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 can become acquainted with the story before the play is given here.

SYNOPSIS.

Story opens December 31, 186—, at Mason's Corner, near Boston, Mass., introducing the reader to the queer country people of that place and of Eastborough Center and West Eastborough, both nearby. Quincy Adams Sawyer, a young lawyer, from Boston, is staying at Deacon Abraham Mason's for an indefinite time, and by his courtesy to the deacon's daughter, Hulda, and the other young women, he incurs the hatred of Obediah Strout, the singing master, and Ezekiel Pettingill, a young farmer who loves Huldy. Strout's enmity grows from day to day, but Quincy has a firm friend in Hiram, the man of all work at Deacon Mason's. Quincy visits Uncle Ike Pettingill, a retired Boston business man and an eccentric half hermit, who is also the uncle of Ezekiel Pettingill. To him Quincy bears a letter from his father, the Hon. Nathaniel Sawyer of Boston, who is an old friend, Uncle Ike. Quincy grows to like the old man despite his eccentricities. Strout fails in an effort to enlist Ezekiel on his side in his war against Quincy. He gets Bob Wood, the village bully, to insult Quincy, who promptly thrashes Wood and offers to whip Strout.

CHAPTER VIII.

City Skill Versus Country Muscle.

Hiram Maxwell was not called upon to perform very arduous duties at Deacon Mason's. The Deacon had given up farming several years before, and Hiram's duties consisted in doing the chores about the house. He had plenty of spare time, and he used it by going down to the Pettengill place and talking to Mandy Skinner.

The next morning after the adventure in the barn, Hiram went down as usual after his morning's work was done to see Mandy.

"How do you find things, Mandy?" said Hiram, opening the kitchen door and putting his head in.

"By looking for them," said Mandy, without looking up from her work.

"You are awful smart, ain't you?" retorted Hiram.

Mandy replied, "People's opinion that I think a good deal more of than yours have said that same thing, Mr. Maxwell."

Hiram saw that he was worsted, so he changed the conversation.

"Anybody to hum?"

Mandy answered sharply, "Everybody's out but me, of course I am nobody."

Hiram came in and closed the door.

"You needn't be so pesky smart with your tongue, Mandy. Of course I can't keep up with you and you know it. What's up."

Mandy replied, "The thermometer. It isn't nearly as cold as it was yesterday."

Hiram, seeing a breakfast apparently laid out on a side table inquired, "Expectin' somebody to breakfast?"

"No," said Mandy, "I got that ready for Mr. Pettengill, but he didn't have time to eat it because he was afraid he would lose the train."

"Has he gone to the city?" asked Hiram.

"I 'spect he has," answered Mandy.

"Well," remarked Hiram, "s'posin' I eat that breakfast myself, so as to save you the trouble of throwin' it away."

"Well," said Mandy, "I was going to give it to the pigs; I suppose one hog might as well have it as another."

Hiram said, "Why, you don't call me a big eater, do you, Mandy?"

Mandy laughed and said, "I can't tell, I never saw you when you wasn't hungry. How do you know when you have got enough?"

Hiram said, "I haven't got but one way of tellin', I allus eats till it hurts me, then I stop while the pain lasts."

Then he asked Mandy, "What did 'Zekiel go to the city for?"

Mandy answered, "Mr. Pettengill does not confide his private business to me."

Hiram broke in, "I bet a dollar you know why he went, just the same."

Mandy said, "I bet a dollar I do."

Then she broke into a loud laugh. Hiram evidently thought it was very funny and laughed until the tears stood in his eyes.

"What are you laughing for?" asked Mandy.

Hiram's countenance fell.

"Come down to the fine point, Mandy, durned if I know."

"That's a great trick of yours, Hiram," said Mandy. "You ought not to laugh at anything unless you understand it."

"I guess I wouldn't laugh much then," said Hiram. "I allus laugh when I don't understand anythin', so folks won't think that I don't know where the p'int comes in. But say, Mandy, what did Pettengill go to the city for?"

During this conversation Hiram had been eating the breakfast that had been prepared for Ezekiel. Mandy sat down near him and said, "I'll tell you, but it ain't nothing to laugh at. Mr. Pettengill had a telegraph message come last night."

"You don't say so!" said Hiram. "It must be pretty important for persons to spend money that way. Nobody dead, I s'pose?"

"Well," said Mandy, "Mr. Pettengill left the telegram in his room and I had to read it to see whether I had to throw it away or not, and I remember every word that was in it."

Hiram asked earnestly, "Well, what was it? Is his sister Alice goin' to get married?"

Mandy answered, "No, she is sick and she wanted him to come right up to Boston at once to see her."

Hiram said, "'Zekiel must think a powerful lot of that sister of his'n. Went right off to Boston without his breakfast."

'I guess it would have to be something nearer than a sister to make you do that," said Mandy. "I don't know but one thing, Hiram, that would make you go without your feed."

"What's that, Mandy?" said he. "You?"

"No," replied Mandy, "a famine."

"You ain't no sort of an idea as to what's the matter with her, have you?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," said Mandy, "and if I had I don't imagine I would tell you. Now you better run right home, little boy, for I have to go upstairs and do the chamber work."

She whisked out of the room, and Hiram, helping himself to a couple of apples, left the house and walked slowly along the road towards Eastborough Centre.

Suddenly he espied a man coming up the road and soon saw it was Quincy Adams Sawyer.

"Just the feller I wanted to see," soliloquized Hiram.

As Quincy reached him he said, "Mr. Sawyer, I want to speak to you a minute or two. Come into Pettengill's barn, there's nobody to hum but Mandy and she's upstairs makin' the beds."

They entered the barn and sat down on a couple of half barrels that served for stools.

"Mr. Sawyer, you've treated me fust rate since you've been here and I want to do you a good turn and put you on your guard."

Quincy laughed.

Hiram continued, "Well, maybe you won't laugh if Bob Wood tackles you. I won't tell you how I found it out for I'm no eavesdropper, but keep your eye on Bob Wood and look out he don't play no mean tricks on you."

Quincy remarked, "I suppose Mr. Strout is at the bottom of this and he has hired this Bob Wood to do what he can't do himself."

"I guess you have got it about right, Mr. Sawyer," said Hiram. "Can you fight?" he asked of Quincy.

"I am a good shot with a rifle," Quincy replied. "I can hit the ace of hearts at one hundred feet with a pistol."

"I don't mean that," said Hiram. "Can you fight with yer fists?"

"I don't know much about it," said Quincy with a queer smile.

"Then I am afraid you will find Bob Wood a pretty tough customer. He can lick any two fellers in town. Why, he polished off Cobb's twins one day in less than five minutes, both of 'em."

"Where does this Bob Wood spend most of his time?" asked Quincy.

"He loafs around Hill's grocery. When he ain't workin' at his trade," said Hiram, "he does odd jobs for the Putnams in summer and cuts some wood for them in winter. You know Lindy Putnam, the gal you sang with at the concert?"

"Come along," said Quincy, "I feel pretty good this morning, we'll walk down to Hill's and see if that Mr. Wood has anything to say to me."

"Don't you think the best plan, Mr. Sawyer, would be to keep out of his way?" queried Hiram.

"Well, I can't tell that," said Quincy, "until I get better acquainted with him. After that he may think he'd better keep out of my way."

"Why, he's twice as big as you," cried Hiram, with a look of astonishment on his face.

"Come along, Hiram," said Quincy. "By the way, I haven't seen Miss Putnam since the concert. I think I will have to call on her."

Hiram laughed until his face was as red as a beet.

"By gum, that's good," he said, as he struck both legs with his hands.

"What's good?" asked Quincy. "Calling on Miss Putnam?"

"Yes," said Hiram. "Wouldn't she be s'prised?"

"Why?" asked Quincy. "Such a call wouldn't be considered anything out of the way in the city."

'No, nor it wouldn't here," said Hiram, "but for the fact that Miss Putnam don't encourage callers. She goes round a visitin' herself, and she treats the other girls fust rate, 'cause she has plenty of money and can afford it. But she has got two good reasons for not wantin' visitors."

"What are they?" asked Quincy.

"Well, I'm country myself," said Hiram, "and there are others in Eastborough that are more country than I am. But if you want to see and hear the genooine old Rubes you want to see old Sy Putnam and his wife Henny."

"But Miss Mason said Miss Putnam was quite wealthy."

"You bet she is," said Hiram. "She's worth hundreds of millions of dollars."

"I think you must mean thousands," remarked Quincy.

"Well, as far as I'm concerned," said Hiram, "when you talk about millions or thousands of money, one's just the same to me as t'other. I never seed so much money in my life as I seed since you've been here, but I don't want you to think I'm beggin' for more."

"No," said Quincy, "I should never impute such a motive to you."

Quincy took a dollar bill from his pocket and held it up before Hiram.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's one hundred cents," said Hiram, "considerably more than I have got."

"Well," said Quincy, "if you tell me why Miss Putnam doesn't like callers I will give you that dollar."

"Stop a minute," replied Hiram. "Soon as we turn this next corner we'll be in full sight of the grocery store. You can go ahead and I'll slip 'cross lots and come up from behind the store. If Wood thought I'd told you he would lick me and I'm no fighter. Now about Miss Putnam," dropping his voice, "I heard it said, and I guess it's pretty near the truth, that she is so blamed stuck up and dresses so fine in city fashions that she is just 'shamed of her old pa and ma and don't want nobody to see 'em."

"But," asked Quincy, "where did she get her money?"

Hiram answered, "From her only brother. He went down to Boston, made a pile of money, then died and left it all to Lindy. If what I've told you ain't gospel truth it's mighty near it. Well, I'll see you later, Mr. Sawyer."

And Hiram ran down a path that led across the fields.

Quincy turned the corner and walked briskly towards Hill's grocery store. A dozen or more young men and as many older ones were lounging about the platform that ran the whole length of the store, for it was a very mild day in January, and the snow was rapidly leaving under the influence of what might be called a January thaw.

Quincy walked through the crowd, giving a friendly nod to several faces that looked familiar, but the names of whose owners were unknown to him. He entered the store, found a letter from his mother and another from his sister Gertie, and saying "Good morning" to Mr. Hill, who was the village postmaster, soon reached the platform again.

As he did so a heavily built young fellow, fully six feet tall and having a coarse, red face, stepped up to him and said bruscuely, "I believe your name's Sawyer."

"Your belief is well founded," replied Quincy. "I regret that I do not know your name."

"Well, you won't have to suffer long before you find out," said the fellow. "My name's Robert Wood, or Bob Wood for short."

"Ah! I see," said Quincy. "Robert for long wood and Bob for short wood."

Wood's face grew redder.

"I s'pose you think that's mighty smart makin' fun of folks' names. I guess there ain't much doubt but what you said what a friend of mine tells me you did."

Quincy remarked calmly, "Well, what did your friend say I said about you?"

By this time the loungers in and outside the store had gathered around the two talkers. Wood seemed encouraged and braced up by the presence of so many friends. He walked up close to Quincy and said, "Well, my friend told me that you said there was but one jackass in Eastborough and he sang bass in the quartette."

Quincy paled a little, but replied firmly, "I never said it, and if your friend says I did he lies and he knows it."

At this juncture, as if prearranged, Obadiah Strout suddenly emerged from the grocery store.

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Strout.

"Well," said Wood, "I told this young man what you said he said, and he says you're a liar."

"Well," said Strout pompously, "I know that he said it and I have witnesses to prove it. When you settle with him for calling you a jackass I'll settle with him for calling me a liar."

"Take your coat off, Mr. Sawyer, and get ready. I won't keep you waitin' but a few moments," said Bob.

A jeering laugh went up from the crowd. Quincy, turning, saw Hiram.

"Here, Hiram," said he, "hold my things."

He took off his overcoat and then his black Prince Albert coat and passed them to Hiram. Then he removed his hat, which he also handed to Hiram.

Turning to Wood he said, "Come right out here, Mr. Wood; here is a place where the sun has kindly removed the snow and we can get a good footing."

Wood followed him, and the crowd formed a ring about them.

"Now, Mr. Wood, or perhaps I should say Bob Wood for short, put up your hands."

Bob put them up in defiance of all rules governing boxing. This was enough for Quincy; he had sized up his man and determined to make the most of his opportunity.

"Mr. Wood," he said politely, "before I hit you I am going to tell you just exactly where I am going to strike, so you can't blame me for anything that may happen. I shall commence on your right eye."

Wood's face grew livid; he made a rush at Quincy as though he would fall on him and crush him. Quincy easily eluded him, and when Wood made his second rush at him he parried a right-hander, and before Wood could recover, he struck him a square blow full on his right eye. They faced each other again.

"Now, Mr. Wood," said Quincy, "I see you have a watch in your vest pocket. Is it an open-faced watch?"

"S'posin' you find out," said Wood, glaring at Quincy with his left eye, his right one being closed up.

"Well, then," remarked Quincy, "you will be obliged to have it repaired, for I am going to hit you just where that watch is and it may injure it."

Wood was more wary this time and Quincy was more scientific. He gave Wood a left-hander in the region of the heart which staggered him.

They faced each other for the third time.

"I regret the necessity this time, but I will be obliged to strike you full in the face and in my excitement may hit your nose."

It required all of Quincy's dexterity to avoid the wild rushes and savage thrusts made by Wood. But Quincy understood every one of the boxer's secrets and was as light and agile on his feet as a cat. It was three minutes at least before Quincy got the desired opening, and then he landed a blow on Wood's nose that sent him flat upon his back.

"That's enough," cried the crowd, and several friends led Wood to a seat on the platform.

Quincy turned to Strout. "Now, Mr. Strout, I am at your service."

"No, sir," said Strout, "I am willing to fight a gentleman, but I don't fight with no professional prize fighter like you." Turning to the crowd: "I know all about this fellow. He is no lawyer at all, he is a regular prize fighter and down in Boston he is known by the name of Billy Shanks."

Quincy smiled. Turning to the crowd he said, "The statement just made by Mr. Strout is like his statement to Mr. Wood. The first was a lie, the second is a lie, and the man who uttered them is a liar. Good morning, gentlemen."

Quincy went to Hiram, who helped him on with his coats. They walked along together. After they turned the corner and got out of sight of the grocery store, Hiram said:

"Geewhillikins! What a smasher you gave him. I thought you said you didn't know nothin' about fightin'."

"I don't know much," responded Quincy. "There are a dozen men in Boston who could do to me just exactly what I did to Bob Wood."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Sawyer Calls on Miss Putnam.

Quincy had a double purpose in calling on Lindy; he actually wished to see her, for they had not met since the concert, but his principal wish was to meet a real old-fashioned country couple. To be sure, Deacon Mason and his wife often dropped into the vernacular, but the Deacon was a very dignified old gentleman and his wife was not a great talker. What he desired was to find one of the old-fashioned style of country women, with a tongue hung in the middle and running at both ends. His wish was to be gratified.

When he clanged the old brass knocker on the door, Samanthy Green answered the call.

"Is Miss Putnam at home?" asked Quincy politely.

"No, she ain't," said Samanthy, "but Mr. and Mrs. Putnam is. They're allus to hum. They don't go nowheres from one year's end to t'other."

"I would like to see them," said Quincy.

"Yes, sir," said Samanthy, "walk right in."

She threw open the door of the sitting-room. "Here's a gentleman that wants to see you, Mis' Putnam. Leastwise he asked for Lindy fust."

Samanthy left the room, slamming the door after her.

"My name is Sawyer," said Quincy, addressing the old lady and gentleman who were seated in rocking chairs. "I met your daughter at the concert given at the town hall New-Year's night."

Mrs. Putnam said, "Glad to see ye, Mr. Sawyer; have a chair."

As Quincy laid his hand upon the chair, the old gentleman called out in a voice that would have startled a bull of Bashan, "What's his name, Henny?"

Mrs. Putnam answered in a shrill voice with an edge like a knife, "Sawyer."

"Sawyer!" yelled the man. "Any relation to Jim Sawyer that got drunk, beat his wife, starved his children, and finally ended up in the town poorhouse?"

Quincy shook his head and replied, "I think not. I don't live here; I live in Boston."

"Du tell," said Mrs. Putnam. "How long you been here?"

Quincy replied that he arrived two days after Christmas.

"Where be you stoppin'?" asked Mrs. Putnam.

Quincy answered, "I am boarding at Deacon Mason's."

"He's a nice old gentleman," said Mrs. Putnam, "and Mrs. Mason's good as they make 'em. Her daughter Huldy's a pert young thing, she's pretty and she knows it."

Quincy remarked that he thought Miss Mason was a very nice young lady.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Putnam, "you young fellers never look more than skin deep. Now the way she trifles with that young 'Zekiel Pettengill I think's shameful. They ust to have a spat every week about somethin', but they allus made it up. But I heard Lindy say that after you come here, 'Zeke he got huffy and Huldy she got independent, and they ain't spoke to each other nigh on two weeks."

This was a revelation to Quincy, but he was to hear more about it very soon.

"How long be you goin' to stay, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I haven't decided," said Quincy.

"What's your business?" persisted Mrs. Putnam.

"I am a lawyer," replied Quincy.

Mrs. Putnam looked at him inquiringly and said, "Ben't you rather young for a lawyer? How old be you, anyway?"

Quincy decided to take a good humored part in his cross examination and said without a smile, "I am twenty-three years, two months, sixteen days old."

"Be you?" exclaimed Mrs. Putnam. "I shouldn't have said you were a day over nineteen."

Quincy never felt his youth so keenly before. He determined to change the conversation.

"Did you attend the concert, Mrs. Putnam?"

"No," said she. "Pa and me don't go out much; he's deefer'n a stone post and I've had the rheumatiz so bad in my knees for the last five years that I can't walk without crutches;" and she pointed to a pair that lay on the floor beside her chair.

During this conversation old Mr. Putnam had been eyeing Quincy very keenly. He blurted out, "He's a chip of the old block, Henny; he looks just as Jim did when he fust came to this town. Did yer say yer had an Uncle Jim?"

Quincy shook his head.

Mrs. Putnam turned to her husband and yelled, "Now you shet up, Silas, and don't bother the young man. Jim Sawyer ain't nothin' to be proud of, and I don't blame the young man for not ownin' up even if Jim is his uncle."

Quincy made another attempt to change the conversation. "Your daughter is a very fine singer, Mrs. Putnam."

"Well, I s'pose so," said she; "there's been enough money spent on her to make suthin' of her. As for me I don't like this folderol singin'. Why, when she ust to be practisin' I had to go up in the attic or else stuff cotton in my ears. But my son, Jehoiakim Jones Putnam, he sot everythin' by Lucinda, and there wasn't anythin' she wanted that she couldn't have. He's dead now but left more'n a hundred thousand dollars, that he made speculatin'."

"Then your daughter will be quite an heiress one of these days, Mrs. Putnam?"

She answered, "She won't get none of my money. Jehoiakim left her all of his'n, but before she got it she had to sign a paper, a wafer, I believe they call it, if you're a lawyer you ought to know what it was, givin' up all claim on my money. I made my will and the girl who'll get it needs it and will make good use of it."

Quincy determined to get even with Mrs. Putnam for the questioning she put him through, so he said, "Did you make your money speculating, Mrs. Putnam?"

"No," said she, "pa made it by hard work on the farm; but he gave it all to me more'n fifteen year ago, and he hasn't got a cent to his name. He's just as bad off as Jim Sawyer. I feed him and clothe him and shall have to bury him. I guess it seems kinder odd to ye, so I reckon I'll have to tell ye the hull story. I've told it a dozen times, but I guess it'll bear tellin' once more. You see my husband here, Silas Putnam, was brought up religis and he's allus been a churchgoin' man. We were both Methodists, and everythin' went all right till one day a Second Advent preacher came along, and then things went all wrong. He canoodled my husband into believin' that the end of the world was comin' and it was his duty to give all his property away, so he could stand clean handed afore the Lord. My dander riz when I heerd them makin' their plans, but afore my husband got deef he was great on argifyin' and argumentin', and I didn't stand much show against two on 'em; but when Silas told me he was goin' to give his property away I sot up my Ebenezer, and I says, 'Silas Putnam, if you gives your property to any one you gives it to me.' So after a long tussle it was settled that way and the lawyers drew up the papers. The night afore the world was goin' to end he prayed all night. You can imagine with that air voice of his'n I didn't sleep a wink. When mornin' came—it was late in October and the air was pretty sharp—Silas stopped prayin' and put on his white robe, which was a shirt of his'n I pieced out so it came down to his feet, and takin' a tin trumpet that he bought over to Eastborough Centre, he went out, climbed up on the barn, sot down on the ridgepole and waited for Kingdom Come. He sot there and tooted all mornin' and 'spected the angel Gabriel would answer back. He sot there and tooted all the arternoon till the cows come home and the chickens went to roost. I had three good square meals that day, but Silas didn't get a bite. 'Bout six o'clock I did think of takin' him out some doughnuts, but then I decided if he was goin' up so soon it was no use a wastin' em, so I put 'em back in the pantry. He sot there and tooted all the evenin' till the moon came up and the stars were all out, and then he slid down off'n the barn, and barked both his shins doin' it, threw his trumpet into the pig pen, come into the house and huddled up close to the fire. He didn't say nothin' for a spell, but finally says he, 'I guess, Henny, that feller made a mistake in figurin' out the date.' 'I guess, Silas,' says I, 'that you've made an all-fired fool of yerself. And if you don't go to bed quick and take a rum sweat, I shall be a widder in a very short time.' He was sick for more'n three weeks, but I pulled him through by good nussin', and the fust day he was able to set up, I says to him, 'Now, Silas Putnam, when I married ye forty-five year ago I promised to obey ye, ye was allus a good perwider and I don't perpose to see yer want for nothin', but ye have got to hold up yer right hand and swear to obey me for the rest of yer nateral life.' and he did it. He got well, and he is tougher'n a biled owl, if he is eighty-six. But the cold sorter settled in his ears, and he's deef as an adder. Ef angel Gabriel blew his horn now I'm afeared Silas wouldn't hear him."

During this long story Quincy had listened without a smile on his face, but the manner in which the last remark was made was too much for him and he burst into loud laugh. Silas, who had been eying him, also gave a loud laugh and said with his ponderous voice, "I guess Henny's been tellin' ye about my goin' up."

Quincy laughed again and Mrs. Putnam took part. He arose, told Mr. and Mrs. Putnam he had enjoyed his visit very much, was very sorry Miss Putnam was not at home, and said he would call again, with their kind permission.

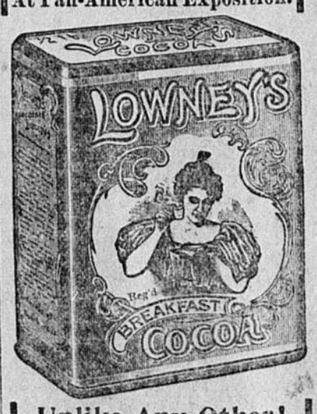
"Oh, drop in any time," said Mrs. Putnam; "we're allus to hum. You seem to be a nice young man, but you're too young to marry. Why, Lindy was 28, and I tell her she don't know enough to get married yet. Ef you'll take a bit of advice from an old woman, let me say, 'less you mean to marry the girl yourself, you'd better git away from Deacon Mason's."

And with this parting shot ringing in his ears, he left the house and made his way homeward.

(To be Continued Thursday.)

Gold Medal

At Pan-American Exposition.



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FOR PRAIRIE SAILORS

PLAN FOR ESTABLISHING NAVAL TRAINING STATION ON GREAT LAKES.

HELP TO WESTERNERS

Iowa Men Who Enlist in the Navy Could Acquire a Knowledge of Sailing Before Going on the Ocean — Plan is Favored by Congressmen.

[BY H. J. MAHIN.]

Washington, D. C., Nov. 21.— As a resultant development of the movement started a few days since in a bill providing for a naval training station near Chicago, fresh water sailors recruited from Iowa and other states of the vast middle west and trained on the great lakes promise to become a highly important factor in the United States navy of the future. Congressman Cousins, Iowa's member of the naval affairs committee, declares himself heartily in favor of this movement and he will be a strong factor in the house in the party backing the bill.

Treaty Shuts Out Ships.

To aid in the development of this inland navy there is a strong feeling in Washington that the Rush Bagot treaty of 1817 which limits to almost nothing the naval force of Great Britain and the United States on the great lakes, should be so revised that war ships suitable for training purposes should be permitted to cruise on the inland seas where storms rise quickly enough and waves run high enough to give the newest recruit from Iowa or Illinois ample opportunity to acquire the "sea habit."

Location Near Chicago.

It has been recommended that the new naval training station be situated at Lake Bluff, thirty-two miles north of Chicago on Lake Michigan. There is a good harbor there for ship's cutters which are the limit for training facilities on the water unless this Rush-Bagot treaty be revised. Both Great Britain and the United States are forbidden to have any fighting ships on the lakes by the provisions of this treaty. The rule of course was made to fit a time of possible war and unsettled conditions that does not exist today.

There have been many efforts to abrogate the Rush-Bagot treaty. Ship builders on the great lakes wish to have it effaced from the laws of the two nations so that they can build war ships for Uncle Sam inland and float them out to the sea through the St. Lawrence river. One thing that Mr. Cousins and his colleagues on the naval committee may attempt to bring about will be the resitting of the joint high commission which failed a few years ago to bring about any adjustment of the differences existing between Canada and the United States.

Station Would Do Much Good.

If an arrangement to get the big ships on the lakes is not made the naval training station will only afford the troops concentrated there training which must necessarily be supplanted by transportation to the seaboard and assignment to the North Atlantic training squadron. For troops to get all the training necessary to fit them for duty on the great fighting ships before they leave the west is considered highly desirable, since as it is now it takes quite a time to fit marines for real sea duty after they have left their inland training schools.

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Just before Senator Dolliver left Fort Dodge this fall he bought a horse and decided to bring the animal with him to Washington so that he could get the use of it at the capital. As it is a fine animal the senator did not like to ship it in the regular way so he decided to take a whole car and have a man to accompany the animal. As the man and the horse did not fill more than half the car at the most they filled up the other end of the car with about ten tons of good Iowa hay. Mr. Dolliver did not realize just what a good thing he was doing for himself until he happened to look up the price of hay in Washington. It is $22 a ton here and those ten tons were bought in Iowa for $9 a ton. Not only will the entire expense of the transportation of the horse be paid for by the difference but the senator will make a little on the side.

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"There is one good thing about this judgeship contest" said an Iowa senator to an Iowa congressman the other day, "we can not make much of a mistake in our choice; all the candidates are fine men."

"Yes," answered the congressman, who will have his joke on every question, "and it is a comfort to know that whoever is appointed will have the endorsement of the supreme court of Iowa."

There were a good many duplications in the endorsements given the candidates for the judgeship to succeed Judge Shiras but none more noticeable than that of the members of the supreme court. The court was exceedingly impartial in giving its endorsement and practically each and every one of the candidates is so favored.

Goes From Bad to Worse.

Always true of constipation. It begins many maladies, but Dr. King's New Life Pills cure or no pay. Only 25c. F. B. Clark.

The trustees of Ames college think the institution should have $950,000 from the next legislature.

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.

To Farmers!

If in need of a Wagon remember I have the old reliable

Charter Oak Wagon

that has stood the test for years on Ottumwa streets. None Better Made

Very truly yours,

Geo. W. Davidson

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. 329 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, 3 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., O. R., E. & S. Co. Residence, 216 North Jefferson street. Office, 120 Court street. Residence telephone, 110; office telephone, 99. 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.
6c	Chicago Limited	1:25 p. m.
4a	Chicago, St. Louis & Quincy	7:10 p. m.
8c	Fast 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	Fast mail	2:40 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	Fast 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	a10:10 a. m.	5:05 p. m.
Kansas City & Southwest	b12:25 a. m.	d12:30 a. m.
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	7:00	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 Moniton:

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.