## Quincy Adams Sawyer

AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.

NEW ENGLAND HOME LIFE. \_ CHAS. FELTON PIDGIN.

"I do not think that our acquaintance here to live their son was born, and I happened to know, though not from your telling, that she is to be my mothers' heiress, I had a little curiosity to learn whether you had already proposed or were going—' said she to Quincy with a little smile. She resumed her story: "I loved the

closed the partor door, thinking that and wished to marry me. Both Mr.

ing girl. She !:ad ev:deatly known all us both. Jones told them he had writaong who her mother's heiress was, ten to a lawyer in Boston, and he had considerable money."

She had been fooiling him, but for what replied that there was no law prohibthan have sough, to force him to confide in her. What could be the notive for her action? Quincy was nonplussed. He had had considerable experience lied upon languid grace or light relied upon languid trace or light relied upon languid upon languid trace or light relied upon languid trace or light relied upon languid upon languid trace or light relied upon languid trace or light relied upon languid upon languid provided upon languid upon languid provided upon lan They never used tears either began speculating and he was sucheard on the floor above. cessful from first to last. In three "Mrs. Putnam is knocking." for offense or defense.

that day. At twenty-six he was worth friend."
Why do you hate me so, Mr. Saw- one hundred thousand dollars. When "I pro-

Quincy replied, "I will tell you, Miss told him I must have a week to think lor door close behind him."

keen thrust and went home.

"Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," he answered, rather lamely, as he thought, even to him-

tell me a little secret you had in your died there, for when they came to me "I hope so, too," he replied. "But I possession, you refused. I wanted a it was to tell me that Jones was dead, have not answered your question, Miss friend, but I also wanted a proven and I was the cause of it. I who loved Pettengill. If I can serve you by sharfriend. No doubt I took the wrong way him so!" And the girl's eyes filled ing a secret with you, it shall be safe to win your friendship, but I am going with tears. to tell you something, Mr. Sawyer, if you will listen to me, that will at least secure your pity for one who is rich in wealth, but poor, in that she has no less," answered Lindy. "He took a friends to whom she can confide her bad cold and it developed into lung

asked Quincy.

Quincy saw that he was in for it, nothing and would not see a doctor, and like a gentleman determined to one morning he did not come to the make the best of it, so he said, "Miss office, his clerk went to his room, but

looked down at her black dress.

'Mr. Sawyer," she began abruptly, "I am not a natural-born child of Mr. er were. I am sure Mrs. Putnam knows, years ago." but she will not tell me.' "It could do no harm, now that you in Lindy's story, and that feeling of

suffering.

Chase's Nerve Food.

and sets in action the process of restoration.

"Miss Putnahi," said he, "I have consented to keep a secret with me, I wronged you both in thought and ac-will trust you and will promise to comwronged you both in thought and action, but I never suspected what you have told me. Will you forgive me and allow me to be your friend? I will try to atone in the future for my misdoings in the past."

He extended his hand and Lindy laid hers in his.

will trust you and will promise to comply with your request."

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

"Why, certainly," said Alice, "how

hers in his. is of such long standing that you are from that time on all was changed.Mr. ed Quincy. "Why do you not go to time Irish songs to them, Hiram and warranted in asking me so personal a Putnam was never unkind to me but Boston and live? I could introduce you Mandy joining in the choruses. They

Quincy assured her that if it lay in her. if her cries and sobs were heard up-stairs it would require a double ex-planation, which it might be hard for marrying his sister! They said it was being the way, Miss Putnam," said he, Hiram?" a crime and a sacrilege, and the ven- "how did your investment with Foss & He stood and looked at the weep- geance of God would surely fall upon Follansbee turn out? I heard a rumor that the stock fell and you lost

reason? Was she in ove with him? No, iting such a marriage. 'But the law Mr. Sawyer, but it rallied again, and he did not think so; it she had been of God shines before you like a flaming when they sold out for me I made she would have confided in him rather sword, said Mrs. Putnam; and Mr. nearly five thousand dollars, but," and

"Mrs. Putnam is knocking for you," A surprise was 'n store for Quincy, months he paid back the five thousand said Lindy. "Miss Pettengill must be Quincy. Lindy rose from her chair and came dollars his mother had given him, and ready to go home. Good-bye, Mr. Sawtowards him, her eyes red with weep- he never took a dollar from them after yer, and do not forget your unhappy

"I promise to remember her and her yer?" she asked. "Why will you not be I went to Boston I always saw him, a friend to me, when I need one so and he at last told me he could stand He gave the little hand extended to much? What first turned you against it no longer. He wanted me to marry him a slight pressure and ran up the Quincy inquired. him and go to Europe with him. I stairs. As he did so he heard the par-

Putnam. They told me you were it over. If I decided to go I would As they were driving home. Alice ashamed of your father and mother, be in Boston on a certain day. I several times took what appeared to because they were old-fashioned coun-try people, and did not dress as well certain hotel and send word for him up as though trying to read it. Quin-expect to get their money back with or talk as good English as you did." to come to me. I used all possible cy glanced towards her. "Who told you so?" asked Lindy. secrecy in getting my clothes ready, "Mr. Sawyer, can you keep a se"It was common talk in the village," and packed them away, as I thought, cret?" asked Alice. "I have a big one on my mind now," unnoticed, in my trunk, which was in

lamely, as he thought, even to himone house dress and a pair of slippers, "I hope you will not have to wait
and locked me in. They kept me there long before finding that sympathetic
'Mr. Sawyer, when I asked you to for a week, and I wished that I had friend," remarked Alice.

"But I

"What was the cause of his death?" with me.' "Will you promise not to speak of it even to me?" she asked.

If you wish it I will promise," he "He was young, healthy and care-"Then please read to me what is

written on that envelope. fever. Even then he claimed it was Quincy looked at the envelope. "It is written in an old-fashioned, cramped hand," he said, "and the writing is Putnam, I will listen to your story, when the doctor was called it was too confided to Miss Alice Pettengill, and and if, after hearing it, I can honor- late. It was very sad that he should to be destroyed without being read by ably aid you, I will do so with pleas- die so, believing that I had refused to her within 24 hours after my death

go with him, when I would have given Hepsibeth Putnam."

Lindy took his hand, which he had my life for him. He loved me till "Thank you," said Alice simply, and half extended, and said. "Come, sit death. He left me all his money, but down, Mr. Sawyer. It is a long story in his will he expressed the wish that and I am nervous and tired," and she I would never accept a dollar from his came to Quincy that the letter to be ooked down at her black dress.

They sat upon a sofa, he at one end Putnam does not make me her heir- the strange story so recently told him ess. You think I hate Miss Pettengill by Lindy. He must take some action because she is going to give it to her, in the matter before it was too late but truly, I do not, Mr. Sawyer. What Turning to Alice he said, "Miss Petand Mrs. Putnam. I was adopted by them when but two years of age. I do not know who my father and moth-Mr. Sawyer, even as I hoped to be you do it, and not ask me for any ex-Quincy had been greatly interested plied?"

"You have worded your inquiry so are a woman grown," said Quincy.

"At first they both loved me," Lindy continued, "but a year after I came gentleman rose strongly in his breast. yer, but as you have so graciously."

written upon the envelope."
"Why, certainly," said Alice, "how could I refuse so harmless a request as

hers in his.

"I care not for the past," said she.

"I will forget that. I have also to ask your forgiveness. I, too, have said and done many things which I would not have said nor done, but for woman- that envelope, if there is a could I refuse so harmless a request as that?"

"I am greatly obliged for your kindness," said Quincy to her; but he thought to himself, "I will find out what is in that envelope, if there is a request as that?" ly spite and vanity. You see, my excuse is not so good as yours," said she as she smiled through her tears.,
"In what way can I serve you?" ask"In what way can I serve you?" askthe best of spirits, sang several old-

once, but Mrs.Putnam seemed to delight to many pleasant families."

were roasting big red apples on the many pleasant families."

were roasting big red apples on the many pleasant families."

"What!" cried Lindy. "Me, a waif top of the stove and chestnuts in the and a stray! You are too kind-hearted, oven. Quincy, attracted by the singing, Mr. Sawyer. I shall not leave the wo- came downstairs to the kitchen and your telling, that she is to be my mothers' heiress, I had a little curiosity to learn whether you had already proposed or were going—'
"Miss Putnam," sail (2002) sterning, "do not complete your sentence. Do not make me think worse of you than I already do. I beg your parlon for little smile, and swe grew up together he learned to love me and took my part, alleave pastborough never to find some trace of my parents or relatives. Now it may happen that though he was three years younger though the myself. This fact made Mrs. Gill you may get some clue that will be to find some trace of my parents or relatives. Now it may happen that through Mrs. Putnam or Miss Pettens. intruding upon you f certainly should than myself. This fact made Mrs. gill you may get some clue that will Tom, that was killed in the charge at not have done so had I anticipated such Putnam hate me more than ever. He help me much in my search. It is for Balaclava, used to sing just like that." an interview."

Stayed at home until he was twentyLindy burst into a flood of tears. Her
grief seemed uncontrollible. They were stayed at home until he was twentythis that I wish a friend, and I have a
presentiment that some day you will be
weep so violently that Mandy coaxed
able to help me."

"Not much," replied Hiram. "The snow is too deep, and it's too darned cold for the boys to travel 'round and do much gossipin' this weather. A notice is pasted up on Hill's grocery that it'll be sold by auction next Tuesday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. And I have got on to one bit of news. Stroug

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

"Yes," said Hiram, "he has got two thousand dollars pledged, and I hear he wants five hundred dollars more. He don't think the whole thing will run over twenty-five hundred dollars. "How much is to be paid in cash?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Hiram "and that's what troubles Strout. His friends will indorse his notes and take a mortgage on the store, for they good interest, but it comes kinder hard on them to plunk down five hundred dollars in cold cash.'

At that moment Mandy returned, and "I nave a big one on my find like to the attic. Mrs. Putnam must have suspended from village gossip, Mr. Sawper, not to believe that all that is said is true."

Quincy winced and colored. It was a quincy winced and colored. It was a light for the attic. Mrs. Putnam must have suspended to leave home, confide to someone."

"I nave a big one on my finded like to replied Quincy, "that I would like to confide to someone."

"Why don't you?" asked Alice.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

The New Doctor. Quincy improved the first opportunty offered for safe traveling to make a visit to the city. He had several matters to attend to. First he had not public.' sent his letter to his friend, requesting "How written it. Secondly, he was going to take Alices' story to show to a literary friend and see if he could secure ts publication. And this was not all; eral other short stories during the past or is

two years. In response to his urgent request she uscripts. The first was a passionate startling situations and effective tab-Quincy was delighted with it, bottle of thick ink." and told Alice, if dramatized, it would ourse, very pleasing to the young author. Quincy was her amanuensis, her audience and her critic, and she knew

that in his eyes she was already a suc-She also gave him to read a series of eight stories, in a line usually esteemed quite foreign to feminine stincts. Alice had conceived the idea of a young man, physically weak and taking Quincy by the arm, "if you will suffering from nervous debility, being come up to the club with me and have left an immense fortune at the age of 21. His money was well invested, and in company with a faithful attendant he traveled for fifteen years, covering every nook and corner of the habitable every nook and corner of the habitable attendant every nook and corner of the habitable every nook and corner of the habitable attendant every nook and corner of the habitable ev globe. At 36 he returned home much self-we will light our cigars, and you mproved in health, but still having a may read to me till tomorrow mornglobe. At 36 he returned home much marked aversion to engaging in any ing and I won't murmur. But, mind throughout; good plots. Our house business pursuit. A mysterious case you, if the stories are mighty poor I and its solution having been related to him, he resolved to devote his income, might as well go to bed, too, for when now amounting to about a million delay. I won't murmur. But, mind could not handle them—not of our line. Send to —. (Here followed the name of a New York publisher.) I will write now amounting to about a million dolars yearly, to amateur detective work. I get good and ready." His great desire was to ferret out and solve mysteries, murders, suicides, robhe police and eluded their vigilant in-

ranged in the order of their writing, they were: "Was It Signed?" "The Man Without a Tongue." "He Thought He Was Dead," "The Eight of Mrs. Dealers." "The Frit of Mrs. Dealers." "The Helps of Mrs. Dealers." "The Frit of Mrs. Dealers." "The Helps of Mrs. Dea Was Dead," "The Eight of es," "The Exit of Mrs. Delmon-"How I Caught the Fire-Bugs,"

When Quincy reached the city, his first visit was to his father's office, but he found him absent. He was told that he was conducting a case in the Equity Session of the Supreme Court, and would not return to the office that and would not return to the office that apartment and a bathrom.

riend's office he went directly to the read every story in his carpet bag. Adjutant-General's office at the State if it took him all night. He commenced House. Here he found that an ac- with the series of detective or mystery quaintance of his was employed as a clerk. He was of foreign birth, but had served gallantly through the war points oratorically, for, as it has been and had left an arm upon the battle-leld. He made his request for a copy Quincy eyed Ernst over the corner of the war record of Obadiah Strout, of the manuscript he was reading, but the —th Mass. Volunteers. Then a requested one also of the record of Hi-ram Maxwell. of the same regiment. Leaving the State House on the Han-

cock avenue side, he walked down that arrow but convenient thoroughfare, and was standing at its entrance to the sidewalk on Beacon street, debating vhich publisher he would call on first, when a cheery voice said, "Hello, Sawver." When he looked up he saw an old Latin School and college chum, named Leopold Ernst. Ernst was a Jew, but he had been one of the smartest and nost popular of the boys in school and of the men at Harvard.

"What are you up to?" asked Ernst.

ery creditable, I know, but my health after I have crawled up four flights of

"Not much going on in the country this time of the year, I fancy," renarked Ernst.

"That's where you are wrong," said buincy. "There has been the devil to say ever since I landed in the town, and I've got mixed up in so many complications that I don't expect to get lack to love before next Christmas.

"Reading is mighty tiresome work, and listening is, too;"

publishing house. "I have my own ing of "Her Native Land." He started hours and a comfortable salary. I sit to speak, and the word, "That's-

ripened genius. Sometimes I discover intently. tistical old writer, who thinks anything pold gave no sign of falling asleep, but and are regarded by literary aspirants

shim to make inquiries as to Obadiah strout's war record, for the great snow-storm had come the day after he had one of those callow authors of whom you spoke. She is poor, beautiful and

thies, old boy," said Ernst. "No person Alice had told him, after he had fin-ished copying the story she had dic-an author. It takes too long in these tated to him, that she had written sev- days to make a hit, and the poor authbound to die before the hit comes. The 'beautiful' gag don't work with me at all. The best authors are allowed him to read her treasured man- homelier than sin, and it's a pity that their pictures are ever published. As regards the 'blind' part, that may be love story in which a young Spanish regards the 'blind' part, that may be officer, stationed on the Island of Cuba, an advantage, for dictating relieves one and a beautiful young Cuban girl, were of the drudgery of writing one's self, the principals. It was entitled "Her and gives one a chance for a fuller Native Land," and was replete with play of one's fancies than if tied to a

ing a very badly written, but mighty interesting manuscript for the past two days and a half, and I want a change of work or diversion to brush I once go to sleep I never wake up till

When they were comfortable ensconced in their easy-chairs on the "The Hot Hand," and "The Mystery top floor, and the cigars lighted, Quincy Commenced reading. Leopold had cy commenced reading. Leopold had

Instead of leaving his letter at his sitting-room, and Quincy determined to hought came suddenly to him and he casionally he was betrayed into a nod

placed them within comfortable reach

"What are you up to?" asked Ernst.
"Living on my small income and my ather's bounty," said Quincy. "Not home, and I don't like to go out again as not been very good, and I have been resting for a couple of months in he country."

"Not much going on in the country that the star on the door."

"Not much going on in the country that the star on the door."

"Not much going on in the country that the star of the st



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"Oh, I am in for literature; not the brighten us both up immensely. You pold sleeping on the bed lounge in the kind that consists in going round with can come back for the tray in fifteen sitting-room. He was up at 6 o'clock a notebook and prying into people's minutes, Jennie," said Ernst. business, with a hope one day of becoming an editor, and working twenty was removed, and the critic sat in entering the library he saw the latter

like Solomon upon the efforts of cal- escaped him, but he recovered himself low authors and the productions of and said no more, though he listened a diamond in the rough, and introduce new star to the literary firmament; and at other times I cut up some ego he turns out will be sure to please the

"How fortunate that I have met blind.

"Don't try to trade on my sympa-

"Then you won't look at them," said make a fine acting play. This was, of Quincy.

course, very pleasing to the young au"I didn't say so," replied Ernst. "Of

course, I can't look at them in a business way, unless they are duly submitted to my house, but I have been read-

publisher to leave the manuscripts for orable.

"2. 'Her Native Land' is a fine story. peries, and disappearances that baffled examination, then to take tea with his mother and sisters, and go back to I can get it into a weekly literary pa-The titles that Alice had chosen for six express. But he was prone to Jameson, the reader, will take it, espeher stories were as mysterious, in their yield to fate, which is simply circum-to dramatize it. He is hand and glove stances, and he accepted his old college with all the thousand mysterious.

There was a large bed lounge in the

The supper was finished, the tray friend was also an early riser, for on hours out of the twenty-four each day. Judgment once more upon the words seated at his desk regarding the pile of manuscript which Quincy had read to him.

> Quincy took a glass of wine and a patted his hands lightly together at certain points of the story, whether could not determine. As he read the closing lines of the last manuscript, the cuckoo clock struck twelve, midight. "You are a mighty good reader, Quincy." said Leopold, "and barring fifteen

minutes for refreshments you have been at it ten hours. Now you want my opinion of those stories, and what's more, you want my advice as to the best place to put them to secure their approval and early publication. Now, am going to smoke a cigar quietly. and think the whole thing over, and at half-past twelve I will give you my opinion in writing. I am going into my library for half an hour to write down what I have to say. You take a nap on the lounge there, and you will be refreshed when I come back after having made mince-meat of your poor, beautiful, blind protege.

Leopold disappeared into the library and Quincy stretched himself on the lounge, rested there, but did not sleep. Before he had realized that ten min-utes had passed Leopold stood beside him with a letter sheet in his hand, and said, "Now, Quincy, read this to sign that read. "Paul Culver, M. D. me, and I will see if I have got it down | Physician and Surgeon." He knew Cuistraight." Quincy's hand trembled nervously as years. They were in the Latin School he seated himself in his old position,

"Opinion of Leopold Ernst, Literary Critic, of certain manuscripts submitted for examination by Quincy A. Saw-

would fall upon it, he read the follow-

clever general idea; good stories well written. Same style maintained Cooper, one of their readers. He is a friend of mine and will secure quick

blown novel. All it wants is oysters, soup, fish, entrees, and a dessert prefixed to and joined on to the solid roast and game which the story as now written itself supplies. "In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, this 24th day of

rebruary, 186—.
"LEOPOLD ERNST, "Literary Critic." it impossible to water the streets with Quincy remained all night with Leo- safety.

the next morning, but found that his

Leopold looked up with a peculiar expression on his face. "What's the matter," asked Quincy,

changing your mind? "No," said Leopold, "I never do that it would spoil my value as a reader if cracker before starting upon the story I did. My decisions are as fixed as which had been dictated to him. Leothe laws of the Medes and Persians, the laws of the Medes and Persians, as being quite as severe as the statutes of Draco; but the fact is, Quincy, you contemplatively or approvingly Quincy and your protege—you see I consider you equally culpable—have neglected to put any real name or pseudonym to these interesting stories. Of course, I can affix the name of the most popular author that the world has ever known -Mr. Anonymous-but you two probably have some pet name that you wish immortalized."

"By George!" cried Quincy, "we did forget that. I will talk it over with her, and send you the nom de plume by mail."

"Very well," said Leopold rising. And now let us go and have some breakfast."

"My dear fellow, you must excuse I have not seen my parents this trip, and I ought to go up to the house and take breakfast with the family." "All right," said Leopold, "rush that pseudonym right along, so I can send the manuscripts to Cooper. And don't forget to drop in and see me next time you come to the city."

On his way to Beacon street, Quincy suddenly stopped and regarded a ver, but hadn't seen him for eight together under Pater Gardner. He and turning the sheet so that the light rang the bell and was shown into Dr. Culver's office, and in a few minutes his old schoolmate entered. Paul Culver was a tall, broad-chested, heavilybuilt young man, with frank blue eyes, and hair of the color that is sometimes irreverently called, or rather the wear-

They had a pleasant talk over school days and college experiences, were not identical, for Paul had graduated from Yale College at his father's desire, instead of from Harvard. Then Quincy broached what was uppermost in his mind, and which had been the real reason for his call. He Quincy had intended after seeing a decision, which I prophesy will be fav-Alice's case, and asked Paul's advice.

Dr. Culver sat for a few moments apparently in deep study.

"My advice," said he, "is to see Tillotson. He has an office in the Hotel Pelham, up by the Public Library, you know.

"Well," said Culver, "I don't think speedily, and that fact carried the day with him.

When they were comfortable encomfortable is speedily, and that fact carried the day for our magazine. It is capital, and that he holds from the Almighty is has enough meat in it to make a full-worth more to suffering humanity than worth more to suffering humanity than a good many issued by the colleges.' "You are a pretty broad-minded allopath," said Quincy, "to give such sweeping recommendation to a quack.

To be Continued Next Saturday. Vienna is suffering from a dust plague, the low temperature rendering

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well, was tired in the mornings, had no appetite and had severe neuralgia pains through my body. Though I consulted five city physicians, at considerable expense, they could not help me and gave

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