

THE PERSIMMONS.

Oh, a little persimmon grew high on a tree—
On a tree—on a tall, tall tree!
And a little boy said: "It is growing for me,
But I haven't a pole that can reach it," said
he—
The persimmon that grew on the tree.

Oh, a little persimmon grew high on a tree—
On a tree—on a tall, tall tree!
And another boy said: "It is right overhead,
And when I grow big I can reach it," he
said—
The persimmon that grew on the tree.

And while they were talking another boy
came—
To the tree—to the tall, tall tree,
And he jerked his short jacket and climbed
to the top.
While they shouted below: "He will drop!
He will drop!"
He was fond of persimmons; he collared the
crop
OK persimmons that grew on the tree!

Mercy Foote's Reconstruction.

A rug pathway meandered from the
kitchen door to the parlor door, with
ramifications on either side to chairs
and sofa and table. Square rugs and
round rugs and oblong, octagonal, oval
rugs filled up all the chinks. There
was scarcely a square inch of the carpet
visible anywhere.

The two or three ambrotypes and
steel engravings in solemn black wal-
nut frames were befooled behind veils
of mosquito-netting. The comfort-
able-looking lounge was draped in
crisp, clean newspapers to protect the
new covering underneath. The face of
the clock on the mantel looked out
coolly through its veil of netting.

It was dim and cool in the big, clean
room—and empty. They sat in the
kitchen or, on especially hot evenings,
out on the porch. There was so much
danger of flies in the sitting-room, and
dust and sun-fading and all sorts of
dreadful things, especially in dog-
days. It was dog-days now.

Mercy Foote was upstairs in the
unfinished chamber, "resting;" but it
was so hot and so close that even to
rest was hard work. She never
dreamed of going into one of the spot-
less, speckless chambers and "nuss-
ing up" one of the white, plump beds.
Mercy Foote was a very neat woman—
some of the neighbors openly called
her "pison neat."

About midway of the afternoon
Nathan Foote came up through the
orchard from the hay-field. He walked
very slowly, as if it hurt him. Every
minute or two he mopped his bald,
shiny head with his handkerchief and
drew long, tired breaths. Nathan was
almost an old man—a good deal older
than Mercy.

He had been working hard all day,
and every individual old muscle felt
strained and sore; and how his back
ached! It was a rather long way, too,
up to the house.

Mercy put her lips to the window-
screen and called sharply to him when
he came into sight round the corn-
house.

"Nathan, go in through the stable,"
she called, "and mind you slide the
door to real quick behind you! I've
been out there fly-powdering. I don't
want to have flies following you in.
Shut it the instant!"

"Yes, Mercy," Nathan said, wearily.
It looked like a long, circuitous route
into the house, and he was very tired.
He slid into a narrow crevice in the
door, rubbing his aching bones
against the edges. Then he braced
himself and slid back the heavy
door.

In the sudden transition from the
hot glare outside to the dusky interior
he felt dizzy and blinded, and had to
sit down on a wagon-thill a minute.
Then he shuffled up the steep stairs
and through the "shop" and wood-
house to the kitchen, opening and
shutting all the doors with consen-
suous despatch. Mercy's voice drifted
down to him, muffled but incisive.

"Don't wash in the best wash-dish,
Nathan. I've got it all scoured up.
You get the old one over the tubs in
the wood-house, and mind you empty
the water out in the asparagus bed. I
don't like to have the sink all wet
up."

"Yes, Mercy."
He got the old basin and filled it
and set it on a chair with the soft-soap
crook. Some of the drops splashed to
the shining floor, and stooping with
evident pain, he wiped them up care-
fully.

"I declare," he murmured, "I don't
know as I was ever more beat out
than I am this afternoon! I don't
know as I was ever! I guess I've got
to lie down a spell."

"Nathan!"

"Yes, Mercy."

"If you're thirsty, you'd better
draw some water out of the well; the
pump's all dry and clean. I gave it
a hard cleaning today, the last thing."
Nathan took the basin of water out
through the stable door and emptied
it over the asparagus-bed. He made
a second journey over the same toil-
some route for a drink of water.

"I've got to lie down somewhere
right away!" he muttered. "I'm all
beat out!"

"Nathan!" Mercy called.

"Yes, Mercy."

"Did you rub your feet on the mat
in the porch and the scraper?"

"The scraper's out to the kitchen
door, Mercy!" Nathan called back,
raising his voice with an effort.

"Did you rub 'em on the porch
mat?"

"Yes. I don't know as I did all the
times. I did once."

A groan, muffled but clearly audible,
descended to Nathan.

"I can't help it," he muttered. "I
guess I'll go lie down on the sitting-
room sofa a minute. I'll have to; I
can't stand up."

He took off his boots and padded
softly along the rug pathway. It was
so dim in there that not till he got
close to the lounge did he notice the

newspapers covering it. He lifted one
of them off with a little determined
twitch of his lips, but replaced it
hastily, and padded softly back to the
kitchen. He went to the door.

"Mercy," he called up, "where's
the last paper? I don't see it any-
where."

"Goodness, Nathan Foote, shut
that door! You'll let in a mess of
flies!"

"Where's the last paper, Mercy?"
Nathan's diminished voice rose, patient
and tired, to Mercy's ears through the
closed door.

"It's all piled up nice, Nathan. You
don't want it now. You take the
almanac over the kitchen table and
read the jokes!" she called back. He
got the almanac and put on his boots.
Then he dragged them wearily, step
by step, out to the stable. His griz-
zled, seamy face was drawn with ex-
haustion and pain.

Mercy Foote came down-stairs at
precisely five o'clock to get supper.
Just as she stepped over the kitchen
threshold the last stroke of the clock
was clanging. That was her rule.
Mercy was as methodical as she was
neat.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "there's
a fly!—there's two flies!" She caught
up one of the deftly folded news-
papers that she kept hidden in handy
hooks and proceeded to wage war.

"Nathan's so careless!" she fretted.
"But I didn't think they'd find their
way clear in from the stable!"

She peered into the sitting-room,
and noticed that one of the papers on
the lounge was awry. "Nathan's
been in there—yes, there's a wisp of
hay on the speckled rug! Now I
suppose, I've got to go to sweeping!"

It was quarter of six before supper
was ready on the kitchen table. Mercy
had arranged the dishes precisely, but
there seemed very few of them. "It's
too hot to light the fire, and 'twould
muss up dreadfully—the shavings and
all. We'll have just a cold lunch.
Nathan oughtn't to eat hearty victuals
after haying and getting all heated
up."

"Nathan! Nathan!" she called from
the porch door, which she warily
opened only a crack. He was not out
there. She could not find him any-
where.

She went all over the house, and
peered from all the tightly screened
windows. She put on her sunbonnet
and blew the dinner-horn. She always
put on her sunbonnet when she blew
the horn, nobody knew why. Mercy
didn't know herself.

There was a little circular hole in
the upper part of the kitchen door,
protected by a swinging disk of wood.
It was to blow the dinner-horn
through. Nathan made it for her so
that she need not open the door and
run the risk of the entrance of flies.
She slid away the wooden cover and
quickly inserted the end of the horn
into the hole, and blew long, resonant
blasts. They echoed back to her
lonesomely.

The clock struck six—seven. Still
Nathan did not come. Mercy went
out to the hay-field and all over the
little farm. Her heart grew heavy
with new, unacknowledged dread.
Where was Nathan?

"I'm beginning to get scared," poor
Mercy confessed to herself. Why was
it that she kept remembering the
sharp words she had said to Nathan?
Why did she remember how old and
tired out he had looked at dinner?

Why, when she went into the dreary
little porch-room, should the wooden
chairs stiff and uncomfortable, remind
her so insistently of their sitting out
there together—she and Nathan—to
save "mussing" the sitting-room? She
could see just how uneasily Nathan
sat on the edge of his chair, without
any resting place for his shirt-sleeved
old arms—Goodness where was
Nathan?

Terrible things she had read of
and heard of kept recurring
to her mind with dark insin-
uation. Could it be possible that
weary old men with fussy, scolding
wives ever—ever—Oh no! But where
could Nathan be? Eight o'clock—one,
two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
slow, solemn, significant clangs!
Mercy went out into the wood-shed—
into the stable—anywhere, away from
the sound of the clock's voice that
scolded her incessantly.

The hungry old horse in his stall
was whinnying and pawing for his
supper. Mercy stroked his nose.

"I'll go get you some hay, poney,"
she said. She went upstairs to throw
it down to him, and there was Nathan,
asleep in the hay! He lay in the pro-
found, relaxed slumber of utter wear-
iness. The yellow almanac had fallen
from his fingers and lay beside him.
She knew he was tired, and not very
well. He had been driven to take his
rest in the barn!

Mercy tiptoed back into the house,
breathing long, free breaths all the
way, and forgetting to shut the doors.

She built a fire and filled the tea-
kettle and made many trips to the
pantry, coming back with sundry
dishes that Nathan liked, and crowd-
ing the table with them. She took a
lighted lamp into the sitting-room and
set it on the table. With a vigorous
sweep of the arm she bundled together
the newspapers on the lounge, and
carried them out.

"There," she said, "now I'll fetch
a pillow and put a paper handy."

A few minutes later she stood in
the porch door and blew long, steady,
penetrating calls on the horn. Nathan
heard them and came in, looking
guilty.

"I guess I went to sleep, Mercy,"
he said. "I must have. I was all
beat out when I came in."

They sat down together to the
savory little supper. The pungent,
pleasant odor of steaming tea filled
the room. Nathan ate with the hearty
relish of a well-rested man, and Mercy
watched him with delight.

Suddenly Nathan suspended his

knife and fork and looked across at
Mercy, troubled.

"If there ain't two pesky flies!" he
said, ruefully.

Mercy's eyes were glued with
dogged heroism to her plate.

"Where?" she said, cheerfully. "I
don't see 'em Nathan."—Youth's Com-
panion.

NAMING OF THE MONTEREY.

Story of the Manner in Which the Mon-
itor Received Its Christening.

The story of the naming of the big
coast defense monitor Monterey, has
never been told in print. When prepa-
rations for her launching were being
made at San Francisco, Irving M.
Scott, general manager of the Union
Iron works, was at Washington, and a
number of Californians wired him to
use his influence with Benjamin F.
Tracy, then secretary of the navy, to
have the ship named for some Califor-
nia town, and Scott hit upon Mon-
terey as a name that appealed to him as
appropriate and the request was ac-
cordingly preferred.

"I'll see what I can do," said the
amiable secretary and, ringing a bell,
he summoned the head of the war de-
partment having the matter in charge.
When the matter was explained the
chief of bureau replied:

"But you know, Mr. Secretary, the
rules require that ships of that class
shall be named in honor of some naval
battle in which the Americans have
participated. So far as I know there
has never been a battle of Monterey."

This rule has been changed since,
but Mr. Scott, seeing the corner he
was in as the matter stood, retorted
promptly.

"Yes, it is true that there has never
been a battle at Monterey, but let me
tell you a story. In 1846, when we
were having our little unpleasantness
with Mexico, an American man-of-war
was lying in the harbor of Mazatlan.
Near her lay an Englishman, who
had an uncomfortable way of keeping
her guns pointed in the direction of
the American. Now, the Yankee
skipper, who was typical of his class,
got it into his head to raise his flag at
Monterey, Cal., which was the capital
of that territory, and it so happened
that the Englishman got the same no-
tion just about the same time. The
Yankee suspected something of the
kind and made up his mind not to be
outwitted.

"Late that afternoon he sent a lot
of his men ashore and when the boats
returned to the ship without them the
Britisher made up his mind that they
would not be back until the following
day. Satisfied with this conclusion,
he sat down to wait. But the Yankee
was a hustler, as Yankee sailors always
are. The night was as dark as a stack
of black cats, and along about 10
o'clock the American boats with muf-
fled oars rowed the crew back to the
ship, and in the inky darkness that
Yankee skipper slipped his cables and
warped his ship out of the harbor
without the fact even being suspected
by the Englishman. When day broke
he was fifty miles up the coast, scud-
ding along before a ten-knot breeze.

"The other fellow saw he had been
outgeneraled, but he made an effort to
rectify his blunder. He had a smart
crew and a fast ship. There was no
reason, he figured, why he might not
overtake his rival and beat him to
Monterey. He tried it and came very
nearly making a success of it. He
sailed into Monterey harbor just
two hours behind the American and
dropped his anchor in time to see the
stars and stripes rise to the head of
the flagstaff in the plaza and flutter to
the breeze. Monterey and California
were ours."

"Don't say another word, Scott,"
said Secretary Tracy. "That ship shall
be the Monterey."

And Monterey she is.

A Queer Industry in Rattlesnakes.

William Beans of West Davenport
Penn., has a queer industry. His
home is a short distance from that vil-
lage, and back of the house is a hilly
piece of ground which abounds with
rattlesnakes. This species of snake is
numerous for a vicinity, and Mr.
Beans is an expert in capturing them
alive. He has a peculiar way of hand-
ling them, and says he has never been
injured, although he has captured sev-
eral hundred of the reptiles.

The oldest and one of the largest
snakes he ever captured he recently
had in a cage at his home. It meas-
ured six feet two inches in length, and
had twenty-two rattles, which are said
to indicate the years of its life. After
exhibiting his prizes proudly for a few
days, Mr. Beans kills them and ex-
tracts the oil from their flesh. The
skins he cuts and sells. The rattle-
snake oil is considered a cure for rheu-
matism, and brings a high price. The
strange old man has some stories that
are thrilling of his experience with
the poisonous things, and a person
not familiar with snakes would shud-
der to hear him relate them.—New
York Press.

Watch as a Compass.

Very few people are aware of the
fact that in a watch they are always
provided with a compass, with which,
when the sun is shining, the cardinal
points can be determined. All one
has to do is to point the hour hand to
the sun, and south is exactly half-way
between the hour and the figure
twelve on the watch. This may seem
strange to the average reader, but it
is easily explained. While the sun is
passing over 180 degrees (east to
west) the hour hand of the watch
passes over 360 degrees (from six
o'clock to six o'clock). Therefore the
angular movement of the sun in one
corresponds to the angular movement
of the hour in half an hour; hence,
if we point the hour toward the sun the
line from the point midway between the
hour hand and twelve o'clock to the
pivot of the hands will point to the
south.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Charming Model.

This charming May Manton model
shows figured silk barege in oleander
pink and white, made over pale green,
the full yoke being of pale pink mous-
seline de soie.



GIRL'S AFTERNOON COSTUME.

The gathered ruching
that provides the decoration for the
waist, sleeve caps, wrists and skirt is
of the dress material, edged with sin-
gle rows of pale green baby ribbon,

front lining and closes at the left
shoulder and under blouse front.

A standing collar of the tucked or-
gandy finishes the neck, closing with
front at left shoulder.

Stylishly pointed revers roll softly
over from the rounded tops of the
blouse fronts and rounded epaulettes
stand out over the tops of the two
seamed sleeves.

The skirt, comprising six gores,
has a narrow front and two gores on
each side, the straight back breadth
especially adapting it to wash goods
and all thin fabrics.

Whether for silk, wool or cotton
goods, the simplicity of this style rec-
ommends it to home dressmakers, and
flat bands, ruchings, applique, em-
broidery, lace or insertion will form
appropriate decoration.

Patriotic Bathing Costume.

The patriotic combination of color
now so popular is artistically carried
out in the effective costume here il-
lustrated. Blue brillantine is the
material representing the sailor col-
lar, shield and facing at foot of skirt,
bloomers and sleeves being of white
silk alpaca, over which is applied rows
of red braid in wide and narrow
widths. Belt of braid, and sailor
knot, with ends of soft red silk. This
costume combines grace with utility,
and its perfect fit will recommend it
to the most fastidious bather. The
blouse, waist and moderately wide
bloomers are shaped together and ad-
justed by shoulder and under arm
seams, and inside leg seams, extra
length being allowed for the blouse



LADIES' GUIMPE WAIST AND SIX-GORED SKIRT.

and the pretty sash of pale green tafa-
feta, with fringed ends, is gracefully
knotted at the left side. A smooth
fitted body lining, that closes in cen-
tre back, is the foundation for the full
deep yoke that is gathered at the neck
and shoulder seams, front and back,
and at the lower edges. Over this the
blouse front and full drawn back are
arranged, showing a square outline in
back and a bib outline in front. Gath-
ers at the waist-line arrange the fash-
ionable pouch front. The skirt is
shaped with front and side gores, and
a full straight breadth in centre back,
which is gathered and sewed to the
waist. The lining of pale green shows
softly through the two-seamed sleeves
that drop in a slight puff at the top
under the gathered sleeve cap. A
wrinkled stock of mouseline finishes
the neck.

The sleeve lining can be omitted and
the lining at the neck cut away if a
transparent effect is desired.

The mode is desirable for all sorts
of summer dresses, whether of silk,
wool or cotton fabrics, and very artistic
combinations can be developed by
individual taste and a wise choice of
material.

The Season's Favorite Costume.

The favorite waist this season
shows the guimpe effect, and a more
graceful or generally becoming style
has seldom appealed to the popular
taste.

Our illustration represents alu-
minum gray poplin made over yellow
taffeta, the yoke and plastron front
that simulate the guimpe and the
sleeves being of finely tucked sheer
white organdy. Gray, black and yel-
low silk embroidered passementerie
is used to decorate this handsome
gown, and the waist is encircled by a
French gilt jeweled belt. The body
lining, fitted with double darts and
other usual seams, closing in centre
front, is the foundation over which
the round yoke facing in back and
plastron front that simulate the
guimpe is applied.

The plastron is sewed to the right

effect in front. The shield is sewed
permanently to the right side and the
buttons on under the collar at the left.
Long or short sleeves are a matter of
choice, as both styles are included in
the pattern. The skirt is shaped with
front and side gores, a straight back
breadth gathered at the top closing in
centre. Buttons placed at the waist-
line, in centre-back and under-arm
seams, corresponding to buttonholes
worked in the band of skirt, hold the
two securely together, and the belt of
braid sewed only on one side covers
the buttons. Costumes in this style
can be made all in one color, black or
navy blue being the most serviceable
and least conspicuous. Blue or black



WOMAN'S BATHING COSTUME.

serge, with white braid decorations, is
as popular as it is pretty, and other
combinations will be suggested by in-
dividual taste.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-
Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

In all countries more marriages take
place in June than in any other month.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric
Soap is the best in the world, and for 23 years
it has sold at the highest price. Its price is
now 5 cents, same as common brown soap.
Bars full size and quality. Order from grocer. Add.

Juan Ponce de Leon discovered the coast
of east Florida in 1512.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave,
Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every
one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In the Klondike region in midwinter the
sun rises from 9.30 to 10 a. m. and sets from
2 to 3 p. m.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c
If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Since 1892 there has been a decrease of
1000 students in the Scotch universities.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-
ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great
Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 bottle and treatise free.
Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A doctor in France is not permitted to
inherit property left to him by a deceased
patient.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak
men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Meerschaum is a silicate of magnesia,
and is to be found chiefly in Asia Minor,
Greece and Madrid.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused
stomach can no longer cheerfully and
properly perform its duties, a few doses of
Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to
a withered plant. This medicine tones the
stomach, restores digestive strength, cre-
ates an appetite and with a little care in
diet, the patient is soon again in perfect
health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents

A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered
from attacks by stray dogs when riding
his wheel, set his wits to work to devise
something which would be an effica-
cious, and yet comparatively harmless,
means of defense. As a result he has
brought out and patented a pocket
pistol which will shoot ammonia,
water or other liquid. The most vici-
ous dog cannot withstand a few drops
of ammonia in his mouth or eyes, and
yet there is no danger of actually in-
juring a valuable animal which might
playfully annoy a rider. The weapon
has proved so much of a success as a
means of defense as well as fun-mak-
ing, that the lucky inventor is realizing
much money from his device.

Some of the wooden churches of
Norway are fully 700 years old and
are still in an excellent state of pre-
servation. Their timbers have success-
fully resisted the frosty and almost
arctic winters because they have been
repeatedly coated with tar.

TUMOR EXPELLED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. ELIZABETH WHEELLOCK, Magnolia,
Iowa, in the following letter de-
scribes her recovery from a very critical
condition:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been
taking your Vegetable Compound, and
am now ready to sound
its praises. It
has done won-
ders for me in
relieving me
of a tumor."

"My health
has been poor
for three years.
Change of life
was working
upon me. I
was very
much bloated
and was a bur-
den to myself. Was troubled with
smothering spells, also palpitation of
the heart and that bearing-down feel-
ing, and could not be on my feet much."

"I was growing worse all the time,
until I took your medicine."

"After taking three boxes of Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lozenges, the tumor passed from me."

"My health has been better ever
since, can now walk quite a distance
and am troubled no more with palpi-
tation of the heart or bloating. I re-
commend your medicine to all sufferers
from female troubles."

It is hardly reasonable to suppose
that any one can doubt the efficiency
of Mrs. Pinkham's methods and medi-
cine in the face of the tremendous vol-
ume of testimony.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLY-
ING TO ADVT'S. NYN-26

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a
movement of the bowels, not being able to
move them except by using hot water injections.
Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in
this terrible condition; during that time I did
everything I heard of but never found any relief; such
was my case until I began using CASCARE