

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

Miles Standish

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling, Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather, Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain. Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare, Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber— Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus, Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence, While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and match-lock. Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron; Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion, Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window; Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, Having the dew of youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angels, but Angels." Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting, Spoke, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth. "Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here Burnished add bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection! This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate, Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish; Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arquebuser. Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses." Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing: "Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet; He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!" Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling: "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging; That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.



The Puritan Maiden, Priscilla.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage; So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn. Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great invincible army, Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, Eighteen shilling a month, together with diet and pillage, And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose. Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better— Let them come, if they like, be it sago-more, sachem, or powwow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamont!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape. Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind, Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean, Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine. Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape, Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion, Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:



"Look at These Arms," He Said.

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish; Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside! She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower! Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people, Least they should count them and see how many already have perished!" Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful. Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding; Barthelemy's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Caesar, Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London. And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible. Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort. Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans, Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians. Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman. Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin, Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling. Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower, Ready to sail on the morrow, or next



day at latest, God, willing! Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter, Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla, Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Degree of Devotion

Fidelity Shown by Virginia "Darky" That Annals of History May Be Searched to Match.

Dick was a nigger, just a Virginia slave nigger. When a little boy, he was scullion in the kitchen. He carried the wood and water for the cook, and scoured the pots and kettles, and turned the spit when the turkey was roasting, dipping and basting the gravy from the pan, and nodding in his work after the manner of all small darkies. When the war came the carriage rested in the carriage house, the horses were taken by the Yankees, and Dick became my servant in the army of the south—a gentleman's gentleman, as he called himself. No man ever had a more faithful and devoted follower than I had in Dick. He was captured twice with me by Union forces, and each time refused the freedom which his capture gave him. "I don't want to be no freer than I always has been," he said on both of these occasions. Once I discharged him for being drunk. Think of discharging a slave! It was at Chattanooga, and Dick hung around headquarters for several days and was very unhappy. Finally he came to me with a Bible in his hand and said: "I wants to swear on this that if you will take me back I will not drink a drop during the war." He took the oath and kept it faithfully to the end, at Appomattox. When I was captured at Rich Mountain I was ill, and was sent to the Federal hospital, an immense tent. I had not fully recovered when we evacuated our position, and wandering about the mountains in the rain for two days and two nights without food had brought on a relapse. And be-

sides enduring the exposure, we had forded the river nine times in the vain effort to avoid large bodies of the enemy's troops. The sand had got into my boots, and when my socks were taken off, the skin came off with them. I was a pitiable object. Dick stuck to me. He was free now to go where he pleased, but he never left me. He was by my cot all day, kept off the flies from my raw and skinless feet, and did what he could to alleviate my sufferings. At night he crept under my cot and took his only rest on the bare ground. When I was well enough to go north with Colonel Pegram, I asked Dick what he was going to do, now that he was free. He said that he would go with me. He told him that was impossible, he said: "Well, if I can't go with you, I will go back to Mis' Lizzie" (my wife). When he was leaving I gave him \$200 in Virginia Valley bank notes (it was before the days of Confederate money), and he walked 293 miles—by way of Staunton 150, and down the valley, a hundred and thirteen—to my home in the valley, and gave my wife 196 of the money.—Maj. A. R. H. Ransom, Late Major of Artillery, C. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

Physical Limitations. There was a very stupid play presented early in the New York season, an "adaptation" it was called by the author. Even the best-natured critics went away in disgust. One newspaper representative turned to another and said: "If this jumble had been presented on the other side of the water it would have been hissed. As there were a lot of foreign visitors present I wonder that it was not." "It really is a wonder," was the other's reply. "I would like to have hissed myself, but—you can't yawn and hiss at the same time."—Metropolitan Magazine.

STALE PHRASES ARE NEEDED

Writer Who Expresses a Powerful Emotion Must Say What Has Been Said Countless Times.

Our dramatic critic, in his review of Sardou's play "Above Suspicion," said of one of the characters that "his lips were sealed," and remarked that such phrases necessarily accompany such plays. They do, indeed, and the use of them makes one understand the emotional quality of such plays better than the most elaborate analysis of them. There are hundreds of phrases like this, containing metaphors both violent and stale, which are only used seriously by writers who, snatched at the earliest moment of expressing an emotion which they do not feel. For if a writer has a real emotion of his own to express he will either use a metaphor suggested to him by that particular emotion or none at all. This is a matter of instinct, not of literary art; for a fresh emotion will not be satisfied with stale phrases but will feel itself misrepresented by them. That is one reason why, when powerfully moved, we are often so inarticulate. We feel that commonplace will not serve our turn, but we have nothing to put in their place. The writer's task is to be neither inarticulate nor commonplace. He must not be artless, nor must he give us bad art for good. If he has a new idea to express he is not tempted by stale phrases. For they are associated with emotions rather than with thoughts, since emotions are not discoveries, like new ideas, and when expressed in literature are valued, not for their novelty, but for the power with which they are expressed. Thus, a writer who expresses a new idea before what has never been said says, but a writer who wishes to express a powerful emotion has to say what has probably been said a thousand times, and by bad writers as well as good. These bad writers have burdened our memory with metaphors, some of them lifeless from the first, some killed by constant repetition, or in appropriate use; and their metaphors stay in our minds because they have been so often repeated. The good writer's mind is often infested with them, so that, before he can find the phrase he wants, he must reject half a dozen that he does not want. This is the penalty that he has to pay for living at a time when literature is old and language sophisticated. — London Times.

He Was a 'Piscopal. A Northwestern missionary bishop used to tell a story which was repeated to us last week by Rev. W. W. Washington of Cuyahoga Falls. "I met an old farmer in North Dakota," he relates, "and in the course of conversation I asked him if he was connected with any religious denomination. 'Yesir,' he answered, 'I'm a 'Piscopal.' "Of course this gratified me, and I asked him what parish he belonged to. "Hadn't heard about no parish," he said, with a puzzled expression. "Well, what diocese?" I persisted. "You got me there, too!" "Where were you confirmed?" "Dunno what you mean." "Then how are you an Episcopalian?" "Oh," he answered, brightening up at once, "I'll tell you. I went to a church down in Bismarck last winter, an' they called it 'Piscopal. And I heard the people sayin' that they'd 'done things they hadn't order done,' an' left undone things they'd order done." An' I says, "That's me, to a t," an' since then, I've called myself a 'Piscopal."

Character in Handwriting. If you write a small, almost feminine hand it may be a sign that you are destined to be a great statesman, according to David N. Carvalho, who finds that small handwriting is often characteristic of great men. Grover Cleveland's handwriting was of this type and so was William McKinley's. "You find this type of writing in the large handed men," said Mr. Carvalho, "the men who are broad shouldered and well built, not perhaps tall." If you are a woman and make little pothooks at the end of your final m's and e's you are not likely to spend much money on the latest novelties in dress, nor are you apt to bother to do your hair up in puffs. Indeed these little twists on the end of letters indicate that you would make a sensible and economical wife. Your defect would be that you might embarrass your husband by eccentricity in dress through carelessness. A slurring penmanship indicates literary ability.

Between Doctors. "Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on vacation." "But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience." "That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the women patients off to Europe."

Business Instinct. "Do you think a woman can keep a secret?" "No; she always tries to syndicate it."—Judge.

Consideration. "You wouldn't think of letting Mrs. Filmgilt beat the things you say behind her back?" "Certainly not," replied Mrs. Somer-Storey. "I'm too kind-hearted."

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First Aid. She's such a help to her clever husband. Everybody knows that he is a genius, but few are next to the fact that little wife aids him in his every activity. We got a look-in at this state of affairs at the surprise party we gave him the other night. When the food had been discussed he was called on for a speech, of course. He arose from his seat beside his wife—he hemmed and hawed, and then he said: "Ladies and gentlemen—I am totally unprepared, of course, and—being as I said totally unprepared—you must—er excuse me for being—er—unprepared. I—er—ab—I—er—hardly prepared for this—er—then his wife interrupted: "Why, darling," she said, "I know it perfectly this morning, next sentence begins, 'Knowing do.' Now can you go from the What helps they are, these an' wives.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Autocrat's Relaxation. "You seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of business." "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "after I have frotted over a golf match there's nothing rests me up like getting back to my desk, where I can have everything my own way."

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