his actions. He was never the man to sit calmly by and see a big dog set upon a small one. More than once in his past career he has been known to take the part of the weak and oppressed, even to the discomfort. There is some spirit left of the age of chivalry—it did not die out with the last of the helmeted, mail-clad knights.

Thus it will be seen that other motives influence Mynheer Joe besides the one important fact that this is, as he supposes, Molly's father, who stands a fair show of being pulverized.

He means to take a hand in the game if it shows signs of reaching a point where blows must be exchanged. Gordon's messenger is full of fight—he always was, and the fact that this may be considered a street brawl does not once enter into his calculations.

It is the smaller man who rushes things and brings matters to a focus.

"You shall apologize or fight, sir! Do you think I am to be insulted with impunity? You are big coward! I will show you how we do these things where I came from? Defend yourself!" he shrieks.

The big man is thus forced to an issue. He gives a roar as the other kicks at his shins, and looks as if about to hurl his avoirdupois upon his diminutive antagonist, when a hand clutches his shoulder and Mynheer Joe steps between them, brushing back the little bantam cock and facing the Brabma.

"If you must fight, take a man of your size. Take me, for instance. Now come on," he says quietly.

CHAPTER VI.  
 THE FOOTBALL OF FORTUNE.

The man addressed is apparently taken by surprise. He no longer sees before him the diminutive form of the peppery little mosquito who has been barking his shins, but a man of most his equal in point of size—a man who holds his arms in a manner that suggests the practiced boxer.

There is no quarrel between these two, but the stranger has taken the place of the fellow who kicked the big man's shins, and must be held accountable for what he has done.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the giant, he is certainly no coward. He has been loath to attack the little man, and would fain have held him out at arm's length as one might an ugly child; but here is a foeman worthy of his steel. This is another case entirely.

His eyes flash and his whole face lights up with the fire of battle. Mynheer Joe discovers from his loud talk that he, too, is an American. He feels

in his best work, endeavoring to win; while Mynheer Joe does not seem to be inserting himself to the utmost. When the time comes for him to do something, something will give way in Denmark.

Joe is waiting for a chance. It is his desire to get in a knock-out blow. This, to be quite successful and end the affair, must be delivered in a certain quarter, and it is with this idea in view that he dallies.

Fiercer grow the efforts of the other to get in behind his guard. Those who look on see that the fighting is almost wholly done by one man, and if inexperienced, they believe he has the matter all in his own hands. They will learn something presently.

Watching the panting cyclone make a last desperate rush upon Joe, they see him suddenly shoot out straight from the shoulder, and hear a resounding whack as the knuckles come in contact with the other's head.

That ends it.

The blow has been adroitly given, and Joe stands there alone on the flags. His antagonist has reeled back into the arms of a friend. There is a great gust of air; that is positive.

Loud exclamations arise; they mark the approbation of the audience. The affair has ended just as nearly every one has wished—if we except the defeated principal himself. Mynheer Joe has no desire to remain there the centre of attraction. He is modest by nature and seeks no notoriety.

As he turns to move away he feels his hand clasped and squeezed. Turning he finds the little man whose champion he became. The wizenup-ed face of the bantam glows with pleasure.

"A thousand thanks, my good fellow! You gave him all he deserved—the beast! Just what I would have done for him, if you had let me get down at him! Oh, you needn't smile; I don't do it to figure in it. All depends on scientific skill, sir—on skill!"

"No doubt. Glad to have done you a service. See you some time later," says Joe, conscious that the crowd is pressing them again and feeling very unpleasant.

"But, my dear sir, you must allow me to publicly thank you for your services. Here is my card."—Joe ran it in his pocket without even a glance at it—"and I beg that you will not be offended if I offer you this."

Before Mynheer Joe realizes what he is about, the other has filled his hand with gold pieces. So indignant is the explorer at the act that he does not even note the fact of their being English sovereigns, but with an explosive ejaculation hurls the precious metal out upon the square.

This causes a wild stampede of the crowd; excitement reigns supreme; donkey drivers tussle with dragomans, faking roll over Arab shiks—all filled with the mad greed of gold. Never before in the history of Cairo has the precious metal been so broadcast like this.

The little man, whose idea seems to be that money can pay for any service, looks surprised at first, but shows no signs of anger. He is something of a philosopher on a small scale and accustomed to meeting strange people.

"Very well," he chatters, with a wave of the arm; "we will consider the obligation settled by my thanks, then. If I can do you a favor at any time, call upon me, my good fellow."

With this, he marches off. His arrogance is really amusing. Mynheer Joe would be tempted to use the toe of his boot to accelerate the fellow's departure, only that he remembers one important factor—this little man is the "dear old governor" of the charming Molly, and any indignity offered to him will be sure to recoil on his own head. So he allows the dwarfed pugnales specimen to depart in one direction, while he starts to leave the scene in another.

Neither of them gets five feet away ere some acquaintance brings them up. With Joe it is Mr. Grimes. The silver king has not known of the duel on the flagging until it is over. Then some one tells him that the gentleman who so lately accompanied him in his walk is engaged in a fight near by.

As he meets Joe face to face, his eye glances up and down the other's figure. There is not a sign of his having been in a fracas.

"All a mistake," he mutters aloud.

"What is?" asks Joe, smiling.

[To be Continued.]

If they have no flirtations in China, what oull holidays they must have!

EGGS GET IN DEADLY WORK.

Many Hens Killed by Violent Explosions of Their Frozen Product.

A most remarkable hen story vouches for by veracious and respectable people, comes from New Kent county, Virginia. W. P. Tunstall, who conducts a large hennery, found several of his fowls dead, with their bodies badly mutilated. While investigating the cause he heard a muffled explosion and saw a hen fall from her nest, torn and bleeding.

Looking into the matter further, he ascertained that the explosion was due to the fowls sitting on frozen eggs, which when they became warm exploded with deadly effect.

According to Mr. Tunstall, the bodies of the dead fowls had pieces of eggshell all through them.

A Wonderful Canyon.

In preparing for the construction of a tunnel to irrigate the Uncompahgre valley in western Colorado, it became necessary to make a topographic survey of the bottom of the grand canyon of the Cuanion river for a distance of about 1,500 feet. But the walls of this canyon, approximately 2,000 feet in height, are sheer precipices, and it is impossible to go through in boats. A descent to the bottom was effected by means of a narrow fissure eroded in the granite cliffs, but in order to reach the opposite side of the river, with the aid of a similar fissure, the surveying party had to make a detour of about 160 miles. In all, four extremely perilous descents were made to the bottom of the canyon. In places it was necessary to let the men down over cliffs several hundred feet by means of ropes.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### A Whitewash that looks much better than the bare boards and which will stay on about as long as a coat of paint is made as follows: Slake half a bushel of quicklime with boiling hot water. Add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one pound salt, these being first dissolved in water before adding to the whitewash. A pound of lampblack and a pound of raw amber will give a pleasant dark color. It may be applied with a spray pump.

### Selecting Breeding Stock.

In selecting breeding stock, no matter what class of stock it is, whether horses, cattle, sheep, hogs or poultry, the breeder should be careful to select only the very best specimens.

No fowl, male or female, can be depended on to produce strong, healthy chicks which has not reached full development in body and feather. An immature cockerel or pullet cannot be depended on to produce chicks equal to those from mature birds. For this reason I much prefer hens to pullets as breeders, and when I want to use pullets as breeders, I mate them with a cock bird, and mate cockerels with hens. It is a fact observed by all breeders, that as the stock grows older the plumage has a tendency to get lighter, and you will often see dark plumage birds moult out feathers of foreign color, with feathers tipped here and there with white or gray, indicating a loss or weakness of color element. Such a bird, if its past breeding has been all right, and does not show too much off color, may produce a good percentage of well-marked plumage in the chicks, but there is a risk in it, and it is much safer and more satisfactory to discard all such birds from the breeding range. It is impossible to have every bird in the breeding yards a perfect bird, but there are certain defects which may be overcome by proper mating, for instance, a breeder may have an excessively large comb, or may be too leggy, or some other slight irregularity, but if this is the only defect it may be remedied by mating with bird just the opposite. So that often a slight defect may be reduced by proper mating.

—W. E. Kemp, in Farmers' Home Journal.

### Plan For Hen House.

Elaborate plans for poultry houses generally result in abandonment after a brief trial. Two things seem desirable: A rather warm roosting house, where windows or doors may be thrown open in summer to admit much air, and a scratching shed open to the south, yet protected by wire netting so that thieves will not enter nor fowls escape. Large houses are bad. The size twelve by twenty-four feet seems a good one, giving a roosting room eight by twelve feet, and a scratching shed twelve by sixteen feet. Windows or simple wooden doors that may be fastened open in summer will answer quite as well for the fowls will live mostly in the scratching shed. Nesting boxes may be placed along the back wall of the shed, high enough to be kept clean. Simple earthen floors raised up a foot will answer, though if rats are bad, cement will save trouble.

In England the scheme is to have many small houses built on this general plan, but smaller and movable, scattered all about the fields and many hundreds of laying fowls thus segregated. That would be an excellent summer scheme in our land if thieves did not work among them too much.

Perrets will destroy some rats and drive others from their hiding. Where many cats are kept rats will not stay. It is a help to build so that cats can enter easily beneath every building that has a floor. Feed the cats milk at the barn, encourage them to live half wild and rats will move on.—Joseph E. Wing.

### Top Notes.

Charcoal given to the sow will correct scours in the pigs.

A small handful of oil meal will have a good effect on the system.

The hog pastures must have shade, or shelters, and abundant water.

Young sows that do well with their first litters may be considered good brood sows.

Drain off the filthy wallowing holes and give them a bath of clean water to plunge in.

Get the pigs out on the ground as early as possible, as they become crippled if kept on board floors.

If the April farrowing sows are well fed after farrowing they will have a second litter in August or September.

The sows should be well supplied with water and salt, and ash and charcoal should always be within reach.

Watch the hogs and be sure that they are not lousy. If lice are found, spray the hogs with some good dip or kerosene emulsion.

When the pigs begin to smell around the trough, give them some milk and oats or middlings in a small trough, in a pen not accessible to the sows.

Twenty-four hours after the pigs are born give the sow a slop of wheat middlings or bran. A little warm water or milk will do no harm at any time.

In castrating, make the incision at the lowest possible point, so that the pus will drain out. You thus prevent "pus sac" and hasten the healing process.

## GOOD ROADS.

### Methods of Building.

THE present general movement for better roads and the prospect of national aid in road building have greatly stimulated the study of the best methods of road building.

While to the general public the idea of building permanent roads is to use broken stone after the system first employed by John McAdam, about the year 1785, other methods should be carefully studied in order to build the best and most durable roads at the lowest cost.

It seems a remarkable fact in view of the great improvements in everything connected with modern life, that we are still building our roads the same way they were built over 100 years ago. This resulted from the universal introduction of the railroad, which caused the improvement of our common roads to be sadly neglected, as well as advancement in the art of building them.

A great obstacle in the way of building durable roads of crushed stone is found in the lack of suitable stone in most localities where good road stone is found. In New York State, for instance, where road building has been very active in recent years, stone has been shipped over 300 miles in some instances in order to obtain stone of good quality.

The lack of good road material has caused a study of various methods of road building by experts, with the result that for general use a modification of the old stone wheel track or tramway roads, which have been in constant use for over 100 years, has been found to be the best, and has been highly commended. The old tramway roads could only be built at reasonable cost in a few localities having suitable stone, but by substituting paving brick for the stone slabs, this superior form of road can be cheaply built in every locality.

In fact, even in the favored localities, where good road stone is abundant, the use of these brick wheel tracks considerably decreases the first cost of roads, while they practically do away with all repair expenses, as well as the dust and mud, and at the same time enable three or four times the load to be handled with the same team force.

This improved method of road building has been adopted by a number of localities and the cost has been found to be from \$1200 to \$2500 a mile, according to the relative cost of materials, labor, etc., while the average cost of crushed stone roads has been about \$9000 a mile in New York, where the greatest amount of road building has recently been done.

A section of this brick track road in the United States Department of Agriculture grounds during the last four seasons shows no material wear, and has been uniformly free from dust, mud and ruts during that time, while an adjacent section of crushed stone road has been nearly ruined during the same time, partly by the washing of water.

For hilly roads these brick wheel tracks are especially adapted, as by depressing the tracks below the adjacent road surface the water is successfully carried down the hills on them without the use of the objectionable water breaks, besides enabling three times the grade to be used without disadvantage.

Government road officials recommend that long term convicts be employed in penitentiaries in making the brick, cement, etc., for these roads, and short term convicts be used in making the roads, to the moral and physical betterment of the convicts, and claim that in this way the building of these superior and most durable roads should cost but \$800 to \$1200 a mile in many localities. This makes an interesting comparison with the cost of \$9000 a mile in New York State for crushed stone roads, some of which have been nearly ruined by two or three years of use, while wheel tracks similar to the brick tracks built of stone, near Albany, N. Y., in 1833, at a cost of \$1500 a mile, show very little wear in more than seventy years of constant and heavy traffic.

If convicts were thus employed in such penitentiaries as Sing Sing, New York, for instance, where the best of brick clays could be delivered at very low cost by boat, and from which the brick, etc., could be cheaply shipped by boat to nearly every point along the proposed New York and Chicago road, that road could probably be built for less than one-fifth of the cost of building it of crushed stone, have three times the smoothness and more than ten times the durability of a crushed stone road, and at the same time be nearly dustless and mudless.

Brick made at Sing Sing could also be cheaply delivered at all points in New York State, and also be shipped to all points along Lake Erie by boat, thus enabling the greater part of the proposed New York and Chicago road to be built by this superior system, and at a cost so low as to be insignificant when compared with its substantial and lasting benefits.—Waynesboro (Pa.) Herald.

### Rewards For Servants.

A London employment agent, to encourage her clients to give satisfaction to their employers, says she will present a gold watch to any servant engaged from her agency who remains in the same situation five years; a silver watch to any girl who keeps her situation for two years and a brooch to those who have served in the same house for one year.

### German Factory Wages.

In a German factory, which employs 2107 men, making agricultural implements and traction engines, twenty-five per cent get seventy-one to ninety-five cents a day, fifty-nine per cent get ninety-five cents to \$1.31 and sixteen per cent get above \$1.31. This does not include boys or apprentices and is for a nine-and-a-half-hour day.

## PRACTICAL GARDENING.

### GROWING THE WILD VIOLET.

Many persons prefer the wild violets for growing in borders, but make a mistake in trying to transplant them from the woods. This is extremely hard to do, as these plants are not used to being transplanted. A better way is to fill the border with a cluster of wild violets until the blossoms begin to fade, then tie bunches of the blooms in little paper sacks. When the seeds have matured, cut the stems, but leave the pods in the sacks until August, when the seeds should be sown by carefully blowing them from a smooth surface. Do not cover.—Woman's Companion.

### EARLY PLANTS.

These suggestions from the Ohio Farmer are timely: For those who have not the advantage of a hot-house, but wish to have plants earlier than even a hotbed allows, starting them indoors may, as a rule, be resorted to successfully. Such plants as tomato, cabbage, lettuce and many others are easily raised in boxes and may then be transplanted to the garden, when danger of frost is past. For this purpose use shallow boxes of any desired size. For drainage place a layer of broken brick in the box; the bottom of the box should be perforated. Fill to within half an inch of the top with a light, sandy soil, moderately rich. After planting the seed, press the soil down firmly, then moisten with warm water and keep moist, not wet. When the plants are a few inches high it is well to transplant them to induce a stocky growth. As they grow larger liquid manure may be applied to the soil, but be careful that it does not get on to the plants, as it may injure them. By the time danger from frost is past the plants should be large and strong. In this way I have ripe tomatoes very early by the Fourth of July, while if I depended upon plants grown for the main crop I would have no tomatoes before the first of August. For my early crop of tomatoes I always receive fancy prices and am amply rewarded for my trouble. Sometimes I venture my plants in the open too early and they are killed by frost, but this does not often happen.

### A CELESTIAL HARVEST.

Recording some impressions of a visit to a great Pennsylvania celery farm, a Rural New Yorker writes says: There are few busier places than this celery farm in the height of the shipping season. When the celery is ready, it must go. Two big horses haul a machine which looks like a huge drawing knife mounted on wheels. This knife is hung so that it runs through the banked up soil below the plants, cutting off the roots and leaving them standing. The accompanying figure shows the cutting attachment, which can be fastened to a wheel cultivator or tiller. Following this machine comes a gang of men who take up the plants and break off the outer stalks, leaving the white inside stalks, and pack in crates. These crates are carried to the washing shed. Here are vats and tanks of running water and men with rubber aprons. Everything here moves like clockwork. The celery comes from the field with the black muck soil on its roots. These men wash

