

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations
by
Howard Chandler Christy

Sailing of the Mayflower

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists arose from the meadows, there was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth; Clanging and clinking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!" Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence. Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village. Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army, Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men, Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage. Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David; Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—Aye, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.



Take His Musket, and So Stride Out. Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning; Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing, Fired along the line and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors. Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward; Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather, Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower; Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced, He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence. Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household. Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming; Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains; Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor, Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter. Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas, Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors. Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean, Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure! Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people! Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible, Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty! Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea shore, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower, Homeward bound o'er the sea and leaving them here in the desert. Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever. He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council, Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur, Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing. Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence; Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not wake him; Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!" Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet. Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,— Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,— Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action. But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor, Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus, Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber. Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him, Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon; All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions; But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,— Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult. So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spoke not. Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spoke not! Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying. Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture. And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea shore, Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep into a world unknown,—the cornerstone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient. Least he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward. Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him, Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together. Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered. Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale, One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors, Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. He, too, was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish, Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas, Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him. But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing. Fixed were her eyes upon him, as if she divined his intention. Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring and patient, That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose. As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction. Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!



Standing Dejected, Unconscious of All. Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments, Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamant! "Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him, Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness, Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong. "Yon snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing

and beckoning over the ocean. There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like, Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection. Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not Either your warning or menace, or any oneness of evil! There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome, As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps. Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness; Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing. So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him



How Good You Have Been to Me.

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel. Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor. Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west wind. Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor, Rounded the point of the Gunnet, and leaving far to the southward Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter, Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic, Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel, Much endeared to them all, as something living and human; Then, as if filled with the spirit, and rapt in a vision prophetic, Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage. Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping. Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other, Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished. So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine. Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Height of Fame. "And how is your son Henry getting on in literature?" asked the visitor. "Oh, he's doing famously," said the proud mother. "His autograph brought \$10 the other day." "Really?" "Yes—signed to a promissory note for three hundred. I bought it myself."—Harper's Weekly.

HEARTS CROCHETED

By LOUISE OLNEY

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Bessie Allen ran breathlessly back to her new boarding place and snatched up her fancywork bag lying on the bureau. Mrs. Clinton, the heavy landlady, met her coming out of her room and stepped aside wiping her face beaded with perspiration from the hot summer morning. "Why, Miss Allen, I thought you were gone!" "So I was, but I came back. Forgive my crocheting." "Crochet!" Mrs. Clinton cried, overcome with curiosity. "What on earth do you do crocheting for? You must have an easy job." "No, I crocheted on the car to and from the office," laughed the girl. "My land! Don't you know you'll get written up in the papers? Who ever heard of such a fool thing to do! I should think you'd want to be resting yourself instead of spoiling your pretty eyes on such nonsense." "It isn't nonsense," called back the girl from the porch. "I love it. That's why I came out here in Camden to live. Two hours a day on the car gives me a lot of time to stick to my knitting."

"But don't you feel silly?" Mrs. Clinton puffed down the steps and followed her strange roomer out to the walk. "They'll be guying you on the car." "No; as this is the end of the line, I get the front seat and hardly any one sees what I'm doing. Goodby, Mrs. Clinton." And she left the scandalized landlady gazing after her unconventional self as though she were neither fish, flesh nor good red herring.

She really did not care what the landlady or anybody in the big, hard city thought. She had come here because she had no home since her mother died and she must earn her living where best she could. She loved home and home things—like crocheting—and with characteristic good sense she resolved to keep close to the things she loved every moment outside of business hours. It was the only way she could be happy, for the daily grind of money-getting in a cruel world was a cross to her home-yearning heart.

As she took her place in the front of the car this muggy July morning a young man followed and slid into the seat beside her. He was tall and good looking with a gentle gleam in his blue eyes that argued a mind broad and fine as his physical make-up. He watched intently as she settled herself with graceful adjustments of her dainty white linen dress, crossed her diminutive white canvased feet and withdrew her hand and hook from her bag. Swiftly her fingers flew, creating a cobweb something that fascinated him. His eyes never left her during the hour's ride.

She was so easy to look at from the tip of her shell-like ears and the little curls at the nape of her neck, brown against her white skin, that he could only divert his gaze a few inches to a momentary glimpse of her face as she turned to the window infrequently to see where the car stood. She was not stunting, just dear and lovable. Her sweet unconsciousness of him and of all about her gave him a protecting feeling and he found himself resenting an uncouth workman who pushed forward and sat beside her. Morton for all his immaculateness would have hesitated to do that himself.

A pang of joy shot through him as he neared his corner to see her hastily fold thread and hook into her bag and push the button. She got off at his corner, then! Cavalierly, he rose and waited in his seat for her to pass. She must have been conscious of his presence for the last hour, for she looked up and smiled. It was a faint smile, Mundane people would have said it existed only in his imagination. But her great grown eyes had swept up straight to his and rested there a long moment while a sweet surprise awoke and glowed away back in their limpid depths. Joy flooded his whole being, and as he replaced his hat he followed her out of the car and watched her turn into the building opposite his real estate office with a conviction that he had come into his own.

After that he watched for her at lunch hour, loitered on the corner for her car at night, but try as he might he could only see her in the mornings. He was up betimes to bestow more scrupulous care on his always immaculate person. He found a final satisfaction in all his scars and invested in many new ones which necessitated corresponding hosiery. He was resplendent, for he was in love. Every morning they sat thus—she first, he second, in the car. And always he waited for her to rise and pass out before him and bestow the smile. His only chance of expression was in his answering smile and the grace of his gesture as he raised his hat. His whole being went into that salute. It was eloquent, regal, as a king to his queen.

It was beautiful, but it was wearing. Try as he might he could not progress in his love making. He thought she seemed glad to know him but she was shy and always alone. He learned where she lived and worked and what her name was Her ex-

quisite personality filled in all the details. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

Then one glorious autumn day it happened. She had been sitting alone, more intently occupied with her crocheting than usual, when suddenly she gave a little start, snatched at her ball of crocheted cotton, seized the loosened thread instead and gave a little gasp as the illusive ball shot under the car seat and rolled impetuously between his feet and on. For a moment it took his breath away. How many times he had actually prayed for that very thing to happen!

She turned and looked at him appealingly, and he sat motionless for a moment looking back. It was infinitely sweet to be sitting thus. "Could you get it for me?" she asked, but he was already on his feet. He brought it back, soiled and all in a snarl, and handed it to her. She accepted it quietly.

"However, shall I get it untangled before it is time to get off?" she said, a worried look flitting across her delicate face. For answer he sat down beside her and took the ball from her trembling fingers. "Let me," he said. And together they worked at the strange tangle which grew constantly more complicated, so tremulous were their fingers and oddly lacking in skill as they touched and clung and forgot their work.

They had passed their corner, their fingers twined in the hopeless tangle together, their eyes lowered dreading to meet, when with a mighty effort he raised his eyes and looked at her.



Swiftly Her Fingers Flew.

She had done the same thing and was looked at him. They smiled. "Is it time to get off?" he asked. "Yes," she said, and he helped her put the snarl of thread into her bag. "It's a blessed mess," he said. "How lucky it happened." They had passed out of the car in a daze of happiness and stepped to the street when a touch on his arm made Morton turn sharply. It was an old workman apologetically holding out a tiny white handkerchief as he awkwardly pulled off his hat. "Your wife dropped it," he said, leaving it in Morton's hand and edging away.

Consternation swept Morton's face. Then as before his eyes met hers and in an instant his hand had gripped her arm and he laughed with boyish delight. He bent over her with an amusing air of proprietorship. "How about it?" he said. "Does it sound queer?"

A great wave of color swept her neck and cheek. She was silent. Then with a sudden sweep of her long lashes she looked up at him, a fleeting, demure, revealing glance. "Not unless it seems queer to you."

Then he remembered he must not hold her arm in broad daylight. But tonight, he thought! Oh, tonight! He would get to see her.

How He Restrained Her. She stepped out upon the almost deserted country hotel piazza and was soon followed by a man, to whom she said:

"I will not live with you another day."

"You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked. "Yes, I will."

"When?" "Now—right off—this minute."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me. I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it."

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want your description, and I'll give it. You wear No. 7 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff at the knees, your nose turns up at the end, you wear a blond wig to hide your red hair; voice like a—"

"Wretch! You wouldn't dare do that," she exclaimed. "I certainly will, and the description will appear in all the city papers." They glanced at each other for a moment in silence. Then it was plain to him that she had canceled that visit to her mother.

New Mission. "Isn't that Diogenes hustling round the corner with a lantern and a big club?" "Still looking for the honest man?" "No, he's looking for that college professor who said the sun was losing its heat."

IRON WILL MAY FAIL

GREAT LEADER GETS HIS WAY BY OTHER METHODS.

Followers Must Be Shown That They All Gain Most by Yielding Implicit Obedience to the Conductor's Orders.

They tell us an iron will is a very fine thing. A great general rules his forces by his will. A parliamentary leader drives recalcitrant members into the right lobby by his will, if he has it. Napoleon, they say, controlled all France by his will. I have long had doubts. Napoleon never had to get an obstinate donkey out of the way of an express train, for there were no express trains, but had the task confronted him I doubt whether the iron will that conquered France would have moved the donkey. Nay, I do not doubt; I am certain it would not. And since men are a great deal more stupid and more obstinate than donkeys I am sure it was not by an iron will alone that Napoleon ruled the French.

The iron will only served to rule himself to keep him hard and incessantly at the working out of his great idea, the idea of convincing men that he was the ablest among them, that by following him they did best for themselves. A political boss does the same; there is no iron will involved; merely he shows his followers that they all gain by going with him. And the same rule holds true in the case of band conductors. A military conductor can get his way because the men under him are punished unless they obey him; an opera or concert conductor may get his way because he can throw out of employment the men who do not obey him.

But the true born conductor, either military or civil, gets his way and fine results when his bandmen know that by paying close attention to him and putting their backs into their work they help to secure performances of which they may all justly feel proud.

When Nikisch first came here many years ago we were told how on the continent he was wont to magnetize his men and make them insensibly yield to his will. It is likely enough they did yield; they would have been dismissed if they had not; but the magnetism did not in the least work in England. The men simply paid no attention to it; there might as well have been no magnetism at all; 'twas in vain Nikisch essayed to fix them with the glittering eye of which we had read so much; too much; the inhuman rascals refused to be fixed; the performances were poor and some one must have lost a fair sum of money over the concert.

See what happened when Nikisch returned not as master, but as servant of the orchestra. The Symphony orchestra engaged him; the glittering eye nonsense and the iron will nonsense were dropped, and at once artistic results were got. One might disapprove of many things he did, and especially of his affected readings, but he gained the effects he wanted, and gained them in a legitimate manner, through the faith the men had in him. —John F. Runciman, in the London Saturday Review.

Who Owns Shetland Islands? It is not perhaps generally known that an opinion expressed half humorously, by Lord Salvesen at the opening of the Norse Gallery in the Scottish exhibition in Glasgow with regard to the ownership of the Orkney and Shetland Islands is fortified by very high authority. His lordship, "speaking as a lawyer" is not sure whether the islands do not belong to Norway still, and thinks that legally the crown of Norway, if prepared to pay the money for which they were pledged, with interest "for three hundred years," would be entitled to redeem them. As a matter of fact, plenipotentiaries assembled at Breda in 1665 (a couple of centuries after the islands had come into the possession of the Scottish crown) decided not only that the right of redemption had not then been barred by the lapse of time, but that it was imprescriptible. The islands were pledged in 1468, so that interest is due for nearly four and a half centuries.

Dog That Guarded a Cat. When my dog was a puppy I got a little kitten to keep him company. They got to be good friends, but as they got older the cat seemed to think she could take care of herself. When the cat climbed a tree it seemed to puzzle the dog, and he would stand below the tree and look up at the cat and then at me, as if trying to understand how the cat could get up into the tree while he had to stay on the ground. When evening came the dog would hunt up the cat and carry her to the kennel where they slept at night. The dog kept one of his forelegs over the cat, and there she had to stay until morning. At last the cat was killed, but I have the dog yet.—Fur News.

Letter for 250 Years Undelivered. A letter written in December, 1660, to a prominent member of the Body of Friends in Durham, England, has just been found in the Public Record office, having been undelivered. A copy of the letter has been forwarded to the descendants in the eighth generation of those for whom it was intended. The letter is addressed: "For my Loving friend Richard Hickson, a butcher in Durham, to be delivered to William Bywaters, Durham, paid 9d."