

THE HEAD COACH

himself from our midst, but I'd do it over again if I had the chance. You can't keep a good man down."

The deacon rubbed his spectacles, chased the cat under the stove, and began to look for his red slippers. Then his beard waggled to show that he was chuckling inwardly. Cocking his head on one side, he winked at Kingsland and cackled uproariously:

"What on earth has struck you now?" implored Martha.

"Oh, nuthin'. Mr. Kingsland hasn't said much about it, but has it occurred to you, mother, that we won't have to fix up a parsonage for him? The College Place Church folks will be doin' that before long, an' he'll have salary enough to keep two on."

"Ain't you ashamed, Ezra!" she cried severely. "Fur's we know, the minister ain't declared himself yet."

"When are you goin' to Spindle Falls for a flyin' trip, Mr. George Kingsland?" asked Ezra, with the air of an arch-inquisitor. "There ain't a train out of here before to-morrow mornin'."

"Yes, I shall go to-morrow morning," said Kingsland, and his face was eloquent beyond all words. "No foot-ball this time, my dear, dear people. I am going straight to find the girl I love and ask her to marry me."

"I'll bet the price of a good hoss I can guess her