



KEZIAH COFFIN
by Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of Cy Whittaker's Place
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CHAPTER I.
In Which Keziah Hears Two Proposals and the Beginning of a Tragedy.

Trumet in a fog; a fog blown in during the night by the wind from that wide Atlantic. So wet and heavy that one might almost say it was the sea.



She Broke into a Smothered Laugh.

Trumet in a fog; a fog blown in during the night by the wind from that wide Atlantic. So wet and heavy that one might almost say it was the sea.

Keziah dropped the tack hammer and stood up.
"Kyan!" she repeated. "What in the world is that old idiot coming here for?"

He turned redder than ever and wrenched at the pipe. It loosened at its lower end and the wires holding it in suspension shook.

Alphabet said the sympathetic Keziah. Then, as a remembrance of what he had led to the upset came to her, she added: "Though I will say 'twas your own fault and nobody else's."



"Get Down Off That Chair!"

"Might's well talk while you're waiting!" What was it you wanted to tell me?"

CHAPTER II.

In Which Keziah Unearths a Prowler. The fog was cruel to the gossips of Trumet that day.

Mr. Pepper, Mr. Alphabet Pepper, locally called "Kyan" (Oayenne) Pepper because of his red hair and thin red eyes.

"You poor—miserable—impudent!" began she. "Why, Keziah, don't you want to? He spoke as if the possibility of a refusal had never entered his mind."



"Cheerful's a Tomb, Ain't It?" Was Mrs. Coffin's Comment.

Mrs. Coffin stepped no farther in the direction of the kitchen. Instead, she strode toward the rickety chair and its occupant. Kyan grasped the pipe with both hands.

"Stoning of Stephen," and a still more deadly "fruit piece" committed in one year ago by a very deceased boat painter.

Will Demand... BALKAN WA... GENERAL SAVO... SALONIKA, S... BULGARIAN DEC... LONDON, An... ATHENS, via... SERBS WILL W... LONDON, Sep... RUSSIA... LONDON, Sep... ANTE-ANNEX... PARIS, Sept... BERLIN, Sep... NEW YORK, S...