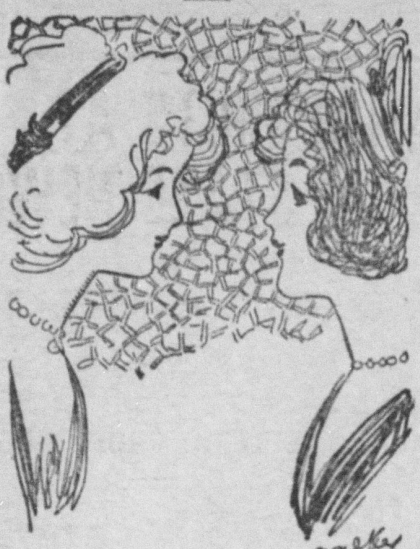


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Other Case. Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired, mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation, but my husband thought I had better write to you and I did so, stating my symptoms. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Maine.

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KEZIAH COFFIN



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Joseph C. Lincoln Author of Cy Whittaker's Place Cap'n Eri, Etc. Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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. Kyran Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elikanah 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 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 started 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" meetings.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) "Stand by!" roars Nat. "It's a squall, dead astern and comin' abillin'! I'll take her, 'Bije. You look out for them tops'!" "So Nat grabs the wheel and 'Bije tears forward 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' clewed down. That one, the foretop's 'twas, split to rags. The main tops' 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 heavy in his whole weight on the wheel, and lit right on the binnacle, smashin' it to match.

"Well, there they was, afloat, but with their upper riggin' gone and the compass smashed flat. A howlin' no'wester blowin' and fog thick as ever. Zach was a whimperin', fidgetin' old woman, Lafayette and Emulous was prayin' for the squalls—and that ain't an exercise they're used to, neither—even 'Bije was mighty shook up and worried—he says he was himself. But Nat Hammond was as cool and refreshin' as the bottom of my well up home.

"Then Nat suggests gettin' the spare compass and, lo and behold you! there wa'n't any. Compasses cost money and money's made to keep, so Zach thinks.

"So there they was. Wind was fair, or ought to be, but 'twas blowin' hard and so thick you couldn't hardly see the jib boom. Zach he wanted to anchor, then he didn't, then he did, and so on. Nobody paid much attention to him.

"What'll we do, Nat?" says 'Bije. He knew who was the real seaman aboard.

"Well, if 'twas me, I wouldn't anchor till I had to. Prob'ly 'twill fall off tomorrow, but if it shouldn't, we might have to lay out here all day. Anyhow, we'd have to wait for a full tide."

"I'm afraid we're off the course," says 'Bije, "else we'd been across the bar by this time."



"Better Get Aboard, Hadn't You?"

carpeted with sea weed. Between these flats are the channels, varying at low water from two to four feet in depth, but deepening rapidly as the tide flows. The best time to visit the flats—tide serving, of course—is the early morning at sunrise. Then there is an inspiration in the wide expanse, a snap and tang and joy in the air. Ellery had made up his mind to take a before-breakfast tramp to the outer bar and so arose at five, tucked a borrowed pair of fisherman's boots beneath his arm, and, without saying anything to his housekeeper, walked down the lawn behind the parsonage, climbed the rail fence, and "cut across lots" to the pine grove on the bluff. There he removed his shoes, put on the boots, waded through the nearly yellow sand forming the slope of the bluff, and came out on the white beach and the inner edge of the flats. Then he

splashed on, bound out to where the fish weirs stood, like webby fences, in the distance. A cart, drawn by a plodding horse and with a single individual on its high seat, was moving out from behind the breakwater. Some fisherman driving out his weir, probably. The minister had been on the bar a considerable time before he began to think of returning to the shore. He was hungry, but was enjoying himself too well to mind. The flats were all his that morning. Only the cart and its driver were in sight and they were half a mile off. He looked at his watch, sighed, and reluctantly started to walk toward the town; he mustn't keep Mrs. Coffin's breakfast waiting too long.

The first channel he came to was considerably deeper than when he forded it on the way out. He noticed this, but only vaguely. The next, however, was so deep that the water splashed in at the top of one of his boots. He did notice that, because 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 hall. 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' if we tackle that sink hole you was undertakin' to navigate. Let's try it a little further down." Ellery looked his companion over. "Well," he observed, with a smile, "from what I've heard of you, Captain Hammond, I rather guess you could navigate almost any water in this locality and in all sorts of weather."

The driver turned in surprise. "So?" he exclaimed. "You know me, do you? That's funny. I was tryin' to locate you, but I ain't been able to. You ain't a Trumette, I'll bet on that."

"Yes, I am." "Tut! tut! tut! you don't tell me. Say, Shipmate, you hurt my pride. I did think there wa'n't a soul that ever trod sand in this village that I couldn't name on sight, and give the port they hailed from and the names of their owners. But you've got me on my beam ends. And yet you knew me."

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