

KEZIAH COFFIN

by Joseph C. Lincoln

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

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

Copyright, 1919, by D. Appleton & Company



10

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranged 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 is 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" meetings. Ellery is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. The clergyman takes dinner Sundays with the Daniels. Annabel, the captain's daughter, exerts herself to make an impression on him. She notices with vexation his desire to get away every Sunday at a certain time. She watches him through a spy glass. Nat again importunes Keziah to marry him. He says he has had a quarrel with his father, who wants him to marry Grace. Ellery asks Grace to marry him. She confesses that she loves him, but says she fears to displeas her guardian. Elkanah Daniels tells Eben about the meetings between Ellery and Grace. Eben declares he will make Grace his bride between him and the preacher. Grace finds him in a faint, following the excitement of Elkanah's visit.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Well, doctor?" she asked anxiously. The stout, gray-haired old physician—he had practiced in Trumet for nearly thirty years—shook his head. "Not a single chance," he whispered. "He may possibly live till morning, but I doubt if he lasts an hour. It's his heart. I've expected it at any time." Captain Nat was standing at the door of the bedroom. His face was drawn and he had seemingly grown years older since noon. "He's come to himself, doc," he whispered. "He don't remember how it happened or anything. And he wants us all. Why? Why, Keziah! are you here? You can come in, too. I know dad likes you and I guess— Wait a minute; I'll ask him." He stepped back into the bedroom. "Yes," he nodded, returning, "you come, too. He wants you." The little room, Captain Eben's own, was more like a skipper's cabin than a chamber on land. In the corner stood the captain's big boots and his oilskins hung about them. His Sunday cane was there also. And on the bureau was a worn, heavy Bible. Dr. Parker brushed by the others and bent over the bed. "Well, cap'n," he said cheerily, "how's she headed? How are you feeling now?" The old face on the pillow smiled feebly. "She's headed for home, I guess, doc," said Captain Eben. "Bound for home, and the harbor light broad abeam, I callate." "Oh, no! you'll make a good many voyages yet."

"Not in this hulk, I won't, doctor. I hope I'll have a new command pretty soon. I'm trustin' in my owners and I guess they'll do the fair thing by me. Halloo, Grace, girl! Well, your old uncle's on his beam ends, ain't he?" Grace glanced fondly at his face. When he spoke her name she shrank back, as if she feared what he might say. But he only smiled, as with the tears streaming down her face, she bent over and kissed him. "There! there!" he protested. "You mustn't cry. What are you cryin' about me for? I'm fit and ready for the sea I'm goin' to sail." His eyes wandered from his son to Mrs. Coffin. For an instant he seemed puzzled. Then he said: "Evenin', Keziah. I don't know why you're here, but—" "I heard that Grace was alone and that you was sick, Eben. So I come right down, to help if I could." "Thank ye. You're a good-hearted woman, Keziah, even though you ain't seen the true light yet. And you're housekeeper for that hired priest—a— a—" He paused, and a troubled look came over his face. "What is it, dad?" asked Nat. "I—I— Where's Grace? She's here, ain't she?" "Yes, uncle, I'm here. Here I am," said the girl. His fingers groped for her hand and seized it. "Yes, yes, you're here," murmured Captain Eben. "I—I—for a minute or so, I had an awful dream about you, Grace. I dreamed— Never mind. Doc, answer me this now, true and honest, man to man: Can you keep me here for just a little spell longer? Can you? Try! Ten minutes, say. Can you?" "Of course I can. Cap'n Hammond, what are you—"

"Belay, I tell you. Yes, I guess 'twas a dream. It had to be, but 'twas so sort of real that I— How long have I been this way?" "Oh, a little while! Now just—" "Hush! Don't pull your hand away, Grace. No, give me yours. That's



rest, yourself. We don't need you any more just now. Now you go home. You've had a hard night, like the rest of us." How hard he had no idea. And Keziah, as she wearily entered the parsonage, realized that the morning would be perhaps the hardest of all. For upon her rested the responsibility of seeing that the minister's secret was kept. And she, and no other, must break the news to him. The dining room was dark and gloomy. She lighted the lamp. Then she heard a door open and Ellery's voice, as he called down the stairs. "Who is it?" he demanded. "Mrs. Coffin?" She was startled. "Yes," she said softly, after a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ellery, it's me." "It's morning," said the minister. "Are you sick? Has anything happened?" "Yes," she answered slowly, "something has happened. Are you dressed? Could you come down?" He replied that he would be down in a moment. When he came he found her standing by the table waiting for him. The look of her face in the lamplight shocked him. "Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he exclaimed. "What is it? You look as if you had been through some dreadful experience." Her heart went out to him. She held out both her hands. "You poor boy," she cried, "I'm trying to tell you one of the hardest things a body can tell. Yes, some one is dead, but that ain't all. Eben Hammond, poor soul, is out of his troubles and gone."

rest, yourself. We don't need you any more just now. Now you go home. You've had a hard night, like the rest of us." How hard he had no idea. And Keziah, as she wearily entered the parsonage, realized that the morning would be perhaps the hardest of all. For upon her rested the responsibility of seeing that the minister's secret was kept. And she, and no other, must break the news to him. The dining room was dark and gloomy. She lighted the lamp. Then she heard a door open and Ellery's voice, as he called down the stairs. "Who is it?" he demanded. "Mrs. Coffin?" She was startled. "Yes," she said softly, after a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ellery, it's me." "It's morning," said the minister. "Are you sick? Has anything happened?" "Yes," she answered slowly, "something has happened. Are you dressed? Could you come down?" He replied that he would be down in a moment. When he came he found her standing by the table waiting for him. The look of her face in the lamplight shocked him. "Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he exclaimed. "What is it? You look as if you had been through some dreadful experience." Her heart went out to him. She held out both her hands. "You poor boy," she cried, "I'm trying to tell you one of the hardest things a body can tell. Yes, some one is dead, but that ain't all. Eben Hammond, poor soul, is out of his troubles and gone."

"Eben Hammond! Captain Eben? Dead! Why, why—"

"Yes, Eben's gone. He was took down sudden and died about ten o'clock last night. I was there and—" "Captain Eben dead! Why, he was as well as— She said— Oh, I must go! I must go at once!" He was on his way to the door, but she held it shut. "No," she said gravely, "you mustn't go. John—you won't mind me callin' you John. I'm old enough, pretty nigh, to be your mother, and I've come to feel almost as if I was. John, you've got to stay here with me. You can't go to that house. You can't go to her."

"Mrs. Coffin, what are you saying? Do you know— Have you—"

"Yes, I know all about it. I know about the meetin' in the pines and all. Oh, why didn't you trust me and tell me? If you had, all would have been so much better!" He looked at her in utter amazement. The blood rushed to his face. "You know that?" he whispered. "Yes, I know."

"No, nobody told. That is, only a little. I got a hint and I suspected something afore. The rest I saw with my own eyes." He was now white, but his jaw shot forward and his teeth closed. "If you do know," he said, "you must realize that my place is with her. Now, when she is in trouble—" "It ain't the congregation, John," she said. "Nor Trumet, nor your ministry. That means more'n you think it does, now; but it ain't that. You mustn't go to her because—well, because she don't want you to."

JAPS PROTEST TO UNCLE SAM

They Object to Proposed Legislation in California.

DELICATE QUESTION RAISED.

Considers the Contemplated Law Prohibiting Alien Ownership of Land As Being Aimed Against the Japanese.

Washington.—The Japanese government has lodged formal protest with the State Department against the proposed enactment by the State of California of what it considers anti-Japanese legislation, the measure prohibiting the alien ownership of land in California. It was learned here that this protest was made nearly a fortnight ago. Secretary Bryan and Viscount Chinda, the Japanese ambassador, were closeted at the State Department in a private conference, the subject of which neither would discuss.

It is known that Secretary Bryan is giving close attention to this delicate subject, studying carefully the history of the negotiations that took place between Secretary Root and Baron Takahira in the Roosevelt administration, when a severe strain was placed upon the relations between America and Japan by the attempt of the California authorities to exclude Japanese children from the public schools.

The next step may be a communication from the Secretary of the State to the Governor of California calling his attention to the international questions involved in the proposed action of the legislature.

MISS ROOSEVELT A BRIDE.

Daughter of Former President Will Spend Honeymoon in Europe.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.—Miss Ethel Roosevelt, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, was married in Christ Episcopal Church here to Dr. Richard Derby, of New York. Two hundred close friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom saw the ceremony. Rev. Dr. George E. Talmadge, pastor of the local church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Cotton Smith, of Washington, and Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody, of Groton, Mass., performed the ceremony.

WITH MILITARY HONORS.

Morgan's Body Transferred To Limer France At Havre.

Havre, France.—The body of the late J. Pierpont Morgan arrived here from Rome and was transferred to the liner France for transportation to New York. Military honors were accorded during the transfer of the body from the train to the steamer. A battalion of infantry formed an escort, headed by the regimental band, which played Chopin's Funeral March. The regimental flags draped with mourning emblems were carried behind the coffin. A mortuary chapel was arranged on board the France for the reception of the coffin. It was hung with black velvet fringed with gold.

C. F. WARWICK DIES.

Was Mayor Of Philadelphia From 1895 To 1899.

Philadelphia.—Charles F. Warwick, mayor of Philadelphia from 1895 to 1899, died at his home here after an illness of several years. He was four times elected city solicitor of Philadelphia and was a brilliant campaign orator, having accompanied James G. Blaine on some of his campaign tours. Mr. Warwick was 63 years old.

M'ADOO PUTS FOOT DOWN.

Starts Campaign Of Economy In Traveling Allowances.

Washington.—With a sharp cut in government revenues in sight through tariff revision, Secretary McAdoo has begun a campaign of economy, "at home" put his foot down upon expensive traveling of officials at government expense.

FORMER COUNCILMAN FINED.

Was Connected With Atlantic City Graft Charges.

Mays Landing, N. J.—Former Councilman James M. Lane and William Malia, of Atlantic City, who pleaded guilty to conspiracy in connection with the "concrete" boardwalk fraud exposure some time ago, were fined \$500 each by Justice Kalisch, of the Supreme Court.

ATTORNEYS.

D. S. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
No. 25 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to.

A. D. GOTTIE Jno. J. Brown W. D. Siskin
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Successors to GOTTIE, BOWEN & GOTTIE
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Oriskany Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Office E. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company
CENTRE HALL, PA.
W. B. MINOGB, Cashier.
Receives Deposits...
Discounts Notes...

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Consultations strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son

(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)

Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World...

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutual No Assurances

Before insuring your life on the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Child's Store Building BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. O. STROHMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, Pa.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE...
MONUMENTAL WORK
In all kinds of
Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

BOALSBURG TAYLOR

BOALSBURG, PA.
AMOS BOWEN, PROPRIETOR

This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all trains stopping at Oak Hill Station. Every effort is made to accommodate the traveling public. Low rates attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL

EDWARD BOYER, Proprietor. Rates: \$1.00 Per Day

Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,

VETERINARY SURGEON

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones.

Oct. 1, 1919.



"John, What Are You Going to Do?" rustle that sounded loud in the stillness. Then Keziah heard the minister's step. She turned. He was moving slowly across the room. "John, what are you goin' to do?" He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Go away somewhere, first of all, I guess. Go somewhere—and try to live it down. I can't, of course, but I must try."

"You've never been asked to sit quietly by and see the one you love more than all the world marry some one else."

"How do you know I ain't? How do you know I ain't doin' just that now?" "Mrs. Coffin!" "John Ellery, you listen to me. You think I'm a homely old woman, probably, set in my ways as an eight-day clock. I guess I look like it and act like it. But I ain't so awful old—on the edge of forty, that's all. And when I was your age I wasn't so awful homely, either. I had fellaers aplenty hangin' round and I could have married any one of a dozen. This ain't no boastin'; land knows I'm fur from that. I was brought up in this town and even when I was a girl at school there was only one boy I cared two straws about. He and I went to picnics together and to parties and everywhere. Folks used to laugh and say we was keepin' company, even then. "Well, when I was eighteen, after father died, I went up to New Bedford to work in a store there. Wanted to earn my own way. And this young feller I'm tellin' you about went away to sea, but every time he come home from a voyage he come to see me and things went on that way till we was promised to each other. The engagement wasn't announced, but 'twas so, just the same. We'd have been married in another year. And then we quarreled. "Twas a fool quarrel, same as that kind generally are. As much my fault as his and as much his as mine, I callate. Anyhow, we was both proud, or thought we was, and neither would give in. And he says to me, 'You'll be sorry after I'm gone. You'll wish me back, then.' And says I, beln' a fool, 'I guess not. There's other fish in the sea.' He sailed and I did wish him back, but I wouldn't write fast and neither would he. And then come another man."

She paused, hesitated, and then continued. (TO BE CONTINUED.)