

Quincy Adams Sawyer

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

Copyright 1903-1902 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.

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 Obadiah Strout, the stinging master, and Ezekiel Pettengill, 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 Pettengill, a retired Boston business man and an eccentric half-brother who is also the uncle of Ezekiel Pettengill. 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 falls 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. Quincy calls at the Putnam home, finds Lindy absent and she comes from the simple old folks a story of the family, together with the information that he has caused a misunderstanding between Huldy, Mason and Ezekiel Pettengill. He decides to go and live with Uncle Ike and leave the Masons alone. Quincy then takes Hulda for a little ride and tells her he is going to leave. They are thrown from the buggy and Huldy's arm is broken. Ezekiel's sister, Alice, has lost her eyesight, and her brother brings her home. Uncle Ike yields to the entreaties of his niece and nephew and goes to live with them at his invitation. Quincy also takes quarters at the Pettengill homestead, where he is received by Easie, Quincy's cousin. After a visit to Huldy, during which she apologizes for her part in his troubles, Quincy returns to his room and is surprised to find a letter from Lindy Putnam in which she asks him to call with regard to a business matter. Another letter from his father tells him that Jim Sawyer, dying in the Eastborough poorhouse, may be his uncle, the "black sheep" of the Sawyer family.

CHAPTER XV.

A Long Lost Relative.

Ezekiel Pettengill owned what Deacon Mason did not, a nice carriage and a good road horse. Ezekiel would fix no price, but Quincy would not drive him unless he paid for the use of the team. One dollar for half a day, two dollars for a whole day, were the prices Quincy fixed upon. Quincy drove first to Mrs. Putnam's. As he was about to enter the front door was opened and Lindy stood there to welcome him, which she did by extending her hand and then showing him into the parlor. She was evidently on the point of going out, for she had on her outdoor garments. After a few commonplace remarks relating to health and the weather, Quincy abruptly approached the object of his visit by saying, "I received your letter, Miss Putnam, and I have come to see if I can be of any service to you." "Oh! I know you can," said Lindy; "you are wealthy--"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Quincy. "I am not what they call a wealthy young man; the fact that my father is possessed of a large fortune has probably given rise to the incorrect impression just repeated by you."

"I understand," said Lindy, with a laugh. "What I meant to say was, that you are undoubtedly acquainted with wealthy gentlemen, who know the best ways of investing money. I find my money a great trouble to me," she continued. "I had \$25,000 invested in a first mortgage, but the property has been sold and the money repaid to me, and I don't know what to do with it."

"The obvious thing to do," remarked Quincy, "is to invest it at once, so that it will begin paying you interest."

"That is just what I wished to see you about," responded Lindy. "How would you advise me to invest it?" she asked.

"I would not presume," replied Quincy, "to give positive advice in such a case. I would go either to Foss & Follansbee, or Braithwaite & Mellen, or perhaps Rothwell Brothers & Co., look over the securities they have for sale and make my own selection, if I were in your place."

Lindy was manifestly disappointed at Quincy's polite refusal to recommend any particular security, but she evidently realized that further argument or entreaty would be useless, so she quickly changed the subject by remarking that her mother had considerable money invested, but that she was a woman who never took any advice and never gave any.

"I wonder who my mother is going to leave her money to? Do you know, Mr. Sawyer?" Quincy replied that he did not. "But she did tell me that by the terms of

your brother's will you were not to inherit it."

"Well, if you ever find out," said Lindy, "you will tell me, won't you, Mr. Sawyer?"

"Yes," said Quincy, "unless I am requested to keep it a secret." "But you wouldn't keep it from me, their own daughter," said Lindy. "Well," he replied, "I don't think it at all likely that they will inform me; but I promise to tell you if I learn who it is and am not bound in any way to keep the information secret."

"And will you tell me just as soon as you know?" persisted Lindy.

"In less than twenty-four hours from the time I learn the name you shall hear it from my own lips," he replied. "Thank you," said Lindy. "Would you like to see father and mother? Father has been quite sick for a few days and they are in their own room. I will go up and tell them you are coming."

Quincy was left in the room. That gossip about Miss Putnam could not be true. Gossip said she was ashamed of her father and mother, and yet she had invited him to go up and see them. What a pretty girl she was, well educated and with a hundred thousand dollars; such a beautiful sight and their voices blended so nicely together. How pleased his mother and sisters would be if he should bring home a wife like her. On the wall hung an oil portrait of her, evidently painted within a short time. He sat looking at it as Lindy opened the door.

Before he could remove his eyes from the picture, Lindy had noticed his fixed gaze at it and smiled brightly. "Mother would be delighted to see you."

Lindy rang a small bell that was on a table. In a moment Samantha entered the room.

"Samantha, please show Mr. Sawyer to mother's room. Will you excuse me, Mr. Sawyer, if I am not here to say good-by to you after you have seen mother? I am going to the city this morning and there--" looking out of the window--"here comes Abner Stiles; he is going to drive me over to Eastborough. Did you ever meet Mr. Stiles, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I may have seen him," replied Quincy.

"Seeing him is nothing," said Lindy. "He must be heard to be appreciated. He is a most engaging talker; he has caught the biggest fish and killed the biggest bears--"

"And told the biggest lies," broke in Quincy.

"Of any man in town," Lindy concluded.

"I think there is one man in town who can tell bigger ones," Quincy said gravely; "he has been telling a good many lately."

Lindy looked up and smiled. "He will never forgive us for what we did at the concert," she said. "Well, I mustn't keep Mr. Stiles waiting any longer, if I do he may--"

"Try to compete with the other one," added Quincy.

She smiled again, and gave him her little gloved hand, which he took in his for an instant.

She ran out quickly and got into the team, which immediately drove off. Samantha, who had been waiting impatiently in the hallway, ushered Quincy into an upper chamber, where sat Mrs. Putnam. Her husband was reclining on a lounge near the fire.

"Well, I am awful glad to see you," said Mrs. Putnam. "Silas here hasn't been feeling first rate for more'n a week. He's most frozen to death all the time. So I got him up front of the fire, same as I used to roast turkeys. Set down, Mr. Sawyer, and tell me all the news. Have you heard anybody going to get married? I heard as how you had left Deacon Mason's. So you 'sided to take my advice. I'm kinder sorry you tipped the buggy over, for Huldy Mason's a nice girl. The fact is I was thinkin' more of her than I was

of you, when I told yer you'd better git out. Where be yer boardin' now?"

"I am boarding at Mr. Ezekiel Pettengill's. His sister has got home and his Uncle Isaac has come back to live with 'em."

"Lord sakes, do tell!" said Mrs. Putnam. "I allus thought that old fool would die out there in the woods and they'd bury him in his chicken coop. But what on airth is Alice home for? Has she lost her job?"

"No," replied Quincy; "poor girl, she has almost lost her sight. She's been very sick, and as a result she is almost blind, and had to give up work and come home."

Mrs. Putnam sank back in her chair. "If I didn't think you were a truthful man, Mr. Sawyer, I wouldn't believe a word you said. My poor Alice. Why, do you know, Mr. Sawyer, I never saw a human being in all my life that I liked so much as I have Alice Pettengill. Did you ever see her, Mr. Sawyer?"

"No," said Quincy, "she only arrived yesterday afternoon, and she did not appear at supper nor at breakfast this morning. She was tired and wished to rest, her brother told me."

"Well, I hope she won't die," said Mrs. Putnam. "I have left her every dollar I've got in the world, and if she should die I shouldn't know who on airth to give it to. Well, there, I've let the cat out of the bag, and my daughter Lindy, mean as she is about money, would give a thousand dollars to know who I am going to leave my money to. I wish I could see Alice. I can't walk, and that poor, dear girl can't see. Why, Mr. Sawyer, I think she's the prettiest, sweetest girl I ever set eyes on in my life, and I've seen a good many on 'em. Now you tell me what you think of her the next time you come up, won't you, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I certainly will," said Quincy, "and if she will come with me I will bring her over to see you. If she came from Boston with her brother, she can surely ride as far as this," he added.

"Tell her I shall count every minute till she comes over here, but don't say a word to her about my money," said Mrs. Putnam.

"Certainly not," Quincy answered. "You did not intend to tell me." "No, I didn't," acknowledged Mrs. Putnam, "it slipped out before I thought."

Quincy arose. "I must go now, Mrs. Putnam. I have business at Eastborough Center, and I don't know how long it will take me, besides, I am anxious to see Miss Pettengill after your glowing description of her beauty and her virtues."

"Well, I haven't put the paint on half as thick as you would stand," said Mrs. Putnam. "Well, good-by, Mr. Sawyer. It's very kind of you to come and see two old folks like us. No use saying good-by to Silas; he's stone deaf and besides he's sound asleep."

When Quincy took up the reins and started towards Eastborough Centre it was with conflicting emotions. If there had been no Alice Pettengill to see, his thoughts, no doubt, would have revolved chiefly to Lindy Putnam, who had never attracted his attention before as she had that morning. Could Alice Pettengill be as pretty and as good as Mrs. Putnam had portrayed? And she was to be an heiress. He was sorry that Mrs. Putnam had told him when he was talking to Miss Pettengill what he would be continually in his mind. He was glad that she was to have the money, but very sorry that he knew that she was to have it; he had promised not to tell her, but he had promised to tell Lindy. Mrs. Putnam had not told him not to tell Lindy, but she had said Lindy would give a thousand dollars to know. Anyhow, that question must be decided within the next twenty-four hours.

Then he began to think of his intended visit to Eastborough poorhouse. Would the Jim Sawyer that he found there turn out to be his own uncle? What a sweet morsel that would be for Strout if it proved to be true. Anyhow, he would follow his father's instructions and do all he could for his uncle, come what might.

Since he had arrived at Mason's Center, everything that he had done seemed to give rise to gossip, and a little more of it could do no harm.

Quincy reached the poorhouse and inquired for the keeper. A very stout, red-faced man answered the summons. He informed Quincy that his name was Asa Waters, and that he had been keeper of the town poorhouse for the last ten years.

Quincy thought from his size, as he evidently weighed between three and

GOLD MEDAL



For the quick preparation of a delicious drink, for making Chocolate icing or for flavoring Ice Cream, Lowney's "Always Ready" Sweet Chocolate Powder has no equal. The full chocolate quality and properties are present, unadulterated and unimpaird.

four hundred pounds, that he had probably eaten all the food supplied for the inmates. In reply to a direct question whether there was a man there by the name of Jim Sawyer, Mr. Waters said "yes," but that he was sick abed and had been for the last week.

"He coughs awful," said Waters; "in fact, I had to change his room because the rest of us couldn't sleep. When we tried to move him he became sort of crazy like, and it took three on us to get him out of the room and take him upstairs. He seems sort of ruffled back in that room. The other day he crawled down stairs and we found him trying to get into the room, but I had it locked and we had another fight to get him upstairs again."

"Well," said Quincy, "I would like to see him; it may be he is a distant relative of our family. My father wishes me to talk with him and make the inquiry anyway."

"Is your name James Sawyer?" asked Mr. Waters.

"My name is Quincy Adams Sawyer."

"Oh, yes, I remember you," said Waters. "Wasn't you the singer that Mr. Strout hired to come down from Boston to sing at his concert. Strout told me he paid you \$50 for singing that night, and by gosh it was worth it."

Quincy was not a profane young man, but he had to smother an oath on hearing that. He replied, "Yes, I sang that night."

"And," said Waters, "didn't you whistle that piece, 'Listen to the Bobolink'?"

"Here, Sam," said he to a young fellow who appeared in sight, "show this gentleman up to Jim Sawyer's room; I'm getting kind of pussy, and I don't go upstairs much."

Sam performed his mission and Quincy was ushered into the room and found himself with the sick man.

"What name James Sawyer?" asked Quincy.

"Yes," said the man. "I used to be proud of it once."

"Did you have a brother?" asked Quincy.

"Well," said Jim, "I don't think he would be proud of me now, so I guess I won't claim any relations."

Quincy stopped for a moment. Evidently the man's pride would keep him from telling anything about himself. He would try him on a new tack. The man had a long fit of coughing. When it had subsided, Quincy said, "It wears you out to talk. I will do the talking, and if what I say is true you can nod your head." Quincy continued, "Your name is James Edward Sawyer, your brother's name was Nathaniel. The man opened his eyes wide and looked steadily at him. "Your father, Edward Sawyer, left you \$50,000. The man clutched with both hands at the quilt on the bed. "You are about 60 years of age." The man nodded. "You married a young girl who lived in the country and took her to Boston with

A Great Stock of Overcoats

Every Variety Ranging in Price From \$2.50 to \$25.00

Finest line of Men's Black Dress Suits in the city, 30.00 at prices from \$12.00 to Everything new in Fancy Suitings at from \$6 to \$22.

ALSO A POOR MAN'S DEPARTMENT WHERE A MAN WITH A LITTLE MONEY CAN GET A NICE LOOKING, GOOD, STRONG, WARM SUIT AT FROM \$2.75 to \$5.00, OR AN OVERCOAT AT FROM \$3.50 to \$5.00. EXTRA QUALITY, FULL WEIGHT, FULL LENGTH AND FULL SIZE FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR FOR 50c. DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON THE 39c KIND AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON. PAY 11c MORE FOR SOMETHING GOOD AND WELL WORTH TWICE THE DIFFERENCE. RELIABLE ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR AT \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 AND \$3.00. GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY. THE KIND THAT WILL NOT SCRATCH.

THE HUB

you; her maiden name was Eunice Raymond."

The man started up in bed, resting on his elbow. "How did you know all this?" asked he. "Who has told you this? Who are you?"

The exertion and the rapid speaking brought on another fit of coughing and he fell back on his pillow.

"If I have said is true," remarked Quincy quietly, "your brother, Nathaniel, is my father, and I am your nephew, Quincy Adams Sawyer."

"Who sent you to see me?" asked the man.

(To be continued Thursday.)

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 LAY CORNER STONE.

First Baptist Church Will Have Appropriate Services on the Occasion.

The corner stone of the new First Baptist church, which is located on the corner of North Court and West Fifth streets, will be laid Wednesday afternoon, December 2, at 3 o'clock. On account of the chilly weather, appropriate services will be held in the First Presbyterian church at the conclusion of which all those in attendance will go to the church, where the corner stone will be laid. The program giving the speakers and their subjects has not yet been completed. The work on the church is rapidly progressing. The entire basement has been completed, and one story of brick is nearing completion.

HE JOKED WITH DEATH.

Keokuk County Young Man Takes Fatal Dose of Strychnine. A Sigourney, Nov. 28.—George Kline, a young farmer, is lying at the point of death at his home four miles east of Lancaster, from the effects of taking too much poison. Several days ago he purchased a phial of strychnine to kill rats around his barn, and in the evening at the supper table he drew the phial from his pocket and laughingly remarked he wondered how much it would take to kill a two-legged rat. Not knowing the power of the drug he placed a pinch of it on his tongue. The dose was not large enough to produce instant death, but he hopes are entertained for his recovery.

ATLANTIC CHAUTAUQUA.

Articles of Incorporation For Institution are Filed. Atlantic, Nov. 28.—The articles of incorporation of the Atlantic Chautauqua association have been filed in the office of the county recorder, with a capital stock of \$5,000, in shares of \$5 each. The officers are: President, J. S. Harlan; vice president, Dr. J. M. Emmert; treasurer, R. H. Shifflett; secretary, B. F. Wood; directors, Dr. E. S. Hill, C. P. Meredith, J. Christensen, H. M. Boorman and J. B. Rockafellow.

EMPEROR WITHDRAWS OFFER.

Will Give Cup Race For Trans-Atlantic Race in 1905. Berlin, Nov. 28.—Emperor William has withdrawn his offer of a cup for a trans-Atlantic yacht race in 1904, on account of his health and has substituted for the offer a cup to be raced for in 1905.

New Germ Destroyer.

Dr. King's New Discovery kills consumption and grip germs. Cures coughs, colds and lung troubles or no pay. 50c. \$1.00. F. B. Clark.

ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM.

Colonist Rates to California. Another period of low rates to California has been arranged for by the Rock Island System.

The first selling date is September 15; the last, November 30. The rates are the same as were in effect last spring.

\$3.00 from Chicago.

\$1.00 from Peoria and Rock Island.

\$2.00 from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

\$1.00 from Cedar Rapids.

\$2.25 from Des Moines.

\$2.00 from Missouri river points.

Corresponding reductions from all other Rock Island stations.

Tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars.

Go now before the rush begins. There will be no reduced rates to California during the winter.

The Rock Island System offers two routes to California—"Scenic" and "Southern."

Ask nearest Rock Island ticket agent for folder, "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car." It gives full information.

S. F. Boyd, D. P. A., Davenport, Ia.

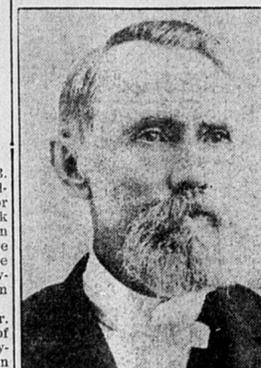
A THOUSAND WEDDINGS

Rev. Moses Downing Of Bloomfield, Holds An Unique Record.

Bloomfield, Nov. 27.—(Special.)—"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

For the one-thousandth time these solemn words have passed the lips of Rev. M. Downing, united in Hymen's bonds a thousand pairs of lives, and "Uncle Moses", as he is familiarly known throughout Davis county is still, as he terms it, "in the marrying business." For years he has lived in Davis county, as boy and man. He has served the people as school-teacher, minister of gospel, and as a public official, and his name is a household word throughout the entire county.

"Uncle Moses is a preacher of the old school. He first entered the ministry when little more than a boy, and on February 22, 1863, he performed his first marriage ceremony. He delights in the fact that the couple who stood before him on that occasion to answer the solemn questions be then asked for the first time, are still living. They are Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Ritz, who reside on a farm in Union township, Davis county.



REV. M. DOWNING.

having performed more marriage ceremonies than any other man. He has always been popular, and for that reason largely he has been called upon by lovers, old and young, ever since the call to arms in the dark days of the civil war brought headstrong maidens to their senses, and to "Uncle Moses" door. He laughingly asserts that he has always answered all calls readily, and that even runaway couples may approach his door at any hour, day or night, without fear.

Moses Downing was born in Foun-

tain county, Indiana, January 19, 1833. In 1848 he came to Iowa with his widowed mother, and they resided for some years on a farm in Salt Creek township, this county. There the son grew to manhood. At the early age of 17 years he was united in marriage with Martha Robbins, who is still living. They have four sons, all of whom live in Oklahoma.

During the winter of 1854-5, Mr. Downing taught his first term of school, and for a period of twenty-three years he acted as pedagogue in the schools of this county. Entering the ministry he was appointed pastor of the Mount Gilead church in Salt Creek township, and for fifteen years he acted in that capacity. In 1870 he was elected county superintendent of schools, holding the office one term. He also served two years as deputy county treasurer under J. N. Sloan, of Keokuk, and three years as clerk of the Board of Supervisors. In 1886 he was elected recorder of deeds for Davis county, and held this office through three terms. At present he is deputy recorder under P. R. Jarvis.

"Uncle Moses" probably holds the record for Iowa at least, and might well lay claim to the distinction of

The Safest Investment

any man can make is to get a policy in the dependable Pacific Mutual Insurance Co. Life-Accident-Health.

It Protects a Man's Family, It Helps Him When Afflicted, It Shows he is Progressive

The advice of good business men is always in favor of the best life insurance. These policies are classed as the best. The local agent will tell you anything you want to know about it.

T. H. CORRICK, General Agent.

We Make a Feature

of good meals at all times. We serve game, fish, oysters and finest meats serve them well prepared and appetizing. Bring your friends here if you want them treated just right.

McELROY RESTAURANT

McELROY & McCABE, Proprietors

109-111 South Market Street. Open Day and Night

MORGAN GRISWOLD

Successor to Geo. Griswold

Abstracter of Titles

107 N. Court St.

OTTUMWANS SOLD BONDS

and that it was absolutely necessary for Wapello and the other counties on the line to raise their quotas of private stock to insure the road. Mr. I. alluded to the difficulty of getting individuals to subscribe stock and gave the meeting a history at length of the progress of building railroads in Ohio and their effect on the market and the price of property. Mr. I. stated that real estate subscriptions would be taken and set forth in a very clear manner the duty of our citizens in the matter. The stock books were then presented to the meeting and the sum of \$5,100 additional stock was taken.

"On motion of R. H. Warden a committee of twelve was appointed to canvass the county and solicit subscriptions of stock. D. P. Inskip, S. B. Turner, J. D. Devin, C. C. Warden, E. Washburn, J. Hawley, J. Hayne, R. H. Warden, P. C. Jeffries, Silas Osborn, J. Leighton, A. J. Spaulding were appointed said committee.

"On motion of J. D. Devin said committee is instructed to report progress at a railroad meeting to be held at the court house on Saturday evening the 10th at early call.

"On motion of T. G. Given, Resolved that every citizen consider himself a committee of one, whose special duty it shall be to report to this committee as to where and of whom stock can be obtained.

"On motion of D. P. Inskip, Resolved that we know no such word as fail and that we will use every effort in our power to make up the necessary amount of stock.

"On motion of E. Washburn, Resolved that the proceedings be published in the Courier.

"On motion adjourned.

"Jos. Hayne, chairman, "R. H. Warden, secretary."

A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough medicine in the world."

For sale by W. D. Elliott, corner of Main and Court streets.

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.

Free Holiday Games Lion Coffee advertisement with illustration of a woman and child.