Chopping Mill
AT
SMITH, YINGLING & CO'S
FACTORY.

Corn Chop, Corn and Cob Crushed, Corn Meal and Graham Flour made and on sale, Corn, Rye and Oats ground together.
Hominy made and for sale.
Grain of all kinds bought.
Your custom solicited. dec-11-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 22.

AN INVESTMENT OF CONSEQUENCE.

THE ATTENTION OF THE

CITIZENS of WESTMINSTER

Is Called To The

best paying form of investment ever presented in this vicinity and which is proved by the fact that a Trust Company guarantee can be had in connection with it for a percentage of the profits.

WHY INVEST YOUR SURPLUS

money in speculations, over done corporate enterprises, risky business, and ventures likely to pay but little in these days of fierce competition when

YOU CAN INVEST IT

in the only business on Earth in which there is no competition, no change of values, no over production, and none of the multitude of vicissitudes overtaking other forms of business not meeting these conditions, and

☞ don't forget one thing and keep on not forgetting it, and that is we can and will for a consideration (merely part of the profits) absolutely guarantee you against the loss of one penny of your money, by placing in your hands a CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT in one or more of the strongest trust companies and which you can take to any bank and borrow money on the same as a certified check.

YOU ARE THUS DOUBLY SECURED.

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2d, and by the Trust Company itself.

WE BEGIN TO PAY 8 PER CENT. PER ANNUM

in quarterly instalments and have no hesitation in declaring that within 12 months will be paying 24 per cent., and within 2 years 50 per cent. per annum if not in much less time.

WE OWN ONE OF THE LARGEST PROPERTIES

in its line in America estimated by competent authority to contain undeveloped values ranging from 50 to 100 millions of dollars and which will begin producing, after a year's previous active development work, in a very few months or completion of plant now erecting.

WE SOLICIT SOME NEW CAPITAL

only because we are now purchasing large additional properties for operation one of which is proven will yield us over 200 per cent. annually on the investment, or will yield a profit of one thousand ($1000) dollars a day on investment of $100,000 or less.

OUR REFERENCES ARE GILT EDGED.

Any reader of this article who may desire to invest and who knows that 2 and 2 are 4 will be given references of the most satisfactory character if desired, on every point requested on.

OUR BUSINESS IS THE ONLY KIND ON EARTH

where large profits ranging from 50 to 100 per cent. can be made without injury to anyone, or grinding, or sharp practice.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BELIEVE IT

but can still invest on our guaranteed plan making it safer by far than the ownership of Trust Company or any other kind of stock. Whether you invest a $100 or $10,000 you receive the same absolutely fair treatment.

Start in on (8) eight per cent., and you will shortly get more, and continue to get more as operations enlarge and can be safely assured that within a comparatively short period you will be making over 50 per cent. on an investment made now.

THE LAST "GROUND FLOOR" CHANCE.

☞ This company is only issuing $100,000 more capital and all further subscriptions above that will be declined. This opportunity will not last long and those who apply first will be apportioned first.

SHARES NOW SELLING AT $1 EACH

will be selling at $5 at least in one year's time from the present positively assured outlook of the Company. All these statements are matters of plain proof in hand any intelligent man can soon see.

WHY SPECULATE OR TAKE 3, 4, 5 or 6 PER CENT.

when you can realize more at once and make larger profits than any speculation will pay, and all this without taking any risk. IF YOU WANT TO SPECULATE DO SO ON A CERTAINTY.

For particulars address the general agents of the company, give your full name and address and state what amount of money you will invest if examination of the matter satisfies you. ADDRESS

The United States Agency Co.,
General Agents,
P. O. Box 200. Baltimore, Md.
may-13-3t*

Men Who Wear Clothes

or have boys who do and want to buy the best quality, latest styles, at the very lowest price, will make a big mistake if they buy before they visit

SHARRER & GORSUCH.

Ask to see our splendid Wool Suits for $5, $6, $7 and $8.
Ask to see our elegant Suits at $9, $10, $12 and $13. These are handsome Suits indeed, fit for the finest dressed men and far better than cheap so-called Custom Suits.
Ask to see our Blue Serge and Black Worsted Suits.
Ask to see our Boys' Nobby Suits, 14 to 19 years sizes.
Ask to see our famous Sampter Suits for boys, 9 to 16 years, best makes of Children's fine Clothing, prices $2.50 to $5.
Ask to see our Blue Serge and Black Worsted Suits.
Ask to see our pretty Vestee Suits for little men, $1.25 to $4.50.
Ask to see, and seeing means buying, one of our handsome Suit patterns to be made to order. Remember in this department we are the leaders, saving you dollars and giving you fit and style.
Ask to see our colored Shirts. The soft Madras is the correct Shirt for dressy men. Also, 2 Collars and Cuff Shirts, 45c.
Ask to see our 25c Working Shirts, kind you have been paying 40 and 50c for.
Ask to see our 50c Working Pants, and the best made, 75c.
Ask to see the latest in beautiful Neckwear, 5c to 50c.
Ask to see the best 25c Gauze Shirts and Drawers.
Ask to see, if you want comfort and wear, Scriven's Elastic Seam Drawers.
Ask to see our 15 and 25c Knee Pants; also fine Knee Pants.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church,
sep-12-98-1y-10 Westminster, Md.

BRING IN YOUR
HOUSE AND BARN BIDS
FOR US TO FIGURE ON.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of

Lumber, Sash, Doors Blinds and Mill Work

ever before offered in this city. If you want a square deal figure with us.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Selling Agents for ECLIPSE WALL PLASTER and RUBEROID ROOFING.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.

We offer our stock of Bicycles and Bicycle Sundries at and below cost. We shall shortly add a new department to this store and the space now taken up by our Bicycle goods will be badly needed, for this and other reasons we have decided to close out our entire stock of

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE

Sundries at once. To clear them out quickly we cut the price in half.

One '98 Model Crescent Chainless, warranted in perfect condition, in fact just as good as new, cost $75; to close out $25. It has been used of course, but does not show the slightest sign of wear and is in every way a splendid bargain.

One '98 Model Crescent Chain Wheel, warranted as good as new, cost new $50. To close out $20. Other Wheels cheap.

We are almost giving away our Sundries, so low are the prices. Lot of handsome Nickel Plated Lamps, worth $1.50, to close out, 75 cents. Another lot Nickel Plated Lamps, worth $1.00, to close out, 50 cents. Lot of Standard Cyclometers, regular price $1,00, reduced to 50 cents. Lot of 50 cent Standard Cyclometers, reduced to 35 cents

Lot of Hand Pumps reduced to 12 cents. Lot of Toe Clips reduced to 15 cents. Lot of best quality Inner Tubes reduced to $1.00. Lot of first-class Bells reduced to 25 cents.

Lot of Cork Grips reduced to 15 cents a pair. Lot of new Handle Bar reduced to 90 cents. And so on through the whole line all goods are reduced in proportion.

We also have a few Tires to sell very cheap.

Lot of Store Boxes for sale very cheap.

Remember the State Firemen's Convention which meets here June 7th and 8th.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27.

The "Up to Date" Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

You are certain to find attractive and "Up to Date" Furnishings here. All shades and shapes of pretty Ties. All sizes and colors of Negligee and Silk Front Shirts. All the correct and dressy Collars.



Straw Hats.

Our Straw Hats for this season are noted principally because of the beauty of shape and the character of material and workmanship. They are made of High Grade Straw, carefully plaited and braided, and every Hat properly put together. We have them at all prices from 25c to $2.00.

We also have the largest line of
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES
in this city. Large line of Trunks, Valises, &c.
jan-7-99-1y WM. C. DEVILBISS, No. 22 W. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.



FRUIT JAR COFFEE

Takes A Strong Hold
on all who use it, on account of the excellence of its aroma, bouquet and flavor.
Once Tried Always Used.

Put up 1 lb. net weight of Coffee in Mason's Fruit Jars at a popular price by
E. LEVERING & CO.
For Sale at all Grocers. feb-25-1y

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of
Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md
jan-10-1y

Funeral Director.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons that I am still in the

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

and having purchased a new outfit am better equipped to give entire satisfaction. In my seven years' experience I have studied up a new process

FOR EMBALMING

which, by careful study, has proved an entire success. (Carroll County Telephone.)

JAMES M. STONER,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
ap-23-1y Westminster Md.

HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE.

I have now and expect to keep on hand an assortment of Horses and Mules; quick draft, saddle and work horses. All must be as represented or money refunded.

C. GLOYD LYNCH,
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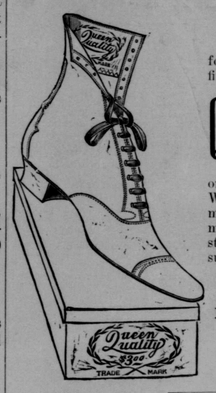
THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

GOOD NEWS!

For every careful buyer. This is your store—and with your aid we are striving harder every hour to make it an ideal shopping center. This store is full of new and beautiful summer merchandise, of which we are justly proud. We are offering it to you at the lowest prices like qualities have ever been sold for. Come often and see the attractions for yourself, to be sure we will do our share.

Important News from the
SHOE STOCK.



Every woman loves beauty, values comfort, appreciates economy; hence women find peculiar satisfaction in

Queen Quality Shoes

of which we have the exclusive sale for Westminster. The price is only one of many things that make these shoes famous. They come in a dozen different styles, from the light and dainty to the substantial street boot.

All at One Price, $3.00.

Low Shoes and Oxfords, $2.50.

In Same Make.

Handsome Suits at
Interesting Prices.



We have to-day twenty-five beautiful tailored Suits, same as we have been selling for $15 and $12; pick now for

NINE DOLLARS EACH.

They are all made of lovely cloths, in the newest and most approved styles, jackets all silk lined, either Eton or Fly fronts and a very remarkable bargain at the price. - - - - $9.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Wm. F. Derr

Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

WESTMINSTER
Deposit and Trust Co.,
Westminster, Md.

Capital Stock paid in Cash	$50,000.00
Stockholders' Liability	50,000.00
Total Resources	$100,000.00

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver or Trustee, and is a Legal Depository for Money.
Allows Interest on Deposits and makes Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other approved Security.
Special Rates for Deposits made for definite periods.
Fire and Burglar Proof Vault for the safekeeping of Securities and for storage of Silver Chests, etc.
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Buys and Sells Stocks and Bonds.
Highest Market Price paid for same.
Its Savings Department receives Deposits of One Dollar and upwards and Pays Interest thereon.
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ju-25-98-1y

Ho There!

IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO GO TO ANY DISTILLERY FOR
YOUR LIQUORS.

A. C. Strasburger

has as pure as ever made,

Wm. Foust's,
Glen Rock, Pa.,
Welty's South Mountain Pure
Rye Whiskey, at $2.00 Per Gallon.

Maryland Distilling Co., $3.00.
Canada Rye, 10 years old, $3.50 a gallon.

All kinds of
WINES, GIN, RUM and Brandies.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

A. C. STRASBURGER,
NO. 73 EAST MAIN STREET,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
arg-25-tf

OAK HALL,
NEW WINDSOR, MD.

SPRING OPENING, APRIL 10th.

GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

If you want to see a fine display of Dress Goods and Trimmings, you must visit Oak Hall. The cream of the market is displayed here. Fine Goods bought in patterns. Beautiful goods from 25 to 50c. Piques, Madrass Cloths, Percales in great variety. Black Dress Goods a specialty. A beautiful line of Gent's Clothing. Children's and Boys' Clothing cheaper than ever. Our

SPRING STYLES OF HATS

are open for inspection. Shoes and Ties the latest. A large stock of Carpets and Matting cheaper than ever.

N. B.—During the months of April and May in addition to the above to attract your eye we propose to make a sweeping reduction in the following goods: We have too many

DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, CLOTHING, Hats, Shoes. They must move. 10 pieces of Flowered Carpet, selling price 35, 50, 65cts. Cut price 25, 35, 50c. 5 pieces Rag Carpet, selling 30, 40, 50. Cut price 25, 32, 40c. 20 to 25 pieces of Dress Goods, former price 40 to 75c. Cut price 25 to 50c. 150 pairs Fine Shoes at one-third less than regular price. 100 Fine Hats one-third to one-half regular price. About 20 Ladies' Capes to go at your own figure nearly. We have decided to reduce our stock from $3,000 to $4,000 during the Spring months and in doing so we must make a deep cut. Reduction all genuine.

We may make some changes in our stock, hence the above effort. If you are in need of a Carpet don't miss this chance. We have one of the largest lines of Dress Goods in the county.

P. S.—Come to see us and we will do you good during this sale. Terms Positively Cash.

We may continue the cash business owing to the move made by some of our Brother Merchants elsewhere.

Respectfully,
ap-16-98-1 GEORGE C. ANDERS.

Wall Paper!
Wall Paper!

I wish to call the attention of my friends and the public in general to the fact that I now am ready to show one of the

Finest and Cheapest Lines of
WALL PAPER

ever exhibited in this county, bought direct from the factory, in full bundle lots, so you get it only from second hands, no two or three profits coming off it. Of course the consumer pays them all. Sam Jones says it takes a pointer pup nine days to get his eyes open. I have known some people to get their's open in fifteen minutes in a wall paper deal. They thought it was two pieces instead of one, and the border they did not understand, &c. That is always their plea. Remember I am the only paper hanger in the county that carries a stock and don't have the expense of running a store, therefore I have no opposition. If you think I can't save you money, come and see me and bring size of your room, or send size by mail and I will tell you what your job will cost, and send samples and convince you that Gladhill's is the place to save twenty-five cents on a roll or a dollar on all Wall Papers.

L. GLADHILL,
jun-28-tf Westminster, Md.

See Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c.

Select Poetry.

COMPANY "K."

There is a cap in the closet, old, tattered and blue—
Of very slight value, it may be to you:
But a crown, jewel studded, could not buy it to-day,
With the letters of honor, brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered needs shelter no more;
Dead heroes make holy the trifles they wore;
So, like chaplet of honor, of laurel and bay
Seems the cap of the soldier, marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly its visors beneath,
O'er the work of the Reaper, Grim Harvester Death!
Let the muster-roll, meager, so mournfully say,
How foremost in danger went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion looked threatningly down!
Who, closing up breaches, still keep on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed, faced "Co. K."

Who faltered, or shivered? Who shunned battle stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain? Whose battle line broke?
Go, ask it of History, years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you, not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping to-day with the dead,
And daises and clover bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears as I lay it away—
That battle-worn cap, lettered "Co. K."

Select Story.

WHAT MEMORIAL DAY BROUGHT BACK.

BY ANNA SPRAGUE PACKARD.

From the Independent.

"'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wa-ve,"

sang the shorter of the two men, to the music in the distance; and he threw his cigar-end into the grate.

In through the open windows of the hotel, along with the sunshine and the sweet, warm air, came the undertone of a multitude, while the overtone was struck by the military band, at the head of the procession, which was coming down Fifth Avenue.

"Well," said the Georgian, "if any one had told me in Sixty-one that I should be ever sitting here, in New York, listening to that tune, and content, mind you, I'd have knocked him down;" and he gave a jolly laugh, and stretched himself, as he began to look for his hat through the disorder of the room. "All things come round to him who will but wait."

"I don't know about that, Walt," said the taller and handsomer man, in a grave, musing tone. "Time hasn't given me back my past, yet."

His friend laid his hand on his shoulder, with a caressing touch, and looked reproachfully into the upturned face.

There was a love passing the love of women between these two.

"Don't, old man! For Heaven's sake, don't! You'll be having one of your bad times again. What do you want with any more past than you've got? There isn't a man in Georgia more honorned than you, and as to family—why, I've shared mine with you. You're Uncle Jim to Nelly's children just as much as I'm Uncle Walton. I—I've tried to make it up to you, old fellow, you know I have;" and the strong voice broke a little.

The older man sprang to his feet and caught his friend by the shoulders. "Gwinnett, I'm a selfish beast! Made it up to me? Indeed you have—if any one could; only it comes over me at times with a great wave. I reckon its the music, the drums and the flags that have done it to-day. It's hard, knowing a fellow was a soldier, and yet not knowing which side he fought on!"

"Jim Smith, stop that rot! You know what that Paris specialist told you. Put your hat on and come out on the balcony. They're almost here."

Jim Smith obeyed with docility. It was a partnership where the younger but weaker man ruled in every minor matter. They used to say in Atlanta that Walton Gwinnett was measured for Jim Smith's clothes.

The two men picked up their hats, and were about to step upon the little balcony before their windows, when the door was burst open and a panting, rosy boy, in a white serge sailor suit, raced in.

"Hello!" cried the intruder, "what are you doing here?"

"We thought we were in our own rooms," said Mr. Gwinnett, with mock humility; "but perhaps we're mistaken."

The boy—he was about ten years old—had been looking about him in bewilderment. Then he burst into a merry laugh. "I beg your pardon. I must have come up one flight too many. I raced ahead of Aunt Grace, who waited for the elevator. Oh dear! there's the procession, and I may miss Father after all!"

"Come out on our balcony. I'll send a bell boy to your mother, and tell her where you are," said Mr. Gwinnett, cordially.

Before he had finished speaking the boy was outside, waving his white cap and shouting to some one below.

"There they are; the floor below; two balconies along;" Then, "I'm all right, Grandma," he called out to one of the group of three ladies, who were gazing up at him in astonishment. The gentlemen lifted their hats, the ladies seemed to accept the situation, and they all settled down to reviewing the parade.

"I say," said the boy, "I'm glad I made the mistake, for you can see better up here; that is," with a polite afterthought, "if I do not trouble you."

He was in unceasing motion, now kicking his heels, hanging over the rail, wriggling about, and every once in a while exploding into a cheer, on any provocation.

"Just you wait till the New Haven Invincibles come along, then you'll see marching. I'll bet they beat the Seventh! Father's the captain of Company A. That's the first company. I'm going to join when I grow up. There's been a Trumbull in the Invincibles for over a hundred years. My grandfather was a captain, too; and he got killed in the War! Ah, there's a battle flag. Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Hold on to him, Smith, or he'll be over the railing!" The men gripped him by the blouse while they laughed at their visitor's prodigal enthusiasm. The boy rattled on with the confidence of a child who has always had an entranced audience.

"I love to see the old, tattered flags, only it makes Grandma cry. You see, it reminds her of Grandpa. That's my grandmother in the black dress, and that's Aunt Grace in the bonnet with the poppies. We've just been down to Tiffany's to get my dogt collar. I wouldn't lock. And that's Mother with the blue flowers in her belt. They're for Yale, you know."

The two men looked down at the group with interest. They were all three beautiful and distinguished-looking women. Every now and then one of them would look up at their boy, and smile, with a proud satisfaction they did not try to conceal.

"Is your aunt Grace's husband in the Invincibles?" said Mr. Gwinnett, in a shamefaced way.

Mr. Smith gave him a quick look over the boy's head that brought the blood to his cheek.

"Well, that's a good joke! Won't Aunt Grace laugh. Why, she isn't married. She's real old. She's nearly forty." A pause; then "Ah, oh, here they come! The Invincibles. Now, yell for all you're worth!"

The splendid Seventh had just swung into Madison Square, past the reviewing stand, to the sound of a mighty cheer, which have had encompassed them down Fifth Avenue.

Behind them came the guests of the day, the New Haven Invincibles, a military organization almost as old as the days of John Davenport. The blue and buff of colonial times, the bearskin shakos, the pure white facings of the elaborate uniforms, all made them the mark for the eyes of the multitude. Their alignment was perfect. As they flashed into the Square their band playing "Garryowen," the boy jumped on his chair in a very frenzy of excitement and tearing his blue silk handkerchief from around his collar, gave the short, sharp, "Rah, Rah, Rah, Yale!" at the top of his lungs.

Here and there, through the Square, the intense blue of the Yale flag could be seen, and before the boy had finished the crowd round the hotel steps, led by a body of students, had taken up the cheer. Again and again it cut the air with that tremendous warmth and vim New York accords her guests. Connecticut owned the town for that day.

"There's Father," said the lad, "at the head of that company. See? The tall man with the plain face. Oh, I tell you, he's a dandy!"

He had sunk back in his chair, his fair face all aglow, and he looked up at the older man with a friendly confidence charming to see. "I'm sure of it," said Mr. Smith, heartily. "Suppose you tell me your name now? Mine is James Smith."

"Francis Trumbull," said the boy, proudly. "I'm the third of that name. Have you got a little boy?"

There was a perceptible pause, which made the boy curious, before the man said slowly.

"No."

"That's a pity,' said Francis, compassionately;" "it's a great thing for a man to have a little boy. I don't know what they'd do without me."

He was so sure of his own importance, so serene in it, that it touched the lonely man beside him. Had he ever been of so much account?

"Have you got a little girl?" went on the boy.

"I have no one in the whole world belonging to me. That gentleman, Mr. Gwinnett, is my friend, and we old bachelors live together in Atlanta."

There was a pause of a full minute before the next shot fell.

"Were you in the War?"

For answer Mr. Smith pushed back his gray hair from his forehead, and showed a long, ugly scar that ran up into the scalp.

The boy gave a low whistle. "Cracky! that must have hurt. You were on the Southern side?"

"I don't know," said the man; and he smiled, tho his eyes were grave.

"Don't know?" said the boy—"don't know which side you were on? Oh, come now, you're fooling!"

"No," said the man, "I don't know, and I've been thirty years trying to find out. I've been to the best doctors in Europe and this country, but they cannot help me. Do you think you can?"

The boy hitched his chair nearer, forgetting the parade, and laid his hand—it was a long, shapely little hand—on the man's knee, while he gazed at him with his clear blue eyes, full of amazement.

"I was wounded at the battle of Atlanta, in the chest and on the head. Mr. Gwinnett, who was on the Southern side, found me unconscious and nearly dead, on the field, where the cavalry had been charging back and forth. It is supposed a horse stepped on me. At any rate, when I came to, in the negro cabin, where Mr. Gwinnett had left me, I could remember nothing. I had no past. In a few weeks, as soon as I was able, I was moved to Mr. Gwinnett's mother's home in Atlanta. I was a long time getting well; but I never wore out their goodness. My memory never came back, and I had to begin all over again—learn my A B C's even."

"But," said the boy, "there was your uniform?"

"Some one had stripped me of that, thinking me dead. Well, I took the name of James Smith, and started life over again. I don't know what I have lost. I know I gained the best friend God ever gave a man."

There was something in his face as he looked at his friend, who was watching the soldiers, that made the boy swallow quickly.

"I say," said the boy, and there was a little quiver around his sensitive mouth, "that was rough on you;" and he slipped his hand into the man's, and gave it a hard squeeze.

So they sat, in sympathetic silence, while the soldiers marched past in the sunshine, and the crowd cheered, and the music rose and fell.

"There, youngster!" said Mr. Gwinnett; "it's all over, and I reckon your folks want you."

The boy's face was very grave as he said: "Good-by," and he ran back to throw himelf on Mr. Smith and whisper: "It'll come back some day, see if it don't."

"Good little chap," said Mr. Smith, as he stood listening to the sound of his feet as he ran noisily down the stairs.

"Yes, he's a regular boy; no cherub business about him. But, Jim, you look tired."

"My head feels thick," said the other.

"It's this confounded procession. I wish we hadn't waited over. I don't know why you insisted;" and his friend kicked his heels petulantly against the table on which he was sitting.

"Walt, I wanted to try another experiment to see if it would suggest anything. I thought perhaps if I had been a Northern man and I saw the old flags and all that, it might bring something back; but it has not."

"Of course it hasn't, for you're Southern fast enough. See here, Jim, suppose you got your past back—and it might be a past you would not choose now—have you ever thought that the chances are you'd lose the interim. That the last thirty years would go—all your manhood—and, and I along with it."

He spoke with an angry vehemence. He was afraid and jealous of those unknown years.

"I don't want my past without you, Walt," said his friend, simply.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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