



Author of "Cy Whitaker's Place," "Cap'n Ed," Etc.

Illustrations by Elsworth Young

"GUESS that settles it," rusefully observed the second mate, another Cape Codder, from Hyannis. "Callate we'll stay here for a spell now, hey, Cap'n."

"For a spell, yes," replied Nat. "Well stay here until we get another craft to set sail in, and no longer."

"Another craft? Another one? Where in time you goin' to get her?" "Build her," said Captain Nat cheerfully. Then, pointing to the row of empty houses and the little deserted church, he added, "There's timber and nails—yes, and cloth, such as 'tis. If I can't build a boat out of them I'll agree to eat at the whole settlement."

"He'll Never Marry Her, Now," asked, "Good afternoon, Captain Mayo."

"Dr. Parker entered the building, but Captain Zeb remained outside, stammering that he called he'd better stay where he could keep an eye on his horse. This was such a transparent excuse that it would have been funny at any other time. No one smiled now, however."

"Is Mrs. Coffin—er—Keziah aboard?" the captain asked. "No, she isn't. She went to the parsonage a few hours ago. Mr. Ellis brought the mail and there was a letter in it for her. She said it was important and that she must go home to see about some things. She'll be back pretty soon, I suppose."



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"Hum! Er—have you heard—Has anyone been here?" "Yes, I have heard. The telegram came and I answered it."

"You did? Well, it's a miracle and we're all thankful, of course. Did you—er—"

"Doctor, I must go home. I mustn't stay here any longer. You know why not. I must be at home when he comes. You must get someone to take my place. Aunt Keziah will stay, of course, and perhaps Mrs. Higgins would come."

"But stay through tomorrow, at any rate. Nat won't get here until Thursday, and I may be able to find another nurse by that time. And what I shall say to him, I'm motioning toward the other room. I don't know."

"I don't be frightened, Grace," replied the man in the dock. "It's me—Nat. I've come home again."

CHAPTER XIX. In Which the Minister Receives a Letter. John Ellery was uneasy. Physically he was very much better, so much better that he was permitted to sit up a while each day. But mentally he was disturbed and excited, exactly the condition which the doctor said he must not be in. Keziah and Grace had gone away and left him, and he could not understand why.

Wednesday afternoon the Daniels followed by the doctor, the tidings that Grace Van Horne had left the beach and was at her old home, the Hammond tavern. And Mrs. Poundberry reported her busy as a bee "gettin' things ready."

Thursday was a perfect day, and the reception committee was on hand and waiting in front of the Bayport post office. The special carriage, the span brushed and curled until their coats glistened in the sunshine, was drawn up beside the platform. The horses had little flags fastened to their bridles, and there were other and larger flags on each side of the dashboard. Captain Daniels, imposing in his Sunday raiment, high-collared coat, stock, silk hat and gold-headed cane, sat stiffly erect on the seat in the rear. The other carriages were loaded among them Captain Zeb, the doctor, and the Hammond family.

"We are cheering Cap'n Nathaniel Hammond and Trumet," he explained laughingly. "We are here to meet him and escort him home. Where is he? Where's Cap'n Hammond?" "Well, now, I'll tell ye; I don't know where he is."

"Doctor, You Leave This to Me." on the train, nuder. He was on it. The conductor told me he see him and set along with him between stations as far as Cohasset narrows. But after that he never see hide nor hair of him. Oh, that's so! Here's the mail bag, Ezry."

"You needn't, I'm doin' the right thing and I know it. And don't pity me, neither. I made up my mind not to marry Grace—unless, of course, she was set on it—months ago. I'm tickled to death to know she's goin' to have as good a man as you are. She'll tell you so. Grace! Hello! Yes, I told her I wanted to talk with you alone, for a few minutes. Nat, Grace tells me that Aunt Keziah was the one who—"

"She was. She met me at the Cohasset Narrows depot. I was settin' in the car, lookin' out of the window at the sand and sniffin' the Cape air, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up and twas her. I was surprised enough to see her. I tell you, way up there at the Narrows, I couldn't have said a word, anyway, and she never gave me a chance. 'Nat,' she says, 'don't talk now. Come with me, quick afore the train starts. I've come here on purpose to meet you. I must talk with you; it's important. You can go to Trumet on the next train, tonight. But now I must talk with you. I must. Won't you please come, Nat?'"

"Well, I went. The engine bell was beginnin' to ring and we had to move lively, I tell you. I swung her off the step just as the car begun to move. So into the walkin' room we went and come to anchor on the settee. And then, John, we had our talk. Seems she left Trumet Wednesday afternoon. Got the livery stable man to drive her as far as Bayport, hired another team there and come out to Sandwich. Stayed overnight there and took the morning train which got to Cohasset Narrows just ahead of the one I was comin' on. She'd been so afraid of bein' late, she said. She must see me afore I got to Trumet."

"Well, she saw me and told me the whole yarn about you and Grace. She tried to break it to me gently, so I wouldn't feel too bad. She knew it would be a shock to me, she said, it was a shock, in a way, but as for feelin' bad, I didn't. I think the world of Grace. I'd do anything she wanted me to do; but most the way down on the train—yes, and long afore that—I'd been dreads in my comin' home on the account. I dreaded tellin' her that, unless she was real set on it, she'd better not marry me."

"Nat, I want to tell you something. He walked out of the room. It seemed to Ellery that he sat in that chair for ten thousand years before the door again opened. And then— "Grace!" he cried. "O Grace! you—you've come back."

"She was blushing red, her face was radiant with quiet happiness, but her eyes were moist. She crossed the room, bent over and kissed him on the forehead. "Yes, John," she said; "I've come back. Yes, dear, I've come back to you."

"Something that only one other person knows. Grace doesn't know it yet. Neither does Aunt Keziah—the whole of it. And if she knew I told you even a part I'm afraid she would, as she would say, 'skin me alive.' But I owe her—and you—more than I could repay if I lived a thousand years. So I'm going to tell and take the consequences."

"That morning Aunt Keziah came home to the parsonage and broke the news to me. She did it as only she could do such a thing, kindly and pityingly, and I made a fool of myself, I expect, refused to believe her, behaved disgracefully, and at last, when I had to believe it, threatened to run away and leave my work and Trumet forever, like a coward. She made me stay."

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ESTABLISH HOW LOC

Representative Town on Eight Year chants, M Have to Sa

As forecasted in our column yesterday, we report of a visit of a The Daily Ontario to town of Campbellford most of our readers located thirty miles to of Belleville on the of the river Trent.

Campbellford voted Option test in January the measure by a on votes over the six requirement. The town had more than eight y and the opposition strong enough to br vote.

The town authority reputation of having good enforcement there might be ac representative of whi pect where local opti on a reasonable oppo its worth.

A Wealthy Farm The town has a ren ful situation between flank the magnificent way. For many mill the rich valleys and hills extend. Con houses are capacio ple evidence of a dep ty among the tillers as a few rural commu enior. The Scotch ties predominate. a few are to be the tokens of thri and consistent prog such a well-to-do env deed fortunate.

A Thriving Campbellford itself impression of stability hustling progress. O whole streets of ne over night for the t men. There has been has been slow. Per homes of substantial been built within the and the population from 2900 in 1907 present time.



"Listen! Listen to Me! Ansel Coffin is Dead."

her there and come away, feeling that an unpleasant matter was disposed of. He had made some inquiries as to where she intended staying, even asked a halfhearted invitation to dinner that evening at his home. But she declined.

"No, thank you, Ansel," she said. "I'm goin' to find a boardin' place. I'd just as soon nobody knew who I was for the present. And there's one thing I want to ask you: don't tell a soul I am here. Not a soul. If anyone should come askin' for me, don't give 'em any satisfaction. Just tell 'em I'm away, that's all. I can't now."

JAM'S R

Big Loss to P Caught Fro

(Special to The MOUNTAIN VIEW, tween ten and eleven, ming Jaa. R. Anderson this place were total fire. The windmill generated sparks and the roof ignited it. The top of the roof soon fell and the neighborly scene, many comm large herd of cattle as were in the stable.

Through the timely large band of willing stock was driven out drive-house located ne also soon a mass of some time it looked could not be saved. wind was carrying a