

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

PARROT & CO.

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XX.

The Two Brothers. From port to port, sometimes not stepping off the boat at all, moody, restless and irritable, Warrington wended his way home.

He was going home—to what? Surely there would be no welcome for him at his journey's end. He would return after the manner of prodigals in general, not scriptural, to find that he was not wanted.

His first day in New York left him with nothing more than a feeling of foreboding and oppression. The expected exhilaration of returning to the city of his birth did not materialize.

So used to open spaces was he, to distances and the circle of horizons, that he knew he no longer belonged to the city with its Himalayan gorges and canyons, whose torrents were human beings and whose glaciers were the hearts of these.

Early the second morning he started down-town to the office of the Andes Construction company. He was extremely nervous. Cold sweat continually moistened his palms.

"Very good," replied Warrington, paying and discharging the man. From a reliquary of the Dutch, an affair of red brick, four stories high, this month had sprung.

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"No, I haven't seen . . . " "To be sure! I forgot. Do you know where they live, your mother and brother?"

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the newspapers. For ten years he had hidden himself in wildernesses, avoided hotels, read no American newspapers, never called for mail.

"And I could have come home almost at once!" he said aloud, addressing the crumpled check in his hand rather than the man in the swivel-chair.

"Yes, I have often wondered where you were, what you were doing. You cry and uselessness of his home-going became more and more apparent as the days slipped by.

"Glad you kept your hand in. I dare say you've seen a lot of life." "To the younger man was an extremely awkward letter. I've seen life," dully.

"Orient, mostly, I suppose. Your letter about the strike in Ohio was interesting. Heap of money over there, if they'd only let us smart chaps in to dip it up."

"Plans?" Warrington looked up blankly. He realized that he had made no plans for the future.

"Yes. What do you intend to do? A man like you wasn't made for idleness. Look here, Paul: I'm not going to beat about the bush. We've got a whopping big contract from the Chinese government, and we need a man to take charge.

"With anything I have in the world, understand, Paul, there's no philanthropic string to this offer. You've pulled through a devil of a hole. You're a man. I should not be holding down this chair if I couldn't tell a man at a glance.

"Wait," said Warrington, alighting. "Warrington went up the broad vestibule and pulled the old-fashioned bell-cord. He was rather amazed at his utter lack of agitation.

"Arthur, don't you know me?" "Paul?" "The chair overturned; some books thudded dully upon the rug.

"I am not Arthur? I am his brother Paul. Which door?" "Pop-eyed, the old negro pointed to a door down the hall. Then he leaned against the banister and caught desperately at the spindles.

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS As Traced in Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1911. It has since been prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit.

SIXTY-SECOND INSTALLMENT (Thursday Morning, April 4, 1861). Military Staff. As our regiment will be mustered into the 3rd brigade of South Carolina Volunteers, our district readers will take special interest in the following staff appointments made by Brigadier General A. C. Gartington:

Wm. F. Nance of Newberry, Brigade major; W. A. Walker of Chester, Inspector; T. Stobo Farrow of Spartanburg, quartermaster; Jas. D. Gist, of Union, commissary; Dr. W. H. Harrington of Newberry, surgeon; Creswell Garlington, of Laurens, aid-camp; and Jas. F. J. Caldwell of Newberry, aid-de-camp.

(Thursday Morning, April 13, 1861). Our Editor. Mr. East, the editor-in-chief, being a volunteer in the "Jasper Light Infantry," left with his company on Saturday morning last.

Editorial Correspondence. Camp Calhoun, Columbia, S. C. Saturday Night, April 13, 1861. Dear Enquirer: If the first days' experience be any criterion, we can pronounce the volunteer service, in spite of its hardships, anything but disagreeable.

Nothing could show more completely than these indications, the ardor and unity of the people at this time, unless it be the enthusiasm with which all our "mountain boys" returned these greetings.

"Arthur, don't you know me?" "Paul?" "The chair overturned; some books thudded dully upon the rug. Arthur leaned with his hands upon the desk. Paul sustained the look, his eyes sad and his face pale and grave.

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Miscellaneous Reading. THE STORM IN GASTON

Thousands of Dollars. Devastated fields of cotton and corn greeted the eyes of scores of Gaston farmers when they ventured forth this morning to ascertain the result of the storm of the evening before.

The gallant behavior of our men under the apparent certainty of going into battle at once, and for the first time, in the night and rain, is an honor to the Fifth regiment and to the up-country. Not a man flinched, although all were weary with loss of sleep, hurrying to and fro and handling an excessive amount of heavy baggage.

The cannon-firing is explained in these ways: First, it is said to be a salute to Commodore Stringham, on arriving to take charge of the United States fleet. Secondly, it is accounted for thus: A British vessel approached the harbor, but was denied admittance, a boat was sent out to the British consul.

Mr. East, the editor-in-chief, being a volunteer in the "Jasper Light Infantry," left with his company on Saturday morning last. It is his purpose to correspond with the paper as frequently as circumstances will permit and to keep our readers fully posted as to the movements of our own companies. We have had promise also, of letters from members of the other companies.

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HEAD HUNTERS OF PAUPA Cannibals Always Mutilate Bodies of Fallen Enemies.

All the Bamu tribes are head-hunters, and the majority cannibals, writes Wilfred Beaver in the July Wide World Magazine. The bodies of those slain are generally mutilated, and the legs and arms cut off as well as the heads; the calf of the leg and the hand are, I believe the two portions most esteemed.

Each Nation Has Agents Learning Secrets of Other Powers. Protesters have recently been made by Britons against the action of the admiralty in permitting foreigners to compete at the sale of old warships.

It was not so very many years ago when American students were permitted to attend British schools of naval architecture, but this privilege is now denied them owing to the fact that the enterprising Yankees do not hesitate to furnish Uncle Sam's naval department with items of naval architecture and details concerning vessels under construction.

It was only a short time ago when an ex-naval gunner named Parrott was arrested in a tobacconist's shop in the King's road, Chelsea, where he had been living in this section, and he has been known in 60 years here.

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