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Beulah Camp Meeting

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REV. JOSEPH H. SMITH of
Chicago, Ill., an eminent Methodist
preacher and writer will be the
Evangelist.
Reduced fare on the steamer Victoria
and J. D. Purdy from Fredericton
during the meeting.
For information enquire of Rev
S. A. Baker, Fredericton.

Hotel for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale the
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on Queen Street in the City of Fredericton
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is lighted by electricity, has hot
and cold baths, a hot air furnace
and is in every way adapted for
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It is only two minutes walk from
the city hall market. There is
excellent stabling on the premises.
This is a good business opening for
some enterprising person with a little
capital. For terms and reasons for
selling, apply to
MRS. GEO. JORDAN,
On the Premises.
Fredericton, May 20, 1915.

Tenders for Coal

Sealed Tenders for twenty-five (25)
tons of hard coal, egg size, to be de-
livered at the County Gaol; and
twenty (20) tons of like coal to be
delivered at the County Court House
will be received at the office of
Fred St. John Bliss, County Secretary,
up to SATURDAY, the 5th of
June at 12 o'clock noon.

Dated May 21st, 1915.
ALEX. HAINING,
Chairman Buildings Committee.
M. 22 J. 4th.

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TO LET—Summer Cottage at Kings
clear known as "The Chalet." De-
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miles from the city. Apply to
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B. M. McENAMAN,
626 King Street.

To Rent

From one to four furnished or un-
furnished rooms or a furnished flat
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Fredericton, N. B.
Phone 33-41.

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Fifty acres of land situate in
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May 16th, 1915.
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Apply to E.
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Water consumers will please take
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City Hall.

G. R. PERKINS,
Collector of Water Rates

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92 - —Carten, W. J., Office, McAd-
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187-21—Dunham, M.E., Res., 340
York St.
183-41—McCarroll, Wm., Pressing and
Repairing, 95 Westmorland St.

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KEZIAH COFFIN

Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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"You're ashore. On Cape Cod. At
Trumet!"

"Trumet! Trumet!"
He was struggling to raise himself
on his elbow. Ellery was obliged to
use force to hold him down. He strug-
gled again. Then his strength and his
reason left him simultaneously and the
delirium returned. He began to shout
a name, a name that caused Ellery to
stand upright and step back from the
bed, scarcely believing his ears.

All the rest of that night the man
on the bed raved and muttered, but of
people and places and happenings
which he had not mentioned before.
And the minister, listening intently to
every word caught himself wondering
if he also was not losing his mind.

When the morning came, Ebenezer
Capen was awakened by a shake to
find John Ellery standing over him.
"Capen," whispered the minister,
"Capen, get up. I must talk with you.
You used to be a whaler, I know.
Were you acquainted in New Bedford?"

"Earl. Was a time when I could
have located every stick in it, pretty
nigh, by the smell, if you'd set me
down side of 'em blindfolded."

"Did you ever know anyone
named—?" He finished the sentence.

"Well, I wanted to. Pretty decent
feller one time, but a fast goer, and
went downhill like a young one's sled,
when he got started. His folks had
money, that was the trouble with him.
Why, 'course I knew him. He mar-
ried—"

"I know. Now, listen."

Ellery went on talking rapidly and
with great earnestness. Ebenezer lis-
tened, at first silently, then breaking
in with ejaculations and grunts of as-
tonishment. He sat up on the edge of
the bed.

"Rubbish!" he cried at last. "Why,
'tain't possible! The feller's dead as
Methusalem's grandmarm. I remem-
ber how it happened and—"

"It wasn't true. That much I know.
I know, I tell you."

He went on to explain why he knew.
Capen's astonishment grew.

"Judas priest!" he exclaimed again.
"That would explain why I thought I'd
seen— There! leave ahead. I've
got to see. But it's a mistake. I don't
believe it."

The pair entered the sick room.
The sailor lay in a stupor. His breath-
ing was rapid, but faint. Capen bent
over him and gently moved the band-
age on his face. For a full minute he
gazed steadily. Then he stood erect,
drew a big red hand across his fore-
head, and moved slowly back to the
living room.

"Yup," he said, "it's him. Mr. El-
lery, what are you goin' to do about
it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I
must go somewhere by myself and
think. I don't know what to do."

The minister declined to wait for
breakfast. He said he was not hungry.
Leaving Ebenezer to put on the coffee-
pot and take up his duties as day
nurse, Ellery walked off along the
beach. By and by he heard Capen call-
ing his name.

"Mr. Ellery," shouted Ebenezer.
"Mr. Ellery, where be you?"

"Here!" replied the minister.
The old man came scrambling over
the sand. He was panting and much
excited.

"Mr. Ellery!" he cried, "Mr. Ellery!
it's settled for us—one part of it, any-
how. He's slipped his cable. Yup. He
must have died just a little while after
you left and after I gave him his
medicine. I thought he looked kind of
queer then. And when the doctor
came we went in together and he was
dead. Yes, sir, dead."

"Dead!"
"Um-hm. No doubt of it; it's for
good this time. Mr. Ellery, what shall
we do? Shall I tell Dr. Parker?"

Ellery considered for a moment.
"No," he said slowly. "No, Capen,
don't tell anyone. I can't see why
they need ever know that he hasn't
been dead for years, as they supposed.
Promise me to keep it a secret. I'll
tell—myself, later on. Now promise
me; I trust you."

"Land sakes, yes! I'll promise, if
you want me to."

The next day the body of "Murphy,"
foremast hand on the San Jose, was
buried in the corner of the Regular
graveyard, near those who were
drowned in the wreck of that winter.
Capen remained at the shanty another
week. Then, as the minister showed
no symptoms of having contracted the
disease and insisted that he needed no
companion, Ebenezer departed to take
up his fishing once more.

Ellery himself was most urgent in
the decision that he should not go
back to the parsonage and his church
just yet. Better to wait until he was
sure, he said, and Dr. Parker agreed.

Dr. Parker told him of Grace Van
Horne's return to the village. She had
come back, so the doctor said, the day
before, and was to live at the tavern
for a while, at least. Yes, he guessed
even she had given up hope of Cap-
tain Nat now.

"And say," went on Parker, "what
I want to know is whether you think

I could leave you for a couple of days.
The Ostab County Medical Society
meets at Hyannis tomorrow and I had
promised myself to take it in this
year. But I don't want to leave you,
if you need me."

Ellery insisted that he did not need
anyone, was getting along finely, and
would not hear to his friend's miss-
ing the medical society's meeting. So
the physician went. John Ellery did
not feel cheerful that afternoon. The
tired feeling he had spoken of so light-
ly was worse than he had described it,
and he was despondent, for no particu-
lar reason. That night he slept miser-
ably and awoke with a chill to find a
cold, pouring rain beating against the
windows of the shanty.

He lay down on his bed and tried to
sleep, but though he dozed a bit, woke
always with a start and either a chill



The Old Man Came Scrambling Over
the Sand.

or fever fit. His head began to ache
violently. And then, in the lonesome-
ness and misery, fear began to take
hold of him.

Night came. The rain had ceased
and stars were shining clear. Inside
the shanty the minister tossed on the
bed, or staggered back and forth about
the two rooms. He wondered what
the time might be; then he did not
care. He was alone. The smallpox
had him in its grip. Why didn't some-
one come? Where was Mrs. Coffin?
And Grace? She was somewhere near
him—Parker had said so—and he must
see her before he died. He called her
name over and over again.

The wind felt cold on his forehead.
He stumbled amidst the beach grass.
What was this thing across his path?
A rope, apparently, but why should
there be ropes in that house? There
had never been any before. He
climbed over it and it was a climb
of hundreds of feet and the height
made him giddy. That was a house,
another house, not the one he had
been living in. And there were lights
all about. Perhaps one of them was
the light at the parsonage. And a big
bell was booming. That was his
church bell and he would be late for
the meeting.

Some one was speaking to him. He
knew the voice. He had known it al-
ways and would know it forever. It
was the voice he wanted to hear.
"Grace!" he called. "Grace! I want
you. Don't go! Don't go! Grace!
oh, my dear! don't go!"

Then the voice had gone. No, it had
not gone. It was still there and he
heard it speaking to him, begging him
to listen, pleading with him to go
somewhere, go back, back to some-
thing or other. And there was an
arm about his waist and some one
was leading him, helping him. He
broke down and cried childishly and
some one cried with him.

Early the next morning, just as day
was breaking, a buggy, the horse
which drew it galloping, rocked and
bumped down the lighthouse lane. Dr.
Parker, with his brows together and his
lips set with anxiety, was driving. He
had been roused from sleep in the ho-
tel at Hyannis by a boy with a tele-
gram. "Come quick," it read. "Mr.
Ellery sick." The sender was Noah
Ellis, the light keeper. At the ropes,
early as it was, he found a small group
waiting and gazing at the shanty. The
lightkeeper was there and two or
three other men. They were talking
earnestly.

"How is he, Noah?" demanded the
doctor, jumping to the ground.

"I don't know, doc," replied Ellis. "I
ain't heard sence last night when I
telegraphed you."

"The devil!" Dr. Parker swore im-
patiently. "Who is with him then?
You haven't left him alone, have you?"

"No-o," Noah hesitated once more.
"No-o, he ain't alone. She's there."
"She? Who? Keziah Coffin?"

"I don't callate Keziah's heard it
yet. We was waitin' for you fore we
said much to anybody. But she's there
—the one that found him. You see,
he was out of his head and wanderin'
up the lane 'most to the main road
and she'd been callin' on Keziah
and when she come away from the

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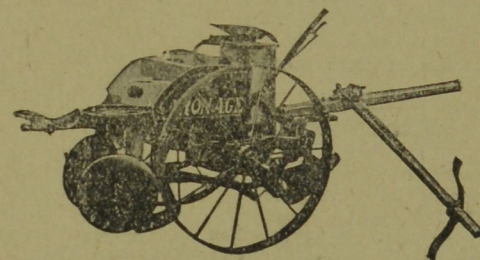
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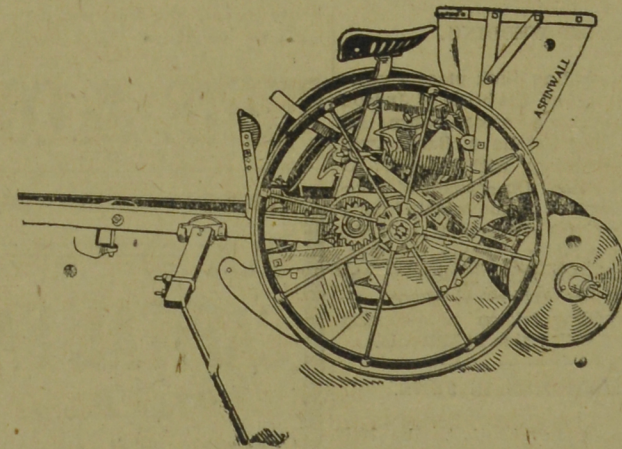
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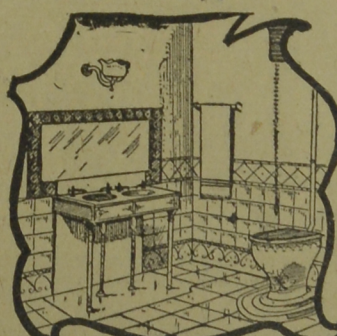
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