

THE MAN THAT MARRIED MARY.

When shall I meet thee once again to tell
How thou hast been my life's uprising
leaves—
To answer to thy questions, "All is well!"
—Verses Grave and Gay.

ALTHOUGH he had, in addition to a local habitation, a name of his own—Peter Dunn to wit—he was always known as "the man that married Mary." By profession he was a plumber of some repute—that is to say, he knew by heart the meanderings and filigrees of every drain in the village; and he added to this experience knowledge, for he had the sense to carry about with him such white lead as was necessary to the fulfillment of his calling, instead of expecting the same to grow wild in every well ordered household—a false expectation which obtains among plumbers. For six days of the week he plumed, but on the seventh (or rather the first) he dressed himself in a little brief authority and a sort of black nightgown, and stood revealed to the eyes of an admiring parish church, the verger of the parish church. It was impressive to see him conduct to such seats as he deemed meet for them the strangers with his gait, and the way wherein—during the anthem—he distributed the almsbags among the recipients for whom they were reserved was a function in itself. On one memorable occasion, when performing this last mentioned rite, he stumbled over a top hat, placed in the aisle by some unwary stranger, sent it spinning up the church, and staggered after it in hot pursuit. For one awful moment it seemed that the pillars of Church and State were alike tottering; then the worthy verger righted himself, restored the stumbling block to its owner, and concluded the function, to the unforgotten delight of the sum of the hearers, who longed ever afterward to present a testimonial to the unknown author of the catastrophe. The inhabitants of Chertion did not wear top hats, and if they had they would have known better than to place such obstacles in the path of the just; so the verger's action, though that some alien brow had been, so to speak, the head and front of the offending, and they blessed that good accordingly, and never forgot the great "kick-off at 7 o'clock," as they called it.

But all these paltry honors and dignities paled before the fact that Peter Dunn ("plumbing verger" or "verging plumber," whichever one was pleased to dub him), was above all things, the man that married Mary. Beside this crowning distinction all meaner honors sank into insignificance. Mary had been the reigning beauty of Chertion for many years, and she would have cared to confess to, when she arrived at the conclusion that "leading ones" was not so satisfactory an occupation as marrying plumbers, and so decided to espouse her devoted adorer, Peter Dunn, who had regularly proposed to her every Saturday afternoon, for well, at least 250 Saturdays, at the lowest computation. With her office as reigning beauty of Chertion Mary Mills had combined the duties of village schoolmistress. She was a good girl, and did her work well, but she had no natural love of teaching, and she was very thankful at last to lay her occupation aside and become Mrs. Peter Dunn instead. Mary felt (as indeed did all the village, for she had read about it in the foolish days of her youth, but of this we have, of course, no record. Poor Mary, however, will not be the only one who will find the standards of this world all too high in the light of the next one; and there is much comfort in this thought.

But, though she looked down upon him on account of his rougher manners and inferior education, Mary Dunn was sincerely attached to her good little husband, and succeeded in making the few years she was spared to him years of radiant bliss for Peter. As for him, he simply worshipped the ground which his wife walked on. Mary had a younger sister of whom she was inordinately proud, who was a governess in a gentleman's family. She was, according to Mary, "quite the lady," and would, so Mary thought, consider it an honor to visit so humble a home as the Dunn's, which showed that poor Mrs. Dunn's standards of good breeding were as erroneous as her standards of other things. Therefore, though Mary sometimes went to see the beloved Amy, Amy never was allowed to come to Chertion or to be brought into contact with excellent man, her brother-in-law. Probably, had she come, Amy would have despised Peter as much as Mary did, for not to every one is it given to see the deeper meanings and to hear the hidden music in the common things of life—least of all to such frivolous little souls as those of the sisters Mills.

After Mary had been dead for some years a general feeling spread through Chertion that the man that married Mary was becoming a miser. He made a very good income, it was said, but he never gave a penny to any of his children, had only himself to support now that Mary was gone, and yet he saved and screwed at every point, which brought him into disrepute at Chertion. The cause of this miserly behavior was said to be that he had cleaned his house of all the treasures of a tin box, securely locked, which had been his abode under Peter's chest of drawers, and into this box the imagination of Chertion transferred all the savings which Peter so carefully hoarded.

One day the rector's eldest son, Jack, now at Oxford, rushed into his father's study, crying:

"I say, dad, what do you think? The man that married Mary has been robbed of all his savings!"

The rector pushed up his spectacles and gazed benignly at Jack from under them.

"Dear me, dear me, what a sad thing!" he murmured. "How much money has been stolen?"

"Nobody knows. But the tin box out of his bedroom has gone and the poor man is demoralized."

"No wonder," said the kind old rector. "The thief evidently climbed through the window while Dunn was out, as the door was locked."

"Did he take anything besides the tin box?" asked the rector.

"No," answered Jack, "for the very good reason that there was nothing else inside the house worth the carriage. There must be a pretty pot of money in that box, dad; for never a pipe in the whole village bursts without the man that married Mary being well paid for mending it, and he is remunerated for his pipe-opening duties, too; and yet he hardly has enough to eat, I hear, and there is nothing in his house worth a half-crown piece. The savings in that tin box must be up to a pretty sum."

"Dear me, dear me! It is very sad, Jack, my boy, when the love of money takes hold of a man—very sad."

"Well, the old boy is punished for it now, anyway," said Jack, with the untempered justice of the very young and inexperienced, "and I am glad of it."

"I'm not," sighed the rector. "I suppose punishments do good, but I am all ways sorry when there is a necessity for them. If poor Mary had lived Dunn would never have got into these mean ways; she was such a bright, pretty, superior girl."

"Which remark showed that the dispensations of providence are wiser after all than the reasoning of the most charitable old rector."

Later on in the day Jack Levett caught sight of a dark object lying in a ditch. He pulled it out and found it to be a tin box, with the lock picked open. In it there was nothing but a packet of letters in Mary Dunn's prettily old-fashioned writing and some faded, brown and crisp with age. The first he saw was two much of a gentleman to read, but he concluded they were love letters, as they were addressed to Peter Dunn, but as there was no money in the box he conjectured that the thief had taken what was valuable and thrown the rubbish away. So he took it straight to Dunn, with many condolences.

"I have found this box of yours in a ditch, Dunn," he said, "but I fear all the valuables have been taken out of it."

Peter seized the box and examined its contents.

"No, it's all right, Master Jack," he cried with excitement; "enough letters, and ten roses that she gave me at different times. And to think that they are all safe, and not one missing! I shall never cease to bless you, Master Jack, for what you have done for me this day—never."

"Of course, of course," said Jack, "but I have a feeling that you must have been money in the box, you seemed in such a way about it."

"Bless you, sir, I shouldn't have made all that fuss if it had only been money. But you see, these letters are all that I have left of my Mary, and I read them over and over again. She was a rare scholar, my Mary was."

"And so pretty, too," said Jack, kindly.

"Ay, Master Jack, she was that; and the sweetest way she was that. Why, I, and all the men of the village, were all in love with her. But she was a rare scholar, my Mary was."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Dr. Isaac Newton's Scientific Journey.

In an article on the measurement of the force of the wind, recently published in the Monthly Weather Review, an interesting story is recalled of how Sir Isaac Newton undertook such a measurement when a boy.

It was during a great gale on the 31 of September, 1658. The fact that Newton had no apparatus, did not trouble his ingenuity. He stood out in the wind and jumped as far as he could against it, and then as far as he could with it, and a comparison of the distances gave him the data for calculating the force of the gale.

How a Train Weeps Air Along.

Interesting results of an investigation of the effect produced by a rail road train on the air through which it moves were presented at a recent meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science, by Prof. F. E. Nipher. It appears that motion is communicated to the atmosphere many feet away, so that a large amount of air is dragged along with the train.

A Peculiar Air Current.

A peculiar air current, which arises near a swift-running train from the tendency of the moving air to topple a person over, and at the same time to communicate a motion of rotation to the body, which may cause it to roll under the train.

A Boy's Slide.

Before day broke on 28 last a rare and disastrous phenomenon occurred not far from Killarney, in Ireland. A great peat bog, lying on a hillside more than 700 feet high, broke loose at its lower edge, and the scum-like mass of peat and bog earth, which was some ten miles down the valley of the Owneave River. A house with eight occupants was swept away, and roads, bridges and fields were buried, yet the range of bog advanced so silently in the night that there was no warning.

The Great Mos.

New Zealand was once inhabited by a race of gigantic wingless birds, called the moas. Although now extinct, these birds are known to men of science through their skeletons, thousands of which have been found. Unfortunately, in the great majority of cases, the skeletons are not complete, and in reconstructing them for exhibition in museums it is necessary to match together the bones of different individuals. Recently, however, the British Museum has obtained a complete skeleton of a moa nearly ten feet high. Not more than three or four similarly perfect skeletons of this monster of an age long past are known to be in existence.

A Strange Fish.

Africa still contains much that is unknown and mysterious, notwithstanding the many explorations and discoveries of recent years. In Lake Tanganyika, for instance, there lives a species of large fish which rushes at the paddles of passing boats, but of which no description has yet been published.

True to Life.

The early patroness of Burns, Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, had an old housekeeper, an especially privileged person, who had certain aristocratic notions of the family dignity which made the admiration for her mistress, though she was a rustic poet, incomprehensible to her. In order to overcome this prejudice, Mrs. Dunlop gave her a copy of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which she read with great interest.

The Fear of High Places.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has lately been studying the origin of the various forms of fear and terror, and he suggests that the common fear of high places, which many animals exhibit, and which is very acute with some human beings, may be a vestigial trace, like the gill slits under the skin of our necks, inherited from our swimming ancestors.

Efficient Shot of Two Miles.

Practice science is still engaged upon the problems suggested by recent experiments in the use of gunpowder, projectiles and gunpowders. The rifle adopted for use in the United States navy has a bore less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter (accurately .0236 in.), and, with smokeless powder, is capable of sending a bullet over a range of about two miles, starting from the muzzle with a velocity of some 2,300 feet in a second. Similar rifles have been selected for use in the armies of several foreign countries, but the question is still under debate, in some quarters, whether the immense range and great penetrating power of these arms are not fully counterbalanced by the difficulties connected with their manufacture and use, and by the lack of "stopping power" of the projectiles.

Three Loos and a Root.

There is a peculiar pleasure in visiting a country where the people have a speech and manners of their own, and where at any time a man is liable to hear or see something new. The New York Sun describes an experience of a Northern traveler in the pine woods of New Carolina. He had started out to join some friends who were on a hunt for turkeys.

Finding no sign of them, he was glad to meet a native "N." an old road, and asked him if he had seen anything of the party.

"Yes, sah," he replied. "They're up his road yondub, three looks and a root, sah."

The New Yorker thought the native was giving him an "N." and in a puff he went on until he came to a ridge, where he met another pine-woods denizen at work, and asked him the same question. The man looked up the road. The farthest thing in sight was a big pine-tree, nearly a mile away.

"Yes, sah," he said. "I seen 'em 'nawin', sah," he said. "They was jes' 'bout one look 'n' a root from hyah then, sah."

The stranger glared at the man, and went grumbling on his way. Just before he came to the big pine-tree another native came out of the woods, and the New Yorker, with much mis-

GOOD ROADS

English Roads.

English roads are good because they are well built and well cared for; in the conclusion arrived at by a writer who has been investigating the subject. He says that they are the finest anywhere in the world. Some of the highways leading out of Bath were made by the Romans, and the other highways are of scientific construction, with deep foundations and ample provisions for drainage. Besides, they receive constant supervision and care. Every highway has a standing committee on roads, which take charge of the highways and keep them in repair. The committee is divided into sub-committees, to each of which is assigned a district.

There is an inspector for each division, who employs a force of road menders and holds each responsible for a portion of the road assigned to him. The road mender lives in a cottage on the highway which he is required to keep in order. He goes over the road every day and removes in a barrow everything that is unsightly. After every heavy rain he looks out for breaks, and mends them by dumping loads of dirt where needed. Samples of dirt are kept along the road at intervals, ready for the use of the road mender. He watches the road the year round, and if there is any neglect, he receives a sharp warning from the inspector. This is the English system of maintaining good roads, and it will be necessary to have a similar system in this country before the roads here will compare with those of the older country.—Baltimore Sun.

Good Roads vs. Bad Roads.

The present state of our common roads ought to stimulate any public spirit that may still exist among our farmers. Oh, such heaps of mire, or frozen masses like loads of stones dumped on the roads, are the character of the roads in this vicinity.

This winter, owing to absence of snow enough to make good sleighing, has been a very trying one to our farmers who had to produce to haul to market or were obliged to come to town to get their mail. To present a realistic estimate of what our roads are at present, I will give you readers a single instance of one of our "dreadful" highways. I live at the termination of one of the finest avenues of elm trees I ever saw. Dr. Weed, my next neighbor, planted them over forty years ago, and they have grown up and formed an avenue over a mile long. This Park avenue, is one of the attractions of our city, and strangers are always taken to admire the approach to our city that cannot be equaled in any of the parks of Europe. Three months ago, when the roads were dry and dusty, this avenue was the favorite drive for pleasure-seekers, and the bicycle riders kept it warm.

The avenue is a fine level surface, and the road graders had it put in nice shape by rounding up the middle of the road. About a week since a large drove of cattle was driven down this avenue. That day the thaw was about six inches in depth, but that night it froze hard, and you can imagine the state of the road next day—scarcely a single square yard that was not punctured full of holes six inches deep; and, incredible as it may appear, there is an inexhaustible supply of gravel within half a mile of the road, and there were idle men and teams enough this winter to have made three or four first-class roads across the country.

I am the firm advocate of gravel roads for our prairie country, and give the following reasons:

First—They are the cheapest, and when the road is in good shape and drainage secured, the top dressing can be applied any time, even during the winter.

Second—Gravel can be obtained within easy reach of the roads, as most counties produce it, and it requires no expensive machinery to spread it.

Third—When depressions occur or holes form, gravel soon forms a smooth surface when used in repairs, and soon becomes incorporated with the road bed.

Fourth—It is always clean, as the rain washes off the mud and the wind blows off the dust.

Drainage is the first consideration in all road building, particularly in gravel roads.

This road question grows so important as I write that I will have to defer further remarks to another letter; in the meantime the farmers should hold meetings to consider the best means to secure better roads, and county conventions should be held to determine on future action. Samuel Smett, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Hats Locked for 8 feet.

A Waterbury (Conn.) gentleman has had his hat locked or "exchanged" so often that he has his hats with him and has evolved a hat rack for hotels or other semi-public places, which effectually prevents theft. It consists of an oak cabinet, with brass mountings, similar to the hat rack used in large hotels, except that there is a separate compartment for each hat. When a person comes into the hotel he places his hat in one of the compartments and pulls down in front of it a sliding door, similar to that of a roller-top desk. This releases the key, which is otherwise fastened in the lock, and he puts it in his pocket. On leaving the hotel he unlocks his hat, the slide springs up to its place again and "there you are."

A Loos Talker.

Mr. Bloomfield—I don't like Spiffins. He has wheels in his head, and he is an expression to be condemned! Mr. Bloomfield—Indeed I don't. I know that Spiffins has wheels in his head.

Mr. Bloomfield—How do you know? Mr. Bloomfield—By the spokes that come out of his mouth.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Young Lawyer.

Smith—Is young Flyingwedge practicing law? Williams—I think not. He was called to the bar, but I think he is practicing economy.—Illustrated Bits.

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