

STORY OF OCEAN MARY.

MACCOT OF THE SEA WON THE HEART OF A PIRATE.

The Touch of Nature That saved a Ship and Crew from Brigandage—Grew to Womanhood and Her Wedding Gown was Made From Pirate's Silk.

In the village burying ground at Henniker, N. H., may be seen standing among a dozen slabs of like design a small slate stone, whose inscription, in common with the others, in no manner suggests that the story of the one in whose memory it was set was different from the ordinary affairs of the hillside pioneer.

It is the grave of Ocean Mary. It was years and years ago that the baby maccot won the pirate's heart.

Previous to 1720, the year in which the principal events of this narrative occurred many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the North Channel and found for a time homes in the larger towns or on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

In those old times of slow ships and many perils of the sea, it was a far cry from Londonderry in Ireland to Londonderry in the granite State: still Scotland and the Emerald Isle had already sent sturdy pioneers to the new world, on the Merrimac.

Tradition, often the truer part of history has failed to save from oblivion the name of the ship which sailed from Londonderry for Boston in July, 1720, but she is said to have been in many respects vastly superior to others of her class in those times.

At any rate, long before she dropped anchor off the picturesque coast, many well-to-do families had prepared for the long voyage. Of those who from the deck of the departing ship watched the green shores of Ireland fade from view a large proportion were not only strong of limb, but thrifty and provident.

Out through Lough Foye, past Inishowen Head and far beyond Giant's Causeway, with favoring winds, sailed the fated ship.

Among the passengers were James Wilson and his young wife. A year before Wilson married Elizabeth Fulton, and they were on their way to Londonderry, N. H., where land had been laid out to James Wilson as one of the grantees of that town.

In the small valley settlement to which Wilson and his wife were travelling were friends under whose hands profitable harvest were sure, and a generation was springing up whose influence was to be felt long years after.

Concerning the earlier part of the voyage of the emigrant ship tradition is nearly silent, although certain fragmentary accounts hint of a protracted calm and following storm of such violence that the vessel was driven from her course. However that may be, it is reasonably certain that the passage was about one-third accomplished when events transpired that made the voyage memorable in the lives of all on board.

One sultry evening the lookout saw on the horizon a sail standing like a gray horizon a sail standing like a gray silhouette against the early rising moon. All through the hot summer night the strange craft wore nearer and nearer, and when morning came her low hull could be seen like a black shadow under her full set of canvas.

The pirate was within gunshot of the emigrant ship.

To fight or run away was not to be thought of. The slow ship had not a dozen muskets. They simply waited. They had not long to wait, for boats were soon alongside, and swarming upon the deck, the robbers fell to work as men who knew how to plunder and kill. Crew and passengers were bound, and some were left lying where they were captured, and some rolled into corners, just as suited a momentary freak of the invaders.

None were killed. Valuables were gathered into parcels convenient to be transferred to the pirate ship. The robber Captain going below to search the officers' quarters, threw open the after cabin door with a rough hand, but seeing a woman lying in the berth, stopped.

'Why are you there?' demanded the ruffian.

'See.' The terrified woman uncovered a baby's face.

Then the pirate drew near. 'Is it a boy or a girl?'

'A girl.'

'Have you named her?'

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'No.'

The pirate went to the cabin door and commanded that no man stir until further orders. Then, returning, he went close to the berth where the woman lay, and said gently, 'If I may name that baby, baby, that little girl, I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed; may I name the girl?'

'Yes.'

Then the rough old robber came nearer still and took up the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby. 'Mary,' was the name the woman heard him speak. There were other words, but spoken so low she could not hear. Only his Maker and his own heart knew; but when the child drew its hand away the mother saw a tear on the pink fingers.

There have been other knights than Bayard.

Here was one.

As good as his word, the pirate captain ordered all captives unbound, and goods and valuables restored to the places from which they had been taken; then with his crew he left his ship and pulled to his vessel. But the emigrant ship had scarcely got under way when a new alarm came to them. The private was returning.

It they were dismayed at his appearance they were surprised to see him come on board alone and go directly below to the cabin. There he took from a parcel a piece of brocadee silk of marvellous fineness of texture and beauty of design, at a little distance the effect of the pattern is as of a plaid combining in wonderfully harmonized tones nameless hues of red and green, softened with lines of what evidently was once white.

Time has perhaps, somewhat mellowed its color tone, but the richness of its quality is as the richness of pearls.

'Let Mary wear this on her wedding day,' the pirate said, as he lay the silk on the berth.

The pirate left the ship and was seen no more. In the fulness of time the emigrant ship reached Boston without further incident. There James Wilson died soon after landing. Elizabeth Wilson, with Mary, soon after went to live in Londonderry, where friends were waiting for them.

Here the widow married James Clark, great-great-grandparent of Horace Greeley

For years the people of the little hamlet religiously kept July 28 in thanksgiving for the deliverance of their friends from the hands of pirates.

Some time earlier in the year 1732 Thoman Wallace emigrated to America and settled in Londonderry, where on Dec. 18 of the same year he was married to Ocean Mary by the Rev. Mr. Davidson of that town. Her wedding gown was the pirate's silk.

A granddaughter and a great-granddaughter have also worn the same dress on like occasions.

Four sons were born to Mary Wallace, three of whom removed to Henniker. There on a slightly hill, Robert built the house which in his day was far and away the grandest mansion in all the country around. He was a man of large hospitality and intelligent strength of character.

Here Ocean Mary lived many years, and died in 1814 at the age of 94. Her grave is in the Center burying ground, about half way down the middle walk, a bowshot distant from the railroad station. The curious visitor may if he choose read the inscription on the slate:

'In memory of Widow Mary Wallace, who died Feb. 13. A. D., 1814, in the ninth-fourth year of her age.'

The likeness tradition has left of Ocean Mary is that of a woman symmetrically with light hair, blue eyes and florid complexion, together with a touch of the aristocracy of nature and a fine repose of manner in her energetic, determined and kindly ways.

The house is four miles from Henniker village and about the same distance from Hillsboro. The visitor, if he have an eye for the picturesque, though he regret the decay that has overtaken the old mansion, can but be charmed by the beauty of the landscape in the midst of which it is set.

BLUE CRAB AND MINNOW.

When the Crab Gets the Minnow and When the Minnow Gets the Crab.

The blue crab is a pretty fair hand at catching fish. It will lie in shallow water motionless, with its pincer claws extended and pincers open, waiting for a chance to nip a minnow. If one, coming swimming along through the water, should happen to pass between those open jaws, suddenly the jaws close and that is the last of the minnow. But the blue crab can do better than this; sometimes it will hold motionless in one claw a shred of something on which it has been feeding as a bait for minnows, holding at the same time its other big claw, with the pincer open, waiting. The minnows come up, charging for the food held in the closed claw; but there are likely to be enough of them to spread, and they may come from various directions, so that more than likely one will come within the waiting pincers of the opposite claw, and when one does the proceedings are closed for the time being.

But sometimes the minnows get the blue crab; as they may do when the crab is shedding. The crab knows when that time is coming, and then it makes for a place where it can shed its shell and stay in safety until its new shell is sufficiently hard to protect it. The crab comes in with the tide and makes for some place on the bottom, in shallow water, perhaps along the edge of the eel grass, or under some protecting patch of ulva, and then proceeds to dig a hole in which it can stay after it has shed its shell until it is strong enough to go about. It digs the sand or mud up around from under itself, and, as likely as not, leaves its discarded shell, in a most lifelike form, up on the sand on the edge of the hole, in front of it. This shell would frighten away some small fishes that would not dare to tackle a crab in its ordinary condition. The discarded shell, is a help to fishermen who are hunting crabs, because it shows where a crab may be found, and weakfish, which come in shore in shallow water to feed, hunt up soft crabs by searching the neighborhood of the spot where they find a shell, just as a fisherman would do.

When the crab first sheds its shell it is perfectly helpless. Its new shell is as yet so soft that it is no protection to it and no support; the crab cannot even stand up. The shell hardens rapidly, and it may be that by the time of the next full tide the crab will be able to move about and defend itself; but for a time after it sheds it is helpless.

Then is when the minnow gets the crab. The crab may have been left by the receding tide above the edge of the water. When the incoming tide has again covered the crab and surrounded it with water to the depth of an inch or two the minnows may discover it, and they come swimming along through the shallow water to attack it. Sometimes a fisherman discovered a soft crab by the splashing that the minnows kick up around it. It undisturbed the minnows swarming around the helpless crab kill and eat it. But sometimes another blue crab will appear and break up the minnow's feast. This is a blue crab that has not shed its shell, but has its armor on. It comes stalking in among the minnows, perhaps nipping one of them in its pincer claws as it comes up, and dispersing the rest.

The blue crab is a cannibal; it will eat its own kind. When the crab comes up there is any of the soft crab left, the newcomer will very likely eat that first, with one claw holding on meanwhile in its other the wiggling minnow which it has seized at the outset, keeping that to top off with.

Where He Belonged.

It may seem a novel idea that a man owes his being to the place where he happens to have made his growth as well as to the place where he was born, but such was the view of a Scotch witness.

'Are you a native of this parish?' asked the sheriff of a man called to testify in a case of distilling.

'Mainly, yer honor,' was the reply.

'I mean, were you born in this parish?'

'No, yer honor, I wasna born in this parish, but I'm mainly a native for a' that.'

'You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?' said the sheriff.

'No sir; I'm here just about sax year noo.'

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'Then how do you come to be mostly a native of the parish?'

'Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year syne, I just weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; sae, ye see about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, I amnae be mainly a native o'e.'

IKEY'S TRIP WEST.

Eye-Opening Experiences of a Man From New York With a Good Idea of Himself.

'You know my brother Ikey, of course?'

said the man who was treating a couple of friends to a boat ride to Coney Island. 'Ikey and I have been partners in business for twelve years. He has always stuck to the desk, while I have done the travelling. Ikey had an idea that New York couldn't run a day without him. He also thought himself the cutest, smartest man in the big town. Other New Yorkers who never get ten miles out of town have the same idea. Things happened to me on the road now and then, and I told Ikey about 'em, but I never could get him to believe that there was a man outside of Gotham who knew enough to rake in a poker pot with a straight flush in his hand. A few weeks ago I got hurt, and Ikey had to go out or lose customers. When he finally concluded to go, he went with his hat on his ear and a pocketful of 50 cent cigars. He was prepared to dizzle everybody.

'Ikey,' says I, as he was ready to go, 'look a little out for gum games. You'll run across chaps who know a crowbar from a clock.'

'Bah!' says Ikey as he picked up his grip and started off with a smile of contempt on his face.

'Well, I'm nearly dead of laughing over his adventures. He got off at Albany and was lugging his grip uptown, when a boy steps up and says:

'Hello, Senator! Glad to see you. I'll carry that grip along and make no charge.'

'It tickled Ikey to be taken for a Senator and it tickled him to save a dime, but the boy got away with the grip, and Ikey was hung up for two days until the police found it. At Rochester, as he was standing around the station, a stranger fell against him, and said:

'Beg pardon but ain't you the man who is going to build the Panama Canal?'

'I'm thinking of it,' says Ikey, sober as a judge, but three minutes later he finds his watch gone.

'In Buffalo, as he came out of his hotel, a stranger asked him if he wasn't the Governor, and then added: 'Excuse me while I knock that fly off!'

'Ikey rather carried the idea that he was the governor, but the stranger had got his diamond pin. In Cleveland one of our old customers set out to make things pleasant for my brother, and after dinner said to him:

'Say, Ikey, we've got a new game out here, and maybe you'd like to take a hand in? It's called poker, and there's a great chance to show your nerve by bluffing.'

'A new game!' says Ikey, as he throws up his hands. 'Why, we've been playing poker in New York for the last 200 years!'

'And Ikey took a hand in, and when the Buckeyes got through with him he was \$70 out of pocket. Getting along to Toledo a man worked \$25 out of him on a bogus check, and in Detroit he was let in as a sure winner on a horse race and lost \$35 more. That same night a thief entered his room and stole all his clothes and he had to telegraph me to get others to get home in. While he was on the way a pick-pocket got his last dollar, and he couldn't even pay car fare home from the station. It's a sore subject with Ikey, and you fellows must handle him gently, but it will do him a heap of good in the end. The swelling in his head has gone down by a third already, and he is almost ready to admit that he isn't infallible.'

His Message.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as other strange manifestations.

A man who had been none of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following despatch to his brother:

'I am saved. Try to break it to my wife.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. Q. The Institute, 'Longwood,' Gunnersbury, London, W., England.



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