

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— Outlast 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 and 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 arcaucero. 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 inkhorns. 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 sagemore, sachem, or powwow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!" 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; Barliffe'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 darkeys. 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. When I told him that was impossible, he said: "Well, if I can't go with you, I will go back to Mis' Lizle" (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 263 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. Hanson, 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.

QUARRELED OVER TREE

IT HAS COST 50,000 RUPEES AND A DOZEN LIVES.

Long Series of Feuds Between Two Bengal Estates Ended by Calcutta Business Man.

A certain mango tree, it appears, in growing up would not observe the boundary line between two Bengal estates and distributed its foliage and fruit impartially over both. As a consequence the owners of the estates have spent about 50,000 rupees in litigation, killed a dozen people and fought the bitterest armed fights. During the bearing season the tree was productive of many mangoes. The first quarrel seems to have started among the women folks of the two families, who insisted that the mangoes belonged to one, then the other. They even resorted to picking the mangoes at night until one party happened to catch the other poaching. A fight followed in which, it is said, two were killed. After this quiet reigned for some time, when the two principals met one day in a neighboring village and participated in a free-for-all fight over the innocent tree. They were separated in a bloody condition and were fined by the police. Then followed a long series of feuds and battles covering a period of many years, during which the tree yielded its luscious fruit to the one who happened to be cunning enough to pick it first. Finally both sides established armed guards around the tree and kept watch on each other night and day. This went on with occasional fights for several years. It was a case of one trying to wear the other one out. Thousands of rupees were paid out for these special parties and fines, for burials of victims, court expenses and ammunition. It was not until just recently that a prominent business man of Calcutta was able to settle the dispute. He asked the two land owners to jointly deed the tree to him in return for many favors he had rendered both of them. This was finally done and he has caused a large cement circular wall to be erected about the tree, to which he has acquired full title and possession.

The quarrel has not only been expensive and fatal, but has kept a community in a constant state of hostility for many years. Any one traveling in eastern Bengal can easily hear the story and visit the scene of the feud, if sufficiently interested in the case. The gentleman whose strategy saved the situation desires that his name should remain unknown.—Calcutta Englishman.

Through the Lines. The young man who had come with in an inch of being run over, said he always butted across the street that way to keep folks from finding out he was a country chap unused to city ways. "If I should hang back," he said, "everybody would take me for a greenhorn, and I want people to think that I at least know how to cross the street city fashion." "But the real town man doesn't cross the street in that bull-dog fashion," said a gray-haired relative. "He drifts with the tide. Instead of butting through the middle of a wagon he ambles along beside it watching for an opening. Sometimes he is carried a block out of his way in the midst of vehicles before he finds a way out, but he is never in danger because he is going with the current. So if you want to be set down as a man who knows the life of city streets, don't break through a heavy line of traffic by main force, but follow the stream and take advantage of the point of least resistance."

Prayer Halls in Russia. In the villages of Russia the "prayer hall" is the common "izba" or cottage of a Stundist mujik, or a shed attached to a very primitive farmstead surrounded by prodigious quantities of mud, dust or snow, according to the season of the year. A separate building erected expressly for worship among the rural evangelicals of Russia is a luxury yet to be provided in the great majority of cases. The meeting place, whether "izba" or out-house, has walls of earth. It is without ceiling. The floor is the bare earth, trodden hard by many feet through the lapse of long years, and worn into lumps and hollows. The walls are lime washed and destitute of decoration or adornment. There are rough wooden benches around and across the room. The place is usually packed to suffocation with men, women and children, crowded on the seats, thronging the doorways, and huddling together on the top of the huge stove.—Sunday at Home.

Making Money Rapidly. A French newspaper has been calculating what various champions gain by the hour or by the mile. The gains of Andre Beaumont, the aviator, work out at almost \$37 a mile. He cannot compare with the winner of the Grand Prix at Longchamps, As d'Atout, who won money at the rate of \$24,000 a minute, or \$38,400 a mile. Automobile driving in 1905 paid a winner, Terry, at the rate of \$58 a mile, or \$3,857 an hour. The chief bicycle prize of France pays about \$1,066 a mile, or from \$200 to \$400 a minute, but the tour of France for bicyclists, wherein men have just cycled more than 3,000 miles around France during the hot wave, only pays 65 cents a mile.

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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—er—being as I said totally unprepared, you must—er excuse me for being—er—unprepared. I—er—ah—I was hardly prepared for this—er!" And then his wife interrupted: "Why, darling," she said, "you knew it perfectly this morning. The next sentence begins, 'Knowing as I do.' Now can you go from there?" What helps they are, these anxious 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 frothed over a golf match there's nothing rents me up like getting back to my desk, where I can have everything my own way."

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