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CHAPTER XIII. [Continued.]

The two boats seem to be about equal in point of speed, as they continue to seep 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 her prow cuts through the tide of the Nile like a knife, curling the foamy suds on either side and hurling 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? Hang it, 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, stead-

ily. "Well, yes, I've been wondering. You see, we know this baron is a sly

schemer? "Adritted."

"And 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 yonder dahabeah has not half a dozen hired assassins on board, ready to annihilate us in case the baron feels the necessity?"

Mr. Grimes laughs, and there is a reassurance in his manner that speaks for itself.

"Sandy give over worrying. I believe the strongest proof we can have that the baron means no treachery is his astonishing confidence in himself. He has fought duels before and believes himself invincible. Hence it seems a picnic, a walk-over to him."

"Very true, very true, sir, but you

Fine collection of buzzards, eh? Must say the captain has looked far and wide to find a game set. They'd fight, too, I reckon," he whispers. They find Mynheer Joe lying upon

the roof of the cabin, a pillow under his head, which the captain of the boat has brought out, and to all appearances enjoying his cigar.

Together they enter the cabin. Upon the table is seen a quaint flagon and a glass. Mynheer Joe moves toward it, but he finds the hand of Mr. Grimes before him.

"Not allowed, my friend. Heaven knows what sort of drug there might be in this. If you must steady your herves-" And he produces a small flask from one of his pockets. But

Joe shakes his head. "That isn't in my line, sir, though I thank you all the same. I've seldom found a time when my nerves needed strengthening by such artificial means, though I confess that my life was once saved by a small amount of liquor. The fellow drank it who was left to execute me, and got into such a maudlin condition that I easily overpowered him and made my escape. Except as medicine I have no use for the stuff."

A minute later all of them are busily engaged in examining their revolvers, which are found to be in good condition.

"Take charge of mine, Mr. Grimes," remarks Joe, who, of course, cannot be thus burdened when about to enter upon an engagement that will require all his agility.

"With pleasure, sir, and should the occasion arise for using it. I trust you will find that I can make each shot count almost as well as yourself. By the way, Joe, you didn't forget to bring the rubber footholds I borrowed from the professor?"

"Never fear; I have them. The baron will not get his work in through a slip on my part, if I can help it." rey turns Joe, touching a pocket of his blouse, where a small package of some sort is hidden.

Presently they pass outside again. to find that the sun has arisen and a new day begun. They keep a short catch the full benefit c: the breeze, but every palm stands out in bold relief.

The scene is such as can be gazed upon any day along the lower Nile. and yet one never tires of looking upon it. Numerous sails dot the broad river, some beating down, while many fly before the breeze. A string of camels forming a caravan can be noticed above the bank, doubtless bound for the far-off cities, between which and Cairo quite a trade is carried on in this way.

Here some travelers on donkeys can be seen, making an early start for the ovramids. Now and then slaves are discovered at work with the poles and buckets known as a shedoof, and which primitive method of engineering in the way of lifting water from a lower level is still practiced in the land where they carry on agriculture just as their forefathers did two thousand years back. An occasional windmill is seen where some house nestles on the bank. but this is generally the property of foreigners. Upon the river freight cangias are met with, heading to or from Cairo. Those boats which have the fair wind are supposed to keep out of the way of others, but the reis in command of their craft seems to be in something of a daredevel spirit this morning. He swings the dahabeah in 'so close to one of the heavier craft that he comes within an ace of having the sandal trailing behind sunk. The sun is now almost half an hour When will the boats come to high. land? Surely there is no need of traveling a great distance from old Cairo in order to discover a good dueling ground. Perhaps the baron has a particular spot in view. He may even have been a principal in some affair of honor that has culminated in a meeting up the Nile, and his success at that time inspires him to select the same ren, dezvous again.

mains are taken care of. In my pocket will be found a letter addressed to you, Mr. Grimes, concerning the little matter we were speaking about last night. You can let the person most interested see it. There-I am done. I have made my peace, but I want both of you to understand that it is not Mynheer Joe's intention to drop before the sword of the Russian. I hope to snow him how an American can uphold the honor of his flag even at the sword's point."

Confident words, these, but they express the feelings of the man. It is partly this assurance concerning his own powers that has brought Mynheer Joe safely through numerous deadly perils in the past.

Fear will never paralyze his arm when face to face with danger, nor can an antagonist expect to reap any benefit from such a source.

By this time they see that Sandy was not far out of the way when he marked this point as the scene of their expected debarkation. The leading dahabeah makes a graceful sweep and comes about at the point, landing at a rock that seems especially adapted for such business.

Now it is their turn; the old reis himself las charge of the tiller, and gives his order in a loud, shrill voice that strikes the tympanum in a painful way, as though some boy is indulging in the agonizing delirium of beating upon empty pans. The Arab sailors can no longer be termed lazy; they jump around in the liveliest possible manner and carry out the commands of the captain.

Not an inch out of the way, they shade the wind out of the sails, and the boat brings up gently alongside the other, to which it is at once secured.

The baron and his party can already be seen upon the saore. Under his arm the Frenchman carries a long, lender package, without doubt the swords 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 them words are passed between. 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 fierce rays into the eyes of distance from the shore in order to 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 duello!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A LITTLE AEFAIR AMONG THE MOKKATAN HILLS.

No one can reasonably offer any objection to the selection of the ground, since it is level enough for all prac-



So many young people who are thirsting for historical knowledge wite to me for help that I feel encouraged and will answer their inquiries as far as I can. These young people in the country towns have schools to go to, but they lack booksreading books, cyclopedias, biographies, and if I was as rich as Carnegie I would plant a library of such books in every community. I would have a million sets of some standard cyclopedia pranted for every school, even if they cost fifty million dollars. That would diffuse knowledge among the young people and do more good than all he is doing in the big cities. But what we most need in the South are historical books that will be standard with us and relate the truth about the South and secession and the confederacy, and slavery and the war and reconstruction. I had a cyclopedia that gave a whole column of apology for old John Brown and the pedigree of every Northern rare horse, and no mention of John B. Gordon or Forrest or any of our Southern poets or authors or orators. I swapped it off at half price for the International by Dodd, Meade & Co. The tributes in that work to

Mr. Davis and Lee and Jackson are all that could be desired and more than was expected. I wonder what has become of that great Southern publishing house that was projected in Atlanta some time

ago. That is what we want and must have to perpetuate Southern history and defend our fathers and grandfathers from the slanders of Northern foes. It is Northern histories, Northern novels and Northern plays that have already poisoned the minds of thousands of our young people. Only yesterday I glanced at a serial story in an Atlanta paper and the first thing I saw was a verse which read:

'John Bhown's body lies mouldering the ground, But his soul keeps marching on."

In a Missouri paper I saw where a yankee troupe were playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And now a fool fellow from Wisconsin wants to get our governors to appoint delegates to a convention in Atlanta to determine the race problem, and it is said that man Spooner is at the bottom of it to get up a presidential boom for himself. I suspected there was a nigger in the woodpile, for these Northern politicians never do anything from patri-otic, unselfish motives. Hanna's scheme fell through and Spooner thought he could patch it up. But the South never was aroused and united on the negro question and will resent all intereference, whether it comes from Washington or Wisconsin. Wisconsin! What impudence! A state whose foreign population is 62 per cent, of the whole, and of these there are \$8,000 who can't speak English, and the sector of and three times as many Indians. What does Wisconsin know or care about our race problem? In the last few days I have received three letters

mayor then and we had some hot words. He said finally he would release the young men until he could hear from General Thomas, So I wrote to General Thomas by the same mail. He very graciously forgave us, but warned us not to do so any more, for the display of a confederate flag was treason and the punishment of treason was death.

This is enough about flags. There is no treason in displaying one now. Time is a good doctor and Time keeps rolling on. My wife and I had another wedding last Saturday-and good friends were calling all the afternoon to say good words and congratulate us on our long and happy married life. Early in the morning, while my wife and the family were at breakfast, I came in late and slipping up behind her planted a venerable kiss upon her classic brow.

'She half enclosed me in her arms, She clasped me in a meek embrace; (No she didn't, either.)

And bending back her head, looked up And gazing into my face.'

Yes, she did that, for it took her by surprise. I hadn't kissed her since the first day of last June-which was her Twice a year satisfies her birthday. now .- Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Crum's Appointment,

Washington, Special.-The Senate committee on commerce decided to postpone action on the nomination of Wm. D. Crum, to be collector of the port at Charleston, S. C., until next Thursday. The suggestion for postponement was made by Senator Clay. There are a number of vacancies on the committee and he urged that the committee should not act until these were filled. It is now believed by the opponents of Dr. Crum that another meeting of the committee will not be held during the present session.

Situation Grave at Natchez.

Natchez, Miss., Special .- Every precaution that can be devised is being adopted to prevent any attempt at cutting the levee and a constant watch is maintained by armed men. Heavy rains added to the gravity of the situation. The river rose three-tenths and is now 2.5 above the danger line, which facts have intensified the feeling of apprehension. The steamer Betsy Ann brought in 250 people from the flooded district between here and Bayou Sara. The steamers St. Joseph and Senator Cordill are also doing considerable relief work between Natchez and Vicks-

Killed in Collision.

burg.

Danville, Va., Special .- Early Tuesday morning the Southern fast passenger, standing at this station, was run into by the north-bound Fiorida flyer. resulting in the death of Jos. E. Mc-Arthur. of Gaffney, S. C., a passenger, and W. E. Neal, of Rural Hill, N. C., an overhauler, who was coupling the air brakes. James Coleman, an employe of the road, who was assisting Neal, was taken to the hospital, where one of his arms was amputated. Both engines were wrecked and several cars damaged.

Town Re C-ptured.

Caracas, By Cable .- A body of government troops was sent from Margita Island, March 13, to attack the rebels at Carupano, which, during the blockade, was taken by them. After three



Buffalo, Special .- More terrible, almost, than the death of E. L. Burdick was the tragedy that occurred late Tuesday afternoon when Arthur Pennell, one of the chief figures in the investigation of the Burdick murder, was hurled headlong into eternity. Mr. Pennell was riding in his electric automobile with Mrs. Pennell. They were on Kensington avenue, near Fillmore avenue, skimming the edge of the stone quarry, a huge rock-ribbed hole in the ground. Pennell's hat blew off, the automobile swerved and in some inexplicable manner it leaped over the curb into the abyss below. Pennell was killed instantly, his head being crush-ed to an unrecognizable mass. Mrs. Pennell was injured so severely that the surgeons at the Sisters' Hospital to which she was taken, say her chan-

Over Precipice,

ces of recovery are very slight. Two boys saw the tragedy. They were too far away to know positively just how it happened. Mrs. Penneil when found was unable to speak. She was only semi-conscious when taken to the hospital and could speak no coherent words. After the operation was performed immediately by Dr. Eugene Smith in the hope of saving her life, she lapsed into unconsciousness and hence there can be no true version of precisely how the affair occurred. Mr. Pennell left his office in the Aus-

tin building at 4:05 o'clock in the afternoon. He went to his home at 208 Cleveland avenue. A friend who called up Mr. Pennell on the telepi one about 5 o'clock was informed that Mr. Pennell was in but that he was going for a drive. Mr. Pennell himself answered the telephone and said that he would be back between 6:30 and 7 o'clock, making an appointment with his friend for that hour. "Would 6 o'clock do?" he was asked.

"Oh, well yes, might come at o'clock, but you better make it later," sr'd Mr. Pennell.

Those were the last words Pennell was known to speak to any one except Mrs. Pennell, save that he went back to the stairs and called out to Lizzie Robmance, the' maid, "Lizzie, we will be back between 6 and 7 o'clock." . nen he and Mrs. Pennell rode away in the automobile. It was learned that the matter mentioned in the telephone talk was something he considered mystorious and which weighed heavily upon Mr. Pennell in connection with the Burdick murder. Recently Mr. Pennell made the following statement:

"About this case of Burdick, I have told the authorities I went away to New York before the murder and that I met Mrs. Bardick while I was away. In fact I saw Mrs. Burdick near New York two or three days before the murder. I have told it frankly and the meeting was a proper one. But they seem to be determined to drag all this business out in the papers. I would do anything to stop it.

Pennell and his wife left their home at 4:50 o'clock or one or two minutes hours' fighting the government forces before that time. It was a gloomy sf-

must admit there is a chance that-"Always 'that,' my boy, but you also

forget something of interest - ourselves! 'What are we here for?' as a member from the South asked in a Republican convention. If Joe can take care of the baron, surely we will be able to look after his friends, be they two in number or a dozen."

"Well spoken, Mr. Grimes. My mind is already clear on that point. I believe we will come out of this thing with flying colors. My trouble has vanished even as the smoke of this cigar fades into space."

Sandy is himself again, and that means a cheery friend, a faithful comrade, one whom Mynheer Joe could not better were he to search the globe over.

As the daylight grows stronger the moon wanes in power; it is no longer a strife between the two as to which must win, for Luna is already out of the battle.

Cairo is left far behind upon the east bank and, looking back, they can see the first shafts of sunlight glinting from her numerous domes, although the mighty god of day has not yet shown his smiling face to those upon the River Nile.

It is a strange spectacle, and one that appeals to the artistic in their natures, but all of them are very familiar with the scene, so that the desert, the pyramids, the city of the four hundred prosques, its queer people and the storied Nile itself-all these things do not appear so strange to their eyes as would be the case were they newcomers to the land of Egypt.

Besides, their mission is of such a nature that their thoughts are bound to stray to it from time to time-when men are bent on an errand of a deadly character they are not expected to laugh and joke as if going to a wedding.

"Come back to the cabin, Sandy. I think we would be wise to examine our firearms. Nothing like making sure that everything is in working order. These hyenas and jackals of the desert strike with amazing quickness when they do show up. Come!"

His words are significant, and his companion has no difficulty in understanding. Together they pass the sailors squatted about on the forward deck, after their usual manner when not at work. These fellows are Arabs, and not the best looking chaps Mr. Grimes has set eyes on. He gives Sandy a nudge, but this wideawaker newspaper man has already noted the fact.

Our friends show no impatience. whatever they may feel. Sandy, looking ahead, directs the attention of hig comrades to a point.

"Like as not we're aiming for that. I can see rows of tombs in the rocks back of it. Such a place would make an admirable spot for the duello. Remember the old stories I've read of steamers on the Mississippi stopping to let a couple of passengers fight on some sand-bar, and the spectators burying one of 'em there. This puts me in mind of it. Where could you find a better place to dispose of the unfortunate victim than in one of those empty rock tombs? Capital idea! Jove; I'll improve on this subject when I write it up, see if I don't!" Sandy gets no further, as he feels a grip on his arm, and, turning, sees Mr. Grimes making expressive grimaces intended to warn h m that he is treading on dangerous ground. Mynheer Joe, however, does not seem at

all affected, but treats the matter as a huge joke. "I think, for my part, I prefer being buried in a modern cemetery, and 1

buthorize you, my friends, in case the worst comes, to see that my poor ra

tical purposes, and certainly so is lated 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 Egyptlans, 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 equaled, 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 affrays happening in the South and the West. How is he to know that the participators 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 allgiance to the code as a settler for all difficulties?

Picking up the package, he unrolls Within, wrapped in chamois 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.

Mr. Grimes crooks his finger, and when Joe, who is watching, sees this, he comes at once to the side of his friend.

"Try these blades," says his second, curtly.

The explorer takes one up, and makes a few movements with it.

"Careful, the baron's looking nt you," whispers his mentor just then, and Joe sweeps the air no more with the blade.

He bends it double over his knee. allowing it to fly back again. Then the second sword is also put through its paces. Mynheer Joe's face is a study, for he finds it a pleasure to handle such weapons as these.

"How does monsieur find thom?" asks the Frenchman, eagerly.

"Superb-beyond comparison!" replies Joe.

"Which do you choose, monsieur?" [To be Continued.]

Big Coal Fields.

There are 5400 square miles of coal fields in Great Britain.

omething about the confect what were the designs and who designed them. I wish that I could sketch them and paint them in this letter, but all I can do is to describe them and give their history. There were four in all, but only two lived to see the and at Appomattox.

from young people wanting to know

No. 1, or the "Stars and Bars," was adopted by the confederate congress at Montgomery. Its stars were on a blue field and its red and white bars

made it look somewhat like the Stars and stripes, and sometimes was mistaken for the United States flag, and so General Beauregard designed.

No. 2, "The Battle Flag," and Gen-eral Joe E. Johnston adopted it, and t was never changed. It was a blue cross, or rather an X studded with stars and set on a red field.

No. 3. In May, 1863, the confederate congress adopted a national flag. It was a miniature battle flag set on a white field that had a white border at the side and at the bottom. But it proved to be a mistake, for it had too much white and afar off was mistaken for a flag of truce.

And so on March, 1865, congress adopted No. 4 as the national flag. This had the same battle flag on a blue field, but the white border was smaller and a red one put on the outside of that. This flag did not wave very long, only about a month, but nevertheless it remains as the national flag of the confederate states.

But the dear old battle flag No. 2 was the fighting banner of every company. Our wives and our daughters made them for the boys in gray, and many of them were smuggled back home again after the surrender and still kept as household treasures. Our boys, the Rome Light Guards, had one, and one night the young people gave a tableaux performance in the city hall to raise a little money to put some benches in the desecrated churches for all the pews had been taken out and converted into horse troughs for the staff horses. One scene in the tableaux represented a battle field where women were ministring to the wounded Ind the dying, and one dying soldier, the ensign, had this old tattered and warstained flag grasped in his hand just as he held it when he fell. The Spanish commandant of the post was there with his wife, and when he discovered the flag, got furiously mad. He jumped up on his seat and yelled: "Take dat t'ing avay, dat is treason-dat is an insult to me and de United States. I send for my soldiers and I arrest the whole party." He ran wildly down the whole party.' stairs and across the street to his quarters and came back quickly with half a dozen Dutchmen in arms to make the arrest. He marched the young men over to his office, but paroled the young ladies uptil he could hear from General Thomas, whose headquarters were in Louisville. I was

re-occupied the town, re-capturing the guns and Mausers and taking 63 prisoners, 39 of whom were wounded.

Chas. M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and D. R. Francis, president of the St. Louis Exposition, sailed for America.

The Atlantic Shingle & Veneer Cooperage Co. of Fayetteville, N. C., has been chartered, with a capital of \$15,-000. A H. Slocomb and others are stockholders.

The Sterling Lumber Co. of Atlanta Ga., has been chartered, with a capital stock of \$20,000. The incorporators are V. S. Wilson, C. W. Tifts and H. S. Nash.

The Bollinger Lumber & Cooperage Co. of Bayspur, Ark., has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$30. 000, A. E. Prince is president, and J. J. Bollinger, vice-president.

The British steamer Montreal, Captain Murray, from Portland, Maine, reports March 6, latitude 32.33 north, longitude 72.33 west, passed a bark on fire from stem to stern, with no signs of life on board. The masts had fallen and were floating alongside. Her name could not be made out as the only letters on the stern were "En." The vessel was nearly burned to the water's edge. The crew had evidently been picked up by some passing vessel.

At Pensacola, Fla., the head camp, Woodmen of the World, jurisdiction of Georgia, South Carolina, Florida and Alabama, chose Savannah for next ver's meeting place.

Last Barrier Gone.

"Henry," said Mrs. Penhecker, "you have not yet told me what good resolve you have made for the new year.'

"Why, my dear," protested Henry, "you know that I have so small vices or bad habits at all. Don't you know that you have induced me to stop swearing and smoking and drinking and going out nights, and everything else that I used to think that I wanted to do?"

"Yes,love, answered Mrs. Penhecker, sweetly; "but it sometimes seems to me that you read the advertisements of liquers and cigars with a sinful satisfaction. It would be better for you, spiritually, if you should sternly and firmly resolve to shun them hereafter."

And poor Henry shrank further and further into the nice new housecoat that she had made from her old dolman.-Judge.

ternoon and rain was falling. It s a strange day for a man to take his wife automobiling, in the lonely northeast section of the city at such an hour Pennall was not a veteran at auton biling. Yet he was an expert at han ling the machine and was experienced as to its management. What was unusual about today's proceeding, ac-cording to the maid, was that Mrs. Pennell had always before told her when they would return, "Today, however," said the girl, when they went out it was Mr. Pennell who told me.' Their route on their ride no one can tell in detail. Captain Cable and the police were trying tonight to trace the route of the automobile. Mrs. Pennell has been loyal to her husband. throughout his trying experiences during the last ten days. She frequently said that her faith in him was unshaken and that she would stick to him to the end.

Telegraphic Briefs.

A notable French-American demonstration marked a banquet in Paris to David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

M. Jules Bois, in a Paris interview, tells the story of his romance with Mme. Emma Calve, whom he is to wed. Camille Flammarion, the noted French officer, dissents from Dr. Alfred R. Wallace's theory that the earth s at the center of the universe.

High Water at Vick-burg

Vicksburg, Miss., Special .- There is little change in the flood situation here. except that the river continues slowly to rise, the gauge registering 47.3, a two-tenths rise since morning. There has been a steady fall of rain here all day. Thousands of acres of fine farming lands along Steele's Bayou are inundated and the back water is rapidly spreading. Locally the water is rapily encroaching upon the wholesale district and the compresses and already the lower floors of several warehouses are flooded. Another foot rise will probably force the Yazoo & Mississippi Railroad shops to suspend Valley operations. Reports from up-river points state that the levees are hold ing well.

A Large Inheritance.

Charleston, S. C., Special.-Mrs. John Hopkins, who lives in reduced circumstances at Ophir gold mine, Union county, this State will receive \$143,000, the fortune of the late Charles Hill, alias "Salem Charley," of Los Angeles, Cal. It appears that Mrs. Hopkins' first husband, Robert Alexander, while in Texas, twenty years ago, saved the life of Charles Hill and Hill made a will of all of his property to his preserver. Mrs. Hopkins' two lawyers left Union for Los Angeles today.