# **Quincy Adams Sawyer**

AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.

A PICTURE OF NEW ENGLAND HOME LIFE. CHAS. FELTON PIDGIN.

CHAPTER XXI.

Some More New Ideas.

what Mandy had provided.

went back to Boston.

and he could have singing together.

Mandy and Mrs. Crowley were bus-

which led into a large room that was

and Swiss had gained in weight and

Quincy met Ezekiel at lunch. He told "I have enjoyed your playing and Quincy that everything was working singing immensely," said Quincy. "Let smoothly; that the singing-master evi-They sang it again, and then they dently thought he had the field all to went from piece to piece, each sug- a whirling eddy that struck the poor himself. He said Huldy and Alice were gesting his or her favorite, and it was traveler and took him from his feet old friends, and Hulldy was coming over twice a week to see Alice, and so not till Mandy's sheill voice once more called out with more than usual ed to the door and opened it. he shouldn't go up to Deacon Mason's Where is Miss Pettengill?" said

Quincy.
"Well," replied 'Zekiel, "she isn't used to heavy dinners at noon, so she had lunch up in her room. I am going over to West Eastborough this afternoon with the boys to see some cows that 'Bias Smith has got to sell. The sun is coming out and I guess it will be pleasant the rest of the day."

'Bias Smith?" asked Quincy. "His name is Tobias," said Ezekiel, "but everybody calls him 'Bias." "I have heard of him," said Quin-You just mention my name to him, Mr. Pettengill, and say I am coming over some day with Mr. Stackpole to see him."

Ezekfel smiled. "Going to take hand yourself?" asked he. 'Yes," said Quincy, "the other fellow has been playing tricks with the pack so long that I think I shall throw down a card or two myself, and I may trump

"By the way," said 'Zekiel, "while you were away Uncle Ike had our piano tuned and fixed. It hasn't been played since Alice went to Boston five years ago. But the tuner who came ton said it was just as good as ever. So if you hear any noise underneath you musical treats might be in store for utes, before Hiram and Swiss reached this afternoon you will know what it

"Music never troubles me," said Quin cy, "I play and sing myself." Well, I hope you and Alice will have

Zekiel as he left the room. Quincy went back to his room and To be sure he wished to do nothing to back in presentable condition. wrote a letter to a friend in Boston, make his father angry, for Quincy apasking him to get a certified copy of the war record of Obadiah Strout, Corking the war record of Obadiah Strout of Obad th Mass. Volunteers, and send ducted, his father's estate would give out in such a storm as this?" before that letter reached its destina- in his own right, left by a fond aunt, his in and git back afore dark.

He then sat down in his favorite gave him a good living without call- that don't tell me what you are out armchair, and began thinking out de- ing upon his father. tails of his aggressive campaign against the singing-master. He has disposed of become a lawyer, and keep up the old ram, "that I could go all day long, his enemy in half a dozen pitched bat- firm which was so well known in legal without seein' you, did yer, Mandy?" the singing-master. He has disposed of become a lawyer, and keep up the old ram. tles, when the sound of the piano fell and business circles, but Quincy in Mrs. Crowley chuckled to herself and

best, and he knew it when he heard Crowninshield & Lawrence. At any it sung or played. The piano was a rate, his health was not fully restorgood one, its tone was full and meloded, and he determined to stay at Maious, and it was in perfect tune.

He listened intently. He looked and without causing a break in the friendsaw that he had unintentionally left ly relations existing between his faththe door of his room ajar. The parlor door, too, must be open partly, or he could not have heard so plainly. What was that she was playing? Ah, Mendelssohn. Those "Songs Without Words" were as familiar to him as the alphabet. Now it is Beethoven, that beautiful work, "The Moonlight Songary is she was evidently trying to redown to get breakfast was a common star of the star of beautiful work, "The Mooninght Soli-ata," she was evidently trying to re-call her favorites to mind, for, of course, she could not be playing by note. Then she strayed into a "valse"

The snow had fallen steadily in large and followed it with a heavy flakes, the road and the fields by Chopin and followed the dashing galop by some unknown composer. "She is a classical musician," white; the tops of the taller fences said Quincy to himself as the first bars were yet above the snow line, each of a Rhapsodie Hongroise by Liszt fell upon his ear. "I hope she knows some of the old English ballads and the best of the popular songs," thought Quin-

As if in answer to his wish she played that sterling old song, "Tis But a Little Faded Flower," and Quincy listened with pleasure to the pure, sweet, tened with pleasure to the pure, sweet, and the played by the soprano voice that rang out full and strong and seemed to reach and per- ily engaged in preparing the morning meate every nook and corner in the meal, when a loud scratching at a door

Quincy could stand it no longer. He stepped quietly to his door, opened it wide, and listened with delight to the Swiss, the big St. Bernard dog belongclosing lines of the song.

Then she sang that song that thrilled the hearts of thousands of English ed the hearts of thousands of English listed to the barn or the woodshed, but had been allowed to the woodshed, but closing lines of the song. soldiers in the Crimea on the eve of the battle of Inkermann, "Annie Laurie," and it was with difficulty that

Quincy refrained from joining in the chorus. Surely Annie Laurie could Mandy, and he was a great friend of "I have been no purer, no sweeter, no more beautiful than Alice Pettengill; about his food, and he had found Manand Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle Alice. "I never did like snow."

The had been in purer, no sweeter, no hers, for Swiss was very particular about his food, and he had found Manand Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle Alice. "I never did like snow."

The had been in purer, no sweeter, no hers, for Swiss was very particular about his food, and he had found Manand Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much better cook than Uncle and Quincy felt that he could do and dy to be a much be die for the girl who was standing in like had been; besides, the fare was the parlor, as truly as would have the more bounteous at the Pettengill homediscarded suitor who wrote that im- stead than down at the chicken coop,

But Quincy was destined to be still strength since his change of quarters. more astonished. Alice played a short prelude that seemed familiar to him, the kitchen and received a warm weland then her voice rang out the words of that beautiful duet that Quincy had dy and Mrs. Crowley the well-known sung with Lindy Putnam at the singing story of the rescues of lost travelers, master's concert. Yes, it was Jewell's made by the St. Bernard dogs on the "Over the Bridge." This was too much snow-clad mountains of Switzerland. for Quincy. He went quietly down the When Mrs. Crowley learned that Swiss stairs and looked in at the parlor door, which was wide open. Alice was seatwhich was wide open. Alice was seatwhich was wide open. Alice was seated at the piano, and again the sun, in
its downward westward course, shone
its downward westward course, shone
in at the window and lighted un her
in at the window and lighted un her
is accurately a great many to say, but the lact is, 1 was wondering whether you have had the best adtween eighteen and forty-five," said
under the lact is, 1 was wondering whether you have had the best adtween eighteen and forty-five," said
under the lact is, 1 was wondertween away from America than
ing whether you have had the best adtween eighteen and forty-five," said
under the lact is, 1 was wondertween of the lact is, 1 was wondertween eighteen and forty-five," said
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the piano, and again the sun, in
the does not snirk ins duty between eighteen and forty-five," said
tween eighteen and forty-five
of his ballot when he is older; but the
gards your over." in at the window and lighted up her his occupying a warm corner in the gards your eyes." in at the window and lighted up her crown of golden hair. This time she had reversed the colors which she evidently knew became her so well, and wore a dress of light pink, while a light blue knitted shawl, similar to its something black in the road about the storm was at light blue knitted shawl, similar to its halfway between Deacon Mason's and warm corner in the crown of golden hair. This time she kitchen.

About noon when the storm was at its very kind of you," Mr. Sawyer, to think of me, and my trouble, and I will answer you in the same friendly way in which you have spoken. I will answer you have spoken. I was taken sick one morning just as I loyally fighting for their native land halfway between Deacon Mason's and was eating my breakfast. I never as the soldiers in the field, and no pink companion, lay upon the chair halfway between Deacon Mason's and

chair."

"May I take the chair, now that it is snow.

Wh

not answered your question. How did Hello: and office first field member, Mr. Saw er that those who cannot see have their hearing accentuated, and the ear kindly sends those pictures to the brain which unfortunately the eye cannot supply."

Was going to use in place.

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

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"He didn't tell me," replied Alice.

"He didn't tell me," replied Alice.

"He may have told my employer. He without this money the question could

Mandy turned to Mrs. Crowley and said, "Mr. Maxwell is coming, Mrs

"More fool he," remarked Mrs. Crow ley, "to be out in a storm like this." "Get some cider, Mrs. Crowley," said Mandy, "and put it on the stove. He will need a warm drink when he gets here."

"If he was a son of mine he'd get a good warmin'," said Mrs. Crowley as she went down cellar to get the cider Mandy still strained her eyes at the window. The dark form was still visthe moving slowly through the snow At that moment a terrific storm of 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 covering him from sight. Mandy rushforce and sharpness, "Supper's ready," time she did not scream "Hello." that the piano was closed, and Quiev, word this time was "Hiram! He for the first time taking Alice's hand in lost. He is lost!" she cried. "I his, led her from the parlor, which was strength has given out; but what shall almost shrouded in darkness, into the bright light of the dining-room, where they took their accustomed seats. They are but little, their hears were full of Pettengish she would call Cobb's twins:

the melody that each had enjoyed so she would call Mr. Sawyer. One of them would surely go to his assistance. She turned, and to her surprise found Swiss at her side, looking up at her with his large, intelligent eyes. Quick as lightning, Uncle The's story came When Ezekiel and Cobb's twins reback to her mind. She patted Swiss on the head, and pointed out into the turned from West Eastborough, they on the head, and pointed out

said the air felt like snow, Mandy had storm. Not another word was needed. With kept some supper for them. Ezekiel said they had supper over to Eastbor- a bound Swiss went into the snow and ough Center, but the home cooking rapidly forward in the direction of the smelled so good that all three sat road. Mandy was obliged to close the down in the kitchen and disposed of door again and resume her place at the window. How her heart beat! How she The other members of the Pettengill watched the dog as he plowed his way household were in their respective through the drift! He must be near rooms. Uncle lke was reading a mag-the place. Yes, he is scratching and azine. Alice had not retired, for Man-digging down into the snow. Now the rooms. Uncle Ike was reading a magdy always came to her room before dark form appears once more. Yes, Hi she did to see that her fire was all ram is on his feet again and man and right for the night. Alice was a great dog resume their fight with the ele

lover of music and she had enjoyed the ments. afternoon almost as much as Quincy It seemed an age to Mandy, but i had. She could not help thinking what was in reality not more than five min them, and then the thought came to the kitchen door and came into the

her that she would miss him when he room. "Come out into the back room." In the next room Quincy was pursuing a similar line of thought. He was snow all over my kitchen floor." St a good time with the piano," remarked thinking of the nice times that Alice Hiram and Swiss were taken into the big room and in a short time came "Now, Mr. Maxwell, if you have re

it to him at Eastborough Center as him between two and three hundred soon as possible. It was many days thousand dollars. He had some money I'd git down kinder early in the morn-"That's all right," said Mandy, "but father's sister, the income from which

He knew his father wished him to "Well, you didn't suppose," said Hiwent into the side room. Even Swiss seemed to recognize that two were art was critical. He had studied the passed in the law offices of Sawyer, ley and resumed his old resting-place in his own heart realized that he was not went into the side room. Even Swiss At any the corner on his pallet.

As Mrs. Crowley went about her work, she chuckled again and said to herself. "It's a weddin' I'll be goin" to next time in place of a funeral." Upstairs other important events were taking place. Quincy had gone to his room directly after breakfast, and looked out upon the wild scene of storm with a sense of loneliness that had hitherto oppressed him. Why should 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 shut 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 been blowing down into Alice's room and for fire in the sum of the said o to Alice's room and far fire is out. advocate of woman's right or even Will you let her step in here for a new duty to work, that you are also a supclouds of white flakes were thrown in moments, Mr. Sawyer, until Zeke and porter of her right to vote." I get the room warm again?"

> have my room to herself."
>
> He had started this speech to Uncle like, who left the room 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 considered to the day, and and a sir of respect. In the manner of voting. The ballot will become secret, and the count will not be disclosed until after the voting is terrible?" As Quincy was considered to until after the voting is edone at the present day, I do not see how a woman can take part in it and maintain her self-respect. As voting is done at the present day, I do not see how a 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 be disclosed until after the voting is the present day. it is terrible?"

> templating his fair visitor, he could tability will be given to it that it does hardly be expected to say "yes" to her not now possess. It ought to be made a question. "Perhaps you enjoy it," said legal holiday." he. "Granted," said Quincy, "but what "I certainly do," answered Quincy, has that to do with the question of

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 em-

barassed. Turning to Alice he said, "I see, Miss Pettengill, that I must make you a their claim "I remember that you may their claim their retain your respect for me. I know you will pardon me for not hearing ballots.' Do you think any one should what you said, and for what I am about vote who cannot fight?" asked Quincy. to say, but the fact is, I was wonder-

halfway between Deacon Mason's and the Pettengill house. She called Mrs.
When she reached the duet Quincy
When she reached himself but joined in with her, and they sang the piece together to the end.

Alice turned upon the piano stool, faced the door and clapped her hands.

"That was capital, Mr. Sawyer, I "That's aisy," said Mrs. Crowlev.

"That's aisy," said Mrs. Crowlev.

"It's a man comin' down the road."

"What can bring a man out in such a storm as this?" asked Mandy.

"That was capital, Mr. Sawyer, I "Perhaps he is going for the piano stool, and fight watches by the bedside of the wounded, the sick, and the dying. 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 the piano stool, a storm as this?" asked Mandy.

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"That's

me your word of honor that you did not try to make me think it was cold help," cried Mandy.

She rushed to the kitchen door and Quincy replied with a laugh, "If I did my reward is a great return for my power of invention, but I assure you I was thinking of your health and not of the chair, when I tendered my services."

"You are an adept in sweet speeches, Mr. Sawyer, You city young men all are; but our country youth, who are ijust as true and honest, are at a great disadvantage, because they cannot say in the your did mot try to make me think it was cold help," cried Mandy.

She rushed to the kitchen door and sown mind that the trouble with my own mind that the trouble with and I concluded in my own mind that the trouble with my own mind that

rave me some drops to put in my eyes; not be solved as his mind had pictur-hree times a day; and a little metal ube with a cover to it like the top of uperper box; on the other end is a vants and loving husbands to care for pepper box; on the other end is a piece of rubber tubing, with a glass nouthpiece attached to it."

Alice continued: "I hold the pepper hen I put the glass mouthpiece in my nouth and blow for a certain length of ime. I don't know how long it is. It as though a thousand needles vere driven into my eyeball. The drops nake me cry; but the little tube brings he tears in torrents."
"Isn't that harsh treatment?" asked

due but sightless eyes that were turnd towards him. 'No," said Alice with a laugh, "the pain and the tears are like an April hower, for both soon pass away." At this moment Uncle Ike entered the room and Ezekiel's steps were heard lescending the stairs. Uncle Ike said. 'We have got it started, and 'Zeke has gone down to bring up a good stock of wood. If you have no objection, Mr. Sawyer, I will sit down here tew 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 deas into my head the first time I ame to see you, and perhaps you may lay. Miss Pettengill was just saying soon." he would feel miserable if she lost her

"I have no doubt of it," said Uncle ke. "The Pettengills are not afraid to it, when you was out there in the york. If a man is obliged to earn his road." iving by the sweat of his brow, ion't see why a 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 buderstands me!"
aid Uncle Ike. "In the Middle Ages, when women occupied the highest po-ition that has fallen to her lot since he days of Adam, the housework was menials and scullions. Has the vorld progressed when woman is pulld down from her high estate and this ife of drudgery is called her sphere? deg your pardon, Mr. Sawyer, but to the usefulness of man."
"But," persisted Alice. "I don't think

Mr. Sawyer means that exactly. He neans 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 ather spent more time at home, it for the advantages of both

ons and daughters." said Quincy, "do you think t is for the best interests of the comnunity that woman should force her way into all branches of industry and ompete with man for a livelihood? "Why not?" said Uncle Ike. "In the days, when they didn't work, hey 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 have when their market's made, and
have when their market's made, and
his living he was but 14 years of age. brother or sister or uncle or aunt, and they feel so happy that they can't help His family needed money and he dethey were obliged to provide for them out of their own small income or savings. In those days it was respectable to be genteelly poor, and starve rather than work and live on the fat of the land. Nothing has ever done so much 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 argument, but how could be advance anything against woman's work when the one who sat before him was a working-woman and was weeping because she could not work? There was one thing he could I presume if you are such an ardent

get the room warm again?"
"If Miss Pettengill prefers," said lke. "To be self-reliant, independent Quincy, "I can make myself comfortable in the dining-room, and she can duty and adds to one's self-respect. As voting is done at the present day, As Quincy was con- ed on voting days and an air of respec

> inherent right to vote," said Uncle Ike, "The ballot is you were talking about the a privilege, not a right. Why I remember reading during the war that young soldiers, between eighteen and twentyone years of age, claimed the ballot as a right, because they were fighting for their country. If voting is a right, what argument could be used against

> > they argued that 'bullets should win "If he does not shirk his duty be-

"I remember," added Quincy, "that

"That was capital, Mr. Sawyer, I didn't know that you sang so well. In fact, I didn't know that you sang at all."

"How did you know it was I?" said Quincy as he advanced towards her. "It is a little cool here. Miss Pettengill. "That's so," said Mandy. "He is all is a little cool here for the solution word he put it gently over her should have were the man did fall was very weak.

"At that moment the man did fall door of clock until noon before I became comfortable. I thought I was listening to ker eyes and was listening to ler uncle's words. She now asked a question. "When will women vote, Uncle?" then to do so," replied Uncle Ike. "The full privilege will not be given all at once. They will not be given all at the solution and the sum question are the ones." word he put it gently over her shoul- down or disappear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But "Yes," said Alice, "I put it on when I first came down. It interfered with my playing and I threw it into the chair."

down or disappear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now my eyes, which before my illness I had attributed to nearsightedness, was marked that I could not see will not come for woman until our and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now attributed to nearsightedness, was say 'No!' I repeat it—the full ballot now so marked that I could not see will not come for woman until our appear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now attributed to nearsightedness, was say 'No!' I repeat it—the full ballot will not come for woman until our appear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now attributed to nearsightedness, was say 'No!' I repeat it—the full ballot will not come for woman until our appear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than most likely to be acted upon first. But the full ballot will not come, and now attributed to nearsightedness, was say 'No!' I repeat it—the full ballot will not come for woman until our appear from sight. Mandy and what made me feel worse than the full ballot will not come for was the fact that the trouble with the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for was the fact that the trouble with the full ballot will not come for was the fact that the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will not come for work and the full ballot will n what was that! A cry? The sound to turn a spoonful of medicine from a man will not become the political unoccupied?" he asked.
"Yes," said Alice, "if you will give was repeated.
"I do believe the man is calling for believe the man is calling for help," cried Mandy.

What was that! A cry? The sound bottle on the table beside my bed. The equal of man until she is his social bottle on the table beside my bed. The equal of man until she is his social and industrial equal; and i

disadvantage, because they cannot say what they think in so pleasing a way."

"I hope you do not think I am insincere," remarked Quincy gravely.

"Not at all," said Alice, "but I have not answered your question. How did I know that it was you? You must return the property of the proper

"How do you use that?" asked Quin-selfish one, and not one that would answer for the toiling millions of the working world.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Well, the fact is, Mandy, I've got two things on my mind. One of them is a secret and t'other isn't. I meant to have told you yesterday, but Mr. Sawyer kept me busy till noon, and the Deacon kept me busy all the afternoon, and I was too tired to come over last

cret first. If the other one has kept so iong it won't spoil if it's kept a little

Hiram kept his eyes on the stove "Well, I declare," said Mandy, "if I

didn't forget to give it to you, after sending Mrs. Crowley downstairs for

why a woman shouldn't do the finished the mugful she passed him and handed it back to be refilled. "That sort o' limbers a feller's tongue a bit. Well, the secret is," said Hiram, lowering his voice, "that when Huldy saw me gettin' ready to go out, sez she, "Where are you goin'?" 'Over to Mr. Petelse see it.' Then sez I to her, but Mandy.' defense should be no more limit fixed to Mr. Ezekiel Pettengill, and showed to the usefulness of man."

an inside pocket an envelope, addressed to Mr. Ezekiel Pettengill, and showed it to Mandy. Then he put it back

"Well, what of that?" asked Mandy.

'That's no great secret." "Well, not in itself," gaged reg'lar fashion.'

"what makes you think so?" Mrs. Mason, she is just as good as pie ing, but must pass it to him on a silto me all the time, and that shows ver salver. something has pleased her more than There is n

arose and followed him out. Ezekiel was piling up some wood, be storm, which had lost none of its the began to climb. He became the storm, which had lost none of its

Ezekiel. "We will take Swiss with us; good stuff in him. two men and a dog ought to be enough r a snowstorm like this."

but they can be something worth parts of corn to one of wheat, in sumwhile, if their health is good and they mer one part of corn to two of wheat.

After the Great Snowstorm. Mandy was, of course, greatly pleased inwardly because Hiram had come through such a great storm to see her but, womanlike, 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 luincy as he looked at the beautiful something else besides that. Now, what have you got to tell me?"

"Well," said Mandy, "tell me the se-

since taking his seat, and he then remarked, "I am afraid that cider will

"That's all right," said Hiram, as he tengill's' sez I. Then sez she, 'Will you wait a minute till I write a note?' 'Certainly,' sez I. And when she brought me the note, sez she, 'Please give that to Mr. Pettengill and don't let anybody ma'am,' but I sez to myself, 'Nobody but Mandy.'" And Hiram took from

quickly in his pocket.

showing it. You see, Mandy, I'm no chicken. I've had lots of experience."

Pandora Ran If a dinner, which should be cooked with a light fire, is fixed for the hour of twelve, you can use a light fire and absolutely depend upon the "Pandora" to cook it by twelve-no need to waste fuel in keeping up an unnecessarily strong fire, "just to make sure." And the same accuracy

can be depended upon if a strong fire is necessary. The hot-air flues force all the heat around the oven twice and directly under every pot hole, which means that every atom of heat is used, and

only smoke goes up the chimney; also facilitates the work of cooking. "Pandora" Range is entirely new, and is equipped with every latest feature for cooking in a hurry, saving fuel, and lessening kitchen

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The young fellow who sits down work as if they meant it. Mr. Smith's somewhere with his chin in the paim of his hand and says: "There's no chance for a poor young man nowadays," is not only a weakling, but "but I am willing to bet a year's sal- he doesn't know what he is talking ary agin a big red apple that those about. There is no chance for HIM. two people have made up and are en- The spirit that prompts such a remark would of itself make great Success 'You don't say so," cried Mandy, impossible. But if he can shake off such thoughts, stop theorizing and re-"Well, a number of things," said Hi- pining ,and go to work with all his ram. "I overheard the Deacon say to might he may "get there," even with Huldy, It will be pretty lonesome for the handicap of a tendency to believe us one of these days,' and then you see not only that the world owes him a liv-

There is no argument so powerful as facts. Let us present a few from the his living he was but 14 years of age. termined to get it. He was not partic- ly has the trouble of swallowing. This "Now's my time," said Hiram, and he ed a gang of track taborers, and was paid \$1 50 a day. He needed the money and was willing to work hard for it. He which he was to take to Alice's room, when Hiram came up beside him and best of them. He worked hard and slyly passed him the note. Then Hiram minded his own business, and soon be-

fury, while Ezekiel read the note. in quite rapid succession a brakeman, conductor, telegraph operator, train dispatcher, division superintendent and "Well, I guess I'll try it again," said Hiram, "as soon as I get warm and kinder limbered up."

patcher, division superintendent and general superintendent. And now he has become general manager of the great New York Central Railroad. There "I guess I'll go back with you," said is an object lesson for the boy with All men cannot be railroad managers,

case is not unique. Almost all the most successful men sprung from small beginnings. Faraday, the great electrician, was once a newsboy. So was Thomas Edison. Richard Cobden, the great Englishman tended sheep. But why multiply instances? History is full of them. There is always room at the top, but it comes down to no beckoning. You must climb up.

Raising Young Pigeons. An authority on pigeons says: The first food of the young pigeon is a substance very much like milk, which is which is called "pigeon's milk." This is fed to the young birds by the parent ing the squab to thrust his bill inside. In this way the young bird secures the liquid without exertion and merechicken. 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 is termined to get it. He was not particularly adaptionly the most remunerative. It took the form—fortunately for him, as the sequel shows—of railroad work. He did not aspire to a clerkship, nor even to the light work of office boy. He jointout the woodshed.

"Now's my time," said Hiram, and he is gang of track taborers and was are having the hard grain which is fad to them by both the male and the fe-

male. The old birds fill the crop completey full of hard grain, and then, after taking a liberal drink of water, they fly at once to the nest and proceed to disgorge for the benefit of the "small The grain feed consists of red wheat cracked corn, kaffir corn, Canada peas, hemp seed, all easily obtained.

No other food is given. No sloppy food is given ,and there is no mechanical preparation of the food. The diet does not vary from one end of the year to the other, with this exception, that in winter you allow two parts of corn to one of wheat, in sum-

You hear of many people having kidney disease and gradually becoming victims of Bright's disease, but do you ever stop to think of what your pains and aches indicate.

## Kidney Disease

It may be worth while for you to ask yourself a few questions. If you are falling prey to kidney disease you want to know about it in time to prevent serious results.

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"For the last two years I have not been the same man. I feel well, have no pain, my appetite is good and I do any kind of work. All this is due to the use of these excellent pills. I always keep them in the house and when I go away take some with me. Since using this medicine I have no use for doctors. To-day I am writing without glasses, and before being cured of kidney disease my sight bothered me considerably. You are at liberty to use this letter, and I shall always recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills whenever I have an opportunity. I have already given sam ples to friends who have proven their merit."

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