

# MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER XIII.  
[Continued.]

The two boats seem to be about equal in point of speed, as they continue to keep the same relative distance apart. Perhaps, in a genuine race, with a wind like this, their craft could gain the advantage by "blanketing" the other, and cutting off her supply of wind, but this will not pay under present conditions.

Although Joe has made the conditions of the duel, being the challenged party, he really leaves the selection of the ground to his rival, having only stipulated that it shall be among the hills that lie above Cairo.

Sandy and Mr. Grimes stand together near the bow of the vessel, listening to the music of the water as it hurries through the tide of the Nile like a knife, cutting the foamy sands on either side and hurrying them back in rolls.

Both of them are duly impressed with all their romantic surroundings, and the war correspondent is jotting down ideas in his mind that will be called upon to supply space in some forthcoming article. At the same time it is evident he has something worrying him.

Mr. Grimes is quick to notice such things, as he has made a business of reading faces.

"What's wrong, Sandy?" he asks abruptly, as he removes his cigar to flip the ashes from the end with his dexterous little finger.

"Who said so? How did you know?" asks Mr. Grimes, you read men as I would books. You may have buried yourself out in Colorado—you took good care to study human nature."

"Then you confess you are bothered, my boy?" continued the other, steadily.

"Well, yes, I've been wondering. You see, we know this baron is a spy-worm."

"Admitted?"

"Isn't not to be trusted out of sight?"

"Ordinarily I should not dare to put my life in his charge. You're right, Sandy."

"Well, we've let him select the spot for the affair. How can we tell but what he may spring some shrewd game on us. Can you promise that yudder dahabneh has not half a dozen hired assassins on board, ready to annihilate us in case the baron feels the necessity?"

# AGRICULTURAL.

There is one thing that must not be overlooked in the rearing of poultry, and that is that, if there are a dozen hens in a yard, all may not be strong and in the most favorable condition for producing young. There are twelve different individuals to study, twelve different shapes, sizes, capacities, preferences, peculiarities and twelve methods to learn in management.

The baron and his party can already be seen upon the shore. Under his arm the Frenchman carries a long, slender package, without doubt the sword which are destined to occupy so prominent a place in the coming event. There is a third member of the party, the man known as Colonel Taylor, and also a short individual who carries a surgeon's case in his hand.

When our friends join their words are passed between them. The principals bow in a perfunctory way, but Mynheer Joe smiles in a careless manner that must set the Russian duelist to thinking.

They do not need to go far away; the ground is right there among the rock tombs, but it is advisable to move on a little for several reasons. It is not their intention to have the sailors on board the boats witness the affair, and just beyond the rocks they are apt to find a spot where the sun will not throw his light into the eyes of either, causing a momentary blindness that may prove fatal. So they walk along; two and two, Mr. Grimes bringing up the rear.

In five minutes they come to a pause, and the French officer sweeps his arm around with a dramatic gesture, saying: "Behold, gentlemen! The ground selected for the duel!"

CHAPTER XIV.  
A LITTLE AFFAIR AMONG THE MOKKATAN HILLS.

No one can reasonably offer any objection to the selection of the ground, since it is level enough for all practical purposes, and certainly so isolated that there does not seem to be any danger of interruption. The association with the strange tombs hewn in solid rock ages ago, by the Egyptians, might make some men nervous, but it does not appear to have any such effect upon either of the two who have met here to face each other in a combat for honor.

Mr. Grimes, in company with the French officer, goes over the ground step by step and announces that he is perfectly satisfied with the location chosen. It certainly cannot be improved upon, and might not be equalled, so they are well content as it is.

"Now for the weapons," says the American, whose business-like methods cause the other to suppose he has figured in duels before.

The French officer has heard of desperate affairs happening in the South and the West. How is he to know that the participants in these scrimmages are, as a general thing, the very lowest scum of society, and that Southern gentlemen, as a rule, have given up their former allegiance to the code as a settler for all difficulties?

Picking up the package, he unfolds it. Within, wrapped in clamorous skin, lie two handsomely made swords, of delicate but magnificent appearance. These he draws from their separate scabbards and holds toward the American.

"Select which one you please," he says, quietly.

# AGRICULTURAL.

Many plants are subject to attacks of green lice. This is especially true of cabbage, kale, Brussels sprouts and other members of this family. Kerosene emulsion is an effective remedy when it can be used.

PLANT LICE.

ALWAYS A CAUSE.

ASHES FOR ORCHARD.

GRASS POISONING TREES.

CATALPA TREES VALUABLE.

MEASURING A TREE.

A Handy Fire Pot.

Large Flocks.

Transplanting.

Wooling Done by Muzzers.

Now it is their turn; the old reel

# Good Roads.

The Omaha Bee quotes approvingly Senator Lattimer's statement that "The Government must stimulate and aid the people in the work. It is the history of road development in every country," but adds: "It is unlikely that there will be any action taken in the matter by the present Congress, or at any rate at this session; but if the agricultural interests of the country earnestly espouse the public roads cause it will certainly in time receive from Congress the consideration to which its obvious importance entitles it."

The Tacoma News estimates that the passage of the Brownlow bill would result in the construction of between 6000 and 7500 miles of splendid roads, and the News thinks that there should be no need for argument in favor of the measure since its merits are so plain and the need for better roads so great.

The fundamental principle upon which the State aid plan rests is that the public highways are for the use and benefit of the whole people, and that all should, therefore, share in the cost of their improvement. From State aid to National aid is but a single step. Both embody the same principle. It is an interesting fact that the people of the States where State aid laws are in force are enthusiastically in favor of taking "Uncle Sam" into the general scheme of co-operation. The State Highway Commissioners of New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont are outspoken advocates of National aid, and the New York Legislature has memorialized Congress to enact the Brownlow bill. If National aid would accomplish for the whole country what State aid is doing where adopted it certainly deserves serious consideration.

Miles Is For Good Roads.

Auto Future Seen by Mr. Post.

There is a widespread demand in this country for Government aid in the movement to improve the public roads, and it would not surprise the close observer to see Congress meet the popular clamor and give it the glad hand, with perhaps a reasonable appropriation besides. There is no reason why the Government should withhold aid from the good roads movement. So long as the public money is spent on rivers, harbors, canals and other avenues of commerce, why should it not be likewise spent on the public roads, or at least the roads designated and used as postal roads?—Atlanta Journal.

The Colors of Foliage.

The Great Wheat Belt.



COOP FOR CHICKS.

Lightweight Animals.

Corn as Fodder.

Care of Colt's Teeth.

Big Coal Fields.

Kate Sanborn Queries.

Large Flocks.

Transplanting.

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FIRE POT ARRANGEMENT.

Now it is their turn; the old reel