

# The Courtship of Miles Standish

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## John Alden

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, washed 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 angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation, "Welcome, O wind of the East, from



Buckled the Belt 'Round His Waist.

the caves of the misty Atlantic! How o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass, blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes 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. Pure 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 thundered a voice, like the voice of the prophet:

"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,

Bathsheba'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



Through the congenial gloom of the forest.

my own through the heart of a traitor? Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!

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 intrusted 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



Winding His Sinuous Way.

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 this 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 studied, 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!" Thereupon answered and said the ex-



cellent Elder of Plymouth, somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language: "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!" But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing: "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!" Then from the rattlesnake's skin with a sudden, contemptuous gesture, jerking the Indian arrows, he flung it with powder and bullets full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage. Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!" Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage, bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Too Much Ceremony.**  
A Cincinnati drummer happened to be put at a table at Columbus with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveler. It was: "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "the gentleman from Franklin do that?" They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever county they happened to hail from. For 10 or 15 minutes the drummer bore it in silence. Then he suddenly crushed the statesmen by singing out in stentorian tones to the waiter: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter!"

That ended the "gentleman from" business.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

**Thoughtful Child.**  
A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted: "Dear Angels—We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and cannot blow a trumpet."—Vanity Fair.

**Agents' Easy Task.**  
Some people are so easy, a Republic County (Kan.) editor says, that a smart agent could sell them a contagious disease.

## SERVE BEFORE LUNCH

ONE OF THESE NOVEL OVERTURES TO THE MENU.

Clam Cocktails Frapped Will Find Much Favor—Egg Appetizers Are Also Excellent—How to Prepare a Cold Entree.

A novel overture to the luncheon menu for one of these warm days would be clam cocktails frapped. They are not much trouble to prepare, and especially when guests are looked for add quite a touch of modernity.

To make them you will need one pint of clam juice. Add to the juice one-half cup of vegetable relish or tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of grated horseradish and Worcestershire sauce, juice of one lemon and four drops of tabasco. Turn into a freezer and frappe. Serve it in lemon cups, having these cups in champagne flares surrounded with shaved ice. Bank watercress around the stem of the glass so as to hide it after placing the glass on a small plate with doyle beneath.

Egg Appetizers.—Or these little appetizers made with egg may be substituted, if the clam juice is not at hand to lead off a more or less impromptu bill of fare. Combine one-third teaspoonful of horseradish, one teaspoonful of grape fruit juice, three drops of tabasco, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup and a dash of salt. (These are the proper portions for each cocktail.) Chill thoroughly and just before serving add an egg whipped to a light froth. Serve in cocktail glasses with a little cracked ice.

A Cold Entree.—For a cold entree on a hot day, try this excellent way with chicken. Cut up and wash a fowl as usual, and place it in a pan with hot water to cover. Bring it quickly to a boil, then reduce the heat to simmer it until tender. Pick the meat from the bones and return the latter to the broth. Add a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, half an onion, in which stick two cloves, and about a half teaspoonful of salt. Simmer the broth until reduced to less than a pint. Put the meat, light and dark alternately, into a mold lined with paper and decorated with a hard boiled egg, cut in slices or fancy shapes. Strain the liquid over the meat, after which put the dish in cold place for half an hour. Now place a closely fitting board or cover upon the meat and on this a weight. Let it stand until the following day, when it may be easily sliced.

### Summer Soup.

Three pounds of coarse lean beef, cut into strips; one pound of ham or salt pork bones; four quarts of water, two carrots, two turnips, 12 very small and young onions minus the stalks; one cup of strained tomato sauce; one cup of green peas, one-half cup of green corn from cob; pepper and salt. Cook the beef and bones in the water down to two quarts of liquid. Strain, cool and skim. Meanwhile cut carrots and turnips into neat strips or dice, parboil with the onion five minutes in boiling water. Return your skimmed and seasoned stock to the fire, and when almost on the boil put in the parboiled and drained vegetables, with peas and corn. Simmer half an hour. Add the tomato sauce and cook ten minutes more, then pour out.

### Tomato Preserves.

Peel twenty-four good sized ripe tomatoes, quarter and cook slowly one hour with one cupful less of sugar than you have tomatoes. Add nine large peaches that have been peeled and sliced thin, cook another hour. Leave in four of the peach stones while cooking. Upon removing from the fire add one tablespoonful of vanilla. Put in glasses and when cold cover with paraffin.

### German Beef Stew.

Cut two pounds of lean beef in cubes, brown in dripping with one onion, add two cups warm water or stock. Simmer three-quarters hour, add twelve small peeled onions, cook one-half hour, add twenty-four stoned olives. Fifteen minutes before serving add one-half cup sultana raisins or stoned prunes.

### Frying Eggs.

If a few drops of water are added to the fat and the frying pan covered eggs will not become tough.

### To Peel Eggplant.

Cut the egg plant in slices about an eighth of an inch thick. Then take a grapefruit knife and run it around the edge of each slice. This will remove the peeling all in one piece. Besides saving time and avoiding waste by thick peeling your pieces of egg plant are a better shape.

### Vegetable Hint.

The addition of a generous pinch of sugar to all boiling vegetables except potatoes gives a flavor which once tried will be repeated.