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"Yes."
"And why, my child, are you bad
sometimes?"
"So that I'll be appreciated when
I'm good."

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FILMED LITERATURE

"What are you reading now?"
"The Meditations of Marcus Aure-
lius."
"Sounds interesting. Can you see
'em in the movies?"

KEZIAH COFFIN

Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
"Whittaker's Place"
Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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But that wasn't the worst. The letter
was from England, and in it he wrote
that he was gettin' sick of knockin'
around and guessed he'd be for comin'
to the States pretty soon and huntin'
me up. Said what was the use of havin'
an able-bodied wife if she couldn't
give her husband a home."

"The scoundrel!"
"Yes, I know what he is, maybe full
as well as you do. That's why I spoke
of leavin' you. If that man comes to
Trumet, I'll go, sure as death."

She hurried out of the room. Later,
as the minister passed through the
dining room on his way to the door,
she spoke to him again.

"John," she said, "I didn't say what
I meant to when I broke in on you
just now. I meant to tell you about
Grace. I knew you'd like to know and
wouldn't ask. She's goin' away,
Gracie is."

"Going away?"
"Yup. She's goin' to stay with a re-
lative of the Hammonds over in Con-
necticut for a spell. I coaxed her into
it. Stayin' here at home with all this
suspense and with Hannah Poundber-
ry's tongue droppin' lamentations like
kernels out of a corn sheller, is enough
to kill a healthy batch of kittens with
nine lives apiece."

Ellery took his hat from the peg
and opened the door. His foot was on
the step when Keziah spoke again.
"She--it don't mean nothin', John,
except that she ain't so hard-hearted
as maybe you might think--she's
asked me about you 'most every time
I've been there. She told me to take
good care of you."

Ellery was thinking deeply as he
walked up the main road on his way
to Mrs. Prince's. Keziah's words were
repeating themselves over and over
in his brain. She had asked about
him. She had not forgotten him alto-
gether. Mrs. Prince was very glad to
see him. He found her in the big arm-
chair with the quilted back and the
projecting "wings" at each side of her
head. She was wrapped in a "Rising
Sun" quilt which was a patchwork
glory of red and crimson. A young
girl, a neighbor, who was apparently
acting in the dual capacity of nurse
and housekeeper, admitted him to the
old lady's presence. Mrs. Prince's good
spirits were of short duration. Her
conversation soon shifted to the loss
of her son and she wept, using the
corner of the quilt to wipe away her
tears. "Eddie" had been her idol and,
as she said, it was hard to believe
what folks kept tellin' her, that it was
God's will, and therefore all for the
best.

"And there's Nat Hammond," con-
tinued Mrs. Prince. "A fine man--no
better anywhere, even though his fa-
ther was a Come-Outer--just goin' to
be married and all, now they say he's
drowned--why? Why was that neces-
sary?"

Ellery could not reply. The old lady
did not wait for him to do so. The
mention of Captain Nat's name re-
minded her of other things.

"Poor Gracie!" she said. "It's tur-
rible hard on her. I went down to see
her two or three times afore I was
took down with this backache. She's
an awful nice girl. Land sakes alive!
talk about angels! I snum if she
ain't comin' up the road this blessed
minute."

John Ellery had risen. Now he
seized his hat and moved hastily to-
ward the door. Mrs. Prince called to
him to remain, but he would not. How-
ever, her good-bys delayed him for a
minute, and before he reached the
yard gate Grace was opening it. They
were face to face for the first time
since they had parted in the grove, so
many months before.

She was thinner and paler, he saw
that. And dressed very quietly in
black. She looked at him, as he stood
before her in the path, and her cheeks
flushed and her eyes fell.

"Er--Miss Van Horne," he stam-
mered, "I merely wanted to tell you
how deeply I--we all feel for you in
your trouble. I--I am so sorry. I
have heard so much of the captain
from--"

"From Aunt Keziah? Yes, she was
Nat's warmest friend."

"I know. Er--Mrs. Coffin tells me
you are going away. I hope you may
hear good news and soon. I shall
think of you--of him--I want you to
understand that I shall."

She held out her hand and he took
it. He knew that his was trembling,
but so, too, was hers. The hands fell
apart. Grace entered the house and
John Ellery went out at the gate.

CHAPTER XV.

In Which the Minister Boards the San
Jose.

"Hey, Mr. Ellery!"
It was Captain Zeb Mayo who was
calling. The captain sat in his antique
chaise, drawn by the antique white
horse, and was hailing the parsonage
through a speaking trumpet formed by
holding both his big hands before his
mouth.

The minister and Mrs. Coffin, the
former with a napkin in his hand, had
emerged from the side door of the par-
sonage and now came hurrying down
to the gate.

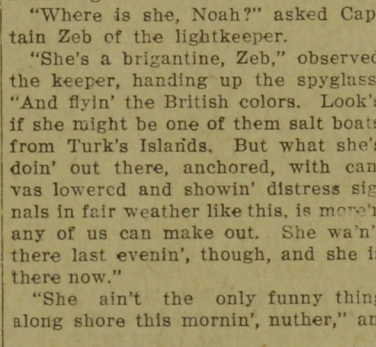
"Land of Goshen!" exclaimed the
captain, "you don't mean to tell me
you ain't done breakfast yet, and it
after seven o'clock. Why, Mr. Ellery,
I tell you: Em'lous Sparrow, the fish
peddler, stepped up to our house a few
minutes ago. He's just come down
from the shanties over on the shore
by the light--where the wreck was,
you know--and he says there's a
'morphrodite brig anchored three or
four mile off and she's flyin' colors
ha'f mast and union down. They're
gettin' a boat's crew together to go
off to her and see what's the row. I'm
goin' to drive over and I thought may-
be you'd like to go along."

A moment later the minister, having
donned his hat and coat, ran down the
walk and climbed into the chaise be-
side Captain Zeb. The white horse,
stimulated into creaky trot by repeat-
ed slappings of the reins and roars to
"Get under way!" and "Cast off!"
moved along the sandy lane.

They found a group on the beach.
A few fishermen, one or two lobster-
men and wreckers, and the lightkeep-
er were gathered on the knoll by the
lighthouse. They had a spyglass, and
a good-sized dory was ready for
launching.

"Where is she, Noah?" asked Cap-
tain Zeb of the lightkeeper.
"She's a brigantine, Zeb," observed
the keeper, handing up the spyglass.
"And flyin' the British colors. Look's
if she might be one of them salt boats
from Turk's Islands. But what she's
doin' out there, anchored, with can-
vas lowered and showin' distress sig-
nals in fair weather like this, is more'n
any of us can make out. She wa'n't
there last evenin', though, and she is
there now."

"She ain't the only funny thing
along shore this mornin', nuther," an-



In One of the Bunks Something
Stirred, Something Alive.

nounced Theophilus Black, one of
the fishermen. "Charlie Burgess just
come down along and he says there's a
ship's longboat hauled up--on the
beach, 'bout a mile 'n a half tother
side the mouth of the herring creek yon-
der. Cars in her and all. And she
ain't no boat that b'longs round here."

Captain Zeb, who had been inspect-
ing the anchored vessel through the
spyglass, lowered the latter and
seemed puzzled. "Blessed if she don't
look abandoned to me. Can't see a
sign of life aboard her."

"We couldn't neither," said Thop-
h. "We was just callin' to go off to her
when Charlie come and told us about
the longboat. I guess likely we can go
now; it's pretty high smooth as a
pond. You'll take an oar, won't you,
Noah?"

"I can't leave the light very well. My
wife went over to the village last
night. You and Charlie and Bill go
Want to go, too, Zeb?"

"No, I'll stay here, I guess. The old
lady made me promise to keep my feet
dry afore I left the house."

"You want to go, Mr. Ellery? Lots
of room."

The minister was tempted. The sea
always had a fascination for him and
the mystery of the strange ship was
appealing.

"Sure I won't be in the way?"
"No, no! 'Course you won't," said
Burgess. "Come tight along. You get
in the bow, if you don't mind gettin'
sprinkled once in a while. I'll steer
and Thoph and Bill'll row. That'll be
enough for one dory. If we need
more, we'll signal. Heave ahead."

The steersman, who was staring
hard in the direction they were going,
scowled.

"Humph!" he grunted again. "I
swan to man, fellers, I believe she is
abandoned!"

"Rubbish!" panted Bill, twisting his
neck to look over his shoulder.
"Course she ain't! Who'd abandon a
craft such weather's this, and Prov-
incetown harbor only three hours' run
or so?"

The rowers "lit her up" and the
dory moved faster. Then Burgess, put-
ting his hand to his ear, he yelled.

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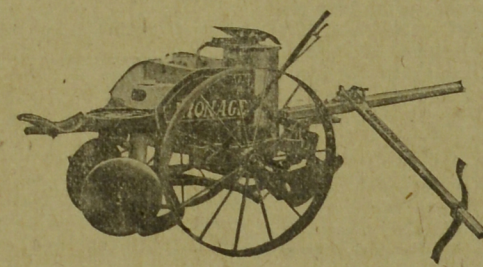
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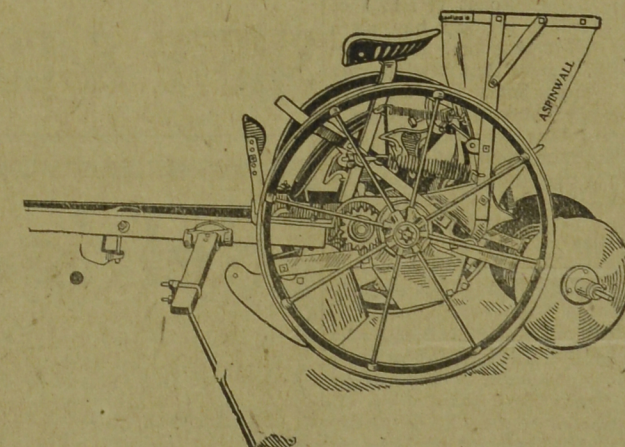
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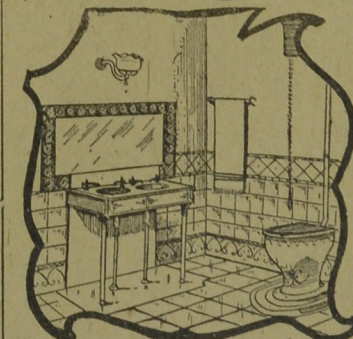


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