# Quincy Adams Sawyer

BY CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

*A New England Story Dedicated to the Memory of James Russell Lowell.*

Copyright 1900-1902 by Chas. F. Pidgin.

**The play dramatized from this story will appear at the Grand Opera House during December. All can become acquainted with the story before the play is given here.**

## CHAPTER I.

### The Rehearsal.

It was a little after 7 o'clock on the evening of December 31, 186—. Inside, the little red schoolhouse was ablaze with light. Sounds of voices and laughter came from within and forms could be seen flitting back and forth through the uncurtained windows. Outside, a heavy fall of snow lay upon hill and vale, trees and housetops, while the rays of a full-orbed noon shone down upon the glistening, white expanse.

At a point upon the main road a short distance beyond the square, where the grocery store was situated, stood a young man. This young man was Ezekiel Pettengill, one of the well-to-do young farmers of the village. His coat collar was turned up and his cap pulled down over his ears, for the air was piercing cold and a biting wind was blowing. Now and then he would walk briskly back and forth for a few minutes, clapping his hands, which were encased in gray woollen mittens, in order to restore some warmth to those almost frozen members. As he walked back and forth, he said several times, half aloud to himself, "I don't b'lieve she's comin' anyway. I s'pose she's goin' to stay ter hum and spend the evenin' with him." Finally he resumed his old position near the corner and assumed his previous expectant attitude.

As he looked down the road, a man came out of Mrs. Hawkins's boarding house, crossed the road and walked swiftly towards him.

As the new-comer neared him, he called out, "Hello, Pettengill! is that you? Confounded cold, ain't it? Who wuz yer waitin' for? Been up to the schoolhouse yet?"

To these inquiries 'Zekiel responded: "No!" and added, "I saw yer comin' out of the house and thought I'd walk up with yer."

"Wall! they can't do nuthin' till I git thar," said Mr. Obadiah Strout, the singing-master, "so we shall both be on time. By the way," he continued, "I was up to Boston today to git some things I wanted for the concert tomorrer night, and the minister asked me to buy some new music books for the church choir, and I'm goin' up there fust to take 'em;" and 'Zekiel's attention was attracted to a package that Mr. Strout held under his arm. "Say, Pettingill!" continued Mr. Strout, "when yer git up ter the schoolhouse, tell them I'll be along in a few minutes;" and he started off, apparently forgetful of 'Zekiel's declaration that he had intended to walk up with him.

It is evident that 'Zekiel's statement was untruthful, for his words have betrayed the fact that it was not the professor of whom he had been thinking.

'Zekiel did not move from his position until he had seen Strout turn into the yard that led to the front door of the minister's house. Then he said to himself again, "I don't believe she's comin', arter all."

As he spoke the words a deep, heavy sigh came from his great, honest heart, heard only by the leafless trees through which the winter wind moaned as if in sympathy.

What was going on in the little red schoolhouse? The occasion was the last rehearsal of the Eastborough Singing Society, which had been studying vocal music assiduously for the last three months under the direction of Professor Obadiah Strout, and was to give its annual concert the following evening at the town hall at Eastborough.

A modest sum had been raised by subscription. A big barge had been hired in Cottonton, and after the rehearsal there was to be a sleigh ride to Eastborough Centre and return. It was evident from the clamor and confusion that the minds of those present were more intent upon the ride than the rehearsal, and when one girl remarked that the Professor was late, another quickly replied that, 'if he didn't come at all 'twould be early enough."

There were about two score of young persons present, very nearly equally divided between the two sexes. Benjamin Bates was there and Robert Wood, Cobb's twins, Emanuel Howe, and Samuel Hill. Among the girls were Lindy Putnam, the best dressed and richest girl in town, Mandy Skinner, Tilly James, who had more beaus than any other girl in the village; the Green sisters Samanthy and Betsy, and Miss Seraphina Cotton, the village school-teacher.

Evidently all the members of the society had not arrived, for constant inquiries were being made about Huldy Mason and 'Zekiel Pettengill. When Betsy Green asked Mandy Skinner if Hiram Maxwell wa'n't comin', the latter replied that he'd probably come up when Miss Huldy and the new boarder did.

News had reached the assemblage that Arthur Scates, the best tenor singer in the society was sick. Lindy Putnam was to sing a duet with him at the concert, and so she asked if anybody had been to see him.

"I was up there this afternoon," said Ben Bates, "and he seemed powerful bad in the throat. Grandmother Scates tied an old stockin' 'round his throat and gin him a bowl of catnip tea and he kinder thought he'd be all right tomorrer. I told him you'd have a conniption fit if he didn't show up, but Grandmother Scates shook her head kind o' doubtful and said, 'The Lord's will be done. What can't be cured must be endured;' and I guess that's about the way it will be."

The outer door opened and 'Zekiel Pettengill entered. The creaking of the opening door attracted the attention of all. When the girls saw who it was, they ran and gathered about him, a dozen voices crying out, "Where is Huldy? We all thought she'd come with you.

'Zekiel shook his head.

"You don't know?" asked Tilly James, incredulously. 'Zekiel shook his head again. "Of course you do," said Tilly contemptuously.

She turned away, followed by a number of the girls. "He knows well enough," she observed in an undertone, "but he won't tell. He's gone on Huldy, and when a feller's gone on a girl he's pretty sure to keep the run of her."

In the meantime Lindy Putnam had been using her most persuasive powers of coaxing on 'Zekiel and with some success, for 'Zekiel told quite a long story, but with very little information in it. He told the crowd of girls gathered about him that he'd be 28 January 3, and that ever since he was a little boy, which was, of course, before any of those present were born, he'd always followed the rule of not saying anything unless he knew what he was talking about.

'Now," said 'Zekiel, feeling that it was better to talk on than to stand sheep-facedly before this crowd of eager, expectant faces, "I might tell yer that Huldy was ter hum and wasn't comin' up tonight, but yer see, p'r'haps she's on the road now and may pop in here any minute! Course you all know that Deacon Mason's got a boarder, a young feller from the city. P'r'aps he'll come up with Huldy. But I heerd tell his health wa'n't very good and mebbe he went to bed right after supper."

"What's he down here for anyway?" asked Tilly James.

"Now you've got me," replied 'Zekiel. I s'pose he had some purpose in view, but you see I ain't positive even of that. As I said before, I heerd he's come down here for his health. It's too late for rakin' hay, and as hard work's the best country doctor, p'r'aps he'll go to choppin' wood; but there's one point I feel kinder positive on."

"What is it? What is it?" cried the girls, as they looked into his face inquiringly.

"Wall, I think," drawled 'Zekiel, "that when he gits what he's come for, he'll be mighty apt to pull up stakes and go back to Boston."

Again the outer door creaked upon its hinges, and again every face was turned to see who the new-comer might be.

"Here she is," cried a dozen voices; and the owners thereof rushed forward to greet and embrace Miss Huldy Mason, the deacon's daughter and the most popular girl in the village.

'Zekiel turned and saw that she was alone. Evidently the city fellow had not come with her.

Huldy was somewhat astonished at the warmth of her greeting, and was at a loss to understand the reason for it, until Lindy Putnam said:

"Didn't he come with you?"

"Who?" asked Huldy, with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, you can't fool us," cried Tilly James. "Zeke Pettengill told us all about that city feller that's boarding down to your house. We were just talking it over together, and he surmised that it might be the same one that you met down to your aunt's house, when you went to Boston last summer."

'As Mr. Pettengill seems to know so much about my gentlemen friends, if you want any more information, no doubt he can supply it," said Huldy coldly.

"'Zeke kinder thought," said Bob Wood, "that he might be tired, and probably went to bed right after supper."

'Well, he didn't," said Huldy, now thoroughly excited, "he came with me, and he's outside now talking with Hiram about the barge."

"Why don't he come in?" asked Bob Wood. "P'raps he's bashful."

"If he didn't have no more common sense than you've got," retorted Huldy, "he'd have to go to bed as soon as he had eaten his supper."

The laugh that followed this remark so incensed Wood that he answered coarsely, "I never saw one of those city chaps who knew B from a bull's foot."

'Perhaps he'll teach you the difference some day," remarked Huldy sarcastically.

"Well, I guess not, said Wood with a sneer; "less he can put two b's in able."

Further altercation was stopped by the sudden entrance of Mr. Strout, who quickly ascended the platform and called the society to order. It must be acknowledged that the professor had a good knowledge of music and thoroughly understood the very difficult art of directing a mixed chorus of uncultivated voices. With him enthusiasm was more important than a strict adherence to quavers and semiquavers, and what was lost in fine touches was more than made up in volume of tone.

Again, the professor paid strict attention to business at rehearsals, and the progress of the society in musical knowledge had been very marked. So it is not to be wondered at that the various numbers allotted to the chorus on the next evening's program were gone through quickly and to the evident satisfaction of the leader.

The last number to be taken up was an original composition, written and composed by the singing-master himself, and during its rehearsal his enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. At the conclusion of the chorus, which had been rendered with remarkable spirit, the professor darted from one end of the platform to the other, crying out, "Bravo! Fust rate! Do it again! That 'll fetch 'em!"

After several repetitions of the chorus, each one given with increasing spirit and volume, the professor threw down his baton and said: "That'll do. You're excused until tomorrow night, 7 o'clock sharp at Eastborough town hall. I guess the barge has just drove up and we'd better be gittin' ready for our sleigh-ride."

Miss Tilly James, who had acted as accompanist on the tin-panny old piano, was putting up her music. The professor, with his face wreathed in smiles, walked up to her and said, "I tell you what, Miss James, that last composition of mine is bang up. One of these days, when the 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia," and 'Marching through Georgia' are laid upon the top shelf and all covered with dust, one hundred million American freemen will be singing Strout's great national anthem, 'Hark and Hear the Eagle Scream.' What do you think of that prophecy?"

'I think," said Miss James, turning her pretty face towards him, her black eyes snapping with fun, "that if conceit was consumption, there'd be another little green grave in the cemetery with O. Strout on the headstone."

The professor never could take a joke. In his eye, jokes were always insults to be resented accordingly. Turning upon the young lady savagely, he retorted:

"If sass was butter, your folks wouldn't have to keep any cows."

Then he walked quickly across the room to where 'Zekiel Pettengill stood aloof from the rest, wrapped in some apparently not very pleasant thoughts.

At this juncture Hiram Maxwell dashed into the school-room, and judging from appearances his thoughts were of the pleasantest possible description.

"Say, fellers and girls," he cried, "I've got some news for yer, and when you hear it you'll think the day of judgment has come, and you're goin' to git your reward."

An astonished "Oh!" came up from the assemblage.

"Out with it," said Bob Wood, in his coarse, rough voice.

"Well, fust," said Hiram, his face glowing with animation, "you know we got up a subscription to pay for the barge and made me treasurer, cuz I worked in a deacon's family. Wall, when I asked Bill Stalker tonight how much the bill would be, just to see if I'd got enough, he told me that a Mr. Sawyer, who said he boarded down to Deacon Mason's, had paid the hull bill and given him a dollar beside for hisself." Cheers and the clapping of hands showed that the city fellow's liberality was appreciated by a majority at least, of the singing society. "When we git on the barge I'll pay yer back yer money, and the ride won't cost any one on us a durn cent. That ain't all. Mr. Sawyer jest told me hisself that when he was over to Eastborough Centre yesterday he ordered a hot supper for the whole caboodle, and it'll be ready for us when we git over to the the Eagle hotel. So come along and get your seat in the barge." A wild rush was made for the door, but Hiram backed against it and screamed at the top of his voice: "No two girls must sit close together. Fust a girl, then a feller, next a girl, then a feller next a girl, then a feller, that's the rule."

He opened the door and dashed out, followed by all the members of the society excepting the professor and 'Zekiel, who were left alone in the room.

"See that flock of sheep," said the professor to 'Zekiel, with a strong touch of sarcasm in his tone. "That's what makes me so cussed mad. Brains and glorious achievement count for nothin' in this community. If a city swell comes along with a pocketful of money and just cries, 'Baa,' over the fence they all go after him."

'Hasn't it always been so?" asked 'Zekiel.

"Not a bit of it," said Strout. "In the old days, kings and queens and princes used to search for modest merit, and when found they rewarded it. Nowadays modest merit has to holler and yell and screech to make folks look at it."

Hiram again appeared in the room, beckoning to the two occupants.

"Say, ain't you two comin' along?" he cried. "We've saved good places for yer."

"Where's Mr. Sawyer?" asked 'Zekiel.

"Oh, he's goin' along with the crowd.," said Hiram; "he's got a seat in between Miss Putnam and Miss Mason, and looks as snug as a bug in a rug. There's a place for you, Mr. Pettengill, between Miss Mason and Mandy, and I comes in between Mandy and Mrs. Hawkins. Mandy wanted her mother to go cuz she works so confounded hard and gits out of doors so seldom, and there's a seat 'tween Mrs. Hawkins and Tilly James for the professor, and Sam Hill's t'other side of Tilly and nex' to S'frina Cotton."

'I guess I can't go, said 'Zekiel. "The house is all alone, and I'm kind of 'fraid thet thet last hoss I bought may get into trouble again as he did last night. So I guess I'd better go home and look arter things." Leaning over he whispered in Hiram's ear, "I reckon you'd better take the seat between Huldy and Mandy, you don't want ter separate a mother from her daughter, you know."

"All right," said Hiram, with a knowing wink, "I'm satisfied to obleege."

Hiram then turned to the professor: "Ain't yer goin', Mr. Strout?"

"When this sleigh ride was projected," said the professor with dignity, "I s'posed it was to be for the members of the singin' class and not for boardin' mistresses and city loafers."

"I guess it don't make much difference who goes," replied Hiram, "as long as we git a free ride and a free supper for nothing."

"Present my compliments to Mr. Sawyer," said the professor, "and tell him I've had my supper, and as I don't belong to a fire company, I don't care for crackers and cheese and coffee so late in the evenin'."

"Oh, bosh!" cried Hiram, "it's goin' to be a turkey supper, with fried chicken and celery and cranberry juice, and each fellers's to have a bottle of cider and each girl a bottle of ginger ale."

A horn was heard outside, it being the signal for the starting of the barge. Without stopping to say good-by, Hiram rushed out of the room, secured his seat in the barge, and with loud cheers the merry party started off on their journey.

The professor extinguished the lights and accompanied by 'Zekiel left the building. He locked the door and hung the key in its accustomed place, for no one at Mason's Corner ever imagined that a thief could be so bad as to steal anything from a schoolhouse. And it was once argued in town meeting, that if a tramp got into it and thus escaped freezing, that was better than to have the town pay for burying him.

Both men walked along silently until they reached Mrs. Hawkins' boarding house; here the professor stopped and bade 'Zekiel good night. After doing so he added:

"Pettengill, you and me must jine agin the common enemy. This town ain't big enough to hold us and this destroyer of our happiness, and we must find some way of smokin' him out."

The slumbers of both 'Zekiel and the professor were broken when the jolly party returned home after midnight. 'Zekiel recalled Hiram's description of the arrangement of seats, and another deep sigh escaped him; but this time there were no leafless trees and winter wind to supply an echo.

The professor's half-awakened mind travelled in very different channels. He imagined himself engaged in several verbal disputes with a number of fisticuff encounters in which he invariably proved to be too much for the city fellow. Just before he sank again into a deep sleep he imagined that the entire population of Mason's Corner escorted a certain young man forcibly to the railroad station at Eastborough Centre and put him in charge of the expressman, to be delivered in Boston. And that young man, in the professor's dream, had a tag tied to the lapel of his coat upon which was written, "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

## CHAPTER II.

### Mason's Corner Folks.

In 186— the town of Eastborough was located in the southeastern part of Massachusetts, in the county of Normouth. It was a large town, being fully five miles wide from east to west and from five to seven miles long, the northern and southern boundaries being very irregular.

The town contained three villages; the western one being known as West Eastborough, the middle one as Eastborough Centre, and the easterly one as Mason's Corner. West Eastborough was exclusively a farming section, having no store or postoffice. As the extreme western boundary was only a mile and a half from Eastborough Centre, the farmers of the western section of the town were well accommodated at the Centre. The middle section contained the railroad station, at which five trains a day, each way, to and from Boston, made regular stops. The Centre contained the town hall, two churches, a hotel, and express office, a bank, newspaper office, and several general stores. Not very far from the hotel, on a side road, was the almshouse, or poorhouse, as it was always called by the citizens of Eastborough.

Between the Centre and Mason's Corner was a long interval of three miles. The land bordering the lower and most direct route was, to a great extent, hilly and rocky, or full of sand and clay pits. The upper and longest road ran through a more fertile section. The village of Mason's Corner contained the best arable land in the town, and the village had increased in population and wealth much faster than the other sections of the town. To the east of the village of Mason's Corner lay the town of Montrose, and beyond that town was situated the thriving city of Cottonton, devoted largely, as its name indicated, to the textile manufacturing industries.

The best known and most popular resident of Mason's Corner was Deacon Abraham Mason. He was a retired farmer on the shady side of fifty. He had married young and worked very hard, his labors being rewarded with pecuniary success. When a little over fifty, he gave up active farm work and devoted his time to buying and selling real estate, and to church and town affairs, in both of which he was greatly interested. His house stood about half way down a somewhat steep hill, the road over which, at the top, made a sharp turn. It was this turn which had received the appellation of Mason's Corner and from which the village eventually had taken its name.

Mrs. Sophia Mason, the Deacon's wife, was a little less than 50 years of age. She was a comely, bright-faced, bright-eyed, and energetic woman, who had been both a loving wife and a valued helpmeet to her husband. Their only living child was a daughter named Huldah Ann, about 19 years of age, and considered by many to be the prettiest and smartest girl in Mason's Corner. The only other resident in Deacon Mason's house was Hiram Maxwell, a young man about 30 years of age. He had been a farm hand, but had enlisted in 1861, and served through the war. On his return home he was hired by Deacon Mason to do such chores as required a man's strength, for the deacon's business took him away from home a great deal. Hiram was not exactly what would be called a pronounced stutterer or stammerer, but when he was excited or had a matter of more than ordinary importance to communicate, a sort of lingual paralysis seemed to overtake him and interfered materially with the vocal expression of his thoughts and ideas. Type would be inadequate to express the facial contortions and what might be termed the chromatic scales of vocal expression in which he often indulged, and they are, therefore, left for full comprehension to those of inventive and vivid imaginative powers. This fact should not be lost sight of in following the fortunes of this brave soldier, honest lover, good husband, and successful business man.

The Pettengill homestead was situated on the other side of the road, southwest from Deacon Mason's house. Ezekiel's grandfather had left three sons, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the latter being Ezekiel's father. Abraham had died when he was a young man, and Jacob had been dead about five years. Uncle Ike was in his seventy-sixth year, and was Ezekiel's only living near relative, with the exception of his sister Alice, who had left home soon after her father's death and was now employed as bookkeeper in a large dry goods store in Boston.

Ezekiel was about 28 years of age, being seven years older than his sister. He was a hardy, strong-willed, self-reliant young fellow. He loved farming and had resolved to make a better living out of it than his father had ever done. A strong incentive to win success proceeded from the fact that he had long been in love with "Huldy Ann," the deacon's daughter, and he had every reason to believe that his affection was returned, although no formal engagement existed between them, and marriage had never been spoken of by them or the young lady's parents.

Uncle Ike Pettengill had been a successful business man in Boston, but at the age of 60 had wearied of city life, and decided to spend the rest of his days in the country. Despite the objections of his wife and two grown up daughters, he sold out his business, conveyed two-thirds of his property to his wife and children, and invested the remaining third in an annuity, which gave him sufficient income for a comfortable support. He did not live at the Pettengill house, but in a little two-roomed cottage or cabin that he had had built for him on the lower road, about halfway between Mason's Corner and Eastborough Centre. A short distance beyond his little house, a crossroad, not very often used, connected the upper and lower roads. Uncle Ike had a fair-sized library, read magazines and weekly papers, but never looked at a daily newspaper. His only companions were about 200 hens and chickens and a big St. Bernard dog which he had named "Swiss," after his native land.

The other residents of the Pettengill homestead were two young men named Jim and Bill Cobb, who aided Ezekiel in his farm work, and Mandy Skinner, the "help," who was in reality the housekeeper of the establishment. Jim and Bill Cobb were orphans, Jim being about 21 and Bill three years older. When young they resembled each other very closely, for this reason they had been nicknamed "Cobb's Twins," and the name had clung to them, even after they had reached manhood.

Mandy Skinner was about 23, and was the only child of Malachi and Martha Skinner. Her father was dead, but her mother had married again and was now Mrs. Jonas Hawkins, the proprietor of Mrs. Hawkins's boarding-house, which was situated in the square opposite Hill's grocery, and about a quarter of a mile from the top of Mason's Hill. Mandy had a double burden upon her shoulders. One was the care of such a large house and family, and the other was the constant necessity of repelling the lover-like hints and suggestions of Hiram Maxwell, who was always ready and willing to overlook his work at Deacon Mason's so that he could run down and see if Mandy wanted him to do anything for her.

Hill's grocery was owned and carried on by Benoni Hill and his son Samuel. Their residence was on the easterly edge of the town, being next to the one occupied by old Ben James, who was a widower with one daughter, Miss Matilda James.

About a quarter of a mile east of Hill's grocery was the village church, presided over by the Rev. Caleb Howe. He had one son, Emmanuel, who had graduated at Harvard and had intended to fit for the ministry, but his health had failed him and he had temporarily abandoned his studies. He was a great admirer of Miss Lindy Putnam, because, as he said, she was so pretty and accomplished. But after long debate one evening at the grocery store, it had been decided without a dissenting vote that "the minister's son was a lazy 'good-for-nothing,' and that he wanted the money more than he did the gal." The village schoolhouse stood a short distance eastward from the church. The teacher, Miss Seraphina Cotton, a maiden lady of uncertain age, who boasted that the city of Cottonton was named after her grandfather, boarded at the Rev. Mr. Howe's and was ardently attached to the minister's wife, who was an invalid and rarely seen outside of her home.

On the uper road, about half a mile to the west of Deacon Mason's, lived Mr. and Mrs. Silas Putnam. They owned the largest house and best farm at Mason's Corner. They were reputed to be quite wealthy and it was known for a sure fact that their only daughter, Lindy, was worth $100,000 in her own right, it having been left to her by her only brother, J. Jones Putnam, who had died in Boston about five years before.

Mrs. Hawkins had a large house, but it was always full of boarders, all of the masculine gender. Mrs. Hawkins had declared on several occasions that she'd "sooner have the itch than a girl boarder." She was a hard-working woman and had but one assistant, a young girl named Betsy Green, one of whose sisters was "working out" up at Mrs. Putnam's. Mrs. Hawkins's husband, his wife declared, was "no account nohow," and for the present her estimate of him must be accepted without question.

Among Mrs. Hawkins's twelve boarders were Robert Wood and Benjamin Bates, two young men who were natives of Montrose. Bates was a brick and stone mason, and Wood was a carpenter, and they had been quite busily employed during the two years they had lived at Mason's Corner.

Mrs. Hawkins owned a buggy and carryall and a couple of fairly good horses. They were cared for by Abner Stiles. He was often called upon to carry passengers over to the railway station at the Centre, and was the mail carrier between the Centre and Mason's Corner, for the latter village had a postoffice, which was located in Hill's grocery, Mr. Benoni Hill being the postmaster.

Since his return from the war Obadiah Strout had been Mrs. Hawkins' star boarder. He sat at the head of the table and acted as moderator during the wordy discussions which accompanied every meal. Abner Stiles believed implicitly in the manifest superiority of Obadiah Strout over the other residents of Mason's Corner. He was his firm ally and henchman, serving him as a dog does his master, not for pay, but because he loves the service.

Mr. Strout was often called the "Professor" because he was the singing-master of the village and gave lessons in instrumental and vocal music. The love of music was another bond of union between Strout and Stiles, for the latter was a skilful, if not educated performer on the violin.

The Professor was about 40 years of age, stout in person, with smooth shaven face and florid complexion. In Eastborough town matters he was a general factotum. He had been an undertaker's assistant and had worked for the superintendent of the poorhouse. In due season and in turn he had been appointed to and had filled the positions of fence viewer, road inspector, hog reeve, pound keeper, and the year previous he had been chosen tax collector. Abner Stiles said that there "wasn't a better man in town for selectman and he kenw he'd get there one of these days."

To those residents of Mason's Corner whose names have been given, whose homes have been described and some whose personal peculiarities have been portrayed, must be added a late arrival. The new-comer whose advent in town during Christmas week had caused so much discussion at the rehearsal in the old red schoolhouse, and whose liberality in providing a hot supper with all the fixings for the sleighing party from Mason's Corner, when it arrived at the Eagle Hotel at Eastborough Centre, had won, at a bound, the hearts of the majority of the younger residents of Mason's Corner. The village gossips wondered who he was, what he was, what he came for, and how long he intended to stay. If these questions had been asked of him personally, he might have returned answers to the first three questions, but it would have been beyond his power to have answered the fourth inquiry at that time. But the sayings and doings of certain individuals, and a chain of circumstances not of his own creation and beyond his personal control, conspired to keep him there for a period of nearly four months. During that time certain things were said and done, certain people were met and certain events took place which changed the entire current of this young man's future life, which shows plainly that we are all creatures of circumstance and that a man's success or failure in life may often depend as much or even more upon his environment than upon himself.

(Continued on Thursday.

## THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

### Elizabeth Ross Chapter of D. A. R. Celebrate Thursday.

The Elizabeth Ross chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated its seventh anniversary Thursday. The members accepted the invitation of Mrs. J. W. Hall of Eldon to spend the day at her home. Mrs. Hall is a member of the Elizabeth Ross chapter. Her home was prettily decorated with American flags, cut flowers and ferns and a most delightful day was passed. In the afternoon the usual business meeting was held, at which Mrs. J. C. Mitchell presented a report of the state convention which was recently held in Davenport. The meetings were held at the "Outing" club" there and were of a very interesting character, consisting of reports of each chapter represented and the nominating of new candidates for office.

Mrs. Mitchell stated that a very interesting report was read by the president general, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks of Washington in regard to the building of the new Continental hall, for which she hoped to raise $100,000. After adjournment of the meeting, an informal reception was held at the "Outing" club.

After the business meeting a short program was given. Mrs. W. R. Daum read a very interesting paper on "The Pilgrim's First Thanksgiving." Mrs. Hall is the possessor of many relics of historic interest, among which were some constitutional money, dishes over one hundred years old and other interesting relics of early days. The afternoon's enjoyment came to a close with a sumptuous dinner.


### A Wonderful Change.

Weak, sickly invalids are soon changed by Electric Bitters into healthy men and women. They cure or no pay. 50c. F. B. Clark.


W. H. Mott and Al Stevens, Clear Lake bootleggers, have gone to jail to "lay out" $350 fines.


### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Cures Colds on Nature's Plan.

The most successful medicines are those that aid nature. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It aids expectoration, relieves the lungs opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. It not only relieves, it cures, the cold effectually and permanently and is unquestionably the most successful medicine in use for this purpose. It is pleasant to take and contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all druggists.


Chicken thieves are getting in their work in the vicinity of Low Moor.


I had a mare deeply cut on the breast three weeks ago and by the use of Berry's Barb Beater it is nicely healed up. O. W. Gale, Moulton, Iowa, breeder of pure bred Herefords. Sold by Sargent, Clark and Mynard.


Perry citizens have raised $3,000 to improve the park donated to the city by J. D. Patee.


### Anxious Moments.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles and as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given. For sale by W. D. Elliott, corner of Main and Court streets.


The Davenport Malt and Grain company exuects to incrcase its capital stock to $300,000.


### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.


John Mahannah, an aged retired contractor of Burlington is dead, aged 84.


State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


The Richardson Manufacturing company at Dubuque was robbed of a large quantity of footwear. A number of suspects have been arrested.


Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on every box. 25c



# To Farmers

If you haven't already got

A WIND MILL

now is a good time to get a

Sampson Mill

We have time to put them up now and will make a special price. Don't put it off till winter. We can do a better job now while the weather is warm.

Yours truly,

Geo. W. Davidson,

224-226-228 S Market St.


## Professional Cards.


CHARLES A. BRAUN, Safe and Time Lock Expert. Safe and Bank Locks, opened. 220 E. Main street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

DR. C. R. PARKER, Weltmer Instructor and Expert Magnetic Practitioner. Vice President Iowa State Ass'n. Magnetic Doctors. Office: Room 12, Baker Bldg. New 'Phone 816. Res. 320 Lillian street.

OSTEOPATHY.

DR. BELLE H. OLNEY, Osteopath. Rooms 15 and 16, Baker Building. Take Elevator.

DR. J. F. BYRNE. Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. Rooms 5 and 7 Summers Building. Office hours 8:30 to 12:00; 1:30 to 4:00.

ELIZABETH M. THOMPSON, Osteopathic Physician. Graduate American School Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri. Office, 227 N. Court St. New 'Phone 894. Hours, 9:00 to 12:00 and 1:30 to 4:00.

LAWYERS.

W. H. HOLMES, Attorney-at-Law. Prompt attention given to commercial matters, including collections. Rooms 31 and 32, Leighton Building, Ottumwa, Iowa.

A. C. STECK. Attorney At Law. Rooms 1, 2 and 5, Telephone Bldg., Ottumwa, Iowa.

GEO. F. HEINDEL. J. F. WEBBER. HEINDEL & WEBBER, Lawyers. Rooms 18 and 19 Baker Block, Ottumwa Iowa.

CHAS. D. FULLEN. CHAS. C. AYRES. FULLEN & AYRES, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Suite 1, Williamson Building, 105 North Court street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Dr. A. O. WILLIAMS, Surgeon, C., R. I. & P. Ry. Co., C., B. & Q. Ry. Co., C. R., I. & P. Co. Residence, 216 North Jefferson street. Office, 129 Court street. Residence telephone, 110; office telephone, 90. Ottumwa, Iowa.

BURT LAFORCE, PH. G., M. D. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist. Glasses scientifically fitted. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 o'clock p. m. Phone, office, 280; residence, 37. Office rooms, 1 and 12 Hofmann block.


## Railroad Time Tables

TRAINS LEAVING UNION DEPOT.
W. S. Parker, Ticket Agent.

BURLINGTON ROUTE, C., B. & Q.

| No. | Going East. | Depart |
|---|---|---|
| 12a | Chicago, Dubuque, & Quincy | 2:10 a. m. |
| 92b | Local Freight | 6:45 a. m. |
| 16b | Burlington & St. Louis | 7:35 a. m. |
| 10b | Peoria, Dubuque & Quincy | 11:50 a. m. |
| 6a | Chicago Limited | 1:25 p. m. |
| 4a | Chicago, St. Louis & Quincy | 7:10 p. m. |
| 8a | East mail | 8:37 p. m. |
| 2a | Chicago, Peoria & Rockford | 11:45 p. m. |

Ft. Madison accommodation, daily except Sunday, depart 7:10 a. m.; arrive 8:00 p.m.

| | Going West. | |
|---|---|---|
| 5a | Omaha, Council Bluffs Nebraska | 12:55 a. m. |
| 15a | East mail | 2:49 a. m. |
| 91b | Local freight | 5:30 a. m. |
| 3a | Omaha, Kansas City, Denver Hot Springs, Deadwood, Ogden, Portland & California | 7:45 a. m. |
| 7a | East mail | 8:52 a. m. |
| 9b | Peoria to Creston | 1:50 p. m. |
| 13a | Limited | 3:28 p. m. |
| 11b | Chicago to Ottumwa, arrive | 10:00 p. m. |
| 1a | Denver & Omaha | 11:35 p. m. |

a, daily; b, except Sunday. Nos. 7, 8 and 15 do not carry passengers.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

| No. | Going East. | Depart |
|---|---|---|
| 206 | Keokuk, Kansas City, California and Southwest | 10:45 a. m. |
| 202 | Keokuk | 3:27 p. m. |
| 204 | Eldon, Davenport & Chicago | 10:36 p. m. |
| | Going West. | |
| 203 | Des Moines, Ruthven, west and northwest | 7:00 a. m. |
| 201 | Des Moines and Omaha | 12:10 p. m. |
| 205 | Des Moines and Omaha | 7:05 p. m. |

Unless otherwise specified, all trains are daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVING JEFFERSON STREET UNION DEPOT.
A. J. Packard, Agent.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL

| | Arrive. | Depart |
|---|---|---|
| Chicago, Dubuque & Milwaukee | d12:15 a. m. | b2:35 a. m. |
| Milwaukee | d12:15 a. m. | b12:35 a. m. |
| ids, etc | b10:10 a. m. | 5:05 p. m. |
| Kansas City & Southwest | b12:25 a. m. | d12 |
| Kansas City and local | b4:55 p. m. | b10:20 a. m. |
| No. 192, freight, east, leaves | | 7:20 a. m. |
| No. 64, freight, east, leaves | | 10:05 a. m. |
| No. 91, freight, west, leaves | | 7:00 a. m. |
| No. 61, freight, west, leaves | | 1:00 p. m. |

Ottumwa-Muscatine Cut Off.

| | Arrive. | Depart |
|---|---|---|
| Chicago, Davenport, Muscatine | 5:00 | b12:30 p. m. |
| No. 92, freight, east, leaves | | 6:30 a. m. |
| No. 62, freight, east, leaves | | 9:00 a. m. |

a, daily; b, except Sunday; d, except Monday.

Freight trains arrive at and depart from Ottumwa Junction.

WABASH.

| | Arrive. | Depart |
|---|---|---|
| Kansas City & St. Louis | a6:15 a. m. | a9:20 p. m. |
| Kansas City & St. Louis | a7:00 p. m. | a8:25 a. m. |

Freight trains carrying passengers between Ottumwa and Moulton:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Local freight | b8:00 p. m | d3:00 a. m. |
| Fast freight | a12:10 p. m. | a2:30 p. m. |

a, daily; b, except Sunday.