

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

The March of Miles Standish

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward. Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore. All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger. Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder. Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest. Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort; He who was used to success, and to easy victories always. Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden. Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly. What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness, need to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens? 'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others! What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless; Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment. Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest; Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint, seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together; Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,



Forth He Sprang at a Bound.

Saw the flash of the sun on breast-plate and saber and musket, Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing, Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present; Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred. Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature, Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan; One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat. Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum, Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle. Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders. Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries. Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish. Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man. Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder. Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars. Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man! But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible. Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster. Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other. And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain: "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain, Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat is not afraid of the sight. He was not born of a woman, But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning, Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him. Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?' Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand, Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle.



Plunged it into His Heart.

Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning: "I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle; By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!" Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish; While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered: "By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ah! but shall speak not! This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush. But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly; So the old chronicles say, that were



BIGGEST CITIES OF WORLD

London Still Far in Lead, but New York is Growing Faster Than Any Other.

London, the largest city in the world, has a population, as now officially announced, of 7,252,963, as against 5,581,402 in 1901—an increase in ten years of 671,561, or only 10.2 per cent. The population of New York is 4,766,883, and with a gain in the ten years of 38.7 per cent, is growing faster than any other great city in the world. At the rate at which the two largest cities are growing it will take a long time for New York to catch up with London; but it would be a great misfortune if it ever did catch up—there is too much congestion in New York already. The third city in size is Paris, whose population is probably 3,000,000. The fourth city is perhaps Berlin, which had a little over 2,000,000 five years ago. Tokyo and Chicago fall a little under the 2,500,000 mark, and St. Petersburg, Vienna, Canton, Peking, Moscow and Philadelphia are below 2,000,000.—Rochester Post-Express.

Clothes and the Man. "The better a person is dressed the less money he has as a rule." Thus Judge Parry, whose experience in the county court certainly gives him a right to speak on the subject.—London Telegraph.

Women in Business World. Women are now engaged in all but two of the 363 gainful occupations of the men of this country.

write in the days of the fathers. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult. All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish. Bolled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples. Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard, Plunged it into his heart, and reeling backward, the savage. Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it. Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop. And, like a flurry or snow on the whistling wind of December, Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathered arrows. Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning. Out of the lightning, thunder, and death unseen ran before it. Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket. Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat, Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward. Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them, Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Saying, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth: "Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his stature,— Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish. When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat. Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress, All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from this specter of terror, Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish; Shrieking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WILD SCRAMBLE OF WOMEN

London Paper Tells of Scene in Cloak-room After the Racing at Ascot.

At the end of the racing at Ascot yesterday it seems that the cloakroom arrangements miscarried, and when the women went to get their wraps they were not ready to hand. A wild report circulated that the thief who stole the gold cup four years ago had been busy in the cloakroom and all the women rushed to find for themselves if the dreadful thing were true. There has not been such an outburst of feminine excitement since the last suffragist raid on the house of commons, and the attendants grew so alarmed and were so afraid of the cloakroom being stormed by the angry owners of the precious wraps that they sent for the police. When the constables came several ladies fled ignominiously without their things. The police ultimately straightened out the tangle and the honor of Ascot was saved. The cause of the commotion is said to have been the action of some women who left early and put everything in confusion in the search for their cloaks.—London Express.

Leaving a Piano Open. It is best to close the piano as soon as you have finished playing, both on account of the dust and the variations of the atmosphere. The keyboard should be kept scrupulously clean. Alcohol or diluted ammonia may be used for this purpose with advantage.

Alice, the Traveler. A successful Chicago man of the self-made variety having purchased a fine library by the foot was showing it with some pride to a friend of literary attainments. The self-made man ran his business on the card index system and his library with the same degree of method. Cases were marked plainly, "Travel," "Art," "Poetry," "Science," etc. Occupying a prominent place in the "Travel" case the friend noticed a very handsome volume with the title in gold letters on the back, "Alice in Wonderland."—Youth's Companion.

WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the trial of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—MRS. NATHAN B. GREATON, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Queer Sacrifice. The story of a tragedy of charity comes from Paris. The other day a septuagenarian widow named Bertie was so distressed on hearing the story of a starving family that she shot herself and left them the whole of her money—\$250.

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CONSERVATION OF PLANT FOOD

By Dr. James Withycombe, Director of the Experiment Station, Oregon Agricultural College. That there are great wastes constantly occurring on Oregon farms cannot be denied. Among the greatest of all wastes, however, is the unnecessary loss of plant food. For example, more straw has been burned this fall than usual. This is one of the great wastes of the Oregon farms. Not only will straw make a fairly good substitute for hay, but its value as a direct fertilizer for the soil should be considered. It is estimated that each ton of straw represents a value in actual plant food of \$2.50, and in every ton of straw which is burned this is practically all lost. There are thousands of tons of straw destroyed annually in Oregon, in some counties probably representing a loss in value as great as the cost of the administration of the counties. A few days since the writer saw a farmer burning a crop of vetch in the field. This vetch was evidently intended for seed, but the rains having spoiled it for this purpose it was burned. When we consider that a ton of vetch represents a value of about \$8 in plant food it is apparent what this loss meant to that farmer. Instead of being burned this vetch should have been hauled to a yard, tramped with stock and when decomposed hauled back to the fields. In this way valuable plant food would have been conserved, whereas by burning practically all of its value was lost. It is true the mineral elements, such as potash, phosphorus and lime, are not lost, but they are deposited in such a way that they are of little value.

Another great loss of valuable plant food is in barn-yard compost. Millions of dollars annually are wasted in this way. The direct loss of plant food from barn yards represents a greater value than the cost of the state's administration. Complaints are often heard that crops are not as good as they were in years that are past and gone. This is not as it should be; crops should really be better rather than poorer. Take for example the older countries which have been farmed for centuries—their crops are much larger than those produced in this country under much more favorable natural conditions, both in soil and climate. Belgium, for example, in the last few decades has increased her average wheat yield over fourteen bushels per acre, her barley nineteen bushels; oats twenty bushels, or from 49 to 71 bushels; the average yield of potatoes has increased from 225 to 300 bushels per acre. This is done, of course, through better methods of tillage, but mainly through the conservation of all available forms of plant food.

Much of the soil in Western Oregon is heavy clay and its greatest need outside of underdrainage is organic matter. Nothing will supply this more rapidly than straw or barnyard compost. The practice of threshing in the middle of the field is not to be commended. While it may be economy during the operation of harvesting, yet in the end it cannot be considered a good practice. Not only is it unsightly to have great piles of straw in the center of fields but there is an appreciable loss of ground that should annually produce crops. The far better way would be to do the threshing near the homestead, if practicable, and the straw can be used in bedding for the buildings or hauled into yards and tramped by stock until it is decomposed, and then hauled out on the ground, particularly on the heavy clay portions. The white land could be greatly improved by covering with partially decomposed straw and plowing this under. This not only supplies organic matter, but improves the physical condition of the soil, affording better drainage and aeration, and larger crops are produced.

Many devices have been tried for the rapid decomposition of straw. For example, lime has been frequently suggested, but at the Oregon Experiment station this has proved to be of little value. A given bulk of straw treated with lime did not decompose as rapidly as an equal bulk of straw without lime. About the only practical way of decomposing straw is by means of live stock, either using it as bedding for the stock or having it tramped in the yards. Nearly all yards in Western Oregon are muddy in the winter, to the inconvenience of stock. If straw were used in these yards not only would the stock be kept more comfortable, but the straw could be utilized later as a valuable fertilizer.

In this section of the state where wood is the common fuel, ashes represent considerable value as a fertilizer. This form of plant food usually is entirely lost, farmers oftentimes using it to fill the holes in the roads, when as a matter of fact it is worth from \$7 to \$10 per ton as a fertilizer. All ashes should be carefully saved and applied to the soil. This form of fertilizer is particularly valuable for hops, clover, vetch, etc.

Greater attention should be paid to all these by-products so as to increase the fertility of the soil.

"At last I have discovered why we didn't sell more of those bathing suits," remarked the head of the department. "Why is it?" asked the proprietor. "I overheard one of the salesladies emphasizing the fact that they wouldn't shrink," was the reply.—Philadelphia Record.

Magazine Editor—I really can't see anything in this manuscript of yours. Young Author—Still, why not print it? Your readers may have more intelligence.—Boston Transcript.

Had Time to Waste. The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in railroad enterprises in Central America, was seeking local support for a road. He asked a native: "How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by mule pack?" "Three days," was the reply. "There's the point," said Miller. "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day." "Very good, senator," answered the native. "But what would we do with the other two days?"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winstone's Sore Throat Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period. "Yes," she admitted, "this is the first time I have ever been in bed but—" "But what?" interrupted the young man in the moonlight scene, anxiously. "It is so nice," she continued, "that I hope it won't be the last."—Chicago News.

Peppermint Eye Salve

Coffee to Relieve Fatigue. The question is sometimes asked: What will relieve fatigue more quickly than anything else? Clerks in stores and men generally as well as women shoppers become at times very tired. Fortunately the British army has thrashed the question out, and tried every kind of decoction that could be thought of, and we may profit by their experience. They award the palm to coffee, and declare it has neither superior nor equal for this purpose.

Ancestral Pride of the Future. "One of my forefathers was a signer of the Declaration of Independence." "That is something," replied Mrs. Votoby Gumm. "But think of the proud satisfaction with which my great-great-granddaughters will point to the fact that one of their foremothers was a militant suffragette."

A SIMPLE HOME REMEDY FOR LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

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Above are the prize winning trademarks and motto. Winner of the \$50 prize for trademark J. O. Smith, Hotel Elsworth, Denver, Colo. Winner of the prize for motto in Hotel Armstrong, 329 East Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. The judges of the contest were: A. N. McKay, General Manager of the Salt Lake Tribune and Telegram; W. W. Armstrong, President of the City and Copper Bank of Salt Lake City (in relation to the motto prize winners); J. S. Cristobal, Manager of Western Fuel Co., Salt Lake City. No many designs and mottoes were submitted in competition that the judges found it impossible to arrive at a decision by October 14, and therefore asked and received an extension of time. The CONTINENTAL is a strong Western company, devoted to the upbuilding of the West. It writes a policy which pays in case of sickness or accident, as well as a contract many other attractive features. Watch the Continental grow.

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