

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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John Alden

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered. Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side; Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind, Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him. Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors, Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle. So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, Jasper, and sapphire, Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation. "Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic! Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-stacks, Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the gutters and gardens of ocean! Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing, Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore, Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding, Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty! "Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us? Is it my fault that he faded,—my fault that I am the victor?"

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the prophet: "It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression.

Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle! Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation, Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition: "It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor, Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;

Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Aye, aye, sir!"

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight, Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel, Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,

Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow. "Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error, Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me, Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended, Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England, Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor! Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber With me my secret shall die, like a buried jewel that glimmers Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution, Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and somber,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth, Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening. Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Caesar,

Fighting some great campaign in Hainaut or Brabant or Flanders. "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor. Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue. "Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us; But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure, From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;

How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship, Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.

But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken, Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor Changed on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it. Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me! Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!"

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler; Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!

was nearest to heaven. Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth. God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting. Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation; So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people! Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant, Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect; While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible, Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland, And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare, Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance. This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating, What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,

Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting; One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder, Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted.

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior! Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth, Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger: "What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted

There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"



Winding His Sinuous Way.

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother; You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—

You, too, Brutus! ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter! Brutus was Caesar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, as he strode about in the chamber, Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples. But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway, Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance, Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley, Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed. Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.

Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness, Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult, Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood, Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council, Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming; Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment, Only one of them old, the hill that

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth, Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language: "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing: "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture, Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage, Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"

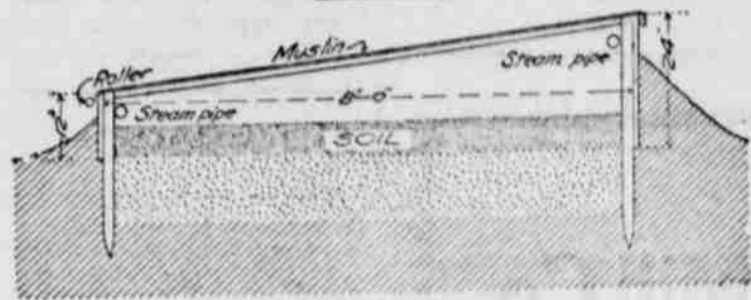
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage, Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Much Ceremony. A Cincinnati drummer happened to be put at a table at Columbus with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveler. It was: "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "the gentleman from Franklin do that?" They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever county they happened to hail from.

For 10 or 15 minutes the drummer bore it in silence. Then he suddenly crushed the statesmen by singing out in stentorian tones to the waiter: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter!" That ended the "gentleman from" business.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

FRAMES ARE BIG FACTOR IN GROWING TRUCK GARDEN STUFF

Keen Competition and Constantly Increasing Demand for High-Grade Products Out of Season Makes it Necessary to Provide Special Facilities for Securing Vegetables.



Cross Section of a Pipe-Heated Bed.

(By W. R. BEATTIE, United States Department of Agriculture.)

Intensive gardening under sash or cloth covers has become one of the most popular and, in certain localities where the conditions are suitable, one of the most profitable lines of outdoor work. The trucker and the market gardener of the present day have been compelled by keen competition and a constantly increasing demand for high-grade products out of season to provide special facilities for increasing and improving the product, as well as to take advantage of every favorable natural condition.

Many localities are especially favored with an abundance of sunshine at all seasons of the year, and at the same time their climate, due to the influence of large streams or nearby bodies of water, is mild and free from extremes of temperature. In such localities it would be possible to grow lettuce, radishes and similar crops during the entire winter without protection were it not for the few cold days and nights. A very slight covering or the application of a small amount of heat will, as a rule, carry the plants through in good condition.

The greater portion of the work with frames is conducted on light or sandy loam soils which are naturally well drained and adapted to intensive trucking. The original soil is usually employed, but when necessary rich soil is hauled and placed in the beds. The first essential is good drainage, and if the land is not naturally well drained it should be tilled or provided with numerous open ditches to carry off the water. The surface of the soil should be graded and all depressions filled in and leveled. For best results the land should be subjected to two or three years of preparation by manuring and planting to leguminous crops.

The presence of plenty of organic matter in the soil is very important, especially where large quantities of commercial fertilizers are to be used. This organic matter may be added in the form of stable manure, but more satisfactory results will be obtained where leguminous crops are included in the preparatory treatment. For green manure nothing is better than

cowpeas as a summer crop and crimson clover as a winter crop. The crimson clover should be turned under about the time it comes into full bloom in the spring, the land planted to cowpeas, and the resulting crop plowed under or mowed for hay during the month of August in ample time to prepare the land for frame work during the autumn. When heavy crops of green manure are turned under it is essential that lime be used to improve the mechanical condition and to sweeten the soil; a dressing of 1,000 pounds to the acre should be sufficient.

Wood ashes constitute an excellent source of both potash and lime, especially if they have resulted from the burning of hardwood. Ashes from pine and other soft woods are of little value. Much of the value of wood ashes may be lost by leaching, and while a ton of strictly fresh hardwood ashes would be sufficient to apply on an acre, as much as five tons of leached ashes could be used on the same area without fear of burning the plants. Where ashes are used less lime is needed, although the percentage of lime in the ash is comparatively small.

Large quantities of stable manure are used in growing crops in frames, sometimes as much as thirty to sixty cartloads to the acre. The manure is generally spread in a broad, flat pile to compost before it is applied to the soil on which frames are to be located. Where manure is employed for heating the beds it may afterwards be mixed with the soil for the growing of subsequent crops. In the work with frames around Norfolk, Va., the manure is placed in long, narrow piles and turned two or three times before it is used in the beds. Care should be exercised to avoid the use of manure in which there are shavings or sawdust, as these have an injurious effect upon the growth of plants. Poultry and sheep manure are excellent fertilizers for frame work, but the quantity obtainable is very small. In the application of natural manures of all kinds it is essential that the manure should be fine; that it be what is termed "short" manure.

KEEP PULLETS BY THEMSELVES

Experiments at Geneva Station Show Better Results Where Cockerels are Eliminated.

Some of the very early hatched pullets will be laying in a short time, and those poultrymen who are in the business to produce eggs for the market will be interested in some of the experiments conducted by the Geneva (New York) station.

These experiments were for the purpose of finding out what effect the keeping of males with the pullets had on the egg production. Many poultry raisers, and certainly most farmers, believe it is best to permit the cockerels to run with the pullets at all times, but these experiments show that this is not true.

Several pens of birds were made up; in some of them the males were kept with the pullets and in others the pullets were kept by themselves.

The net results show that the pen of pullets kept without a male produced eggs at about 30 per cent. less cost than an exactly similar pen where the cockerels were entered.

In the pen without a male the hens, during the first three months laid about 30 per cent. more eggs than the pen from the same hatching and under exactly similar conditions except that they were kept with a cockerel.

In all the experiments the pens of pullets without the male birds began to lay from one to two months earlier than in any of the corresponding pens in which the male birds were kept.

No attempts were made to force laying and broody fowls were allowed to sit at will there being plenty of nest boxes in each pen.

About the same number became broody in the pens having the males as in those without.

This is pretty conclusive evidence that the young cockerels should be separated from the pullets just as soon as they are old enough to be distinguished. It would be better if they could be kept in an enclosure not far from the pullets, particularly at the beginning of each laying season.

Every cockerel that is not kept for breeding purposes ought to be castrated.

MACHINE FOR SEWING BAGS

German Invention of Much Interest to the Farmers and Grain Men of This Country.

From Germany comes an invention of interest to farmers and grain men in this country. It is a machine for stitching grain bags shut and sews them up after they have been filled. The filled bag, with the top open, of course, is placed on a wheeled platform which runs back and forth past the sewing mechanism, which can be raised or lowered to suit the height of the bag. A plate over which the



Grain Bag Stitcher.

needle works presses down one side of the mouth of the sack while another plate presses against the other side where it is held by an arm that extends over the top. The machine makes a peculiar seam of stitches that interlock and finally tangle, so at the end of the run that there is no necessity for tying a hand knot to keep them from unraveling. At the same time, the seam can be quickly opened by cutting one of the loops of the thread and pulling it out.

Reforestation in Northwest. The first attempt at reforestation on a large scale in the Puget sound country is now going on in the Olympic National Forest reserve, where burned over lands are being planted with Douglas fir.

Fine Care Fine Hair

It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents. Does not change the color of the hair.



Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair preparation ever placed upon the market. For falling hair and dandruff it is the one great medicine.

Deceitful. "Sister Henderson," said Deacon Hypers, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Why, deacon, what do you mean?" asked Sister Henderson. "I observe that on your sideboard you have several cut glass decanters and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"Well, now, deacon, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I just filled them half way with some fine stain and furniture polish, just for appearances."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," replied the deacon. "Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."

FACTS ABOUT BLIND.

Since the placing of RED CROSS BATH, BLUE on the market there has been a rapid falling off in the sales of all kinds of bluing. Why? Water containing a small percentage of bluing when you can get a good package and dissolve it as needed. Making clothes whiter, lasts longer and is cheaper. Large package, 10 cents. ASK YOUR GROCER.

"Art and business have nothing in common," said the idealist.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The value of a painting, like the value of a check, depends a great deal on whose name is at the bottom of it."—Washington Star.

ROBINSON'S SALVE FOR ALL EYE DISEASES

She (gushingly)—What a magnificent Great Dane! And of course his name is Hamlet!

He (the owner)—Not exactly; you see, I—er—couldn't consistently see that name. The best I could do was to call her Ophelia.—Everybody's.

Facts About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared to understand how to properly care for her self. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.



There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazardous thing or beauty. The unexplainable things that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, will persist in going blindly to the trial. It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes a few children these days are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong.

Special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

Merchant—Well—er—the truth is my business is hardly worth advertising.

Hustling Ad Solicitor—Then advertise it for sale.—Boston Transcript.

PISO'S Best for COUGHS & COLDS