

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 this month. All are acquainted with the story before the play is given here.

SYNOPSIS.

Quincy Adams Sawyer, the son of the Honorable Nathaniel Sawyer, a prominent lawyer of Boston, is at Mason's Corner, Mass., for the benefit of his health. His courtesy to the young women of the little town makes him the object of spite on the part of Obediah Strout, the village singing master, who tries to enlist Ezekiel Pettengill, a young farmer, with him. Quincy, who is staying, has a daughter, Huldy, who loves Quincy but is loved by Pettengill. Quincy finally tells Huldy that he cannot marry her, and the girl, excited by his words, forgets herself and causes the horse she is driving to tail and upset their buggy, whereupon she falls out and breaks her arm. Quincy, who has been boarding place to Ezekiel Pettengill's home, being invited there by Pettengill's Uncle Ike, and old friend of the elder Sawyer. Here he meets Alice, Ezekiel's sister, who has been brought home from Boston, where she was a bookkeeper until her eyesight failed. The young man loves her but does not betray his feelings. Meanwhile, Mrs. Putnam, a rich old woman in the neighborhood tells Quincy that she is to leave her fortune to Alice, though no one else is let into the secret. Quincy, who is also rich in her own right, and the only daughter of Mrs. Putnam, tries to learn from Quincy her mother's secret but fails. Quincy, who has a complete understanding and join with Quincy to be even with Strout for the gossip he has started regarding their estrangement. Quincy, who has the body interred side by side with his wife and children. On his return from the funeral he learns that Strout has been circling him for a long time against him and prepares to fight Strout in his own way. A snow storm occurs to keep all inside the house several days and meanwhile Quincy falls deeper in love with Alice.

each post wearing a white cap. As the morning advanced the storm increased, the wind blew, and great drifts were indications of its power. The thick clouds of white flakes were thrown in every direction, and only dire necessity, it seemed, would be sufficient reason for leaving a comfortable fireside.

Mandy and Mrs. Crowley were busily engaged in preparing the morning meal, when a loud scratching at a door, which led into a large room that was used as an addition to the kitchen, attracted their attention. In bounded Swiss, the big St. Bernard dog belonging to Uncle Ike at Uncle Ike's special request Swiss had not been banded to the barn or the woodshed, but had been allowed to sleep on a pallet in the corner of the large room referred to.

Swiss was a great favorite with Mandy, and he was a great friend of hers, for Swiss was very particular about his food, and he had found Mandy to be a much better cook than Uncle Ike had been; besides the fare was more bounteous at the Pettengill homestead than down at the chicken coop, and Swiss had gained in weight and strength since his change of quarters. After breakfast Uncle Ike came into the kitchen and received a warm welcome from Swiss. Uncle Ike told Mandy and Mrs. Crowley the well-known story of the rescues of lost travellers made by the St. Bernard dogs on the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland. Mrs. Crowley learned that Swiss had come from a country a great many miles farther away from America than Ireland was, he rose greatly in her estimation and she made no objection to his occupying a warm corner of the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Some More New Ideas.

When Ezekiel and Cobb's twins returned from West Eastborough, they said the air felt like snow. Mandy had kept some supper for them. Ezekiel said they had supper over to Eastborough Centre, but the home cooking smelled so good that all three sat down in the kitchen and disposed of what Mandy had provided.

The other members of the Pettengill household were in their respective rooms. Uncle Ike was reading a magazine. Alice was sitting at her desk, and she always came to her room before she did so to see that her fire was all right for the night. Alice was a great lover of music and she had enjoyed the afternoon almost as much as Quincy had. She could not help thinking what musical treats might be in store for them, and then the thought came to her how she would miss him when he went back to Boston.

In the next room, Quincy was pursuing a similar line of thought. He was thinking of the nice times that Alice and he could have singing together. To be sure he wished to do nothing to make his father angry, for Quincy appreciated the power of money. He knew that with his father's third deeded, his father's estate would give him between \$200,000 and \$300,000. He had some money in his own right left him by a fond aunt, his father's sister, the income from which gave him a good living without calling upon his father.

He knew his father wished him to become a lawyer and keep up the old firm which was so well known in legal and business circles, but Quincy in his heart realized that he was not equal to it, and the future had little attraction for him, if it were to be passed in the law offices of Sawyer & Crowninshield & Lawrence. At any rate his health was not fully restored, and he determined to stay at Mason's Corner as long as he could do so without causing a break in the friendly relations existing between his father and himself. His present income was enough for his personal needs, but it was not sufficient to also support a Mrs. Quincy Adams Sawyer.

What Ezekiel had prophesied came true. No one knew just when the storm began, but the picture that greeted Mandy Skinner's eyes when she came down to get breakfast was a great contrast to that of the previous day.

The snow had fallen steadily in large, heavy flakes, the road and the fields showed an even, unbroken surface of white; the tops of the taller fences were yet above the snow line, wind struck the house; it made every window and timber rattle; great clouds of snow were swept up from the ground to mingle with those coming from above, and the two were thrown into whirling eddy that struck the poor traveller and took him from his feet, covering him from sight. Mandy rushed to the door and opened it. This time she did not scream "Hello." The word this time was "Hiram! He is lost! He is lost!" she cried. "His strength has given out; but what shall I do? I could not reach him if I tried. Oh, Hiram! Hiram!" and the poor girl burst into tears. She would call Mr. Pettengill; she would call Cobb's twins; she would call Mr. Sawyer; one of them would surely go to his assistance.

She turned and to her surprise found Swiss by her side, looking up at her with his large, intelligent eyes. Quick as lightning, Uncle Ike's story came back to her mind. She patted Swiss on the head, and pointed out into the storm.

Not another word was needed. With a bound Swiss went into the snow and rapidly forward in the direction of the road. Mandy was obliged to close the door again and resume her place at the window. How her heart beat! How she watched the dog as he ploughed his way through the drifts! He must be near the place. Yes, he is scratching and digging down into the snow. Now the dark form appears once more. Yes Hiram is on his feet again and man and dog resume their fight with the elements.

It seemed an age to Mandy, but it was in reality not more than five minutes, before Hiram and Swiss reached the kitchen door and came into the room.

"Come out into the back room," said Mandy to Hiram. "I don't want this snow all over my kitchen floor." So Hiram and Swiss were taken into the back room and in a short time came back in presentable condition.

"Now, Mr. Maxwell, if you have recovered the use of your tongue, will you kindly inform me what sent you out in such a storm as this?"

"Well," replied Hiram, "I reckoned I'd get down kinder early in the morning, but I didn't expect a storm like this. That's all right," said Mandy; "but that don't tell me what you are out for anyway."

"Well, you didn't suppose," said Hiram, "that I could go all day long without seeing you, did you, Mandy?"

Mrs. Crowley chuckled to herself and went into the side room. Even Swiss seemed to recognize that two were company and he followed Mrs. Crowley and resumed his old resting place in the corner of the room.

As Mrs. Crowley went about her work, she chuckled again, and said to herself, "It's a wedding I'll be going to next time in place of a funeral."

Upstairs other important events were taking place. Quincy had gone to his room after breakfast, and looked out upon the wild scene of storm with a sense of loneliness that had not hitherto oppressed him. Why should he be so lonely? Was he not in the same house with her, with only a thin wall of wood and plaster between them? Yes, but if that wall had been of granite one hundred feet thick, it could not have kept him off more effectually from seeing her lovely face and hearing her sweet voice.

There came a sharp rap at the door. "Come in," called out Quincy.

"Ah!" said Uncle Ike as he entered. "I am glad to see you have a good fire. The snow has blown down into Alice's room and her fire is out. Will you let her step in here for a few moments, Mr. Sawyer, until Zeke and I get the room warm again?"

"Why, certainly," replied Quincy. "I am only too happy—"

But Uncle Ike was off and returned in a few moments leading Alice. Quincy placed a chair for her before the fire. This cold winter day she wore a morning dress of a shade of white, and despite its bright color, seemed to harmonize with the golden hair and to take the place of the sun, which was not there to light it up.

"If Miss Pettengill prefers," said Quincy, "I can make myself comfortable in the dining-room, and she can have my room to herself."

He left the room, and Quincy, who had started this speech to Uncle Ike, who left abruptly in the middle of it, and Quincy's closing words fell on Alice's ears alone.

"Why, certainly not," said Alice; "sit down, Mr. Sawyer, and we will talk about something. Don't you think it is terrible?" As Quincy was contemplating his fair visitor, he could hardly be expected to say "yes" to her question. "Perhaps you enjoy it?" said she.

"I certainly do," answered Quincy, throwing his whole heart into his eyes. "Well, I must differ with you," said Alice. "I never did like snow."

"Oh, you were talking about the weather!" remarked Quincy.

"Why, yes," said Alice. "What else did you think I was talking about?"

Quincy, cool and self-possessed as he invariably was, was a trifle embarrassed.

Turning to Alice, he said, "I see, Miss Pettengill, that I must make you a frank statement in order that you may retain my respect for me. I know you will pardon me for not hearing what you said, and for what I am about to say; but the fact is, I was wondering whether you have had the best advice and assistance that the medical science of today can afford you as regards your eyes."

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Sawyer. I think of me and my trouble, and I will answer you in the same friendly way in which you have spoken. I was taken sick one morning just as I was eating my breakfast. I never felt better in my life than I did that morning, but the pain in my side was so intense, so agonizing, that by the time I reached my room, and threw myself on the bed, physically I was a complete wreck. A doctor was called at once and he remained with me from 8 o'clock until noon before I became comfortable. I thought I was going to get better right off, or I should have written to Zeke! Two other attacks, each more severe than the one preceding, followed the first, and I was so sick that writing, or telling any one else what to write, or where to write, was impossible. Then I began slowly to recover, but I was very weak and what made me feel worse than ever was the fact that the trouble with my eyes, which before my illness I had attributed to nearsightedness, was now so marked that I could not see across the room. I could not even see to

turn a spoonful of medicine from a bottle on the table beside my bed. The Pettengills, Mr. Sawyer, are a self-reliant race, and I concluded in my own mind that the trouble with my eyes was due to my illness, and that when I recovered from that, they would get well; but they did not. I was able, physically, to resume my work, but I could not see to read or write. I sent for my employer, and told him my condition. He advised me to consult an oculist at once. In fact, he got a carriage and took me to one himself. The oculist said that the treatment would require at least three months; so my employer told me I had better come home, and that when I recovered I could have my place back again. He is a fine, generous-hearted man and I should be very grateful if I thought I was going to lose my place."

"But what did the oculist say was the trouble with your eyes?" Quincy asked.

"He didn't tell me," replied Alice. "He may have told my employer. He gave me some drops to put in my eyes three times a day, and a little metal tube with a cover to it like the top of a pepper box; on the other end is a piece of rubber tubing, with a glass mouthpiece attached to it."

"How do you use that?" asked Quincy.

Alice continued, "I hold the pepper box in front of my wide-opened eye; then I put the glass mouthpiece in my mouth and blow, for a certain length of time. I don't know how long it is. It seems as though a thousand needles were driven into my eyeball. The drops make me cry; but the little tube brings the tears in torrents."

"Isn't that harsh treatment?" asked Quincy, as he looked at the beautiful blue, but sightless eyes that were turned towards him.

"No," said Alice with a laugh. "The pain and the tears are like an April shower, for both soon pass away."

At this moment Uncle Ike entered the room and Ezekiel's steps were heard descending the stairs. Uncle Ike said, "We have got it started and Zeke has gone to bring up a good stock of wood. If you have no objection, Mr. Sawyer, I will sit down here a few minutes. Don't let me interrupt your conversation."

"I hope you will take a part in it," said Quincy. "You put a lot of new ideas into my head the first time I came to see you, and perhaps you may have some more new ones for me today. Miss Pettengill was just saying she would feel miserable if she lost her situation."

"I have no doubt of it," said Uncle Ike. "The Pettengills are not afraid to work. If a man is obliged to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, I don't see why woman shouldn't do the same thing."

"But the home is woman's sphere," said Quincy.

"Bosh!" cried Uncle Ike. "Why, Uncle!" cried Alice.

"Oh, Mr. Sawyer understands me!" said Uncle Ike. "In the Middle Ages, when women occupied the highest position that has fallen to her lot since the days of Adam, the housework was done by menials and scullions. Has the world progressed when woman is pulled down from her high estate and this life of drudgery is called her sphere? Beg your pardon, Mr. Sawyer, but there should be no more limit fixed to the usefulness of woman than there is to the usefulness of man."

"But," persisted Alice, "I don't think Mr. Sawyer means that exactly. He means a woman should stay at home and look after her family."

"Well," said Uncle Ike, "so should the man. I am inclined to think if the father spent more time at home, it would be for the advantage of both sons and daughters."

"But," said Quincy, "do you think it is for the best interests of the community that woman should force her way into all branches of industry and compete with man for a livelihood?"

"Why not?" said Uncle Ike. "In the old days when they didn't work, for they didn't know how and didn't want to, because they thought it was beneath them, if a man died, his wife and children became dependent upon some brother or sister or uncle or aunt and they were obliged to provide for them out of their own small income or savings. In those days it was respected to be gently poor, and starve rather than work and live on the fat of the land. Nothing has ever done so much to add to the self-respect of woman, and to her feeling of independence, as the knowledge of the fact that she can support herself. Alice bowed her head and covered her eyes with her hand. "There's nothing personal in what I say," said Uncle Ike. "I am only talking on general principles."

Quincy yearned to say something against Uncle Ike's arguments, but how could he advance anything against woman's work when the one who sat before him was a workingwoman and was weeping because she could not work? There was one thing he could do, he could change the subject to one where there was an opportunity for debate. So he said, "Well, Mr. Pettengill, I presume if you are such an ar-

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dent advocate of woman's right or even proud of her right to vote."

"That does not do you," replied Uncle Ike. "To be self-reliant, independent, and self-supporting is a pleasure and a duty and adds to one's self-respect. As voting is done at the present day, I do not see how woman can take part in it and maintain her self-respect. Improvements no doubt will be made in the manner of voting. The ballot will become secret, and the count will not be disclosed until after the voting is finished. The rum stores will be closed on voting day and an air of respectability will be given to it that it does not now possess. It ought to be made a legal holiday."

"Granted," said Quincy, "but what has this to do with the question of woman's right to vote?"

"Woman has no inherent right to vote," said Uncle Ike. "The ballot is a privilege, not a right. Why, I remember reading during the war that young soldiers, between 18 and 21 years of age, claimed the ballot as a right because they were fighting for their country. Voting is right, what argument could be used against their claim?"

"I remember," added Quincy, "that they argued that bullets should win ballots. Do you think any one should vote who cannot fight?" asked Quincy.

"If he does not shrink his duty between 18 and 45," said Uncle Ike, "he should be deprived of his ballot when he is older, but the question of woman's voting does not depend upon her ability to fight. The mother at home thinking of her son, the sister thinking of her brother, the wife thinking of her husband, are as loyally fighting for their native land as the soldiers in the field, and no soldier is braver than the hospital nurse, who day and night and night after night, watches by the bedside of the wounded, the sick, and the dying. No, Mr. Sawyer, it is not a question of fighting or bravery."

During the discussion Alice had dried her eyes and was listening to her uncle's words. She now asked a question. "When will women vote, Uncle?"

"When it is deemed expedient for them to do so," replied Uncle Ike. "The full privilege will not be given all at once. They will probably be allowed to vote on some one matter in which they are deeply interested. Education and the rum question are the ones most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now I know Alice will shake her head and say 'No.' I repeat it—the full ballot will not come for woman until our social superstructure is changed. Woman will not become the political equal of man until she is his social and industrial equal; and until any contract of whatever nature made by a man and a woman may be dissolved by them by mutual consent, without their becoming criminals in the eye of the law, or outcasts in the eye of society."

At this moment Ezekiel looked in the door and said, "Alice's room is nice and warm now." Advancing, he took her hand and led her from the room. Uncle Ike thanked Quincy for his kindness and followed them. Quincy sat and thought. The picture that his uncle had just placed in the woman who had just left his room in a large house with servants at her command. She was the head of the household, but no menial or scullion. She did not work, because he was able and willing to support her. She did not vote, because she felt with him that at home was her sphere of usefulness; and then Quincy said to himself, "What would make this possible was money, money that he had but others had earned, and he knew that without this money the question could not be solved as his mind had pictured it; and he reflected that all women could not have great houses and servants and loving husbands to care for them, and he acknowledged to himself that his solution was personal, selfish, and not one that would answer for the tailing millions of the working world."

CHAPTER XXII.

After the Great Snowstorm.

Mandy was, of course, greatly pleased to see Hiram had come, and she went through such a great storm to see her, but woman-like, she would not show it.

So she said to Hiram, "Your reason is a very good one, and of course I am greatly flattered, but there must be something else besides that. Now, what have you got to tell me?"

"Well, the fact is, Mandy, I've got two things on my mind. One of them is a secret and I don't want to tell it until tomorrow morning."

"All ready," said he to Hiram, who was watching Swiss' head, and off they started.

Again Mandy went to the window and watched the progress of the travellers. Mrs. Crowley came into the kitchen and seeing Mandy with the white hat and a mug of the hot drink, she then approached Mandy and said, "What was all the laughing about? I like a good joke myself."

Mandy said, "Oh, he was telling me about a girl that invited all her fellows to come and see her the same evening, and only one of them got there because he was the last one to get the mill race, and all the rest of them fell into the water."

"It was a mane trick," said Mrs. Crowley. "Now, when all the boys were after me, for I was a good-looking girl once, Pat Crowley, he was my husband, had a sign on hand every night for a fortnight and all on account of me, and they do say there were never so many heads broken in the County of Tipperary on account of one girl since the days of St. Patrick."

Mandy had paid but little attention to Mrs. Crowley's speech. She was too busy watching the travellers. Mrs. Crowley filled and emptied the mug once more.

The last potation was too much for her equilibrium, and forgetting the step that led from the kitchen to the side room, she lost her balance and fell prone upon the floor. Her loud cries obliged Mandy to turn from the window, but not until she had seen that the travellers had reached the fence before Deacon Mason's house, and that Mandy and Hiram took from an inside pocket an envelope addressed to Mr. Ezekiel Pettengill, and showed it to Mandy. Then he put it back quickly in his pocket.

"Well, what of that?" asked Mandy. "That's no great secret."

"Well, not in itself," said Hiram; "but I am willing to bet a year's salary again a his red apple that those two people have made up and are engaged regular fashion."

"You don't say so," cried Mandy. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, a number of things," said Hiram. "I overheard the Deacon say to Huldy, 'I will be pretty lonesome for you one of these days, and then you see Mrs. Mason, she is just as good as pie

to me all the time, and that shows something has pleased her more than common; and then you see Huldy has that sort of look about her that girls have when their markets are made, and they feel so happy that they can't help showing it. You see, Mandy, I'm no chicken. I've had lots of experience."

What Mandy might have said in reply to this remark will never be known for at this juncture Ezekiel entered the room and passed through on his way to the woodshed.

"Now's my time," said Hiram, and he arose and followed him out.

Ezekiel was pling up some wood which he was to take to Alice's room, when Hiram came up beside him and slyly passed him the note. Then Hiram looked out of the woodshed window at the storm, which had lost none of its fury, while Ezekiel read the note. "Are you going home soon?" asked Ezekiel.

"Well, I guess I'll try it again," said Hiram, "as soon as I get warm and kinder limbered up."

"I guess I'll go back with you," said Ezekiel. "We will take Swiss with us; two men and a dog ought to be enough for a little snowstorm like this."

"You won't find it a little one," said Hiram. "When you get out in the road, but I guess the three on us can pull through."

Ezekiel went upstairs with the wood and Hiram resumed his seat before the kitchen fire.

"What did I tell you?" said Hiram to Mandy. "Zeke's going back with me. She has writ him to come over and see her. Now you see if you don't lose your apple."

"I didn't bet," said Mandy; "but what was that other thing you were going to tell me that was no secret?"

"Oh, that's about another couple," said Hiram. "Tilly James is engaged."

"Well, it's about time," said Mandy. "Who's she?"

"Samuel Hill," replied Hiram, "and she managed it first rate. You know the boys have been flocking round her for more than a year. Old Ben James, her pa, told me he'd got to put in a new hitch post. You see, there has been Robert Wood and Manuel Howe and Arthur Bates and Cob's twins and Ben Bates and Sam Hill, but Samuel was the scute one of the lot."

"Why, what did he do that was bright?" asked Mandy.

"Well," replied Hiram, "you see, Tilly got down and writ invites to all the boys that had been spunked round her to come to see her the same night. She gave these invites to her brother Bill and to her sister, and Sam Hill met her and found out what she was about, and he under surmised what it all meant. Well, the night came round and Sam Hill was the only one that turned up at the time appointed. After talking about the weather, last year's crops, and spring planting, Sam just knuckled up and proposed, and Tilly accepted him on the spot."

"Where were the other fellows?" asked Mandy. "I always surmised that she thought more of Ben Bates than she did of Sam Hill."

"Well, it didn't come out till a couple of days afterwards," said Hiram. "You see, the shortest way to old Ben James' place is to go over the mill race. Well, Sam Hill met her and found out what she was about, and he under surmised what it all meant. Well, the night came round and Sam Hill was the only one that turned up at the time appointed. After talking about the weather, last year's crops, and spring planting, Sam just knuckled up and proposed, and Tilly accepted him on the spot."

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