

# Quincy Adams Sawyer

BY CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

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

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

### Synopsis.

Chapter I.—Story opens December 21, 1867, introducing Professor Obadiah Strout's music class at Mason's Corner, Mass., near Boston. Quincy Adams Sawyer, a young man visiting at Deacon Mason's home, incurs the wrath of Strout by taking the class to Eastborough Center, where he practices for an oyster supper. Strout, accustomed to being looked up to and highly chagrined by Sawyer's popularity, vows vengeance.

Chapter II.—Introduction to West Eastborough, Eastborough Center, and Mason's Corner, and to the people, of whom Deacon Abraham Mason is the most important. The Pettibonns, Ezekiel and his uncle, respectively, a young farmer, and a retired merchant, an eccentric old man, Miss Lindy Putnam, rich in her own right, and the other old but sane headed residents of Mason's Corner are introduced to the reader.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Concert in the Town Hall.

It was the evening of New Year's day, 1867. The leading people, in fact nearly all the people of the three villages forming the town of Eastborough, were assembled in the town hall at Eastborough Center. The large attendance was also due in part to the fact that a new and original musical composition by Mr. Strout, the singing-master, would be sung for the first time in public. Again, it had been whispered up at Hill's grocery at Mason's Corner that the young city fellow who was boarding at Deacon Mason's was going to be present, and this rumor led to a greatly increased attendance from that village.

The audience was a typical one of such communities at that period; horny-handed farmers with long shaggy beards and unkempt hair, dressed in ill-fitting black suits; matronly-looking farmers' wives in their Sunday best; fussy-checked daughters full of fun and vivacity and chattering like rapiers; tall, lank, awkward, bashful sons and red-haired, black-haired, and tow-headed urchins of both sexes, the latter awaiting the events of the evening with wild anticipations that are usually excited forth only by the advent of a circus.

The members of the chorus were seated on the large platform, the girls being on the right and the fellows on the left. A loud hum of conversation arose from the audience and chorus, a constant turning over and rattling of programs gave a cheerful and animated appearance to the scene. The center door at the rear of the platform was opened and all eyes were turned in that direction, the chorus twisting their necks or turning half round in their seats.

Professor Strout entered and was greeted with a loud burst of applause. He wore a dress suit that he had hired in Boston, and there was a large white rose in the level of his coat. He was accompanied by Miss Tilly James, the pianist, who wore a handsome wine-colored silk dress that had been made for the occasion by the best dressmaker in Cotton. As she took her place at the piano and ran her fingers over the keys, she came in for a liberal round of applause. Professor Strout bowed to the audience, then turning his back upon them, he stood with baton uplifted facing the chorus and waiting the advent of the town committee. Every eye in the audience was fixed upon the program. It contained the introduction of the new number was an opening chorus entitled, "Welcome to the Town Committee," written and composed by Professor Obadiah Strout and sung for the first time with great success at the last annual concert.

The door at the rear of the platform was opened again and Deacon Abraham Mason, the Rev. Caleb Howe, and Mr. Benoni Hill, the members of the town committee on singing school, entered. Deacon Mason was accompanied by Quincy Adams Sawyer, and all eyes were fastened on the couple as they took their seats at the right of the platform, the Rev. Howe and Mr. Hill being seated on the left.

Quincy Adams Sawyer in appearance and dress was a marked contrast to the stout, hardy, and rugged young farmers of Eastborough. He had dark hair, dark eyes, and a small black mustache curled at the ends. His face was pallid, but there was a look of determination in the firmly set jaw, resolute mouth, and sharp eye. He wore a dark suit with Prince Albert coat. From one arm hung an overcoat of the latest fashion. He wore a light-colored necktie and in one hand carried a light-colored Kress hat.

As soon as the committee and their guests had taken their seats, Professor Strout tapped upon his music stand with his baton and the members of the Eastborough Singing Society arose to their feet with that total disregard of uniformity and unanimity of motion

that always characterizes a body of undrilled performers. Each girl was obliged to look at her own dress and that of her neighbor to see if they were all right, while each fellow felt it absolutely necessary to shuffle his feet, pull down his cuffs, pull up his collar, and arrange his necktie. Despite the confusion and individual preparations the chorus took the opening note promptly and sang the "Welcome to the Town Committee" with a spirit and precision which well merited the applause it received. The words were not printed on the program, but they conveyed the idea that the members of the singing class were very much obliged to the town committee for hiring a singing-master and paying his salary. Also that the members of the chorus had studied hard to learn to sing and would do their best that evening as a return for the favors bestowed upon them by the town.

Professor Strout then advanced to the edge of the platform and called the attention of the audience to the second number upon the program which read, "Address by Abraham Mason, Esq." Prof. Strout added that by special request Deacon Mason's remarks would relate to the subject of "Education." The deacon drew a large red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, blew his nose vigorously, and then advanced to the center of the platform near the music stand.

"I note on education," he began, "it makes the taxes high. I've lived in this town many a year, and I never saw them anything but high." A general laugh greeted this remark. "But when I'm in town meetin' I allus votes an eye to make our schools as good as those found in neighboring towns, and none of them are any too good. For my political action I'm proud to give my support for never cast a vote that I was ashamed to give my reasons for. A burst of applause followed this declaration.

"Years back when I was young, we had no modern notions. We had to be satisfied with the three R's, Reading, 'Rit'n, and 'Rithmetic, and larnin' was dealt out in rather meagre portions, 'bout three months in the winter after the wood was cut, saw and split, and had to work in the summer, make hay and fill the barn in, and not till winter come could get a speck of larnin', and then it took most of our time to pile wood into the stove and settle our personal accounts with the teacher." An audible titter ran through the audience as he said this. "And yet when I was young, though this community was rather behind in letters, no people in the land could say they were our betters. But now the world is changed, we live without such grubbin', learn Latin, French, and Greek, how to walk Spanish, talk Dutch, draw pictures, keep books, figure, and lots of other 'ologies and much piano drubbin'. Now what brought this about? I think I have a notion; you know the immigrants from about every country under the sun have piled across the ocean. They've done the larnin' and other rough work and we've thrown on the larnin' and we've got a lot of it. Mr. Strout comes round and gets some of every year, and likewise my neighbor has some put aside for a rainy day." Many of the audience who probably had nothing laid aside glanced at the well-to-do farmers who had the reputation of being wealthy as regards this world's goods. "I wish I'm deacon, but I would like my darter to know as much as those that's likely to come after. But if the world keeps on its progress so beautiful and they put some more 'ologies into the schools to do with cabinet organs and fine and finer, I'm afraid it will cost my darter more than it did me to educate her children."

A storm of applause filled the hall when the deacon concluded his remarks. As he resumed his chair, Quincy handed him a tumbler of water that he had poured from a pitcher that stood upon a table near the piano. This act of courtesy was seen and appreciated by the audience and a loud clapping of hands followed. At the commencement of the deacon's speech, the professor had left the platform, for it gave him an opportunity for an intended change of costume, for which time could be found at no other place on the program. It was a marvellous rig that he wore when he reappeared. A pair of white duck pantaloons, stiffly starched, were strapped under a pair of substantial, well-worn, cowhide boots. The waistcoat was of bright red cloth with brass buttons. The long-tailed blue broadcloth coat was also supplied with brass buttons. He wore a high black derby and a pocket made of a small silk American flag. On his head he had a small, round, white hat, which he wore with a small bow. He had a small, round, white hat, which he wore with a small bow. He had a small, round, white hat, which he wore with a small bow.

Our butter, beef, and pork and cheese, The furriner's appetite can please. The beans and fishballs that we can Will keep alive an Englishman; While many things I can't relate He must buy from us or emigrate.

Chorus:—  
Raise your voices, swing the banners, Pound the drums and bang planners; Blow the fife and shriek for freedom, Meriky is bound to lead 'em, 'Emigrate, ye tolling millions! Sile enuf for tens of billions! Land of honey, buttermilk, cream; Hark! and hear the eagle scream.

II.  
In manufactures, too, we're some; Take rubber shoes and sewing gum; In cotton cloth and woolen clo, In time we shall outlive you; Our ships with ev'ry wind and tide, With England's own will sail beside, In ev'ry port our flag unfurled. When the Stars and Stripes will rule the world.

Chorus:—  
For gold and silver, man and woman, For things that's raised, made, dug, or human, Meriky's the coming nation; She's bound to conquer all creation! Perhaps you call this brag and bluster; No, 'tain't nuttin' for us muster The best of brain, the mighty dollar; We'll lead on, let others follow.

Chorus:—  
Professor Strout sang the solo part of the song himself. The singing society and many of the audience joined in the chorus. Like many teachers of vocal music, the professor had very little voice himself, but he knew how to make the best possible use of what he did possess. But then the scientific treatment of the words, the scientific make-up of the strain, his comical contortions and odd grimaces, and what was really a bright, tuneful melody won a marked success for both solo and ensemble. Encore followed encore. Like many more cultured audiences in large cities the one assembled in the town hall was no less than a free concert and that they were entitled to all they could get. But the professor himself fixed the limit. When the songs had been sung through three times he ran up the center aisle of the platform and feeling the audience, he said in a low voice, "I've done my best, but I'm not daunted, however, nor to be shaken from my purpose, so he said in a loud voice, which was heard in all parts of the hall: "I know the song, and will sing it with Miss Putnam and the audience are willing to hear me."

With a smile upon her face, Miss Putnam nodded her acquiescence. All the townspeople had heard of Quincy's liberality in providing a hot supper for the sleighing party the night before, and cried of "Go ahead! Give him a chance! We want to hear him!" and "Don't disappoint Miss Putnam," were heard from all parts of the hall. The professor was obliged to give in. He sat down with a dispirited look upon his face, and from that moment war to the knife was declared between these champions of city and country civilization.

Mr. Sawyer went to the piano, opened the book and struck the first chord, and placed it upon the music rack before her, saying a few words to her which caused her to smile. Quincy then approached Lindy, opened her music at the proper place and passed it to her. Next he took her hand and led her to the front of the platform. He had a couple of courtesies to make here both toward Benjamin Bates, and Robert Wood. This feature was loudly applauded and one old farmer remarked to his neighbor, who was evidently deaf, in a loud voice that he heard all over the hall, "That's the kind of music that fetches me," which declaration was a signal for another encore.

The singing society then sang a barcarolle, the words of the first line being, "Of the sea, our yacht is the pride." It went over the heads of most of the audience, but was greatly appreciated by the limited few who were acquainted with the difficulties of accents, synecopations, and inverted musical phrases.

According to the program the next feature was to be a duet entitled "Over the Bridge," composed by Jewell and sung by Arthur Scates and Miss Lindy Putnam. The professor stepped forward and waved his hand to quiet the somewhat noisy assemblage.

"The next number will have to be omitted," he said, "because Mr. Scates is home sick abed. The doctor says he's got a bad case of quinsy, with marked emphasis on the last word, which, however, failed to make a point. In response to a request, one verse of "Hark! and Hear the Eagle Scream" will be sung to take the place of the piece that's left out."

While the professor was addressing the audience, Quincy had whispered something in Deacon Mason's ear which caused the latter to smile and nod his head approvingly. By Quincy's cue, he reached the professor's side just as the latter finished speaking and turned towards the chorus. Quincy said something in a low tone to the professor which caused Mr. Strout to shake his head in the negative in a most pronounced manner. Quincy spoke again and looked toward Miss Putnam, who was seated in the front row, and whose face wore a somewhat disappointed look.

Again the professor shook his head by way of negation and the words, "It can't be did," were distinctly audible

BACK GIVES OUT.  
Plenty of Ottumwa Readers Have this Experience.  
You tax the kidneys—overwork them— They can't keep up the continual strain. The back gives out—it aches and pains. Urinary troubles set in. Don't wait longer—take Doan's Kidney Pills. Ottumwa people tell you how they act.

Mr. Henry Springer of 201 1/2 North Moore street, says: "It is a new experience for my friends and acquaintances in Ottumwa to see me walking about the streets without a cane, because they all know for five years I was periodically so lame in my back and sore across the kidneys that a walking stick was necessary. That is not all—when the attacks were at their height I was confined to bed totally unable to help myself, despite the use of all kinds of medicine and I had grown so suspicious of prescriptions and advertised cures for backache that when I noticed an announcement about Doan's Kidney Pills in our papers, I bought a box and tried it. It was just what I needed. I was more than skeptical about their promises. I procured a box at Sargent's drug store. Much to my surprise they went right to the spot. My confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills is unlimited. I am able at the present time, and it is some months since I stopped the treatment by Doan's Pills. I have not had a relapse. I have now an opportunity of telling the people I meet how much better I am and what means I used to produce it."

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Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

to the majority of both singing society and audience, at the same time a look of contempt spread over the singing-master's face. Quincy perceived it and was nettled by it. He was not daunted, however, nor to be shaken from his purpose, so he said in a loud voice, which was heard in all parts of the hall: "I know the song, and will sing it with Miss Putnam and the audience are willing to hear me."

With a smile upon her face, Miss Putnam nodded her acquiescence. All the townspeople had heard of Quincy's liberality in providing a hot supper for the sleighing party the night before, and cried of "Go ahead! Give him a chance! We want to hear him!" and "Don't disappoint Miss Putnam," were heard from all parts of the hall. The professor was obliged to give in. He sat down with a dispirited look upon his face, and from that moment war to the knife was declared between these champions of city and country civilization.

CHAPTER IV.  
Ancestry Versus Patriotism.  
Four days had passed since the concert in the Town Hall at Eastborough. The events of that evening had been freely discussed in barn and workshop, at table and at the various stores in Eastborough and surrounding towns for quite a number had been present who were not residents of the town. All interest in it had not, however, passed away as subsequent occurrences proved.

It was the morning of the fifth of January, Benoni Hill, who ran the only grocery store at Mason's Corner, was behind his counter and with the aid of his only son, Samuel, was attending to the wants of several customers.

While thus engaged, Miss Tilly James entered, and young Samuel Hill greeted her as the customer on whom he had been waiting the usual question, "Anything else, ma'am?" so anxious was he to speak to and wait upon the pretty Miss James, whose bright eyes, dark curly hair, and witty remarks had attracted to her side more suitors than had fallen to the lot of any other young girl in the village. As she had entered, a special liking for any particular one of the young men who flocked about her, and this fact had only served to increase their admiration for her and to spur them on to renewed efforts to win her favor.

"Do you know, Miss James," said Samuel, "I can't get it out of my ears yet." As he said this, he looked over the counter, and being a brave young man, looked straight into Miss James' smiling face.

"If all home remedies have failed," said Tilly, "why don't you go to Boston and have a doctor examine them?"

"What a joker you are!" remarked Samuel. "I believe you will crack a job on the minister the day you are married."

"It may be my last chance," rejoined Tilly. "Mother says the inside of a boiled onion put into the ear is good for some troubles; give me a pound of tea, Oolong and green mixed, same as we always have."

As Samuel passed the newly done up packages to Miss James, he leaned across the counter again and said in a low voice, "You know what is in my ears, Miss James. How beautifully you played for Mr. Sawyer when he whistled, 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' I don't think I shall ever forget it."

"Well, I don't know about the playing, Mr. Hill. I remember losing my place several times, because I wanted so much to hear him whistle."

During this conversation Tilly and Samuel had been so preoccupied that they did not notice the entrance of a new-comer and his approach towards them. Only one other customer, a little girl, was left in the store, and Mr. Hill, Sr., had gone down cellar to draw her a quart of molasses.

As Tilly uttered the words, "I wanted so much to hear him whistle," she heard behind her in clear, melodious flute-like notes, the opening measures of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Turning quickly she saw Mr. Sawyer standing beside her.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Sawyer? I am delighted to see you again," said Tilly in that hearty, whole-souled way that was so captivating to her country admirers.

"The delight is mutual," replied Quincy, raising his hat and bowing.

Samuel Hill was evidently somewhat disturbed by the great friendliness of the greetings that he had just witnessed. This fact did not escape Tilly's quick eye, and turning to Mr. Sawyer she said:

"Have you been introduced to my friend, Mr. Samuel Hill?"

"I have not had that pleasure," replied Quincy. "This is my first visit to the store."

"Then allow me," continued Tilly, "to present you to Mr. Samuel Hill and to Mr. Benoni Hill, his father, both valued friends of mine," and she added, as a rough smile came into her face, "as they keep the only grocery store in the village you will be

obliged to buy what they have and prefer a three-mile tramp to Eastborough Center."

"I hope you're enjoyin' your stay at Mason's Corner," said Mr. Benoni Hill, "though I don't s'pose you city folks find much to please yer in a country town, especially in the winter."

"So far I have found two things that have pleased me very much," replied Quincy.

"The milk and eggs, I suppose," remarked Tilly.

"No," said Quincy. "I refer to Miss Lindy Putnam's fine singing and the beautiful playing of a young lady who is called Miss James."

"I have heard," said Tilly, "that you city gentlemen are great flatterers. That is not the reason why I am obliged to leave you so suddenly, but the fact is the tea caddy ran low this morning and grandma's nerves will remain unstrung until she gets a cup of strong tea."

With a graceful bow and a parting wave of the hand to the three gentlemen, the bright and popular young lady left the store.

"Mr. Hill," said Quincy, addressing the elder gentleman, "I've smoked all the cigars that I brought from Boston, but Deacon Mason told me perhaps you had some that would suit me. I like a good-sized strong cigar and one that burns freely."

"Well," said Mr. Hill, "Professor Strout is the most partikler customer I have in cigars; he says he's always smoked a pipe in the house, 'cause he don't hang round the room so long as cigar smoke does, but he likes a good cigar to smoke on the street or when he goes ridin'. I just had a new box come down for him last night. Perhaps some of them will satisfy yer till I can get just the kind yer want."

Mr. Hill took his claw-hammer and opened the box passed it to Quincy, who took one of the cigars and lighted it. As he did so he glanced at the brand and the names of the makers, and remarked, "This is a good cigar. I've smoked this brand before. What do you ask for them?"

"I git ten cents straight, but as Mr. Strout always smokes up the whole box before he gets through, though he don't usually buy more than five at a piece, I let him have ten for nine cents apiece. There ain't much made on them, but yer see I have to oblige my customers."

"You don't ask enough for them," said Quincy, throwing down a twenty-dollar bill. "They sell for fifteen cents, two for a quarter, in Boston."

"How many will you have?" asked Mr. Hill, thinking that Boston must be a paradise for shopkeepers, when seven cents' profit could be made on a cigar that cost only eight cents.

"I'll take the whole box," said Quincy. "Call it ten dollars, that's cheap enough. No matter about the discount." As he said this he took half a dozen cigars from the box and placed them in a silver-mounted, self-enclosed cigar case.

"Please do them up for me," Mr. Hill said, and the next time Hiram Maxwell comes in he will take them down to Deacon Mason's for me."

After much rummaging through till and pocketbook, Mr. Hill and his son found ten dollars in change, which was passed to Quincy. He stuffed the money into a small bill and fractional currency bag in his overcoat pocket and sitting down on a pile of soap boxes drummed on the lower one with his boot heels and puffed his cigar with evident pleasure.

While Quincy was thus pleasantly engaged, Professor Strout entered the store and walked briskly up to the counter. He did not see, or if he did, he did not notice, Quincy who kept his place upon the pile of soap boxes. Strout was followed by Abner Stiles, Robert Wood, and several other idlers, who had been standing on the store platform when the professor arrived.

"Did those cigars come down, Hill?" asked Strout in his usual pompous way.

"Yes!" replied Mr. Hill, "but I guess you'll have to wait till I git another box down."

"What for?" asked Strout sharply. "He'd understand between us that the cigars was to be kept for me?"

"That's so," acknowledged Mr. Hill, "but you see, when I told that gentleman on the soap box over yonder that you smoked them, he bought the whole box, paid na cent more apiece than you do. A dollar's worth-savings nowadays. He says they sell for fifteen cents, two for a quarter, up in Boston."

"If he's so well posted on Boston prices," growled Strout, "why didn't he pay them instead of cherrin' you out of two dollars and a half. I consider it a very shabby trick, Mr. Hill. I shall buy my cigars at Eastborough Center in the future. Perhaps you'll lose more than that dollar in the long run."

"Perhaps the gentleman will let you have some of them," exostulated Mr. Hill, "until I can get another box."

"All I can say is," said Strout in snappish tones, "if the man who bought them knew that you got them for me, he was no gentleman to take the whole box. What do yer say, Stiles?" he asked, turning to Abner, who had kept his eyes fixed on Quincy since Quincy's entering the store, though listening intently to what the professor said.

"Well, I kinder reckon I agree to what you say, professor," drawled Abner, "unless the other side has got some sort of an explanation to make. 'Tain't quite fair to judge a man without a hearing."

"Allow me to offer you one of your favorite brand, Professor Strout," said Quincy, jumping down from the soap boxes and extending his cigar case.

"No! thank you!" said Strout, "I always buy a box at a time, the same as you do. Judging from the smell of the one you are smoking, I guess they made a mistake on that box and sent second quality. Gave me a five-cent plug, Mr. Hill, if some gentleman hasn't bought out your whole stock, I fancy my pipe will have to do me till I get a chance to go over to Eastborough Center."

During this conversation Hiram Maxwell had come in to do an errand for Mrs. Mason, and several more plat-

form idlers, having heard the Professor's loud words, also entered.

Strout was angry. When in that condition he usually lost his head, which he did on this occasion. Turning to Quincy he said with a voice full of passion:

"What's yer name, anyway? You've got so many of them I don't know which comes first and which last, is it Quincy or Adams or Sawyer? How in thunder did you get 'em all anyway? I s'pose they tucked 'em on to you when you was a baby and you was too weak to kick at being so abused."

At this rally a loud laugh arose from the crowd gathered in the store, and Abner Stiles, who was the Professor's henchman and man-of-work, cried out, "First blood for the professor!"

Quincy faced the Professor with a pale face and spoke in clear, ringing tones, still holding his lighted cigar between the fingers of his right hand. When he spoke all listened intently.

"Your memory has served you well, Mr. Strout. You have got my name correct and in the proper order, Quincy Adams Sawyer. I do not consider that any child could be abused by being obliged to wear such honored names as those given me by my parents. My mother was a Quincy, and that name is indissolubly connected with the history and glory of our common country. My father's mother was an Adams, a family that has given two presidents to the United States. If your knowledge of history is as great as you profess to be, your ignorance of them will not affect the opinion of those knowing to them. My father, Nathaniel Adams Sawyer, has a world-wide reputation as a great constitutional lawyer, and I am proud to bear his name, combined with those of my illustrious ancestors. It is needless for me to add that I, too, am connected with the local profession."

"Here Hiram Maxwell called out, 'First round for Mr. Sawyer.'"

"Shut up, you douch-head," cried Strout, his face purple with rage. Turning to Quincy he said in a choked voice, "My name is Obadiah Strout, no frills or foderels about it either. That was my father's name too, and he lived and died an honest man. In spite of it, he raised politicians and one son, that was me. When the nation called for volunteers I went to war to save the money bags of such as you that stayed at home. It was such fellows as you that made money out of mouldy biscuits and rotten beef, shoddy clothing, and paper-soled boots. It was such fellows as your father that let their money to your fathers and got his interest for it. They kept the war going as long as they could. What cared they for the blood of the poor soldier, as long as they could keep the profits and interest coming in? It wasn't the Quinys and the Adamses and the other fellows with their names that stayed at home and sold their money to the country, but the rank and file that did the fighting, and I was one of them."

As he said this the invisible professor shook his fist at Quincy's face, to which a red flush mounted, dyeing cheek and brow.

"That's the Lord's truth," said Abner Stiles. "The called out in a loud voice, 'Second round for the professor. Now for the finish.'"

"But the finish did not come then. The settlement between these two litigious disputants did not come for many days. The reason for a sudden cessation of the worthy conflict was a collision between Quincy and Strout, which ended at the store platform."

"Hiram Maxwell, where are you? Mother's meet out of patience waiting for you."

"Good Lord!" cried Hiram, breaking through the crowd and rushing to the counter to make the long-delayed purchase. "I've got a five-cent cigar here. I think I had better see you home," remarked Huddly Mason, entering the store.

As she advanced the crowd separated and moved backward, leaving her a clear path.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Sawyer?" said she in a pleasant voice and with a sweet smile, as she reached Quincy. "Won't you help me take Hiram home?"

"I should be happy to be of service to you," replied Quincy.

The professor turned his back toward Miss Mason and began talking in an animated manner to Abner Stiles, Bob Wood, and a few other ardent sympathizers who gathered about him.

The rest of the crowd were evidently more interested in watching the pretty Miss Mason and the genteel Mr. Sawyer. When Hiram left the store with his purchases under one arm and Quincy's box of cigars under the other, he was closely followed by Huddly and Huddly's more talking and laughing together. The crowd of loungers streamed on to the platform again to watch their departure. As Quincy and Huddly turned from the square into the road that led to the Deacon's house they met Ezekiel Pettibon. Huddly nodded gayly and Quincy raised his hat, but neither was well acquainted with city customs and did not return the salutation. A few moments later the Professor and Abner Stiles were relating to him the exciting occurrences of the last half hour.

(Continued Saturday.)

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by New Great South American Kidney Cure. It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by W. W. Ennis, druggist, Ottumwa, Ia.

At an election held in Central City a proposition to build a gas plant to light the town was defeated by a vote of 74 to 72.

\$100—Dr. E. Detton's Anti-Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. I arrest the trouble at once. W. W. Ennis, druggist, Ottumwa, Ia.

Work has begun on the foundation of the new Congregational church at Anamosa.

Many a woman has found a husband in Ayer's Hair Vigor.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The audience will find the words of number three printed on the last page of the program, and young and old are respectfully invited to line in the chorus.

A fluttering of programs followed and this is what the audience found on the last page, "Hark! and Hear the Eagle Scream," a new and original American national air written, composed, and sung for the first time in public, by Professor Obadiah Strout, author of last season's great success, "Welcome to the Town Committee."

I.  
They say our wheat's by far the best; Our Indian corn will bear the test:

FIFTY CENTS  
A MONTH  
A small bottle of Scott's Emulsion costing fifty cents will last a baby a month—a few drops in its bottle each time it is fed. That's a small outlay for so large a return of health and comfort.

Babies that are given Scott's Emulsion quickly respond to its helpful action. It seems to contain just the elements of nourishment a baby needs most.

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