

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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 city, 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 dulce, and measureless meadows of sea-grass, Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos 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. Pierce 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 failed,—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, Hathsheba'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 Clanged 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!"



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 entrusted 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

was nearest to heaven, Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth. God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for his 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!"

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

IT IS EASY TO TEACH LITTLE CHILD GOOD MANNERS.

While His Mind is Plastic He Should Be Trained in the Home in Proper Behavior and Language.

Good manners, like charity, should begin at home. Let me add that they should begin with the little children, while their minds are in a receptive, plastic condition. With use, the good manners, especially of speech, grow toward a state of perfection. You do not need to have a governess or a tutor for your child. You can begin to train him yourself, being careful to correct every bad tendency and to encourage and praise every good action.

Some little ones are painfully shy in the presence of strangers. Inspire confidence in them and let them gradually become accustomed to the outsider. Do not force the shy child to kiss a stranger or to talk to one when you see that it is positive torture. Wait till he is a little older.

In speech, begin right away with the use of "thank you" and "please." I know children with extremely limited vocabularies who use these terms correctly.

Insist that there be no interruptions when others are speaking. Give a child his opportunity to be heard, and when he asks a question for information, answer him. If he is merely asking for the sake of asking, and pays no attention to the reply, punish him by refusing the next time and telling him why you refuse.

When you call a child, do not permit it to say "What?" It is crude, abrupt and lacks something which is so easily supplied that you should not neglect the opportunity to do so. Very much better is, "What did you say, mother?" or "I did not hear, father." Try this for the difference if you doubt my word.

Children can show the required deference to elders not by "Yes, ma'am," for that is obsolete and more the sign of respect shown by a servant to an employer. Better than this is the "No, Aunt Mary," or "Yes, father."

When an older person greets a little child and asks "How are you?" he should not be met by a hanging head and a sullen face. The little one should reply, "Very well, thank you." It is very easy to teach these little things when the boy or girl is young.

A little girl when entering a room should stand beside her mother's chair until introduced. A little boy should always rise when his elders enter a room and remain standing until the others are seated.

Oh, it is easy to bend the twig! I remember the wail and regret of one man who at a mature age had to be taught all the little things that should have been drilled in when he was a little boy.

Today notice the speech of any little one around you. Find out the flaws and begin right away to correct the imperfections. You will be gratified with the results.—Philadelphia North American.

Talking It Over With the Boy. Experiences of others in bringing up their boys have so greatly aided me in bringing up my own, that, perhaps, a way which helped me through a trying period with one of my sons may, in its turn, be of use.

Although for years I had tried to instill good manners as well as morals, there came a time when one of the boys seemed to forget everything I had been at such pains to teach. He positively ignored the rights of others, and developed little tricks of manner which, while not serious, were exceedingly annoying.

It is a delicate matter to keep calling attention to failings in a big boy of sixteen, and I found our good fellowship was becoming seriously strained.

A simple plan suggested itself—I gave up all fault-finding except on one day of the month. On that day we had a good talk and got over it. This cleared the atmosphere, sullenness disappeared. I did not feel neglected, yet could stop what had become nagging, and the one serious talk proved far more effectual than constant protests.

"The Truth About Birds."

Let us face the truth about birds; nor be duped by the beauty of their flight's incalculable curves. They are greedy, they are impertinent, they are untrustworthy, they are brainless, they are hopelessly unclean. They have not even the qualities of their defects. The least, for example, that one could expect of such martial creatures would be punctuality. Myself, I have never depended on my woodpecker to wake me at a given time; but I once had a friend who counted on a cardinal-bird. Six mornings he waked her regularly just three hours before breakfast. This, she considered, constituted a precedent. On the seventh morning, she had an early engagement. The cardinal-bird had, by that time, sought other casements, and my trusting friend missed her appointment. This is the real meaning of "flightiness."—Katharine F. Gerould in the Atlantic.

Literary Mixture. "What we want," said the publisher, "is the terse, hard-hitting modern style of expression." "I know," replied the writing person; "the stuff that sounds like profanity with a little benzoate of soda in it."

FAMOUS OLD-TIME PROPHESS.

Just outside the town of Knareborough, Yorkshire, Eng., resided Mother Shipton, in a cave, still called after her. According to tradition the prophetess and witch was born in 1488, and was baptized Ursula by the Abbott of Beverley, although it was stated that the Evil One was her father. She must have been an ugly child, for one account says "her stature was much larger than common, her body crooked, and her face frightful." Still, she managed to get married, at the age of twenty-four, to one Toby Shipton, and for nearly fifty years more her prophecies were legion. It is understood that the first one of note which came true related to the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, and that she followed this up with certain remarks relating to the dissolution of the monasteries. But what is chiefly interesting today are her supposed views on modern times; and in this connection it is said that she foresaw bicycles and railway trains, and had also an inkling of motor cars and ironclads.

THE FATHER OF INTERVIEWERS.

Boswell was the father of interviewers. When he planted himself squarely before his eminent friend and inquired, "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" there you have the system inaugurated. In the fullness of time we have arrived at the reporter behind the note-book, and the her-in-wait behind the kodak. There is this much to be said of the parent, which cannot always be said of his descendants—that he was steadfastly resolved to make his subject pose well. If the foretops of Dr. Johnson's wigs were all burned away in reading, the biographer feels bound to mention the fact; but he speaks disparagingly only of the candle. He would not have hesitated, I feel sure, to inquire of Socrates concerning his domestic infelicities, or of Henry VIII concerning his religious belief; but in his report of the matters Socrates would preserve his dignity, the king his piety.—Hobbrook White, in the Atlantic.

WIDOW MADE EXECUTIONER.

Civilization has not yet taught the Afghans to abolish their barbarous ways of meting out justice. Recently a widow was allowed by the Amir, the native governor, to take a dramatic vengeance on her husband's murderer. The woman's husband had been murdered by another Afghan who was under the impression that his victim had some money in his possession. It appeared, however, that the murdered man was penniless and what the murderer thought was money turned out to be the remains of some food tied around the dead man's waist. The murderer was captured and the Amir ordered him to be handed over to the widow, who was told that she could do what she liked with him. The widow decided to take the man's life, and while two male friends kept a firm hold of the victim the woman slowly cut the man's throat with a penknife.

REMEDY FOR EAST COAST FEVER.

The statement that a remedy has been discovered for east coast fever will, if correct, prove a great boon to the farmers and natives of South Africa, many of whom have been ruined by the ravages of this terrible scourge. At one time previous to 1896 stock-farming was perhaps the most remunerative form of agriculture in South Africa, but in that year the herds of the farmers were decimated by rinderpest. No sooner had this pest subsided than it was followed by east coast fever. But, now comes the news that Joseph Barnes, C. M. G., one of South Africa's most progressive agriculturists, succeeded this year in saving all his herds by building dipping tanks on his property, in which the cattle were immersed for a short period, thus rendering them immune.

COWBOY HATS 2,000 YEARS AGO.

That there is nothing new under the sun is becoming more and more axiomatic. It is suggested that the Egyptians under Pharaoh knew of radium, that the Assyrians and Chaldeans were acquainted with electricity and that aviation was not unknown to the ancients. Now we learn that frescoes and bas-reliefs in Crete show that in the depths of past ages huntresses wore leather boots, with big hats like those used by American cowboys, and that an archaeologist has come to the conclusion that the fashionable Cretan ladies 2,000 years before the Christian era appeared in public with boots with heels, the straight mantle and jupe colotte. In fact, just like a lady from one of the celebrated Parisian dressmaking establishments.

COMPOSITION OF THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT.

According to information supplied by the deputies themselves, the new Austrian parliament is composed of 120 landed proprietors, 50 advocates, and the same number of authors and journalists, 41 public officials, 40 professors, 26 persons at private employment, 22 business men, 21 judges, 14 manufacturers, 11 burgomasters, ten teachers, nine doctors, nine diet members and nine former cabinet ministers and privy councillors, eight engineers, seven merchants, five political officials, three private persons, two clergymen and an active cabinet minister, an artist, a town councillor, an officer and a workingman.

THE SCRAP BOOK



THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

Through centuries rose and shamrock and thistle have been honored as the specific emblems of the three countries of the United Kingdom. They have been part of the symbolism of other coronations, the last time interwoven with the lotus flower of India. It can hardly be said that the rose means as much to an Englishman as shamrock or thistle to his kinsmen. It is not a badge of nationality like the thistle. It is not sacred to England as a country distinct and apart. We go back six centuries and more and find an Edmund Plantagenet with the red rose for his badge. From him the house of Lancaster took their red rose, and from them the Tudors. But as the wars of the roses remind us, the red rose is not the only one for which Englishmen have died. Shakespeare would have us believe that the House of York first took the white rose for its badge in the danger of war. The truth is that the white rose had been the badge of the House of York ever since the title of the duchy was created. Red roses and white were united in the Tudor house, and a rose of any hue became the emblem of England.—London Mail.

A MUSTANG'S ANCESTORS.

But, brilliant as was the career of the Narragansett pacer while it lasted, the pony that has played the most conspicuous and, in many respects the most important, role in the United States is the mustang or "bronco" as he is often called. These horses are undoubtedly the descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish conquerors. They are easy under the saddle and remarkably sure footed and enduring; indeed in the latter respect there is probably no breed of horses that will do so much work without being fed grain. These characteristics have made the mustang serve an excellent purpose in the cattle business, but they are so fully offset by others, of a less desirable kind, that he is not, under any ordinary circumstances, an animal of much value.—Outing Magazine.

PRESERVING SPIDER'S WEBS.

Naturalists employ an interesting method to preserve all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomiser with artists' shellac, and then, should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands at the same time severed. After the shellac has dried the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome-shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them, allowing them to dry before their removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that, from a scientific standpoint, their permanent preservation is very desirable.

ORIGIN OF "BOSH."

"Bosh" sounds a fairly good English word to apply to your political opponent's arguments. It isn't. Skimming Doctor Beddoe's "Memories of Eighty Years," one finds the doctor trying to explain the Protestant religion to a mullah. "It seems a very decent sort of religion," said the mullah, in excellent English. But there were two objections. The first was that he "pay no honor to the prophet." The second was "your doctrine of the Trinity, which you will excuse my saying is bosh." We have got the word from the Turkish. It means nonsense.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF COMMON THINGS.

The first pipe organ was made by Archimedes as early as 220 B. C. The first dictionary was made by the Chinese scholars in 1109 B. C. The first pair of spectacles was made by an Italian in 1299. Steel needles were first made in England in 1545. Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652. The first horse railroad was built in 1826. The folding envelope was first used in 1839. Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826. The velocipede was invented by Drails in 1817.

ODD WEDDING CUSTOM.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.