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 can become 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 make 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, but fails. Deacon Mason, with whom Sawyer 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 fall and upset their buggy, whereupon she falls out and breaks her arm. Quincy then changes his 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. Lindy Putnam, who is 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. Huldy and 'Zekiel come to a complete understanding and join with Quincy to be even with Strout for the gossip he has started regarding their estrangement. The next day Jim Sawyer dies and Quincy has the body interred side by side with his wife and children. On his return from the funeral he learns that Strout has been circulating more false reports 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, and agrees to act as her amanuensis while she is preparing a story for publication. She develops an appetite for writing both poetry and prose.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

Quincy thought the fates had favored him in imposing upon him such a pleasant task. But where was she, and what could he do to amuse her? Then he thought, "We can sing together as we did yesterday."

He went down stairs to the parlor, thinking she might be there, but the room was empty. The fire was low, but the supply of wood was ample, and in a short time the great room was warm and comfortable. Quincy seated himself at the piano, played a couple of pieces and then sang a couple; he did not think while singing the second song that he had possibly transcended propriety, but when he sang the closing lines of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" it suddenly dawned upon him, and, full of vexation, he arose and walked to the window and looked out upon the howling storm.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice say "I am here." And then a low laugh reached his ear.

Turning, he saw Alice standing in the middle of the room, while Mandy's retreating figure showed who had been her escort. Her brother Ezekiel had rigged a bell wire from her room to the kitchen, so that she could call Mandy when she needed her assistance.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pettengill," said Quincy, advancing towards her. "The song has always been a favorite of mine, but I never thought of its personal application until I reached the closing words. I trust you do not think I was so presuming as to—"

Alice smiled and said, "The song is also a favorite one of mine, Mr. Sawyer, and you sang it beautifully. No apologies are needed, for the fact is I was just saying to myself, 'Mr. Sawyer, where are you?' for 'Zekiel told me that he was going to speak to you and ask you to help me drive away those lonesome feelings that always come to me on a day like this. I cannot see the storm, but I can hear it and feel it."

As Quincy advanced towards her he saw she held several sheets of paper in her hand.

"I am at your service," said he. "I am only afraid that your requirements will exceed my ability."

"Very prettily spoken," said Alice, as Quincy led her to a seat by the fire, and took one himself. "I am going to confess to you," said she, "One of my criminal acts. I am going to ask you to sit as judge and mete out what you consider a suitable punishment for my offence."

"What crime have you committed?" asked Quincy gravely.

Alice laughed, shook the papers she held in her hand, and said, "I have written poetry."

"The crime is a great one," said Quincy. "But if the poetry be good it may serve to mitigate your sentence. Are those the evidences of your crime you hold in your hand, Miss Pettengill?"

"Yes," she answered, as she passed a written sheet to him; "I wrote them before my eyes failed me. Perhaps you will find it hard to read them. Which one is that?" she asked.

"It is headed, 'On the Banks of the Tallahassee,'" replied Quincy.

"Oh!" cried Alice, "I didn't write that song myself. A gentleman friend, who is now dead, was the author of it. But he couldn't write a chorus and he asked me to do it for him. The idea of the chorus is moonlight on the river."

"Shall I read it? asked Quincy.

"Only the chorus part, if you please," replied Alice, "and be as lenient as you can, good Mr. Judge, for that was my first offence."

Quincy, in a smooth, even voice, read the following words:

The moon's bright rays,
In a silver maze,
Fall on the rushing river;
Each ray of light
Like an arrow white
Drawn from a crystal quiver.
They romp and play,
In a wond'rous way,
On tree and shrub and flower;
And fill the night
With a radiant light,
That falls like a silver shower.

"You do not say anything," said Alice, as Quincy finished reading and remained silent.

He replied, "You have conferred judicial functions upon me and a judge does not give his opinion until the evidence is all in."

"Ah! I see," said Alice. "My knowledge of metrical composition," she continued, "is very limited. What I know of it I learned from an old copy of Fowler's Grammar that I bought at Burnham's on School Street soon after I went to Boston. I have always called what you just read a poem. Is it one?" she asked, looking up with a smile.

"I think it is," replied Quincy, "and," he added inadvertently, "a very pretty one, too."

"Oh! Mr. Judge," laughing outright, "you have given aid and comfort to the prisoner before the evidence was all in."

And Quincy was forced to laugh heartily at the acuteness she had shown in forcing his opinion from him prematurely."

"Now, this one," said Alice, "I call a song. I know which one it is by the size and thickness of the paper." And she handed him a foolscap sheet.

Quincy took it and glanced over it a moment or two before he spoke, Alice leaning forward and listening intently for the first sound of his voice. Then Quincy uttered those ever pleasing words, "Sweet, Sweet Home," and delivered, with great expression, the words of the song.

"You read it splendidly," cried Alice, with evident delight. "Would it be presuming on your kindness if I asked you to read the refrain and chorus once more, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I shall enjoy reading it again myself," remarked Quincy, as he proceeded to comply with Alice's pleasantly worded request.

Refrain:

There is no place like home, they say,
No matter where it be;
The lordly mansion of the rich,
The hut of poverty.
The little cot, the tenement,
The white-winged ship at sea;
The heart will always seek its home,
Wherever it may be.

Chorus:

Sweet, sweet home!
To that sweet place where youth was passed our thoughts will turn;
Sweet, sweet home!
Will send the blood to flaming face, and hearts will burn.
Sweet, sweet home!
It binds us to our native land wher-e'er we roam,
No land so fair, no sky so blue,
As those we find when back we come to sweet, sweet home!

"Of course you knew that lovely song, 'Juanita?'" said Alice.

"Certainly," said Quincy, and he sang the first line of the chorus.

Alice's voice joined in with his, and they finished the chorus together. A thrill went through Quincy as he sang the last line, and he was conscious that his voice quivered when he came to the words, "Be my own fair bride."

"You sing with great expression," said Alice. "If you like these new words that I have written to that old melody we can sing them together. I have called it Loved Days. I think this is the one," she said, as she passed him several small sheets pinned together.

"It is," replied Quincy, as he took the paper and read it slowly.

As before, he said nothing when he had finished.

"Mr. Judge," said Alice, "would it be improper, from a judicial point of view, for me to ask you which lines in the song you have just read please you the most? But perhaps," said she, looking up at him, "none of them are worthy of repetition."

"If you will consider for a moment," replied Quincy, "that I am off the bench and am just sitting here quietly with you, I will say, confidentially, that I am particularly well pleased with this;" and he read a portion of the first stanza:

On Great Heaven's beauties,
Gaze the eyes I loved to see,
Done earth's weary duties,
Now, eternity.

"And," continued Quincy, "I think these lines from the second stanza are fully equal to those I have just read."

But my soul still living,
Speaks its words of comfort sweet,
Grandest promise giving
That again we'll meet.

"I should think," continued Quincy, "that those words were particularly well suited to be sung at a funeral. I shall have to ask my friend Bradley to have his quartet learn them, so as to be ready when I need them."

"Oh! Mr. Sawyer," cried Alice, with a strong tone of reproof in her voice, "how can you speak so lightly of death?"

"Pardon me," replied Quincy, "if I have unintentionally wounded your feelings, but after all life is only precious to those who have something to live for."

"But you certainly," said Alice, "can see something in life worth living for."

"Yes," assented Quincy, "I can see it, but I am not satisfied in my own mind that I shall ever be able to possess it."

"Oh, you must work and wait and hope!" cred Alice.

"I shall be happy to," he said, "if you will be kind and say an encouraging word to me, so that I may not grow weary of the battle of life."

"I should be pleased to help you all I can," she said sweetly.

"I shall need your help," Quincy remarked gravely, and then with a quick change in tone he said playfully, "I think it is about time for the judge to get back upon the bench."

"This," said Alice, as she passed him a manuscript enclosed in a cover, "is my capital offence. If I escape punishment for my other misdemeanors, I know I shall not when you have read this." And she handed him the paper.

Quincy opened it and read, The Lord of the Sea, a Cantata.

CHARACTERS.

Canute, the Great, King of England and Denmark.
A Courtier.
An Irish Harper.
Queen Emma, the "Flower of Normandy."
Courtiers, Monks and Gleemen.
Place.
Part 1.—The palace of the king.
Part II.—The seashore at Southampton.
Time—About A. D. 1030.

As he proceeded with the reading he became greatly interested in it. He had a fine voice and had taken a prize for oratory at Harvard.

When he finished he turned to Alice and said, "And you wrote that?"

"Certainly," said she. "Can you forgive me?"

Quincy said seriously, "Miss Pettengill, that is a fine poem; it is grand when read, but it would be grander still if set to music. I can imagine," Quincy continued, "how those choruses would sound if sung by the Handel and Haydn Society, backed up by a full orchestra and the big organ." And he sang, to an extemporized melody of his own, the words:

God bless the king of the English,
The Lord of the land,
The Lord of the sea!

"I can imagine," said he, as he rose and stood before Alice, "King Canute as a heavy-voiced basso. How he would bring out these words!

Great sea! the land on which I stand, is mine;
Its rocky shores before thy blows quail not.
Thou, too, O! sea, are part of my domain.
And, like the land, must bow to my command.
I'll sit me here !rise not, nor dare to touch,
With thy wet lips, the ermine of my robe!

"And," cred he, for the moment overcome by his enthusiasm, "how would this sound sung in unison by five hundred well-trained voices?

For God alone is mighty,
The Lord of the sea,
The Lord of the land!
For He holds the waves of the ocean
In the hollow of His hand,
And the strength of the mightiest king
Is no more than a grain of sand.
For God alone is mighty,
The Lord of the sea,
The Lord of the land!"

As Quincy resumed his seat, Alice clapped her hands to show her approbation of his oratorical effort. Then they both sat in silence for a few minutes, each evidently absorbed in thought.

Suddenly Alice spoke:

"And now, Mr. Sawyer, will you let me ask you a serious question? If I continue writing pieces like these, can I hope to earn enough from it to support myself?"

Quincy thought for a moment, and then said, "I am afraid not. If you would allow me to take them to Boston the next time I go I will try and find out their market value, but editors usually say that poetry is a drug, and they have ten times as much offered them as they can find room for. On the other hand, stories, especially short ones, are eagerly sought and good prices paid for them. Did you ever think of writing a story, Miss Pettengill?"

"Oh, yes!" said Alice, "I have several blocked out. I call it, in my own mind, but it is such a task for me to write that I dare not undertake them. If I could afford to pay an amanuensis it would be different."

Quincy comprehended the situation in a moment. "I like to write, Miss Pettengill," said he, "and time hangs heavily upon my hands. We are likely to have a long spell of winter weather, during which I shall be confined to the house as well as yourself. Take pity on me and give my idle hands something to do."

"Oh, it would be too much to ask," said Alice.

"But you have not asked," answered Quincy. "I have offered you my services without your asking."

"But when could we begin?" asked Alice hesitatingly.

"At once," replied Quincy. "I brought with me from Boston a half ream of legal paper and a dozen good pencils. I can write faster and much better with a pencil than I can with a pen, and as all legal papers have to be copied, I have got into the habit of using pencils. It took Quincy but a few moments to go to his room and secure his paper and pencils. He drew a table close to Alice's chair and sat down beside her.

"What is the name of the story?" asked he.

Alice replied, "I have called it in my mind, 'How He Lost Both Name and Fortune.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Visit to Mrs. Putnam.

It must not be supposed that Alice's story was written out by Quincy in one or even two days. The oldest inhabitants will tell you that the great snowstorm lasted three days and three nights, and it was not till the fourth day thereafter that the roads were broken out, so that safe travel between Eastborough Centre and Mason's Corner became possible.

The day after the storm the sad intelligence came to Quincy and Alice that old Mr. Putnam had passed quietly away on the last day of the storm. Quincy attended the funeral, and he could not help acknowledging to himself that Lindy Putnam never looked more beautiful than in her dress of plain black. The only ornament upon her was a pair of beautiful diamond earrings, but she always wore them, and consequently they were not obtrusive.

Quincy bore an urgent request from Mrs. Putnam that Alice should come to see her. As the story was finished and copied on the seventh day after the storm, Quincy had the old-fashioned sleigh brought out and lined with robes. Taking the horse Old Bill, that sleigh bells or snow slides could not startle from his equanimity, Alice was driven to Mrs. Putnam's, and in a few minutes was clasped to Mrs. Putnam's bosom, the old lady crying and laughing by turns.

Quincy thought it best to leave them alone, and descending the stairs he entered the parlor, the door being halfway open. He started back as he saw a form dressed in black, seated by the window.

"Come in, Mr. Sawyer," said Lindy. "'I knew you were here. I saw you when you drove up with Miss Pettengill. What a beautiful girl she is, and what a pity that she is blind. I hope with all my heart that she will recover her sight."

"She would be pleased to hear you say that," remarked Quincy.

"We were never intimate," said Lindy. "You can tel her from me, you are quite the gallant chevalier, Mr. Sawyer, and what you say to her will sound sweeter than if it came from other lips. Are you going to marry her, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I do not think that our acquaintance is of such long standing that you are warranted in asking me so personal a question," replied Quincy.

"Perhaps not," said Lindy, "but as I happened to know, though not from your telling, that she is to be my mother's heiress, I had a little curiosity to learn whether you had already proposed or were going—"

"Miss Putnam," said Quincy sternly, "do not complete your sentence. Do not make me think worse of you than I already do. I beg your pardon for intruding upon you. I certainly should not have done so had I anticipated such an interview."

Lindy burst into a flood of tears. Her grief seemed uncontrollable. Quincy closed the parlor door, thinking that if her cries and sobs were heard upstairs it would require a double explanation, which it might be hard for him to give.

He stood and looked at the weeping girl. She had evidently known all along who her mother's heiress was. She had been fooling him, but for what reason? Was she in love with him? No, he did not think so; if she had been she would have confided in him rather than have sought to force him to confide in her. What could be the motive for her action? Quincy was nonplussed. He had had considerable experience with society girls, but they either relied upon languid grace or light repartee. They never used tears for offence or defence.

A surprise was in store for Quincy. Lindy rose from her chair and came towards him, her eyes red with weeping.

"Why do you hate me so, Mr. Sawyer?" she asked. "Why will you not be a friend to me, when I need one so much? What first turned you against me?"

Quincy replied, "I will tell you, Miss Putnam. They told me you were ashamed of your father and mother because they were old-fashioned country people and did not dress as well or talk as good English as you did."

"Who told you so?" asked Lindy.

"It was common talk in the village," he replied.

"I should think you had suffered enough from village gossip, Mr. Sawyer, not to believe that all that is said is true."

Quincy winced and colored. It was a keen thrust and went home.

"Where there is much smoke there must be some fire," he answered, rather lamely, as he thought, even to himself.

"Mr. Sawyer, when I asked you to tell me a little secret you had in your possession, you refused. I wanted a friend, but I also wanted a proven friend. No doubt I took the wrong way to win your friendship, but I am going to tell you something, Mr. Sawyer, if you will listen to me, that will at least secure your pity for one who is rich in wealth but poor in that she has no friends to whom she can confide her troubles."

Quincy saw that he was in for it, and like a gentleman, determined to make the best of it, so he said, "Miss Putnam, I will listen to your story, and if, after hearing it, I can honorably aid you I will do so with pleasure."

Lindy took his hand, which he had half extended, and said, "Come, sit down, Mr. Sawyer. It is a long story, and I am nervous and tired," and she looked down at her black dress.

They sat upon the sofa, he at one end, she at the other.

"Mr. Sawyer," she began abruptly, "I am not a natural-born child of Mr. and Mrs. Putnam. I was adopted by them when but two years of age. I do not know who my father and mother were. I am sure Mrs. Putnam knows, but she will not tell me."

"It could do no harm now that you are a woman grown," said Quincy.

"At first they both loved me," Lindy continued, "but a year after I came here to live their son was born, and from that time on all was changed. Mr. Putnam was never unkind to me but once, but Mrs. Putnam seemed to take delight in blaming me, and tormenting me, and nagging me, until it is a wonder that my disposition is as good as it is, and you know it is not very good," said she to Quincy with a little smile. She resumed her story: "I loved the little boy, Jones I always called him, and as we grew up together he learned to love me and took my part, although he was three years younger than myself. This fact made Mrs. Putnam hate me more than ever. He stayed at home until he was 22, then he went to his father and mother and told them that he loved me and wished to marry me. Both Mr. and Mrs. Putnam flew into a great rage at this. The idea of a brother marrying his sister! They said it was a crime and a sacrilege, and the vengeance of God would surely fall upon us both. Jones told them he had written to a lawyer in Boston, and he had replied that there was no law prohibiting such a marriage. 'But the law of God shines before you like a flaming sword' said Mrs. Putnam; and Mr. Putnam agreed with her, for she had all his property in her possession." Quincy smiled. "They packed Jones off to the city at once," said Lindy, "and his mother gave him $5,000 to go into business with. Jones began speculating, and he was successful from first to last. In three months he paid back the $5,000 his mother had given him, and he never took a dollar from them after that day. At 26 he was worth $100,000. When I went to Boston I always saw him and he at last told me he could stand it no longer. He wanted me to marry him and go to Europe with him. I told him I must have a week to think it over. If I decided to go I would be in Boston on a certain day. I would bring my trunk and would stop at a certain hotel and send word for him to come to me. I used all possible secrecy in getting my clothes ready, and packed them away, as I thought, unnoticed, in my trunk, which was in the attic. Mrs. Putnam must have suspected that I intended to leave home, and she knew that I would not go unless to meet her son. The day before I planned going to Boston, or rather the night before, she entered my room while I was asleep, took every particle of my clothing, with the exception of one house dress and a pair of slippers, and locked me in. They kept me there for a week, and I wished that I had died there, for when they came to me it was to tell me that Jones was dead, and I was the cause of it. I who loved him so!" And the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"What was the cause of his death?" asked Quincy.

"He was young, healthy, and careless," answered Lindy. "He took a bad cold and it developed into lung fever. Even then he claimed it was nothing and would not see a doctor. One morning he did not come to the office, his clerk went to his room, but when the doctor was called it was too late. It was very sad that he should die so, believing that I had refused to go with him, when I would have given my life for him. He loved me till death. He left me all his money, but in his will he expresed the wish that I would never accept a dollar from his parents. So now you see why Mrs. Putnam does not make me her heiress. You think I hate Miss Pettengill because she is going to give it to her, but truly I do not, Mr. Sawyer. What I said when you came in I really meant and I hope you will be happy, Mr. Sawyer, even as I hoped to be years ago."

Quincy had been greatly interested in Lindy's story, and that feeling of sympathy for the unhappy and suffering that always shows itself in a true gentleman rose strongly in his breast.

"Miss Putnam," said he, "I have wronged you both in thought and action, but I never suspected what you have told me. Will you forgive me and allow me to be your friend? I will try to atone in the future for my misdoings in the past."

He extended his hand, and Lindy laid hers in his.

"I care not for the past," said she, "I will forget that. I have also to ask for forgiveness. I, too, have said and done many things which I would not have said or done, but for womanly spite and vanity. You see my excuse is not so good as yours," said she, as she smiled through her tears.

"In what way can I serve you?" asked Quincy. "Why do you not go to Boston and live? I could introduce you to many pleasant families."

"What!" cried Lindy. "Me, a waif and a stray! You are too kind-hearted, Mr. Sawyer. I shall not leave the woman every one but you thinks to be my mother. When she is dead I shall leave Eastborough never to return. My sole object in life from that day will be to find some trace of my parents or relatives. Now it may happen that through Mrs. Putnam or Miss Pettengill you may get some clew that will help me in my search. It is for this that I wish a friend, and I have a presentiment that some day you will be able to help me."

Quincy assured her that if it lay in his power any time to be of assistance to her, she could count upon him.

"By the way, Miss Putnam," said he, "how did your investment with Foss & Follansbee turn out? I heard a runor that the stock fell, and you lost considerable money."

Lindy flushed painfully. "It did drop, Mr. Sawyer, but it rallied again, as you call it, and when they sold out for me I made nearly $5,000; but," and she looked pleadingly up into Quincy's face, "you have forgiven me for that as well as for my other wrong doings."

"For everything up to date," said Quincy, laughing.

At that instant a loud pounding was heard on the floor above.

"Mrs. Putnam is knocking for you," said Lindy. "Miss Pettengill must be ready to go home. Good-by, Mr. Sawyer, and do not forget your unhappy friend."

"I promise to remember her and her quest," said Quincy.

He gave the little hand extended to him a slight pressure and ran up the stairs. As he did so he heard the parlor door close behind him.

As they were driving home, Alice several times took what appeared to be a letter from her muff ad held it up as though trying to read it. Quincy glanced towards her.

"Mr. Sawyer, can you keep a secret?" asked Alice.

"I have a big one on my mind now," replied Quincy, "that I would like to confide to some one."

"Why don't you?" asked Alice.

"As soon as I can find a person whom I think can fully sympathize with me I shall do so, but for the present I must bear my burden in silence," said he.

"I hope you will not have to wait long before finding that sympathetic friend," remarked Alice.

"I hope so, too," he replied. "But I have not answered your question, Miss Pettengill. If I can serve you by sharing a secret with you, it shall be safe with me."

"Will you promise not to speak of it, not even to me?" she asked.

"If you wish it I will promise," he answered.

"Then please read to me what is written on that envelope."

Quincy looked at the envelope. "It is written in an old-fashioned, cramped hand," he said, "and the writing is confided to Miss Alice Pettengill, and to be destroyed without being read by her within twenty-four hours after my death. Hepsibeth Putnam."

"Thank you," said Alice simply, and she replaced the envelope in her muff.

Like a flash of lightning the thought came to Quincy that the letter to be destroyed had some connection with the strange story so recently told him by Lindy. He must take some action in the matter before it was too late. Turning to Alice he said, "Miss Pettengill, if I make a strange request of you, which you can easily grant, will you do it, and not ask me for any explanation until after you have complied?"

You have worded your inquiry so carefully, Mr. Sawyer, that I am a little afraid of you, you being a lawyer, but as you have so graciously consented to keep a secret with me, I will trust you and will promise to comply with your request."

"All I ask is," said Quincy, "that before you destroy that letter, you will let me read to you once more what is written upon the envelope."

"Why, certainly," said Alice, "how could I refuse so harmless a request as that?"

"I am greatly obliged for your kindness," said Quincy to her; but he thought to himself, "I will find out what is in that envelope, if there is any honorable way of doing so."

Hiram came over to see Mandy that evening, and Mrs. Crowley, who was in the best of spirits, sang several old-time Irish songs to them, Hiram and Mandy joining in the choruses. They were roasting big red apples on the top of the stove and chestnuts in the oven. Quincy attracted by the singing, came downstairs to the kitchen, and was invited to join in the simple feast. He then asked Mrs. Crowley to sing for him, which she did, and he repaid her by singing, "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls" so sweetly that tears coursed down the old woman's cheeks, and she said, "My poor boy Tom, that was killed in the charge at Balaklava, used to sing like that."

Then the poor woman began weeping so violently that Mandy coaxed her off to bed and left the room with her.

When Hiram and Quincy were alone together, the latter said: "Any news, Hiram?"

"Not much," replied Hiram. "The snow is too deep, and it's too darned cold for the boys to travel 'round and do much gossipin' this weather. A notice is pasted up on Hill's grocery that it'll be sold by auction next Tuesday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. And I got on to one bit of news. Strout and his friends are goin' to give Huldy Mason a surprise party. They have invited me and Mandy simply because they want you to hear all about it. But they don't propose to invite you, nor 'Zeke, nor his sister."

"Has Strout got anybody to back him up on buying the grocery store?" asked Quincy.

"Yes," said Hiram, "he has got $2,000 pledged, and I hear he wants $500 more. He don't think the whole thing will run over $2,500."

"How much is to be paid in cash?" Quincy inquired.

"Five hundred dollars," said Hiram; and that's what troubles Strout. His friends will endorse his notes and take a mortgage on the store for they know it's a good payin' business. They expect to get their money back with good interest, but it comes kinder hard on them to plunk down $500 in cold cash."

At that moment Mandy returned, and after asking her for a spoon and a plate upon which to take a roast apple and some chestnuts upstairs, Quincy left the young couple together. As he sat before the fire enjoying his lunch, he resolved that he would buy that grocery store, cost what it might, and that 'Zeke Pettengill, Alice, and himself would go to that surprise party.

(To be Continued Tuesday.)

CITIZENS ARE ANGRY.

Destruction of Property By Vandals At Mt. Pleasant School.

Mt. Pleasant, Dec. 10. — With thousands of priceless volumes and reading matter of all kinds strewn over the floors, torn from the shelves which sheltered them, the college librarian yesterday was the horrified witness of one of the most dirty attempts at vandalism ever committed within the borders of a free-thinking American college. As an appalling climax to the depredations committed several nights ago, when a band of students destroyed much furniture and other property, the criminal desecration enacted in the library of Iowa Wesleyan has no parallel in the annals of college "scraps."

PEACE DAWNS IN THE FAR EAST

Russia and Japan Practically Have Reached an Agreement.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 10.—Peace between Russia and Japan is now believed to be assured. Certain modifications of Japan's proposals relative to Corea have been decided upon. Russia acknowledges Japan's predominating influence in Corea, with the right to protect it. A separate understanding will cover Manchuria, Japan agreeing to leave the question of the evacuation in abeyance. In return, Russia is to acknowledge Japan's trading privileges, secured under treaties with China.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

Lizzie, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Daniel, Passes Away.

Lizzie, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Daniels, who reside near Cliffland died yesterday at noon of diphtheria. The funeral, which was private, took place this afternoon at the residence, the services being conducted by Rev. P. A. Johnson, pastor of the First Congregational church, at 2 o'clock. The interment was in the Ottumwa cemetery.

TO FIGHT BOLL WEEVIL.

Louisiana Legislature Meets to Discuss the Situation.

Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 10—The legislature convened today in special session for the purpose of discussing the boll weevil situation and passing the necessary laws to check the evil.

BLIZZARD SWEEPS NEW YORK.

Blinding Snowstorm Raging in the Catskill Mountain Region.

New York, Dec. 10.—A blinding blizzard extends over the entire Catskill mountain region. Heavy snow extends over northern New York. At Saranac lake from eight to ten inches of snow fell. Reports from the Adirondack region say a driving snowstorm prevails there.

STORE IS CLOSED.

W. G. Cooper's Place of Business at Corydon Goes to Creditors.

Corydon, Dec. 10. — (Special) — The grocery store owned by W. G. Cooper at this place was closed yesterday by his creditors on a chattel mortgage. The liabilities are estimated at $9,000.

Bright ideas are the result of friction.

DR. WILBERT SHALLENBERGER

THE REGULAR AND RELIABLE CHICAGO SPECIALIST.

who has visited adjacent towns since 1891, will be at Ottumwa, Ballingall Hotel, Wednesday, December 30 (one day only) and return once every 28 days. Office hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

FAIRFIELD, Leggett House, Tuesday, December 29.

OSKALOOSA, Lacey Hotel, Thursday, December 31.

Cures permanently the cases he undertakes and sends the incurable home without taking a fee from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Shallenberger is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of all other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

Treats all curable cases of Catarrh, Nose, Throat and Lung diseases. Eye and Ear, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Gravel, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Nervous and Heart diseases, Blood and Skin diseases, Epilepsy, Bright's Disease and Consumption in early stage; diseases of the Bladder and Female Organs, Liquor and Tobacco habit. Stammering cured and sure methods to prevent its recurrence given.

A never-failing remedy for Big Neck.

PILES, FISTULAE and RUPTURE guaranteed cured without detention from business. Special attention given to all Surgical cases, and all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Granulated Lids, Cataract, Cross Eyes straightened without pain.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Are you nervous and despondent; weak and debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams; restless, haggard looking, weak back; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength?

Diseases of Men and Private Diseases a Specialty.

Blood Poison, Stricture, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Varicocele, Hydrocele, producing Emissions, Debility, Nervousness, Dizziness, Defective Memory, etc., which ruins mind and body, positively cured.

WONDERFUL CURES

Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. He undertakes no incurable cases, but cure thousands given up to die.

Consultation Free and Confidential.

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GEN. WOOD ACCUSED

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT SAYS HE KNEW OF PLOT AGAINST M'KINLEY.

New York, Dec. 10.—George Eugene Bryson, a well-known newspaper correspondent, cabled the following story from Havana last night:

"I am in a position to make the startling allegation that General Wood, while military governor of Cuba, learned months before the opening of the pan-American exposition at Buffalo that the assassination there of President McKinley had been planned by anarchists in the Spanish prison at Montjuich and at Berne, and that, in the event of General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, attending the fair, an attempt on his life would also be made.

Plot Learned by a Prisoner.

"The information was brought from Europe direct to Havana by a young Italian newspaper correspondent, who served with the Cuban insurgents here, was captured by Spanish troops and sent a prisoner to Spain prior to the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain—being confined in Montjich castle, Barcelona, where he over heard the plot. Escaping from prison, he returned to Cuba, under assignment from a Paris paper to cover the constituent assembly, which drafted the Cuban constitution now in effect.

"Upon his arrival here he presented himself at the palace, seeking a private interview with General Woods, who referred him to Major Caziare, then at the head of the government secret service and local police.

Gives Information to Wood.

"He told the story of the Montjuich plot to Wood's representative and offered for a small consideration to draw sketches of the principal anarchist leaders connected with the same for use of the Washington secret service in taking whatever precautionary steps might be decided upon to safeguard and the heads of any other governments who might attend the Buffalo exposition when opened. But instead of receiving Wood's thanks the correspondent was summarily expelled from Cuba aboard a vessel bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico, communications being sent by the head of the Havana police authorities of Mexico to say that he was a dangerous character and deserved to be watched.

Locked Up in Mexican Prison.

"Shortly after reaching the City of Mexico the young Italian was arrested upon an evidently trumped up charge of having attempted to steal some diamonds belonging to a wealthy citizen of the republic, convicted for a long term and sent to the Belen penitentiary, in which he is yet a prisoner.

"The name of the young Italian is Mario Victor Divizzia. He was captain in the Italian army that was defeated in Abyssinia, according to his own statement, but was stricken from the army lists at home for having joined the Cuban revolution, while enjoying a year's leave of absence to travel abroad.

The money is in sight for a $20,000 Y. M. C. A. building at Corydon.