

The Courtship of Miles Standish

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Sailing of the Mayflower

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose 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. 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



Take his musket, and so stride out. Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure! Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people! Weakly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible. Weakly 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.



Standing Dejected, Unconscious of All.

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 spake not. Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake 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 lest 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! 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. "Yonder 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 omen 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 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



The Common Cares of the Household.

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 Gurnet, 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 end 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-illumed 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.



How Good You Have Been to Me.

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.)

The Hidden Purpose.
A young lieutenant from a New York regiment surveyed the Texas scenery gloomily and reflected upon his great distance from the lights of Broadway. The smoke from a smelter and the swirling sand from the low lying hills had spoiled the lieutenant's disposition. "Tell me," said an editor from El Paso, "isn't there some hidden purpose behind this mobilization?" "There is," replied the lieutenant. "We are going to force Mexico to take back Texas."

The Gun Camera.
A remarkable method of making birdseye photographs is by the use of a "gun camera," which is shot several feet into the air from the top of a standard in the head of which is an explosion chamber. The camera is set to expose from one to ten seconds after the explosion, when it reaches its full height. It must be caught in a net when it comes down to prevent it from being smashed.

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.

The Kansas Way.
Here is the way a Kansas paper duns its subscribers: "If you have frequent fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign you are not well, but liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice."

Often the Way.
"Now that your daughter has graduated she will have more time on her hands." "Yes." "I suppose she expects to help her mother?" "No, she expects to join another bridge club."

It May Be Your Whole Vacation.
Before deciding, send for handsome illustrated booklet.—New York Sun.

FISH "ROPES" MAN

BOSTON WHALER COMES TO PORT WITH WEIRD TALE.

Relates How an Enraged Dolphin Dragged Him Through the Water, After Pulling Him Off His Boat.

Boston, Mass.—John Haywood, able seaman and fisherman aboard the schooner Massasoit, which reached T wharf the other day, declared that he had undergone the very worst experience at sea with which he had ever met in all his years before the mast, or that he had ever heard of. He was dragged through the sea at a furious rate of speed by an enraged dolphin, narrowly escaping death at the tail of the monster.

In relating this very unusual adventure of the deep, Haywood said: "We had been out a matter of two weeks or more, had some fifteen swordfish under the decks, and I was standing with the lily iron in the pulpit waiting for a chance at a swordfish. "The whole cruise was sort of a funny one from my way of sighting it. You see, the water ought to be pretty cold on the banks, but, sink me if it was not warm enough clear to the Bay of Fundy from Georges Banks to douse an infant in, and we were out only a matter of a day or so, or more, when we sighted a great school of flying fish.

"Those bird fish are some scarce in these waters, and I never saw them so crazy-like. Why, sink me if they wouldn't even skim over the very poop, sometimes alighting on the quarter to wink at the skipper, and then flip into the water with a sort of chuckle. "Ever hear a flying fish chuckle? No? Well, it's some chuckle, sort of exasperating-like, and I once advised the skipper to spread a few sheets of fly paper over the deck so as to trap a few. The skipper, he allowed as the scheme was a right smart one, only the lack of fly paper spoiled it.

"Anyway, I was there in the pulpit with the lily iron getting heavy in my hand when I sighted what looked like a big swordfish. "I signaled astern, and as we came closer I let fly with the iron and caught the beast fair. It was no swordfish, though, worse luck; it was one of the dolphins that had played about the bows like puppy dogs for a whole day or more, and when I was letting out the line from the iron to the keg buoy which we drop with it, the line went so fast it caught me amidships about three fathoms abaft the critter's tail, and away I went, clean out of the pulpit.

"We must have gone a mile at least, and by the time the dolphin began to get tired I had brought up the keg and was hanging onto it for dear life with a load of sea water under my bulwarks. I was near dead when the schooner reached me and discovered that we had made that mile in just about 31-knot time. The fish had to be ironed again before it could be taken."

ASKS FOR A COURTSHIP ROOM

Pastor Would Establish Place for Boys to Woo and Girls to Be Wooed.

Hoboken, N. J.—The Rev. Joseph D. Peters, pastor of the First Reformed church of this place, suggests that a large public room be established and put in charge of a matron, so young persons may make love in it. In the pastor's opinion, most of the young men and women in a big city have no suitable place in which to woo and be wooed, and if such a place is provided, with restrictions, he is of the opinion the number of divorces will be lessened to a great degree.

"The need of a proper place for courtship," said the pastor, "has been responsible for many disastrous marriages, I believe, and if such a place would be provided, in charge of a matron who would be a sympathizer with heart affairs of the young, it would do wonders toward shaping a courtship to a glorious end. "There are so many young persons who have no place in which to make love. Many woosers and wooed never learn to know each other as they should before matrimony. Many think fascination is love because they have not had a sufficient opportunity to understand what real love is."

Woman of 96 Weds Man of 24.

Troy, Mo.—Mrs. Nancy Edey, 96 years old, has become a bride for the sixth time, her newest husband being Ree Indow, 24 years old. The bride's fifth husband died six weeks previous at the county poor farm here.

Dynamite Cured His Earache.
Shreveport, La.—Fellow-workmen in the employ of the Dolinger Lumber company told James Donovan dynamite would cure earache. It did. Donovan used one application and was buried two days later.