

Quincy Adams Sawyer

BY CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

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

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CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

The Deacon said he didn't know that dancing in itself was so bad, for the Bible referred to a great many dances.

"But we ain't permissious," said Tilly James. "We are all friends and neighbors."

"Most all," said Strout; but his remark was unnoticed by all excepting Quincy.

"Well, under the circumstances," concluded the Deacon, "I don't object to your finishing up with an old-fashioned reel, and mother and me will line in with you, so as to countenance the proceedings."

The call was now made for supper. A procession was again formed, each gentleman taking the lady who had accompanied him to the party.

"I'm no pig," protested Huldy. "As Strout came over to take the paper he said in an undertone, 'No you are a little dear;'"

"I wish I could," said Quincy. "I have no doubt you can," he added, looking at his partner's rosy face.

"Well," said she, "you do the best you can, and I'll do the same."

Professor Strout and Tilly did finely, and their performance gained them an encore, which they gratefully accepted.

"Come along!" said his partner, and taking him by the hand she drew him back through the arch, and the dance was repeated.

Three times in succession was this done in response to enthusiastic applause, and Quincy was beginning to think that he would soon fall in his tracks.

But, as has been said before, to all good things an end must come at last, and when the old-fashioned Connecticut clock on the mantelpiece clanged out the midnight hour as if by magic a hush came over the company.

"Oh! no!" she replied; "my name is Bessie Chisholm. I teach the dancing school at Eastborough Centre, and Mr. Stiles always plays for me."

expression the following poetical effusion:

"How does the wicked bumblebee Employ the shining hours, In stinging folks that he dislikes, Instead of sipping flowers?"

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dances where the participants fell to the ground too weak to rise.

"I put my right hand in," called out one of the fellows. "Oh, yes, that's it!" came from the company, and they arranged themselves in two rows, facing each other and running the length of the long room.

"I put my right hand in, I put my right hand in, I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake, And I turn myself about."

As they sang the last line they did turn themselves about so many times that it seemed a wonder to Quincy, who was an amused spectator, how they kept upon their feet.

"Singing that one of the young ladies in the line was without a partner. Quincy took his place beside her and joined in the merriment as heartily as the rest. Then followed all the changes of 'I put my left hand in' 'I put my right foot in' 'I put my left foot in,' and so on until the whole party was nearly as much exhausted as Hiram and Mandy had been.

At this moment the door leading to the parlor opened and Deacon Mason entered, accompanied by his wife. They were greeted with shouts of laughter. Quincy looked at them with astonishment, and had it not been for their familiar faces, which they had not tried to disguise, he would not have recognized them.

Out of compliment to their guests, the Deacon and his wife had gone back to the days of their youth. Probably from some old chest in the garret each had resurrected a costume of fifty years before. They advanced into the room, smiling and bowing to the delighted spectators on either side. They went directly to Abner, and the latter bent over to bear what the Deacon whispered in his ear. The Deacon then went to Strout and whispered something to him.

Strout nodded, and turning to the company said, "As it's now 11:30 and most time for honest folks to be abed and rogues to run, out of compliment to Miss Huldy's grandpa and grandma, who have honored us with their presence this evening, we will close these festivities with a good old-fashioned reel and to Virginia reel. Let 'er go, Abner, and keep her up till all the fiddle strings are busted."

Like trained soldiers, they sprang to their places. Quincy and his partner took places near the end of the line. He explained to her that he had never danced a reel, but thought he could easily learn from seeing the others, and he told her that when their turn came she need not fear but that he would do his part.

The Deacon and his wife led off, and their performance caused great enthusiasm. Sam Hill was not a good dancer, so he resigned Miss Tilly James to Professor Strout. Miss James was a superb dancer, and as Quincy looked at her face showed his appreciation.

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of the party to leave. Quincy took his old place beside Alice, while Mandy sat on the front seat with Zekiel.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the ride home was a most enjoyable one.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason kept me informed of your actions," said Alice with a laugh.

Halfway to Hill's grocery they passed the Professor and Abner walking home to Mrs. Hawkins's boarding-house. They were greeted with shouts of laughter. Quincy looked at them with astonishment, and had it not been for their familiar faces, which they had not tried to disguise, he would not have recognized them.

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other side of the table, where he had left his lamp.

"I guess," remarked Strout, "I'll have some more fire. I ain't got to bed just yet. I've got some heavy thinkin' to do."

While he was upon his knees arranging the wood, starting up the embers with the bellows, Abner reached across the table and got possession of his tumbler, from which he had fortunately removed the spoon.

"That's all right," said Strout. "Cudent you guess who told him? 'Twas that Hiram Maxwell. I've been pumping him about the city chap, and of course, I've had to tell him something for the next three days, as he had to meet him I'll tell him, 'I ain't got anythin' more to do with a tittle-tattle tell-tale like him."

"What d'ye think of that poem 'bout the bumblebee?'" drawled Abner. "Oh, that was a put-up job," said Strout.

"How could that be?" asked Abner, "when you took it out of your own box?"

"Well," rejoined Strout, "he'll find I'm the wustest kind of a bumblebee if he stirrs me up much more. When my dander's up a hornet's nest ain't a patch to me."

"I kinder fancied," continued Abner, "that the reason he had them fancy boxes sent down was because he sorter thought 'em pound packages would be rather ornamental. I guess you've hit it 'bout right," remarked Strout; "them city swells would cheat their tailor so as to make a splurge and show how much money they've got. I guess he thought as how I'd never seen ice-cream, but I showed him I knew all about it. I eat three sassafras myself."

"I beat you on that," said Abner; "I eat a sassafras of each kind."

Rules of the Courier's Great World's Fair Voting Contest

Cut these out for future reference

The Ottumwa Courier World's Fair voting contest is open to all young ladies and girls, no matter where resident.

Eight young ladies will be sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis and all their expenses for one week will be paid by the Courier. The contest will be divided into two divisions, one for young ladies residing within the city of Ottumwa and one for the young ladies residing outside the city of Ottumwa.

The coupon good for one vote will be published in all editions of the Daily and Tri-Weekly Courier from now on until the close of the contest. These coupons must be properly filled out on the blank lines, or they cannot be counted.

EXTRA VOTES.—In order to stimulate the securing of advance subscription payments and new subscribers to the Daily and Tri-Weekly Courier extra votes will be given as follows:

Two extra votes will be given for every one cent paid in advance on subscription by either old or new subscribers in amount of 50c or more. For instance, 50 cents paid in advance, secures 100 extra votes. A \$1.00 payment secures 200 votes and \$2.00 payment, 400 extra votes and a \$5.00 payment 1,000 extra votes. These extra votes are in addition to the coupon appearing daily in the paper.

EXTRA VOTES FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—In order that contestants will work to secure new subscribers 200 extra votes will be given for every new subscriber who agrees to take the Daily Courier for six months or the Tri-Weekly Courier for one year. Subscribers will not be permitted to stop their paper and start it again in the name of some other member of the family in order to secure the extra votes for new subscriptions. The new subscriber for whom these extra 200 votes are given must be one who was not a subscriber at the time the contest began (Dec. 14, 1903), or who during the progress of the contest has not taken the Courier for at least three months previous to the time, signing for it again. This rule will be strictly observed and watched carefully.

The contest will close as follows: On March 1, 1904, the two young ladies, one from the city and one from out of the city, having the largest number of votes will be selected as the first two prize winners. They will then drop out of the contest which will continue right along with the other contestants until April 1, 1904, at which time the two, one from the city and one from out of the city, having the largest number of votes will be selected as the second two prize winners. They will then drop out of the contest which will continue as before and on May 1, two more will be selected in the same way and on June 1st, two more. The contestants can make the trip alone, or as a party, just as they prefer, and at any time after their selection which is most convenient to them.

Every precaution will be taken by the Courier to conduct an absolutely impartial contest in every particular.

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S. F. BOYD, D. P. A., Davenport, Iowa.

change items; that is, he supplies me with items relating to the contest that are supposed to be interesting to the inhabitants of Eastborough, and I return the compliment. Here are your items," said Sylvester, passing an envelope to Mr. Appleby.

"Mr. Appleby seemed to be in great haste, and with a short 'Good morning,' left the office.