

Quincy Adams Sawyer

BY CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

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

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(Chapter XXXV Continued.)

"Is it true, Alice?" cried he; "is it so? Can you truly say, 'And so she has in mine'?"

And Alice looked up at him with that glorious smile still upon her face and softly whispered, "And so she has in mine, Quincy."

Quincy led her to the lounge by the window, through which the cool evening breeze was blowing, and they sat down side by side. It has been truly said that the conversations of lovers are more appreciated by themselves than anybody else, and it is equally true that at the most tender moment in such conversations, it is likely to disagree.

Sometimes it is the well-meaning, but unthinking father; again it is the solicitous but inquisitive mother; but more often it is the unregenerate and disrespectful young brother or sister. In this case it was Miss Rosa Very, who burst into the room, bright and rosy, after her trip upon the water. As she entered she cried out, "Oh! you don't know what you missed. I had a most delightful day. She stopped short, the truth flashed upon her that there were other delightful ways of passing the time than in a sailboat. She was in a dilemma.

Quincy solved the problem. He simply said, "Good-bye, Alice for one short week."

He turned expecting to see Miss Very, but she had vanished. He clasped Alice in his arms and kissed her, for the first time, and then led her to her easy chair and left her there.

As he quitted the room and closed the door he met Miss Rosa Very in the entry.

"I did not know," said she, "but I am so glad to know it. She is the sweetest, purest, loveliest woman I have ever known, and your love is what she needs to complete her happiness. She will be saint no more. I will take good care of her Mr. Sawyer, until you come again for I love her too."

Quincy pressed her hand warmly, and the next moment was in the little street. He was a rich man, as the world judges riches, but to him his greatest treasure was Alice's first kiss still warm upon his lips.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Then They Were Married.

When he bade Alice good-bye for a week, Quincy was keeping a promise he had made to his father. The second evening before he had spent with his family at Nahant, and while he was smoking an after dinner cigar upon the veranda, the Hon. Nathaniel had joined him.

"Quincy," said the latter, "I must ask you when you intend to resume your professional duties. You are now restored to health, and it is my desire that you do so at once."

"While I would not wish to show disrespect to your wishes father," said Quincy calmly, "I must say frankly that I do not care to go back to the office. The study of law is repugnant to me, and its practice would be a daily martyrdom."

"What," cried the Hon. Nathaniel, starting in his chair. "Perhaps sir, you have fixed upon a calling that is more elevated and ennobling than the law."

"One more congenial, at any rate," remarked Quincy.

"Then you have chosen a profession," said his father with some eagerness. "May I inquire what it is?"

"It can hardly be called a profession," he answered. "I've bought a third interest in a country grocery store."

"If the Hon. Nathaniel started before this last piece of information fairly brought him to his feet. "And may I inquire sir," he thundered, "if this special partnership in a country store is the summit of your ambitions? I suppose I shall hear next that you are engaged to some farmer's daughter and propose to marry her, regardless of the wishes of your family, and despite the terrible example supplied by your Uncle James."

"It hasn't come to that yet," remarked Quincy calmly, but it may I find a farmer's daughter who comes up to my ideal of a wife and to whom I can give an honest love."

The Hon. Nathaniel sank back in his chair. Quincy continued, "I will not try to answer your sarcastic reference to the grocery store. It is a good investment and an honorable business, fully as honorable as cheating the prison or the galleys of what is due them but the summit of my ambition is by no means reached. I am young yet and have plenty of time to study the ground before expanding my career, but I will tell you, privately and confidentially that my friends have asked me to run for the general court and I have absolutely decided to stand as a candidate for nomination as representative from my district."

"Dear you say that, father, somewhat aged his arm chair in son, despite the joke emitted from you get the regular district, it's tantum. I need scarce influence I may in your favor."

Quincy: "I mean it anyway. If I am elected I shall at once. I had rather than be pushed in."

d and patted him on his shoulder that as he

was going away early in the morning he would immediately retire.

"That remains me," said his father. "I have a favor to ask of you, Quincy. It is this, Lord Algernon Hastings, heir to the earldom of Sussex and his sister, Lady Elfrida, are now in Boston and bring letters from the Lord High Chancellor, with whom I became acquainted when I was in England two years ago. I have invited them to visit us here next week, and my wish is that you will spend as much of your time at home as possible and act as a man in entertaining them—I mean the son, of course, particularly."

Quincy's thoughts flew quickly to Nantucket and back. Had he foreseen what was to happen on his coming visit he would have hesitated still longer, but thinking that after all, next Sunday's journey might not end any more conclusively than the previous one, he presently turned to his father and answered:

"I will do so. I must go to-morrow but I will return early on Monday, and will stay at home the entire week."

"I thank you very much Quincy," said the Hon. Nathaniel and he laid his hand on his son's shoulder as affectionately as he was capable of doing, when they entered the house.

Lady Elfrida Hastings and her brother, Lord Algernon, arrived in due season, and Quincy was there to assist at their reception. The former was tall and dark, and stately; her features were cast in a classic mold, but the look in her eye was cold and distant, and the face, though having all the requirements of beauty, yet lacked it.

To Mrs. Sawyer and her daughter Florence, the Lady Elfrida was a revelation, and they yearned to acquire that statuesque repose that comes so natural to the daughter of an earl. But Maude told her brother that evening that the Lady Elfrida was a "prunes and prisms," and was sure to die an old maid.

Lord Algernon was tall and finely built; he had a profusion of light brown curly hair, and a pair of large blue eyes that so reminded Quincy of Alice that he took to the young lord at once. They rode, played, billiards, bowled, and smoked together.

One afternoon while they were enjoying a sail in the bay, Quincy inquired of his guest how he liked America.

"Pon honor, my dear fellow, I don't know," replied Lord Algernon, "I came here for a certain purpose, and have failed miserably. I am going to sail for home in a week, if my sister will."

"Then you didn't come to enjoy the pleasures of travel?" remarked Quincy intertively.

"No, by Jove, I didn't. My sister did, and she supposes I did. I'm going to tell you the truth, Mr. Sawyer. I know you will respect my confidence," Quincy nodded.

"The fact is," Lord Algernon continued, "I came over here to find a girl that I'm in love with, but who ran away from me as soon as I told her of it."

"But why?" asked Quincy not knowing what else to say.

"That's the duce of it," replied Lord Algernon; "I shan't know till I find her and ask her. I met her at Nice, in France; she was with her father, a Mr. Morton, Archibault, the daughter's name was Celeste—Celeste Archibault. They said they were not French, they were French Canadians came from America, you know. I was traveling as plain Algernon Hastings, and I don't think she ever suspected I was the son of an earl. I proposed one evening. She said she must speak to her mother and if I would come the next evening about 7 o'clock she would meet me here, and answer, and I thought by the look in her eye that she herself, was willing to say 'Yes' then. But when I called the next evening they had both gone, no one knew where."

"You are sure she was not an adventuress?" inquired Quincy. "Excuse the question, my lord, but you really knew nothing about her?"

"I knew that I loved her," said Lord Algernon bluntly, "and I would give half of my fortune to find her. I know she was a true, pure, beautiful girl and her mother was as honest an old lady as you could find in the world."

"I wish I could help you," remarked Quincy.

"Thank you," said Lord Algernon; "perhaps you may be able to some day. Don't forget her name, Celeste Archibault, she is slight in figure, graceful in her carriage, ladylike in her manners. She has dark hair, large dreamy black eyes, with a hidden sorrow in them; in fact, a very handsome brunette. Here is my card, Mr. Sawyer. I will write my London address on it and if you ever hear of her, cable me at once and I'll take the next steamer for America."

Quincy said he would, and put the card in his card-case.

He excused himself to Lord Algernon and his sister that evening; a prior engagement made it necessary for him to leave for Boston early next morning, and the farewells were then spoken. Lord Algernon's last words to Quincy were whispered in his ear, "Don't forget her name—Celeste Archibault."

The next Sunday morning Quincy and Leopold, as they approached Mrs. Gibson's house on the Cliff, found Rosa very standing at the little gate. She had on the dress that she had worn the Sunday before, but which Leopold had not seen. Upon her head was a wide-brimmed straw hat, decked with ribbons and flowers, which intensified the darkness of her hair and eyes.

"Don't forget her name—Celeste Archibault," came into Quincy's mind, but he said, "Nonsense," to himself and dismissed the thought. "All ready for a walk on the Cliff?" asked Leopold as he raised his hat and extended his hand to Rosa. She shook hands with him and then with Quincy. She opened the little gate, placed her hand on Leopold's arm and they walked on up the Cliff Road.

As Quincy entered the little parlor, Alice sprang toward him with a cry of joy. He caught her in his arms, and this time one kiss did not suffice, for a dozen were pressed on hair and brow and cheek and lips.

"It is so long since you went away," said Alice.

"Only one short week," replied Quincy.

"Short! Those six days have seemed longer than all the time were were together at Eastborough. I cannot tell you so away from me again," she cried.

"Stay With Me, My Darling, Stay," sang Quincy, in a low voice, and Alice tried to hide her blushing face upon his shoulder.

Then they sat down and talked the matter over. "I must leave you," said Quincy, "and only see you occasionally and then usually in the presence of others, unless what?" cried Alice, and a sort of frightened look came into her face.

"Unless you marry me at once," said Quincy. "I don't mean this minute; say Wednesday of this coming week. I have a license with me I got in Boston yesterday morning. We'll be married quietly in this little room, in which you first told me that you loved me. We could be married in a big church in Boston, with bridesmaids and groomsmen, and music on a big organ. We could make as big a day of it as they did down at Eastborough."

"Oh, no!" said Alice; "I couldn't go through that. I cannot see well enough, and I might make some terrible blunder. I might trip and fall, and then I should be so nervous and ashamed."

"I will not ask you to go through such an ordeal, my dearest. I know that we could have all these grand things, and for that reason, if for no better one, I'm perfectly willing to go without them. No Alice, we will be married here in this room. We will deck it with flowers," continued Quincy.

"Leopold will go to Boston to-morrow and get them. Rosamond's Bower was not sweeter, surer, and lovelier than we will make this little room. I will get an old clergyman; I don't like young ones; Leopold shall be my best man and Rosa shall be your bridesmaid. Mrs. Gibson and her brother, who I see is still here, shall be our witnesses, and we will have Tommy and Dolly for ushers."

Both laughed aloud in their childish glee at the picture that Quincy had painted. "I could ask for no higher bride," said Alice; the ceremony will be modest, artistic and idyllic."

"And economical, too," added Quincy with a laugh.

And so it came to pass. They were married and the transformation in the little room that Quincy and Alice had seen in their mind's eye, was realized to the letter. Flowers, best man, bridesmaid, witnesses, ushers, and aged clergyman with whitened locks, who called them his children, and blessed them and wished them long life and happiness, hoped that they would meet and know each other some day in the infinite—all were there.

This was on Wednesday. On Thursday came a letter from Aunt Ella. It contained the most kindly congratulations and a neat little wedding present of a check for \$50.00. She wrote further that she was lonesome and wanted somebody to read to her, and talk to her, and sing to her. If the book was done, would not Miss Very come to spend the remainder of the season with her, and if Mr. Ernst was there could be no spare time to escort Miss Very.

That same evening Leopold received a letter from Mr. Morton. It read, "Blennerhasset accepted; will be put in type at once and issued by the first of November, perhaps sooner."

The next morning Leopold and Rosa started for Old Orchard, and the lovers were left alone to pass their honeymoon with the blue sea about them, the blue sky above them and a love within their hearts which grew stronger day by day.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For Quincy and Alice, day after day, and week after week, found them in a state of complete happiness. The little island floating in the azure sea was their world, and for the time, no thought of any other intruded upon their delightful Eden. It seemed to Quincy all blissful from above, and everything he looked upon was wreathed in flowers and golden sunshine.

But lotus land is not so far distant from the abodes of mortal man but that his emissaries may reach it. The first jarring note in the sweet harmony of their married life came in the form of a letter from Dr. Culver, who wrote to remind Quincy that it would soon be time to start in ploughing the political field. Quincy's reply was brief and to the point.

"My Dear Culver—I will see you in Boston on the tenth of September."

Q. A. S.

When Aunt Ella learned that her nephew was going to town, she made hurried preparations for her departure from Old Orchard, and wrote to him insisting that he and Alice should come and stay with her. This invitation they gladly accepted, Quincy arranging in his mind to explain matters to his family, by saying that, as he had now entered politics and would necessarily have a great many callers to entertain, he thought it best to make his headquarters with Aunt Ella until the campaign was over.

Accordingly, September 9, saw them located at Mt. Vernon street. On the very day of their arrival, proof of the remaining stories and a large installment of Blennerhasset reached them, with a note from Ernst:

"Please rush. Press is waiting."

Miss Very's assistance was now absolutely necessary, but when Quincy asked Leopold for her address, he was surprised at the reply he received.

"I haven't seen her," said Leopold,

"since we came back from Old Orchard together. In fact, since that time, our relations, for some reason or other, have undergone a great change. However, I think I can help you out. I don't believe in keeping a good friend like you, Quincy, in suspense, so I will tell you the truth. I am married. My wife is fully as competent to assist Mrs. Sawyer as Miss Very would have been. She is in the library now at work. I will go and ask her."

He entered the room, closing the door behind him. Quincy threw himself rather discontentedly into a chair. He fancied he heard laughing in the next room, but he knew Alice would be disappointed, and he himself felt in no mood for laughter.

Leopold opened the library door. "Quincy, I've induced her to undertake the task," he said. "Do spare a moment from your work, Mrs. Ernst; I wish to introduce to you Mr Quincy Adams Sawyer, the husband of the author of that coming literary sensation, Blennerhasset. Mr. Sawyer," he continued, "allow me to present you to my wife, Mrs. Rosa Ernst." And as he said this, Leopold and Rosa stood side by side in the doorway.

"When did you do it?" finally ejaculated Quincy, rushing forward and grasping each by the hand. "Leopold, I owe you an account. And then they all laughed together.

By some means, Dr. Culver said by the liberal use of money, Barker Dalton secured the regular nomination from Quincy's party. The latter kept his word and entered the field as an independent candidate. A hot contest followed. The papers were full of the speeches of the opposing candidates, and incidents connected with their lives. But in none relating to Quincy was a word said about his marriage, and the fact was evidently unknown, except to a limited few. When the polls closed on election day and the vote was declared, it was found that Sawyer had a plurality of 228 and a clear majority of twenty-two over both Dalton and Burke, the opposing candidates. Then the papers were full of compliments for Mr. Sawyer, who had been called a "mildly fought corruption and bribery in his own party, and won such a glorious victory."

But Quincy never knew that the Hon. Nathaniel Adams Sawyer had used all his influence to secure his son's election, and for every dollar expended by Dalton, the Hon. Nathaniel had covered it with a two or five if necessary.

The publication of Blennerhasset had been heralded by advance notices that appeared in the press during the month of October.

These notices had been adroitly written. Political prejudices, one noted as well, no doubt, be aroused by statements made in the book, and one newspaper went so far as to publish a double-headed editorial protesting against the revival of party animosities buried more than two generations ago. The eleven worked, and when the book was placed in the stores on November 11, the demand for it was unparalleled. Orders came for it from all parts of the country, particularly from the state of New York, and the resources of the great publishing house of Hinkley, Morton & Co. were taxed to the utmost to meet the demand.

Quincy was fighting Dalton in the political field, another campaign was being planned in the clever diplomatic brain of Aunt Ella. It related to the introduction of Alice, the "farmer's daughter," to the proud patrician family of Sawyer, as Quincy's wife. No one could accomplish so satisfactorily, as all agreed, as Douglas, the author of "Blennerhasset."

(To be Continued Thursday.)

OBITUARY.

Miss Grace Sterling died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Kate Handlon, in Ottumwa, January 13. The funeral was held in the Competitive Baptist church, Thursday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Megan, and attended by a large number of friends, all of whom knew her from childhood. Her mother, who is in very poor health, was unable to attend the services. The remains were interred in the Competitive cemetery.

Grace Sterling was the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Sterling of Competine. She was born in Competine township May 21, 1876. In her twelfth year she was taken down with typhoid fever, from which she never fully recovered, heart disease being a result. At times she seemed to have very good health, so much so that she taught school three or four terms, being very successful. The work proved too much for her strength, however, and she was compelled to abandon it, much against her will. Her ambition was far above her strength.

For two years before her death she suffered most of the time, but she endured her sufferings with Christian patience, no one ever hearing a word of complaint from her. She quietly endured her lot, never thinking of her own suffering, but tenderly and lovingly doing what she could to make other lives happy. Her last words and thoughts were for her sick mother at home.

She was baptized into membership of the Baptist church of Competine December 30, 1894, by Rev. Orr Campbell, and remained true and faithful until her death. xxx

Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them.

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when it is properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most proper and effective medicine in use for this disease. It acts on the nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all druggists.

Burglars stole \$50 worth of silverware from Idell's jewelry store at Des Moines. No clue.

Half Price Sale on 75 Overcoats. ALSO 24 Overcoats worth \$22 for \$12.85. 11 Overcoats worth \$18 for 9.85. These are all the overcoats we have left, and wind up our overcoat business! Remember you can get an overcoat well worth \$7.75 for \$3.85. 100 Men's Dress Shirts, worth \$1, for 50c. 35 Men's Dress Shirts, worth 50c, for 25c. 50 Good \$11.50 Suits for \$5.75. 25 Men's \$18 Suits for \$9.00. 20 Men's Very Finest \$25 Suits for 1-3 off or \$16.67. NOW OR NEVER THE HUB

WANT THE UNIT RULE. EASTERN DEMOCRATS ARE MAKING PLANS TO DEFEAT HEARST. The Anti-Bryan Forces Are Joining Against Hearst and Desire to Show These Two Merit That They Cannot Run the Convention.

The Best Service at McElroy's Restaurant. for regular meals, short orders and special orders, receive alike the closest attention. Special attention to Ladies in the dining room during meals. Bring a friend with you to dine. McELROY & McCABE, Proprietors. Open All Night. New Sleeping Apartments. MORGAN GRISWOLD Successor to Geo. Griswold Abstracter of Titles 107 N. Court St.

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 four young ladies in each division receiving the highest number of votes will be selected for the trip. 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, and 100 extra votes will be given for every new subscriber who agrees to take the Daily Courier for three months or the Tri-Weekly Courier for six months. At least 50 cents must be paid in advance on mail subscriptions, 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 in 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.

Ottumwa Courier's Great World's Fair Voting Contest OFFICIAL COUPON. The Ottumwa Courier's great World's Fair Voting Contest. Eight young ladies to be sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis for one week and all their expenses paid by the Courier. Good for one vote for No Street Town. This prize trip will be awarded to four young ladies residing within the city of Ottumwa who receive the largest number of votes and to four young ladies residing outside the city of Ottumwa who receive the largest number of votes in accordance with the published rules of the contest.

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