KEZIAH COFFIN

by Joseph C. Lincoln

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

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish. Ellery causes a sensation by attending a "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the meeting. Grace apologizes for her guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, becomes a hero by bringing the packet into port safely through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, inclosing money in response to a demand. She curiously startled when informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since youth. Daniels remonstrates with Ellery for attending "Come-outer" meeting.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"'Stand by!' roars Nat. 'It's a squall, dead astern and comin' abilin'! 'll take her, 'Bije. You look out for them tops'ls.'

"So Nat grabs the wheel and 'Bije tears for'ard and sends the two fo'mast hands aloft on the jump. Zach was skipper, but all he done was race around and holler and trip over his own feet. It hit 'em 'fore they got even one tops'l clewed down. That one, the foretops'l 'twas, split to rags. The main tops'l was set, and when the squall struck, the rotten old topmast went by the board 'Kerrash-o!' 'Course splinters flew like all possessed, and one of 'em, about a foot long, sailed past Nat's head, where he stood heavin' his whole weight on the wheel, and lit right on the binnacle, smashin' it to matches.

"Well, there they was, afloat, but with their upper riggin' gone and the compass smashed flat. A howlin' no'thwester blowin' and fog thick as ever. Zach was a whimperin', fidgetin' old ...

... astern, I snum if I wouldn't take it off to you this minute!'"

The minister shut the door behind his departing guests. Then he went out into the kitchen, whither the housekeeper had preceded him. He found her standing on the back step, looking across the fields. The wash bench was untenanted.

"Hum!" mused Ellery thoughtfully, "that was a good story of Captain Mayo's. This man Hammond must be a fine chap. I should like to meet him."

Keziah still looked away over the fields. She did not wish her employer to see her face—just then.

"I thought you would meet him," she said. "He was here a little while ago and I asked him to wait. I guess Zeb's yarn was too much for him; he doesn't like to be praised."

"So? Was he here? At the Regular parsonage? I'm surprised."

"He and I have known each other for a long while."

"Well, I'm sorry he's gone. I think I should like him."

Keziah turned from the door.

"I know you would," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

In Which Captain Nat Picks Up a Derelict.

It is probable that John Ellery never fully realized the debt of gratitude he owed to the fog and the squall and to Captain Nat Hammond. Trumet, always hungry for a sensation, would have thoroughly enjoyed arguing and quarreling over the minister's visit to the Come-Outer meeting, and, during the fracas, Keziah's parson might have been more or less battered. But Captain Nat's brilliant piloting of the old packet was a bit of seamanship which every man and woman on that foam-bordered stretch of sand could understand and appreciate, and the minister's indiscretion was all but forgotten in consequence. The "Daily Advertis- ...

... though he was not wearing his best clothes, he was not anxious to wet his "other ones." The extent of his wardrobe was in keeping with the size of his salary.

And the third channel was so wide and deep that he saw at once it could not be forded, unless he was willing to plunge above his waist.

He hurried along the edge, looking for a shallower place, but found none. At last he reached the point of the flat he was on and saw, to his dismay, that here was the deepest spot yet, a hole, scoured out by a current like a mill race. Turning, he saw, creeping rapidly and steadily together over the flat behind him, two lines of foam, one from each channel. His retreat was cut off.

He was in for a wetting, that was sure. However, there was no help for it, so he waded in. The water filled his boots there, it gurgled about his hips, and beyond, as he could see, it seemed to grow deeper and deeper. The current was surprisingly strong; he found it difficult to keep his footing in the soft sand. It looked as though he must swim for it, and to swim in that tide would be no joke.

Then, from behind him, came a hail. He turned and saw moving toward him through the shallow water now covering the flat beyond the next channel, the cart he had seen leave the shore by the packet wharf, and, later, on the outer bar. The horse was jogging along, miniature geysers spouting beneath its hoofs. The driver waved to him.

"Hold on, mate," he called. "Belay there. Stay where you are. I'll be alongside in a shake. Git dap, January!"

Ellery waded back to meet this welcome arrival. The horse plunged into the next channel, surged through it, and emerged dripping. The driver pulled the animal into a walk.

"Say," he cried, "I'm cruisin' your way; better get aboard, hadn't you? There's kind of a heavy dew this mornin'. Whoa, Bill!"

"Bill" or "January" stopped with apparent willingness. The driver leaned down and extended a hand. The minister took it and was pulled up to the seat.

"Whew!" he panted. "I'm much obliged to you. I guess you saved me from a ducking, if nothing worse."

The horse, a sturdy, sedate beast to whom all names seemed to be alike, picked up his feet and pounded them down again. Showers of spray flew about the heads of the pair on the seat.

"I ain't so sure about that duckin'," commented the rescuer. "Hum! I guess likely we'll be out of soundin's if we ...

"Better Get Aboard, Hadn't You?"

... that's a friend of mine, and when she guarantees a man to be A. B., I'll ship him without any more questions."

Breakfast had waited nearly an hour when the minister reached home. Keziah, also, was waiting and evidently much relieved at his safe arrival.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, as she met him at the back door. "Where in the world have you been, Mr. Ellery? Soakin' wet again, too!"

He told briefly the story of his morning's adventure. The housekeeper listened with growing excitement.

"Heavens to Betsy!" she interrupted. "Was the channel you planned to swim the one at the end of the flat by the longest weir leader?"

"Yes."

"My soul! there's been two men drowned in that very place at half tide. And they were good swimmers. After this I shan't dare let you out of my sight."

"So? Was it as risky as that? Why, Captain Hammond didn't tell me so. I must owe him more even than I thought."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which the Parson and Mr. Pepper Declare Their Independence.

That afternoon, when dinner was over, the Reverend John decided to make a few duty calls. The first of these he determined should be on the Peppers.

The Pepper house was situated just off the main road on the lane leading over the dunes to the ocean and the light. It was a small building, its white paint dingy and storm beaten, and its little fenced-in front yard dotted thickly with clumps of silver-leaf saplings. A sign, nailed crookedly on a post, informed those seeking such information that within was to be found "Abishai G. W. Pepper, Tax Collector, Assessor, Boots and Shoes Repaired." And beneath this was fastened a shingle with the chalked notice, "Salt Hay for Sale."

The boot and shoe portion of the first sign was a relic of other days. Kyan had been a cobbler once, but it ...

"Here I Be at This Window."

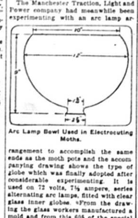
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEROIC EFFORT TO EXTERMINATE DREAD BROWNTAIL AND GYPSY MOTH IN THE EAST

One of the Most Successful Devices Yet Used Is the Hannigan "Moth-Pot"—Electric Company Makes Experiments With Arc Lamp Especially Arranged.

Although the work has not attracted a great deal of attention outside of New England, it is nevertheless a fact that the United States department of agriculture has been expending about $100,000 annually in New Hampshire in an heroic effort to exterminate the dread browntail and gypsy moth pests. In addition, the legislatures of New Hampshire and Massachusetts have set aside smaller sums to help on the work. Both pests continue to advance over an everwidening area, so that it will not be long before other states which now neglect the opportunity of warding off trouble will find themselves engaged in the same battle.

The widest variety of devices for killing off the pests have been put into service. One of the most successful of these was the so-called Hannigan "moth pot," which consisted in the essence of a flaring pot and a quantity of burning crude oil. At first these were set upon the ground in commons and other open places but later they were hung from the mast arms of street lamps, the best location being found to be about three feet back from the arc lamp, measured along the mast arm, and three feet below. Even at this distance, ...



Arc Lamp Bowl Used in Electrocuting Moths.

Two different quarts were counted, one moth at a time, and it was found that there were just about 1,600 moths to a quart. Of these about two-thirds were females. This fact could easily be determined from the moths as taken from the globes, but careful observations were made of those which thickly encrusted the street lamp poles, trees, sides of buildings, etc., and gave good evidence that this percentage was accurate enough for all purposes. In a bushel there were, of course, 51,200 moths according to these figures, or 5,494,500 in all. If 60 per cent. were females, the figure would be 3,296,640. In a year the development resulting from the eggs deposited by each female would be about 400, so that if the quantity mentioned had not been destroyed in the electric light globes, they would have produced in excess of 1,318,656,000 other moths to get busy on the trees in 1913. Adding to this figure the number that would be developed by the females captured at the two summer resorts, Lake Massabesic and Pine Island Park, the total of 1,474,560,000 is reached, a truly astounding figure.

In collecting the moths from the ...

TIMBER SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES

(By R. S. KELLOGG.)

To Women

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

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CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

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FUNSTEN

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Cost-

The Original Price of a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"The Pen That Everybody Uses"

L. E. Waterman Co. 173 B'way, N. Y.

CONTENTION WAS ALL RIGHT

Lawyer, However, Qualified Admission With a Remark That Had Unkind Sound.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

PISO'S REMEDY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

THE TURKEY THAT CAME TOO LATE

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

They stood together in the bare grayness of the November forest.

"There's snow in the sky," said the man, and smiled down at the girl whose scarlet shawl was as red as her lips.

"I want snow," she said, "for Thanksgiving. It seems as if the snow is as much a part of the day as a turkey dinner."

For a moment he hesitated, then he blurted out the truth. "I'm afraid there won't be any turkey, honey."

"Oh," she looked up at him quickly, "but you said—you said that you would get one, Jed."

"I know, but there don't seem to be any wild turkeys in these woods; I've hunted and hunted," said her lover, with some dreariness.

"It seems as if you couldn't have hunted very hard." She drew away from him. "Think how disappointed the children will be—Jed."

"I know. But if there ain't any turkeys, there ain't any——"

"But you promised."

"Yes. I said I'd get one if there was one to be got, but they don't grow on trees, you know."

But she did not smile. "Sometimes I think," she said, wearily, "that you are just like dad. All my life he has promised and promised that he'd do things, and he ain't ever done them. And when I promised to marry you, I thought that I'd found a man that was different, and I loved you because you were strong, and because you weren't lazy like dad—but sometimes lately—"

His lips were set in a straight line. "Well, what have you thought lately?" he demanded.

"That—that as you grew older you'd be like the rest of the men of ...

... only the usual fried meat and cornbread, with perhaps a little festivity added in the way of a simple pudding with raisins in it. Jed had bought the raisins at the store in the city many miles away, on one of the rare and tedious trips when he laid in his stores for the winter.

With the thought of the city came a vision of the shops as he had seen them then. Men did not hunt for turkeys there—they bought them from the butcher, above whose stalls the big birds hung in plump rows.

He laughed a little as he thought of them, and laughed again as a resolve grew slowly in his mind. Then he counted the money in his pocket. It was enough. There would be many miles to travel to the city and back again. But Mandy would have her turkey for the next day's dinner.

All that night the snow fell. By morning the road were almost impassable. Mandy, high up in the little cabin, looked out with anxious eyes. Suppose Jed had hunted all night, and had been lost in the forest? Such things had happened even to experienced woodsmen, when they were overcome by cold. She prepared a simple dinner, bearing patiently the complaints of her father and of the disappointed children.

"Jed ain't no good," said the old man as he stuck his fork into the fried meat. "I thought he said he'd bring a turkey."

"He did say so," Mandy responded, "but they ain't any wild turkeys left in the woods."

"They's plenty of turkeys for them as hunts them," sneered the old man. "Jed ain't no good."

"He's better than the rest of you," Mandy flared, and then apologized penitently. "I didn't mean to be hateful, father."

But the children's disappointment was harder to bear.

"I don't want to be thankful," little Annabel wailed, when Mandy tried to talk of the reason of the feast. "I want some turkey—and I want it before I can be thankful a bit."

Mandy felt, however, that if she only knew that Jed was safe she could raise her heart in thanksgiving. Nothing else mattered now. A neighbor had struggled through the snow to say that it was the worst storm in years, and that nothing had been seen of Jed since the night before.

Daylight died, and night darkened, and Mandy set a candle in the window. She knew that Jed would come straight to her if he came back alive. Indeed, she felt that even if he were dead his spirit might return to her over the snow.

Staggered Suddenly Out of the Darkness.

WHY BE THANKFUL?

Some Things Which Every One Can Rejoice In.

The person does not exist who is without something to be thankful for. One who is appreciative in a small way for the bestowal of favors has, at least, augmentation to his thankfulness in the fact that he is not under obligation to return as well as to be grateful for large ones.

Are you unhappy? Be thankful that there are plenty to console and more to advise you if only an opportunity is afforded them.

Have you poor eyesight? Be thankful that you are spared seeing more than is good for you and that you have an excellent excuse for failing to perform many of the small obligations of life.

Are your eyes perfect? Be thankful that you need not contribute to the support of oculists and opticians.

Are you thin? Be thankful that you are not as the fat, who obstruct the door to progress in many ways and places.

If you are fat, be thankful. The stout woman, for example, always looks comfortable and is usually good tempered, no matter what her feelings and disposition may be.

Are you beautiful? Be thankful that you are able to fulfill every earthly desire with no more effort than is required to summon a smile of reward for those who flock to serve you.

Do you lack beauty? Be thankful that you are not harassed by the fear of losing your good looks until worry has written its unsightly lines all over your face.

If you enjoy the reputation of a wit, be thankful; for all persons who have wits are not witty, and one who is never lacks companionship or admirers.

Have you a home? Be thankful that wherever you go there accompanies you the knowledge that your own door is always open to you, no matter what the position of other doors may be.

If you are a married woman be thankful that you need never suffer, like heroines of romance, from suppressed emotions and overcharged feelings. You have always at hand one upon whom you can vent the one and to whom you may charge the other. You are secure in the stronghold of irresponsibility.

Are you a married man? Rejoice that there lives at least one person in ...

HIS THEORY.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

BARBARA'S INVITATION

"I really don't see how we could go out to Aunt Barbara's for Thanksgiving dinner this year," Mrs. Maddox said thoughtfully.

"You are sure she intends to ask us?" "Yes," Mrs. Lawler returned. "Just as I was leaving town I met her on the street. She spoke of our being neighbors, and then she told me that she was going to ask you all out to an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. I wouldn't have mentioned it, but I supposed that you had your invitation."

"It would be fine to go there," Marion remarked. "Her pumpkin pies are about three inches deep, and her turkeys are always cooked to a Titian brown and her cranberry sauce is so delicious—"

The youngest of the Maddox family was overcome by the fervor of this description. "Oh, let's all go to Aunt Barbara's for Thanksgiving!" he cried.

"But I had hinted to Mary Thomas that we might ask her here," said his mother.

"Somebody else is sure to ask Mary," declared Marion.

"We have tickets for the Thanksgiving matinee."

"Take 'em back."

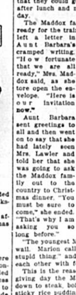
And your father and I are asked to a whist party at the Grangers' in the evening."

"Send regrets."

"Well, wait and hear what your father and Jack say," Mrs. Maddox said.

When Maddox and Jack came home to dinner they were met with the news that Mrs. Lawler had seen Aunt Barbara, and that they were all to be invited to the country for Thanksgiving. "I don't see how I can get away," Mr. Maddox said.

But Mrs. Maddox had gone over to the enemy, and she proceeded to show how they could all leave the city late ...



MADE A CLEAN JOB OF IT

First Time Old Gentleman Had Eaten a Crab, and He Left Nothing on the Dish.

A jolly old boy, from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside, and, seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged round, said to the landlord:

"What d'ye call that?"

"Crab," was the answer.

"Looks good. I'll have 'un; and gie us a pint o' ale."

Bread and butter was added and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining room to see if his guest was getting on all right. He found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming.

"Like the crab, sir?"

"Yes; he was capital. I never tasted one afore. But I think you baked 'un a little too long; the crust was hard. Let's have another pint."

He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Tit-Bits.

PALMISTS, ATTENTION.

She—Do you think that big hands are a sign of generosity?

He—Sure; the generosity of nature.

RASH SPREAD TO ARMS

759 Roach Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—"At first I noticed small eruptions on my face. The trouble began as a rash. It looked like red pimples. In a few days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The eruptions festered, broke, opened and dried ...

GOOD NAME.

ROYALTY WELCOMES THE AMERICAN SETTLER

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WELCOMES AMERICANS TO CANADA.

It was a happy speech, that on that beautiful October day, the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, made at Macleod, Alberta. It was an opportune speech, heartful and resonant with good fellowship. And, as it was specially intended for American ears, the audience, comprised largely of so many American settlers in Canada, the time and place could not have been better chosen.

It was in reply to an address of welcome tendered to him at the pretty city of Macleod, with the foothills of the Rockies as a setting, and the great wheat fields between, and in fact all around the place as the foreground, that His Highness, true to the best interests of the country and to those of the Americans who choose to make Canada their home, said in part:

"I am well aware that among those whom I am now addressing, there are a very great proportion who were not born under the British flag. Most of these will have realized by now that residence under that flag implies no disabilities. All we ask is that the laws of Canada should be obeyed.

"With this provision every one is free to come and go, to marry, to live and to die as seems best to him, and as it pleases Providence.

"We bring no pressure to bear on anyone to adopt the Canadian nationality, for we do not value citizenship which is obtained under compulsion.

"Our American cousins are welcome from over the border. Thrice we welcome our Canadian and British brothers, who return to the Union Jack, after living under the Stars and Stripes.

"History is repeating itself. For many years hundreds of young Britishers have sought fortune in the western States. Time has brought about a change, and the tide has set in the other direction, bringing across the frontier numbers of our neighbors to whom we are glad to return hospitalities.

"One of the chief dispensers of such hospitality in proportion to its population has, as we have said, changed its character from an important cattle town to a thriving wheat producing area.

"What it has lost from the picturesque point of view, it has gained in the material side, and I wish, in con- ...

HOW GIRLS MAY AVOID PERIODIC PAINS

The Experience of Two Girls Here Related For The Benefit of Others.

Rochester, N. Y.—"I have a daughter 13 years old who has always been very healthy until recently when she complained of dizziness and cramps every month, so bad that I would have to keep her home from school and put her to bed to get relief.

"After giving her only two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound she is now enjoying the best of health. I cannot praise your Compound too highly. I want every good mother to read what your medicine has done for my child."—Mrs. Richard N. Dunham, 311 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.

Stoutsville, Ohio.—"I suffered from headaches, backache and was very irregular. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken the whole of two bottles I found relief. I am only sixteen years old, but I have better health than for two or three years. I cannot express my thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had taken other medicines but did not find relief."—Miss Cora B. Fosnaugh, Stoutsville, Ohio, R.F.D., No. 1.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for their daughters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

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ROMAN EYE BALSAM For Inflamed Eyelids

Prepared by WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL CO. NEW YORK

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AND SAVE MONEY

Make the Liver Do its Duty

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Genuine must bear Signature

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

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MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

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