

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

Love and Friendship

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain, and the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Caesar. For a while he exclaimed, as he wrote with his hand, palm downward, on the page: "A wonderful man was this Caesar! He was a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!" Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful: "He was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. Where have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."



Now to the Grave of the Dead. Hearing or hearing the other, Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar! He was first, he said, in a little Iberian village, and he was second in Rome; and I think he was right when he said it. He was married before he was twenty, and many times after; he fought five hundred battles, and a thousand cities he conquered; he, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded; he was finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, when he treated the rear-guard of his army, the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together there was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, and he himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, calling each by his name, to order forward the ensigns; then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;



Every Sentence Began or Closed With "Priscilla."

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. That's what I always say: If you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling. Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. Be not, however, in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!" Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish." Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases, " 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary; Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship. Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla. She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned. Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it, Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part. Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions, Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier. Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning; I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases. You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language, Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers, Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom, Just as a time-piece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered: "Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it; If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!" But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose, Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth: "Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing. Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, But march up to a woman with such a

proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon, But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman, That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar. Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases." Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added: "Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me; Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!" Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred; What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!" So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler, Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



"A Wonderful Man Was Caius Julius Caesar."

Glass Confusing to Them

Birds and Fish Do Not Easily Learn That They Cannot Penetrate It.

A correspondent recently reported what he described as the "curious freak" of a blackbird flying against a parlor window many times at the same spot.

Such an incident is not uncommon. Birds have been known to fight for hours at a time, day after day, with their own image reflected in a pane of glass, pecking and fluttering against the pane and quite exhausting themselves in their fury to demolish the supposed rival. It is another instance of how the arts of our civilization corrupt and confuse the birds. It is the same with fishes.

Darwin tells a story of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate glass from fish which were its proper food. In trying to get at the fish the pike would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. It did this for more than three months before it learned caution. Then when the glass was removed the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others freshly introduced.

It did not at all understand the situation, but associated the punishment it had received not with the glass, but with a particular kind of fish. Darwin's American monkeys proved themselves more "knowing." When they cut themselves once with any sharp tool they would not touch it again or else would handle it with the greatest caution.

Thus they gave evidence of the simpler forms of reason of which monkeys are no doubt capable, but birds are evidently lacking in reasoning powers.—The Scotsman.

Color of the Eye.

Brown eyes are due to a brown pigment laid down in the iris; blue eyes are due to lack of such pigment. When both parents are brown-eyed the children get the tendency to form iris pigment from both sides of the house, and the condition of the pigment is said to be duplex. If the children get the tendency from one parent only, they will have brown eyes, but the condition is said to be sim-

plex. Two parents lacking brown in the iris (blue eyed) will never have children with brown eyes, but only with blue eyes. If both parents have brown eyes simplex, then one in four of the children will have blue eyes. If one parent has simplex brown eyes and the other has blue eyes, one-half of the children will have blue eyes. But if in both or either one of the parents the blue iris pigmentation is duplex, all of the offspring will have brown eyes.

Names for "Good Friday."

Perhaps no Christian festival has so many names as Good Friday. Our Anglo-Saxon and Danish forefathers called it "Long Friday," in allusion to the length of the day's services and fasting; in France it is "Holy Friday;" in Germany either "Stiller Freitag" ("Quiet Friday) or "Charfreitag." In allusion perhaps to the exhibition of the crucifix for adoration after being veiled all through Lent. In the Greek church it has been known at various times as "The Pascha of the Cross," "The Preparation," "The Redemption" and "The Day of the Cross," and to these names the Latins have added "The Day of the Lord's Passion," "The Sixth Holy Day of the Pascha," and many others. "Good Friday" seems to be peculiar to the English language.

Japanese Pastime.

Combats between animals of different species are a source of great amusement among the Japanese. One of the most popular contests is that between monkey and goose. The monkey is tied to one of the goose's legs, by means of a cord, and both animals are set down near the bank of a river, or pond. The goose, standing in dread of the monkey, seeks for safety in the water, and the monkey, afraid of the water, exerts himself to the uttermost not to be drawn into it. As a rule, the goose draws the monkey into the water, and then the cunning simian sits astride of the goose, in equestrian fashion. The goose then tries to dive, and the monkey prevents her if he can; and so the fight goes on until the spectators tire, and the animals are released from an uncongenial companionship.

TELLS WHEN WATER BOILS

Novel Alarm Arrangement Invented by a German for the Benefit of the Cook.

The secret of good tea lies in pouring hot water over the leaves just as the water has come to a boil. If the water has had a chance to boil a while, some of the air in it passes off and the taste of the tea is much inferior. Of course a cook cannot stand around the kettle waiting for the exact instant the water comes to a boil, so a German invented an alarm to tell just when that moment was reached. Two metal arms extend out



over the spout of the kettle and are connected by wires to an electric bell. When the ends of the arm meet a circuit is formed which rings the bell. These points of contact are separated when the kettle is put over the fire by means of a lump of sugar placed between the two. The first puffs of steam that issue from the spout, just as the water is beginning to boil, melt the sugar and bring the arms together, ringing the bell. The cook then pours the water over the tea leaves at once.

COFFEE BREAD THAT IS FINE

It Contains Chopped Nuts and is Covered With Caramel and Orange Slices.

Half pint each of liquid yeast and water, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of white sugar, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, one cupful of stale light bread crumbs, and flour to make a stiff dough. Knead until elastic and glossy. Cover and place to rise. When well risen, which should be in two hours, work in one large well beaten egg. Dip into a shallow baking pan to the depth of little over one-half inch. When light bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven; keep covered for first ten minutes of baking.

Make a caramel of one cupful of white sugar, a tablespoonful of water, and the same amount of grated orange peel. Let cool, and when the bread is cold pour the caramel over the top, smoothing with a knife, and dot with thin slices of sweet orange. The bread crumbs are a great improvement and the result is a feathery, delicious coffee bread.

To Bottle Peas.

Green peas that are to be bottled should be gathered on a dry day and only peas that are perfectly sound should be used. Shell them carefully and dip them in boiling water in which a spray of mint has been soaked. After blanching, dry the peas and put them into wide necked bottles with mint and salted boiling water. Cover the bottles and put them, wrapped in hay, in a pan of water. Bring the water slowly to the boil and allow the peas to cook gently for an hour and a half. Set the pan aside till the peas are quite cold, then lift the bottles out and lay them on a damp cloth in a warm place. Hermetically seal the bottles, dry them carefully and store till required.

Salmon Salad Molds.

One cup of cold salmon, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of parsley, two drops of tabasco sauce, one tablespoonful of gelatin. Mix the salmon, lemon, parsley, tabasco, and gelatin dissolved in a little water with enough salad dressing to moisten. Wet one-half dozen molds. Fill with salmon, level the top of each one, and place on ice. When ready to serve turn out on lettuce leaves or on a small dish and serve with mayonnaise.

Steamed Sweet Corn.

Salt sweet corn thoroughly and steam a good twenty minutes. This saves gas, as it can be steamed over the potatoes and the corn will not turn yellow, as it often does when boiled, and is better cooked this way.

Browned Carrots.

Boil good sized carrots until partially tender, but not soft. Slice lengthwise, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and fry them in butter, browning first on one side and then on the other.