

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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Priscilla

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean. Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla; and as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the lodestone, whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature, Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she. "Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward, pleaded your own, and spoke out, forgetful perhaps of decorum? Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying what I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it; for there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion, that if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, split on the ground like water, can never be gathered together. Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish, praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues, praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders. As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman. Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero. Therefore I spoke as I did, by an irresistible impulse. You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us, which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!" Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish: "I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry. Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive; "No; you were angry with me for speaking so frankly and freely. It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless. Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence. Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful."



Homeward Together They Walked. Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs. Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women: "Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always more like the beautiful rivers that watered the Garden of Eden, more like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing, filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!" "Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden, "how very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying. When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving, frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest. Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases. This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you; for I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble. Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level. Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly if you say aught that implies I am only as one among many. If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women. But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla. Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty. He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another. Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer. So the maiden went on, and little did he know or imagine what was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless. "Let us, then, be what we are, and



speaking what we think, and in all things. Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship. It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it: I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish. For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him." Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it, felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely. Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:



The Porto Rican's Arsenal. "I have been visiting one of our outlying possessions," said E. Stanley Faversham. "I wanted a new sensation in the way of travel, and thought it would be worth while to take a look at Porto Rico. "The Spanish inhabitants cling to their old customs to a great extent, and a stranger is impressed by the remarkable devotion to canes. Men, young and old, and even boys, carry some sort of a walking stick, and the Porto Rico dandies are very proud of the way they can twirl a cane and make passes with it as with a sword. "The duke of the Porto Rico country is very proud of his collection of canes and refers to it as his arsenal."—Washington Post. Without Regard to Expense. After a week in the country, up in Montgomery county, a prominent lawyer returned to town determined to stay here during the summer. But before coming home he had the satis-

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower, distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon, Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling. That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert. But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine, Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly: "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians, where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household. You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you. When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me." Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story.—Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish. Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest, "He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!" But as he gently rebuked her, and

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's lots of pie and cake in this house." The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added: "But what's that to me?"—Success Magazine.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Correcting Willie. Papa and mamma and son Willie were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion she turned to her husband. "John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?" Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "Howdy, Willie."—Success Magazine.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Decision Reversed. The cook, who had held sway long enough to be established as family autocrat, was sent out to buy the Christmas turkey. She returned with two fine, plump chickens. "Why, Mary," her mistress remonstrated, "I told you to get a turkey, not chickens." "I know, mum," she answered, "but I don't like turkey."—Success Magazine.

"His wife is a business woman, all right." "What makes you say that?" "She's installed a time clock in the hall and he has to punch it when he goes out nights and when he gets back."—Detroit Free Press.

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Mexican Mustang Liniment FOR RHEUMATISM. Mrs. Olive Huntington, Norton, Ore., says: "I consider your Mexican Mustang Liniment the best of liniments. I have used it for different ailments and it always gave satisfactory results. It is especially good in cases of Inflammatory Rheumatism and all forms of lameness." 25c, 50c, \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

As We Spoke It. A German who had come to America to master our language was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends. "That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his make-up to make up for another take-off." The German departed, sputtering.—Success Magazine.

Woman's Foot Grow Larger. Shoe manufacturers claim that the American woman's foot is growing larger. The number two shoe is the most obsolete, they say, and sizes four and five are much commoner than three. The explanation seems to be that the phenomenon is due to the increased use of the feminine foot as means of locomotion. The constant increasing number of women engaged in industry and the growth in popularity of tennis, golf and walking have had their inevitable result, and common sense has done much to abolish the wearing of pinching shoes. Tradition that small feet are an excellent thing in women has persisted long and will not die without a struggle. Conservatives need not fear that women will carry this matter too far, for they know when to stop.—Success Magazine.

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A Quick Recovery. "Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time I won't ask for anything to eat." "All right," said his mother. "Get your hat." Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's lots of pie and cake in this house." The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added: "But what's that to me?"—Success Magazine.

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PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

WIT and HUMOR



HOW HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

Husband Home Late "From the Office" Makes Bad Blunder in Making Explanation to Wife. Man may declare that he is the lord of creation, but all the same he fears his wife above everything else should he happen to reach home very late at night. Recently a certain husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously. "What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife. "I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled. "Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse. And he never said another word all that night.

A Ready Reckoner. There are no cul-de-sacs for Irish wit. A "jarvey" drove Phil May, the wonderful English artist in black and white, now dead, round Dublin on his first visit to that city and in showing him the sights stopped in front of the bank of Ireland. "That, sorr," said he, "is th' receipt-able av th' money th' English take fr'm us!"

On the roof of the building are six decorative figures, and Mr. May inquired what they represented. "Begorra, sorr, they're th' twilve apostles." "But," said Mr. May, "there are only six." "Sure, I know that," returned the jarvey; "th' other wans are lunchin' wid th' lord lifinant."—Youth's Companion.

No Business Instinct. "Oh, papa," the beautiful young woman cried, "what do you think? Jack is a hero." "Huh! Every girl thinks the man she is engaged to is a hero." "But Jack really is one. He rescued his rich old uncle from a watery grave this morning. Here it is in the afternoon papers—with his picture and all."

"Send him word never to set his foot inside my door again. He is his rich, old uncle's nearest relative. And he rescued him from a watery grave! Hero! He's an idiot. An to think I had decided to take him into business as a partner! Lord, what a narrow escape."

HE SHOWED NO FEAR.



T-t-this is—the n-night—they s-s-say ghosts walk. A-a-are you skeered of g-ghosts? N-n-n-no! N-ne-neither am I!

What She Really Meant. The Milkman (emphatically)—Allow me to say on the first onset, mum, that my milk's pure, and don't you forget it! The Lady (frigidly)—My hallucinations was not made to the purity of your milk, my good man. I only observed that it made my mouth water!—Black and White.

Movable Foliage. "You ought to plant some shrubbery around the station. The division superintendent will be through in a few days." "That won't give me time enough to plant shrubbery," said the station master, "but I'll get some of our whiskered citizens to stand around as he passes through." Pat's Solution. "How peculiar that steamship looks sailing along with her propeller half out of water and a foot of her water line showing," said a bystander on the dock. "Niver motnd," said Pat, "thot's all be kivered up whin the toide gits in."

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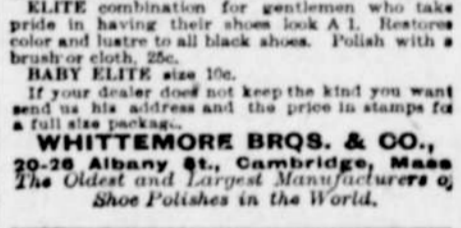
Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I can say I am a well woman. I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."—Mrs. HERMAN SIEG, Pound, Wis. The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you? If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.



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Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician. We publish our formulae. We banish alcohol from our medicine. We urge you to consult your doctor. Ayer's When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills work well in such cases. —Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—