

## AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.

When Quincy reached Boston he went directly to his father's office. The Hon. Mr. Sawyer was not present, but his partners, Mr. Franklin Crowninshield and Mr. Arthur Lawrence, were busily engaged. Quincy took a room in the desk which he had occupied before going to London, and wrote out his advertisement for the New York Herald. It read as follows: "Linds-Innocent paper disclosed—go to the office with W. A. S., Eastborough."

He inclosed a check to cover a fortnight's rent, and sent it to the State Street to the postoffice to mail his letter. When he returned, Mr. Lawrence called on him, and said that in his private office. His father greeted him pleasantly, but not effusively. In fact, any marked exhibition of approval or disapproval was wanting in the Sawyer family, while the Quinacs were equally notable for their reticence and reserve.

"When shall we have the pleasure

laughter, and Florence went to her room in a pout.

Then Maude felt to asking Quincy Quince about his trip, to which he returned evasive and untruthful answers, until she was, as she said, completely disgusted. When she dropped her head and shoulders, she saw the arms of the brother whom she dearly loved clasped around her, she felt that she had looked the sweet girlish face and thought not of her, but of Alice.

When Maude was up early, for he knew that a busy day was before him. The last thing before retiring, he took out his pocket watch, and examined his inside vest pocket, to see if that precious letter, that priceless treasure, was still there. He found the word to deliver, was safe.

He breakfasted early, and at 8 o'clock for the first time in his life, he went to the corner of Green and Chatham streets. His first visit was to a steam manufacturing, a few doors from the corner, and then to the firm of Strout & Maxwell.

laughed, and Florence up to her room in a pout.

Then Maude felt to asking Quincy Quincy about himself, to which he returned evasive and untruthful answers, until she was, as she said, completely disgusted. She should have known that she should not have trusted the arms of the brother whom she dearly loved clasped around her, she thought. He looked in the same girlish face and thought not of her, but of Alice.

When George was up early, for he knew that a busy day was before him. The last thing before retiring, he examined his inside vest pocket, to see if that precious letter, that priceless treasure that he looked in the same girlish word to deliver, was safe.

He breakfasted early, and 8 o'clock found him in Bowdoin street, at the corner of George and Chatham streets. His first visit was to a safe manufactory, a few doors from the corner, where he was one for the firm of Strout & Maxwell.

white cotton cloth, and his eyes caught the name "Linda Fernborough," stamped thereon with indelible ink. He placed the package in his pocket, and of cloth passed the package to Curtis, who enclosed, sealed and indorsed it, and gave receipt therefor to Quincy.

"I will put this in my big steel vault," said he as he went into another room.

Quincy knew that Curtis would accept no fee for such a slight service, so placed the package in a pocket of a paper weight, he quietly left the office and was out of sight long before Curtis returned. He took the package downstairs, bareheaded, and ran up and down the street in search of him.

Fifteen minutes later Quincy reached his home, unlocked the door, and entered in blue livery, opened the door, and Quincy was ushered into the long parlor, where he found in a large room, a man, some sixty feet, in which he had passed many pleasant evenings. He was a tall, thin man, in a blue uniform. Buttons returned and delivered the speech which Mrs. Chessman had taught him and which he had learned by heart. He then desired that you will come up at once."

Quincy bowed upstairs, to the evidence of the fact that he desired that he made his way to the front chamber, which he knew was his aunt's room. He unlocked the door, and found a constant visitor in that room, summer and winter. His aunt did not greet him with a "how do you do?" and a "sit down." Instead, she said, "My dear nephew, I have a heavy hug and kissed him three times, once on the cheek, once on the forehead, and finally on the lips, in which osculation,

"I'm in Brown's company. If you don't, I'll shall come down to Eastborough to see you."

"She gave him another kiss at parting."

As he left the house he deliberated for a moment as to where he should go next. He decided to go to Leopold's lodgings in Chestnut street. He found him at home alone. "For a wonder he was not working."

"This is an off day with me," he explained. "I've been having strange seasons and I've been sleeping nights, days and Sundays for a fortnight."

He came to express Miss Pettengill's obligations to Leopold for his very kind and successful efforts in her behalf.

"Oh, that's all right," said Leopold. "By the way, have you told her she ought to wear a book?"

"No," said Quincy. "But I'm going to, soon." She has just lost a dear friend, but I won't forget it."

"That's right," repeated Leopold. "She is a diamond, and you must hang up cut, and set in 18-karat gold. Excuse my apparently brutal language, but you're my meaning."

"Certainly," said Quincy, "and you are not working today?"


"No," replied Leopold, "loafing and enjoying it, too."

"You mean a mind to turn vagrant and loaf on, loaf ever."

"Come down to Parker's and have dinner."

"Can't do it," replied Leopold; "my stomach is loafing, too. 'Twouldn't be for anything else. I'd rather eat myself. Just as much obliged. Some other day. Don't forget the book!" he cried, and disappeared.

Quincy took his dinner at Parker's,



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It was upon this picture that Mrs.  
Craw's look as she opened the door  
leading into the kitchen and started to  
come into the room with a large pan  
full of cream.  
Astounded, she stepped backward,  
forgetting the two steps that she had

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A black and white reproduction of a painting, likely a detail from a larger work. The scene is dark and interior, with a figure visible in the center, possibly seated or kneeling. The figure is surrounded by dark, indistinct shapes that could be furniture or architectural elements. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows. The image is framed by a thick black border.

[illegible]

then threw herself upon a lounge opposite to him. She eyed him attentively for a moment.

"Quincy," said she, "you are better-looking than ever; you're almost as tall as I was when I was a girl. You were the handsomest man I ever saw. How many different country girls have you got?"

"I kept the count," said Quincy, "till I went to a surprise party a week ago Monday."

"Of all the kisses that you have had, whose do you prize the most?"

"My own," said she, "my beloved Aunt Ella," replied Quincy.

Aunt Ella smiled and said, "You know how much I love the sight of an old woman who has got money."

"I didn't think of that until you called my attention to it," said Quincy gravely.

"And I didn't believe it when I said it," added Aunt Ella. A few moments later she turned to Quincy and said, "Light your pipe. When this was over she went to an old secretary with brass handles, pulled out a drawer and took out a cigar box.

"I have a few of Robert's cigars left," said she.

Quincy took one and resumed his seat in the easy-chair.

"And another drawer in the secretary and took out a pouch of

at half-past seven. Abbott Smith drove him home to the Pettengill house.

"I was a member of the church body at Mason's Corner, with quite a number from Eastborough and Montrose, and I remember that the church was in the little Square in front of the church, and as well as the shed, was filled with teams. I remember that the church was the home of the male residents of Mason's Corner were gathered upon the steps of the church, and I remember that the church was the place where I met Bob Wood has just told me," said the Professor, "that he had been a member of the church for many years, so I've concluded on second thoughts to give you that job at the grocery store."

"I've had my second thoughts, too," said the Professor, "and I've decided to leave Mason's Corner and go to Deacon's Corner for my life. I'm going to live there, he says I can work for him in the next world. So I kinder guess I shall have to wait for my transportation to lift boxes and roll barrels."

When the services were over every person present was asked to go to the central aisle to take a last view. Her husband had been buried in the Montrose cemetery, and the Professor told Tilton that she was to be laid by his side. The Eastborough Cemetery was in Westboro, and the Professor told many of the late residents of Mason's Corner.

from head to foot, as if he were saying, 'I am! she's drowned! I am!' she cried at the top of her voice.

"What's the matter? How did it happen?" said Mandy as she rushed into the room, followed by Swiss.

"Shure it's thinkin' I was," moaned Mrs. Crowley, "when the milk fell on me!"

"Thinking of what?" said Mandy, "and what's the matter with you, thinking of your business?"

"Shure, I was thinkin' of the day when Patsy and I were first sat in the same chair forty years ago," said Mrs. Crowley rising to her feet and wiping the cream off her eyes, and nose, and ears.

During this time Swiss was busily engaged in pouring the milk and cream left in the pan. Hiram appeared at the kitchen door to learn the cause of the commotion.

Raising her hands high in the air, Mrs. Crowley said, "Bless you, my dear, don't say yer little and may all the saints' poor bosses' on yer side!"

And with this invocation the poor old woman hobbled off to her room in the kitchen, and was not seen again until the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII  
The Weddin's

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"A box of wax tapers. She put these in the box, and then she drew the table and placed the table between Quincy and herself. She handed Quincy the match-box, then deftly rolling a cigarette, she lit it, leaped back upon the lounge and blew rings of smoke into the air, which she watched until they broke.

"She said she was horribly uncomfortable for me to smoke?" she asked, looking at Quincy.

"I don't know," he said, "to express my real thoughts," replied Quincy, "or flatter you because you have a money?"

"Aunt Ella reddened a little and then said to Quincy, but I do serve it. Go on."

"Well, Aunt Ella," said he, "you are the only woman whom I ever saw smoking. I don't know how she got so to do it gracefully.

"I think you are sincere," she rejoined, "and I beg pardon for hurting your feelings. I did before. Give me your hand on it."

They shook hands as two men would have done after settling differences.

"Quincy," she said, "I don't want your chair up closer. Quincy, and tell me what you've been doing, and what other people have been doing to you, since you came back. Tell me everything that I see, even on you until today. You know, I am your mother's confessor."

"Quincy complied, and told her, in brief, concise way, the full account of his doings in Eastborough, omitting nothing, concealing nothing. If anything, he gave her details of the acquaintance with Huddy, Lindy and Alice than he did of the other portions of his story. He could not forbear to tell her the details of the settlement with the Professor.

"Aunt Ella laughed heartily at some parts of the recital, and looked surprised at others, and when she listened to other portions. She rolled and smoked half a dozen cigarettes during its recital, and when she saw that Quincy had finished his cigar she placed the remainder of the box before him.

"When he closed, she said, "Quincy, you beick. I haven't enjoyed myself so much for years. I do so love anything that isn't commonplace, and your experience is just what I need. I am glad to hear of your dear old man Deacon Mason is, and Ezekiel Pettengill is a fine young fellow, honest and generous. I am glad to hear that you are a team. Are they going to get married?"

"I think so," said Quincy. "He stammers," you know, and I think he will break down when he tries to propose."

"Aunt Ella laughed heartily; then she said, "that is all right. I will tell him that I will be, and as for the Professor, I would like to have a set-to with him myself."

"As she said this she doubled up her skirts.

"Oh, he wouldn't meet you that way," said Quincy. "He only fights with a woman's weapon, his tongue," and he drew out his little boxing match with Robert Wood.

"Aunt Ella continued: "I can imagine what a pretty, sweet, little, country girl she would be. I am glad to hear for Lindy, her martyrdom has been out of all proportion to her contemplated

Montross.

As they stood by the coffin, Alice said, "How does she look?"

"Very pleasant," replied Quincy; "there is a sweet smile upon her face."

"I am so glad," said Alice. She pressed his arm a little tighter, and looking up to him she said, "Perhaps she has met her boy, and that smile is but the earthly reflection of the heavenly one that rests upon her face in her home above."

"I hope so," replied Quincy; and they walked slowly out of church and took their places on the rear seat of the Pettengill carrivall, Ezekiel and Uncle Ike sitting in front.

Mandy Skinner and Mrs. Crowley had not gone to the funeral. The latter was busy skimming cream from a dozen large milk pails, while Mandy sat before the kitchen stove, with Swiss by her side. She was thinking of Hiram and wondering if he really intended to ask her to marry him.

"I don't think he's been foolin' me, but now he's coin' into business, I should think it was about time for him to speak up or quit."

Swiss suddenly arose, sniffed and went to the kitchen door. The door was opened softly and someone entered the

Pettengill family, was at breakfast Squire Rundlett arrived. He had driven over from Montrose with the partnership papers for Strout, Hiram and Quincy to sign, and also the will of the late Mrs. Heppesbeth Putnam.

As he came into the kitchen he espied Mandy, and a broad smile spread over his face as he said, "Good morning, Miss Skinner, but that paper all right?" Mandy flushed scarlet, but said nothing. "Honestly, Miss Skinner," said the Squire, "I think it was a very sensible act on Hiram's part. If men were obliged to put their proposals in writing there wouldn't be any more breach of promise cases."

"I think he is a big goose," finally ejaculated Mandy, laughing in spite of herself.

"At any rate," continued the Squire, "he knew enough to pick out a smart, pretty little woman for a wife," and he raised his hat politely and passed into the dining-room.

Here he was asked to have some breakfast. He accepted a cup of coffee, and, while drinking it, informed Quincy and Alice of the twofold purpose of his visit.

Quincy led Alice into the parlor, the

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“Mrs. Putnam was a very far-seeing lady,” said the Squire, with a laugh, looking first at Alice and then at Quincy.

A slight flush mounted to Alice's cheeks, and Quincy said coolly: “I do not perceive the application of your remark.”

“Easy enough,” said the Squire, seeing that he had put his foot in it and that it was necessary to explain his false step in some way, “easy enough. I have had sole charge of her property for six years, and she wished some coddle-headed business man to go over my accounts as if I had been honest in my dealings with her—

“That way of stating the case is satisfactory,” said Quincy, a little more generally.

“I don't think I am in danger of being robbed with two such trustworthy guardians,” said Alice.

Then all three laughed, and the little rift was closed. But the Squire's words had been unneeded, and two hearts were busily thinking and wondering if he had really meant what he said.

The Squire then turned to Quincy. “If you will name a day we will go over to the country town, present the will for probate, and at any time thereafter my books will be ready for inspection.

“The same named the following Wednesday, and then both men congratulated Miss Pettengill on her good fortune, bade her good morning, and then started to go to the city.

As they passed through the kitchen, Mandy was not in sight. She evidently did not intend to have a second interview with the Squire.

When they reached the store, they found Strout and Hiram and Mr. Hill and his son already there. The busi-

ness with Mr. Hill was soon completed, and he delivered the keys to property to Squire Rundlett; the co-partnership papers were duly signed and witnessed, and then the Squire passed the keys to Mr. Obadiah Strout, the senior partner of the new firm. Strout & Maxwell, who formally possessed of the property in his own name and that of his partners.

Since Abner's curt declination to position in the store, Strout had been looking around for someone to fill his place, and had finally settled on William Ricker, or, as he was generally called, Billy Ricker, a poor fellow, a native of Rome, and who thought he could control a good deal of trade in that town.

For similar reasons, Quincy and Hiram had united in choosing young body Smith, who was known by everybody in Eastborough Center and Eastborough. Abbot had gone out of driving the hotel carriage, and wished to engage in some other permanent business.

The choice was naturally not particularly palatable to Strout, but he had consented to let bygones be bygones, and could offer no valid objection. These two young men were to report for duty that Saturday morning, and the close of that day's work would close the business of Mr. Hill's connection with the grocery store.

Sunday morning all of the Pettengill family went to church and listened to a sermon on the new fashion in heaven from the text, “Blessed are the makers, for they shall inherit the day of heaven.”

As they were driving home Uncle remarked in his dry, sarcastic way, “I suppose Mr. Howe was thinkin' of Putnam when he was praisin' them new-made boys as fashin' in the country. I understand, the Squire started a funeral to preach in a good way about the departed one.”

“Mrs. Putnam has been very kind to me,” protested Alice, “and you say forgive her for my sake.”

“I'll forgive her,” said Uncle, “but I wish she had done more and been righter.” He shut his teeth together sharply, faced the horses again and lapsed into silence.

In the afternoon Quincy joined the others in the parlor, and they sang some sacred music together.

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"Was, I had in bed in her place? Would I have been able to do that?" said Aunt Ella, behind; and then, said Aunt Ella, "how my heart goes out to that dear, dear child!" said Alice. "Do you love her, Quincy?"

"Devotedly," answered Quincy.

"I never loved her," said Aunt Ella.

"Then marry her," said Aunt Ella, decidedly.

"I can't stay at home but Maude will object," said Quincy.

"Maude's the best one in the family, and she'll be the best to support me," said Quincy.

"They will bring up Uncle Jim," continued Quincy.

"Nonsense!" replied Aunt Ella. "I'm not a foot taller than any man is a fool who thinks he can win the battle of life by making a set of himself. Bring up Uncle Jim, and I'll be able to do a genius if she can write as you say she can. Let me care for her and love her, and I'll be able to do a genius for her until you get ready to do it yourself."

"I'll do it some day," said Aunt Ella. "You are the best friend I have in the world, and when I have the right to bring up Uncle Jim, I'll be able to do a genius doing so. Thank you for your kind words about her, I shall never forget them. I'll be able to do a genius some day, but I must go now."

They both arose. "Promise that you will do it," said Aunt Ella.

wealth of Massachusetts, hereby despatched an intimation to the Hon. Amasa Skinner, of the village, town, county, and state, aforesaid, to become my lawful wedded wife. And, Oh, how gladly did Mandy, dropping the paper for she didn't think it necessary to read any further, exclaim, "I'll sign it! I'll sign it! I'll cost me a quarter to get it drawn up. Then I'll swear to it before old Squire's eyes, and then I'll be married, and I'll ought her hold water. You'd better keep it, Mandy, then I can't find it up at the house, that I've asked you to marry me."

"Who told you that?" asked the girl indignantly.

"Ma Hawkins. Well, she didn't exactly say it to me, but she spoke it out to me, and I thought I'd better get it clear out in the woodshed, and I'll tell yer what, Mandy, it made me kinder well."

"Well, it's all right now," said Mandy soothingly.

And the next moment there was a succession of peculiar sounds heard in the room. As Swiss came back from the kitchen door, but one chair was overturned, and the hay and an enormous oak-wood have thought that chair was occupied by one person with a long hair, and the other person was on one side and straight dark hair on

"It was very kind of her to leave it to me," said the Squire, "and nothing to deserve it, and I would not take it were it not that I understand there are no near relatives of Mrs. Putnam's who would be likely to provide for by her brother. There was a knock upon this door, and in came the young lady.

"Come in, Mr. Sawyer," said the Squire. "I have an important bit of business for you that concerns this young lady.

Quincy came as requested and stood before the Squire.

The Squire went on: "Mrs. Putnam's old will, made some six years ago, gave me the right to the property, and she provided that its provisions should be kept secret for ninety days. In that will she gave me the right to do as I pleased with the property after that time.

"Why did she change it?" asked Alice earnestly.

"The lawyer," replied the Squire, "about three weeks ago she sent for me and cut out the ninety-day restriction, and told me to tell my friend here, as a executor with myself."

Alice remained silent, while a look of astonishment crept into Quincy's face. "I am not at all surprised," said the Squire, "that you should be so surprised for making this change," remark-

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A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a textured surface, likely the cover or endpaper of an old book. The texture is grainy and uneven, with various small specks and fibers visible. A prominent, dark, horizontal band runs across the middle of the image, possibly representing a hinge or a fold in the paper. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with the top appearing slightly brighter than the bottom.

