

Keziah Coffin. Author of "Cy Whitehead's Place," "Cap's Ed," etc. Illustration by Elsworth Young.

Joseph C. Lincoln. The voice that answered was one of grace recognized, though she had never before heard in it the note of a stern and unyielding excitement.

The chair creaked. Evidently, Captain Eben was rising slowly to his feet. "Well, I can't believe it's true. It's a mistake; some other girl married to me."

"Elikaiah Daniels!" Captain Eben's voice was stern. "You are the one who are deaf to the words of God. My foot was on the threshold of His house when you led away. It's never halting there."

"I am not deaf," she said. "I am not dumb. I am not blind. I am not deaf. I am not dumb. I am not blind. I am not deaf. I am not dumb. I am not blind."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I am not deaf. I am not dumb. I am not blind. I am not deaf. I am not dumb. I am not blind. I am not deaf. I am not dumb. I am not blind."

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Van Horne, has been meeting young Ellery, our minister, in Peter's grove. Been meeting him and walking with him, and kissing him. She met him in those places every Sunday afternoon for a long time. She was seen there with him this afternoon.

"Who—who saw her?" "Never mind. The one that did'll never tell—unless it's necessary. They are fixing to be married, and—"

"Married! She marry a Reglar minister?" "Hush! Listen! They ain't married yet. We can stop 'em, you and I, if we get right to work. It ain't too late. Will you help?"

"Will I—? I go on tell me more!" "We can stop 'em. I know it would be a good catch for her, the snaking designing— Well, never mind. But it can't be. It ain't her. You've got to tell her so. Hammond. We folks of the Regular church have pride in our society; we won't have it disgraced. And we have been proud of our minister, the young, rattle-headed fool! We'll save him if we can. If we can't—the speaker's teeth grated—"Then we'll send him to eternal damnation or die trying."

"But I can't believe it's true. It's a mistake; some other girl married to me." "Hush! Listen! They ain't married yet. We can stop 'em, you and I, if we get right to work. It ain't too late. Will you help?"

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The old face on the pillow smiled feebly. "She's headed for home, I guess, doc," said Captain Eben. "Bound for the door and the harbor light broad beam, I calculate."

"Oh, you'll make a good many voyages yet." "Not in this bulk, 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, Gracie, girl! Well, your old uncle's on his beam ends, ain't he?"

"Grace spoke her name the minute 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."

"Hold on! Stop! I'll tell you where the doctor is most likely. Up to Mrs. Finner's. She's been poorly and he's prob'ly been called there. Run! run fast as ever you can and get him and I'll go to Grace this minute. The poor thing! Don't tell anybody. Not a soul but the doctor. Half this town'll be runnin' to find out if you do, and that poor girl must be disgraced already. I'll go to her. You get Dr. Parker and tell him to hurry."

"I'll tell him, don't you fret." He was gone, running harder than ever. A moment later Keziah followed him, running also. As she ran on, a rattle of wheels and the thud of hoofs came from behind her. Then a rocking chair drawn by a galloping horse, shot by Dr. Parker's carriage, she was sure to see the true light yet. And you're housekeeper for that hired priest—a—"

"What is it, dad?" asked Nat. "I— Where's Gracie? 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.

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He Did Not Answer or Look Up.



"Keziah Coffin!" Cried Nat Hammond. "Do You Tell Me to Marry Grace?"



"John, What Are You Going to Do?"

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To be Continued.