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Reduced fare on the steamer Vic-
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For information enquire of Rev
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Fredericton, May 20, 1915.

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delivered at the County Court House
will be received at the office of
Fred St. John Bliss, County Secre-
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Dated May 21st, 1915.
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Chairman Buildings Committee.
M. 22 J. 4th.

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KEZIAH COFFIN

By
Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.
Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young
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parsonage she heard him hollerin' and
goin' on and—

"Who did?"
"Why"—the lightkeeper glanced at
his companions—"why, doc, 'twas
Grace Van Horne. And she fetched
him back to the shanty and then come
and got me to telegraph you."
But Parker did not wait to hear the
rest. He ran at full speed to the doc-
tor of the shanty. Grace herself opene
it.

"How is he? demanded the doctor.
"I think he seems a little easier; at
any rate, he's not delirious. He's in
there. Oh, I'm so thankful you've
come."

"Is that the doctor?" called Ellery
weakly from the next room. "Is it?"
"Yes," replied Parker, throwing on
his coat and hat. "Coming, Mr. El-
lery."

"For God's sake, doctor, send her
away. Don't let her stay. Make her
go! I've got the smallpox and if she
stays she will die. Don't you under-
stand? she must go."

"Hush, John," said Grace soothing-
ly. "Hush, dear."
Dr. Parker stopped short and looked
at her. However, he waited no longer,
but hurried in to his new patient.

CHAPTER XVII.

In Which Keziah Decides to Fight.
The news was flying from house to
house along the main road. Break-
fasts were interrupted as some neigh-
bor rushed in to tell the story which
another neighbor had brought to him
or her. Mr. Ellery was very sick and
it was feared he had the smallpox.
Grace Van Horne was with him, had
taken him back to the shanty, and in-
sisted upon staying there until the
doctor came.

At the Daniels's house the servant
girl rushed into the dining room to
serve the toast and the story at one
swoop. Captain Elkanah's dignity de-
serted him for an instant and his egg
spoon jingled to the floor. Annabel's
face turned a dull red. Her eyes
flashed sparks.

"Pa!" she cried, "I—I—if you don't
do something now I'll never—"
Her father shook his head warn-
ing-ly. "Debby," he said to the maid,
"you needn't wait."

Debby departed reluctantly. After
the kitchen door had closed, Captain
Elkanah said: "My dear, we mustn't
be too hasty in this matter. Remem-
ber, Mr. Ellery is very sick. As for—
for the Van Horne girl, we haven't
heard the whole truth yet. She may
not be there at all, or it may be just
an accident—"

"Accident! Pa, you make me boil.
Accident! Accidents like that don't
happen. If you let her stay there, or
if— Oh, to think of it! And we were
calling him a hero and—and every-
thing! Hero! he stayed there just so
she might—"

"Hush! hush, child!"
"I shan't hush. Pa, are you going
to let him disgrace himself with her?"
"No, no. Probably there ain't any
idea of his marrying her. If there is—"
"If there is you put him out of the
church and out of town. And as for
her— Ooh! And we've been hav-
ing him here at dinner and—and I
have— Oh, I shall die! I wish I was
dead!"

Then followed hysterics and agony,
greedily listened to by Debby, whose
ear was at the crack of the door. Cap-
tain Elkanah soothed and pleaded and
tried to pacify. It ended by his prom-
ising to investigate and, if necessary,
take steps "immediately."

Lavinia Pepper sprang the mine on
her brother. Kyan was horrified. He
had grown to be one of Ellery's most
devoted worshippers.
One of the very first to hear of the
minister's illness was Keziah Coffin.
Mrs. Parker told her and Keziah start-
ed for the beach before the tale of
Grace's part in the night's happenings
reached the village. She did not wait
for a conveyance, hardly waited to
throw a shawl over her shoulders, but
began to cover the three miles on foot.
She had walked nearly two-thirds of
the distance when Captain Zeb Mayo
overtaken her and gave her a seat in
his chaise.

They said little during the drive, the
shock and anxiety forbidding conver-
sation. At the ropes was the same
group, larger now, and Dr. Parker's
horse was hitched to one of the posts.
"You can't go in, Mrs. Coffin," said
Thop Black. "The doctor give us his
orders not to let nobody get by. I
guess nobody wants to, but all the
same—"

Keziah paid not the slightest atten-
tion to Mr. Black. She stooped beneath
her arm, under the rope and was on
her way to the shanty before they real-
ized her intention. The living room
was empty, but at the sound of her
step some one came from the room
adjoining. That some one was Grace.
"You can't go in, Mrs. Coffin," said
Thop Black. "The doctor give us his
orders not to let nobody get by. I
guess nobody wants to, but all the
same—"

"Hush!" he cried. "He's quiet now
and I think he will sleep. Don't talk
here. Go outside, if you must talk—
and I suppose you must."
Grace led the way. Fortunately the

door was on the side not visible from
the spot where Captain Zeb and the
rest were standing. Keziah, bewil-
dered and amazed at the girl's pres-
ence, followed dumbly.

"Now, auntie," whispered Grace,
turning to her, "you want to know
how he is, of course. Well, I think he
is better. The doctor thinks so, too.
But why did you come here?"
"Why did I come? Why, because
my place was here. I belonged here.
For the love of mercy's sakes what
are you doin' here? With him? And
the smallpox!"

"Hush. I can't help it. I don't care.
I don't care for anything any more.
I'm glad I came. I'm glad I was the
one to find him and help him. No
matter what happens—to me—I'm
glad. I never was so glad before. I
love him, Aunt Keziah. I can say it
to you, for you know it—you must
know it. I love him and he needed me
and I came. He was calling my
name when I found him. He might
have died there, alone in the wet and
cold, and I saved him. Think what
that means to me."

The door opened softly and Dr. Par-
ker came out.

"He's asleep," he said. "And he's
better, much better. And I'll tell you
something else, if you won't make too
much noise about it—he hasn't got the
smallpox. He is pretty close to brain
fever, though, but I guess he'll dodge
that this time, with care. On the
whole, Keziah, I'm glad you came.
This young lady," with a movement of
the head toward Grace, "has done her
part. She really saved his life, if I'm
not mistaken. Now, I think she can
go away and leave him to you and me.
I'll pretty nearly guarantee to have
him up and out of this—this pesthole
in a fortnight."

Here was joyful tidings, the better
for being so unexpected. Keziah
leaned against the boards and drew a
long breath. Grace said nothing, but,
after a moment, she went into the
house.

"That's a good thing, too," com-
mented Parker, watching her as she
went. "I wanted to talk with you, Ke-
ziah Coffin, and right away. Now, there's
something up, something that
I don't know about, and I rather guess
you do. Young women—even when
they're her kind and that's as good
a kind as there is—don't risk smallpox
for any young man they pick up casu-
ally."

Keziah considered. "All right, doc-
tor," she said, when she reached a de-
cision, "all right; I'll tell you the
whole thing."

She went on to tell all she knew of
her parson's love story.

Dr. Parker listened.
"Hum!" he said thoughtfully, "I see.
What made her change her mind so
suddenly? You say, or you gather
from what Mr. Ellery told you, that
she had all but agreed to marry him.
She cares for him, that's sure. Then,
all at once, she throws him over and
accepts Nat. Of course her uncle's
sudden seizure was a shock and he
wanted Nat to have her, but she isn't
the kind of girl to be easily swayed.
But never mind that, that doesn't
count now. Let's look at things as
they are this minute. She's here and
folks know it. As they do know it
they'll begin to talk, and the more
they talk the farther from the truth
they'll get—most of 'em. Nat, poor
chap, is dead, so her promise to him
is canceled. Ellery will get well if
he isn't troubled. If she leaves him
he'll go to pieces again, so she mustn't
leave. And she can't stay without an
explanation. I say let's give the ex-
planation; let's come right out with
the announcement that they're en-
gaged."

"But she's a Come-Outer and—
there's the church."

"Well, I know it. But he never was
so popular as he is now. And she
isn't by any means a steady-going
Come-Outer. Why, Zeke Bassett and
the rest have been finding fault with
her and calling her a backslider.
That'll help. Then you trust me to
whoop up her heroism and the fact
that without her he would have died.
We can do it, Keziah. Come on! I've
tackled a good many jobs, but match-
making isn't one of 'em. Here goes
to tackle that."

Keziah was delighted; here was
work after her own heart. But she
still hesitated.

"Doctor," she said, "you've forgot
one thing, that's Grace herself. Would
she marry him now, knowing it may
mean the loss of his ministry and all,
and more than she would at first? I
don't believe it."

"That's your part, Keziah. You've
got to show her she must marry him
or he'll die; see?"
Keziah's hesitation was at an end.
Her face lit up.

"I say good!" she cried. "And now
I want to give you a piece of advice,
your course for the first leg, as you
might say: you see Cap'n Zebedee
Mayo."

"Humph! Cap'n Zeb is the first
man I mean to see."

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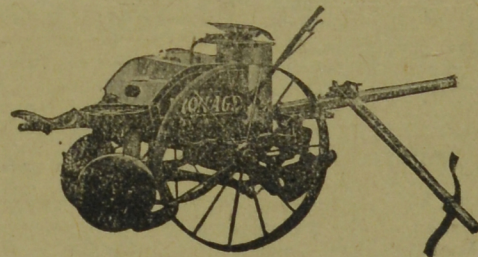
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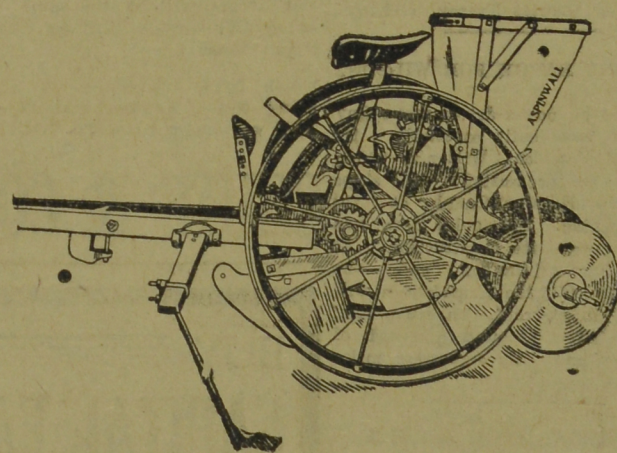
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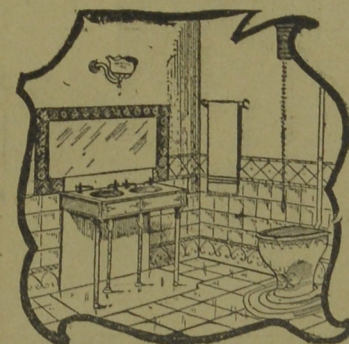
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