

he was the president or some other great man. I thought when we got into this country that all such things would be done away with, and that we would all be common people."

"He seems to be coming this way. What are you going to do, bow to him like rest, or are you going to give him the cold shoulder?"

There was no time for an answer to this question for the man under discussion had approached within speaking distance, and, like the others, the two men arose and were profuse in their greetings; when Schmidt, taking notice of the young fellow on the seat near the stove, inquired who he was.

The young fellow did not give them time to answer but arose, and, extending his hand, said that his name was Zittel, and that he had just arrived in the city and was looking for a man by the name of William Schmidt.

"Your name is Zittel, you say? Are you from Cincinnati?" inquired Schmidt with no little astonishment.

"Yes, sir, and I believe that you are the friend of my father for whom I have been looking. I have been sitting here and have heard some of the conversation these men have had, and I gather that you are the same William Schmidt who came to this country with my father."

"Then your name is Heinrich?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Heinrich, I'm glad to have found you. Come with me and I will introduce you to my wife;