1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

FIRST OF ALL-THE NEWS.

The Boanoke Beacon.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1898.

NO. 45.

#### THE PERSIMMONS.

Oh,a little persimmon grew high on a tree-On a tree—on a tail, tail 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 tail, tail tree! And another boy said: "It is right overhead, and when I grow big I can reach it," he

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

Of 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 walnut frames were befogged 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 coyly through its veil of netting.

It was dim and cool in the big, clean room—and empty. They sat in the 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 dogdays. 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 spotless, speckless chambers and "mussing up" one of the white, plump beds, Mercy Foote was a very neat womansome of the neighbors openly called

her "p'ison neat." About midway of the afternoon Nathan Foote came up through the orchard from the hay-field. He walked very slowley, as if it hurt him. Every mirute or two he mopped his bald, shing head with his handkerchief and drew long, tierd 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 windowscreen and called sharply to him when he came into sight round the corn-

"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 woodhouse to the kitchen, opening and shutting all the doors with conscientions despatch. Mercy's voice drifted down to him, muffled but incisive.

Don't wash in the best wash-dish, Na han. 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 crock. Some of the drops splashed to the shining floor, and stooping with evident pain, he wiped them up care-

"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!"

> hirsty, you'd better but of the well; the ean. I gave it last thing.' water out

> > emptied

made

toil-

"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 sittingroom sofa a minute. I'll have to; I can't stand up."

He took off his boots and paddled 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 anywhere.

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

"Wher'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 grizzled, seamy face was drawn with exhauston 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

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "there's a fly!-there's two flies!" She caught up one of the deftly folded newspapers that she kept hidden in handy nooks 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 'pose, 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 eathearty victuals after haying and getting all heated

"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-

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 bow 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 insinuation. 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-shedinto 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 profound, relaxed slumber of utter weariness. The yellow almanac had fallen om his fingers and lay beside him. s knew he was tired, and not very He had been driven to take his

cy tiptoed back into the house,

"Did you rub 'em on the porch | breathing long, free breaths all the RAMS IN NAVAL BATTLE. way, and forgetting to shut the doors.

She built a fire and filled the teakettle and made many trips to the pantry, coming back with sundry dishes that Nathan liked, and crowding 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 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

"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-

# THE ATMOSPHERE OF LONDON.

It Contains More Things Than Any Other

City-Dust Enough for Food. Only by degrees are the marvelous qualities of our London atmosphere becoming known. No city in the world can boast such a peculiar aerial composition as that which the inhabitants of the metropolis have served to them daily and nightly, without money and without price—for neither the government, county council nor vestries have yet attempted to tax the highly nutritive air which we breathe. Most people think that our atmosphere consists of practically nothing. Quite a mistake. It is both meat and drink. A paper contributed to the 'Transactious' of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine states that even in a suburb the dust particles number 20,000 per cubic centimeter in the open air, and 44,000 in a quiet room; while in the city-O fortunatos nimium !- the totals per cubic centimeter were 500,000 when taken from a roof, 300,000 in a court, and about 400,000 in a room. In other words, the air of the square mile is 900 per cent, thicker than in the suburbs, which is in accord with the general experience that fogs are both more dense and more frequent over the centre than in the outskirts. But what is especially interesting is to learn that although dust is the great carrier of micro-organisms, there is only one of these articles per 38. 000,000 atoms of dust. Thus it is calculated a man could live in the metropolis for several years and only absorb 25,000,000 microbes into his system from the air, or about the same number as he drinks in half a pint of unboiled milk. Of course, there are other serious objections to dust; but it is something to know that there is only one microbe to many millions of motes. - London Telegraph.

## Pedes rian Feats.

It is true that the Greek soldier, who ran all the way from Marathon to Athens to bear the news of victory and dropped dead when he had delivered the message, had covered only twenty-six miles, yet he may have been worn with fighting when he started.

On the other hand, Deerfoot, the Indian runner of the Cattaraugus reservation, who once held the record in England and America, ran twelve miles in fifty-six minutes in London in 1861, and extraordinary stories of his long-distance running are told. Captain Barclay of England walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and W. S. George, the world's great est amateur distance runner, followed the hounds on foot. Henry Schmel, in June, 1894, walked from Springfield, Ill., to Chicago, 188 miles, in sixty-nine hours and fifty minutes. In 1892 Schneideit, an Austrian printer, finding himself in Calcutta without means, walked all the way home from his native town, Rathenow, traveling on foot for two years across India Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, southers Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Hun

gary, and thence into Austria. But these instances, which might be multiplied, are for the most par feats accomplished under special con ditions or stress of circumstances or by picked men. In Apache land every Indian is a runner, asking no odds o earth or weather, and whether it be the peaceful Pueblo, trudging to his irrigated lands, forty miles and back or the venomous Chiracahua, tamec to do service for Uncle Sam, the Man on Horseback may well regard hin with amazement .- Lippincott's Maga

inly Impossible.

Alys-He is a novel I found ou: about a lord who maid read idea girl. How ridiculous married a Gladys v. As if any one dic & first not know shop girl's salary i saved h very si and Enquirer.

MOST FEARFUL WEAPON IN THE GRASP OF A SEA POWER.

The Katahdin Is Expected to Demonstrate Terrible Effectiveness When the Opportunity Comes-Administering the Coup de Grace to an Enemy's Fleet.

The fight in Manila bay gave no opportunity for use of the ram, but the nen who built the Katahdin and those who advocated her building are not liscouraged. They hold now, as then, that she is the most fearful and cerain weapon ever placed within the grasp of a sea power, and they expect ier to demonstrate it when occasion trises. The Katahdin, it may be explained, is a ram pure and simple. Her enormous beak of steel is capable of crushing its way through armor thicker than any hull would float, and she depends upon it entirely for her offensiveness. She is, of course, proected by plating, but she is not heavily gunned. Any buoyant thing struck oy her while her thousands of tons are tipping through the water at a speed of more than twenty miles an hour will go to the bottom. That much seems to be fairly a certainty.

Captain Mahan calculates that in open sea fleet action-action between fleets of approximate strength and numbers-one-half of the defeated deet will be sunk and one-half capured. Of those sunk he credits twothirds to the ram, one-sixth to the yun and one-sixth to the torpedo, This calculation shows the importance ittached to the ram by naval experts. Of the one-half of vessels to be captured the ram is credited with a third. The value of the ram exceeds that of all the vessels' guns at the opening of the duel in the single combat which is expected to form so large a part of the naval combats of the future. Later in the action the ram becomes of less importance, and the guns are relied apon to achieve victory. It is thought to be certain that as the world grows older and battleships more frequent fleet actions will decrease in number and single combats and "two to ones" become more common. The ram is designed specially for use in affairs of this kind. It will not be used, however, as was the original intention, to administer the coup de grace. Its blow will be delivered, if possible, at the beginning of the engagement. It will open the fight and not close it. The rule in modern sea fighting is to sink or destroy the adversary Canture is a secondary consideration and Joes not enter into the preliminary in-

The force of the ram varies directly as the weight of the ship and the square of the velocity. High speed is, of course, an essential. Into ramming vessels are placed the most powerful engines, and to them are attached the best models of propellers. The ram itself is made as sharp as is possible consistent with massiveness and crushing strength. There is no ram now affoat incompetent under fair conditions to tear a hole below the water line of the strongest battleship. In the shape of the vessel everything is sacrificed to strength, speed, and, above all, handiness. To be able to get quickly under weigh, to attain a high rate of progress in a limited distance and to turn quickly in response to the helm are absolute necessities. It is believed that the Katahdin meets these requirements more fully than

any boat owned by foreigners. It is evident that the success of the ram in its duels will depend almost wholly upon the captain. It is not a question of markmanship or bravery, or even of high discipline. It is a question of coolness, steadiness, good udgment and skill in maneuvering. That vessel which strikes the broadside of the other vessel head on, or even partly so, is the vessel which wins. The ram may be likened to a foil in the hand of its commander, and he must know how to use the weapon which his countrymen have given him. He must know his ship. He must know what she will do at various speeds and with different helm angles what she will do while backing with headway on and while going ahead with engines reversed. He must know her turning area to a foot and the exact force of her striking capacity with a given distance and number of screw revolutions. He must practice. From her conning tower he directs her every movement, and he

alone is responsible for the result. The rules for arming, driving and Meering a ship which is to use its ram to best advantage are few and simple. She should have twin screws and steam or hydraulic steering gear. The bow and stern fire should be strong, and the bow gans should have a wide arc. It should be possible to discharge both broadsides or either from the conning tower. There should be capacity for high speed all through the action, The attack should be made from windward, on account of smoke from guns and funnels veiling movements. Of course the first ship to enter the turning circle of the other, bow on, obtains an immense advantage, and it will be the duty of the commander to get this vantage if he can. A hundred years ago it was the Anglo-Saxon maxim in sea fighting to "get the weather gauge and board." Most of the English and American fights were won in that | puppy dogs.

way, but ocean combats between steam driven and steered armored vessels have become much more complicated.

The use of the ram in naval warfare is as old as history itself, but it had sunk into abeyance in late centuries. Recognition of its high value and its deadliness was forced upon the attention of the powers by the success of the confederate iron clad Merrimac in Hampton Roads. A slow, uncouth, cumbersome craft she was, but a veritable besom of destruction to the wooden ships opposed to her. The offensive power of the ram has been developed as rapidly as the defensive power of ships, and it is likely to furnish some startling instances of its destructiveness before the year is

### EQUIPPING THE ARMY MULE.

Packing Is a Science, and the Man Who Is an Expert Can Make Money.

Packers at Tampa, Fla., are eugaged in sorting out mules for use in the army and fitting the pack furniture. Most of the mules will be fitted with the Mexican aparejo, which is to be preferred to the saddle with "trees and sawbuck."

It consists first of two or more thick felt blankets, folded large enough to nearly cover the mule from shoulder to rump. Over this is placed a huge pair of leather bags united by a broad band of the same material, the cavi-

ties stuffed with soft hay. This is girthed to the mule by a einch nearly a foot in width, which is drawn as tightly as possible by a strong man, pulling with both hands, and with a foot against the animal's ribs to give him a greater purchase. On each side of the spine the articles to be carried are placed and lashed by a rope about fifty feet in length, which has at one end a broad webbing belt to pass under the belly as was done with the others. Another 'squeezing' is given and the rope is crossed in different directions over the load, tightened at every crossing, and finally fastened in a knot loosed by one pull.

"Packing" is a science and as such commands good wages. I have known a "chief packer" to be paid a salary of \$150 per month on the frontier, and his services were worth the money paid. The duty is taught to cavalrymen as part of their drill and many of the soldiers become very expert in it. At a pack drill of the Ninth cavalry a few days before it left Montana one company packed its mule in 1 minute and 54 seconds and others were but little slower.

men. They are trained to follow a bell, worn by a horse, white preferred, as being more readily seen. They are not confined in any way except when first put into the train; then, any straying from it is punished very severely and Mr. Mule soon learns his place and that it is best to keep it.

Each man with the train carries a diamond-shaped leather blind with leather cords attached to the ends and knotted together. If a pack becomes disarranged two of the men lead the mule out of the trail, blindfold him with this blind, rearrange his load, remove the leather and allow him to rejoin his fellows. He is never struck when started, and pack mules are never misused by good packers,

Where the Soldiers Come From.

It was an earnest and enthusiastic company drilling in Cass park. There were not to exceed a dozen in the ranks, and the average age was about six years. Broom handles crossed their shoulders at various angles and elevations, a few had toy pistols, and a little chap with an 8-inch snare drum furnished the music.

"Get off that grass!" shouted a big policeman just as a particularly difficult evolution was being executed.

"Halt!" screamed the little curlyhaired captain, just in time to avert a disgraceful stampede. "Make ready. Take aim. Fire !" and the report of three paper caps "rang out on the startled air.

Every little body was fairly rigid in its determination to fall back in good order while loading, when the policeman joined in the laughter of a score of other witnesses.

An old gentleman, bent with years, walked over to the brave captain, patted him on the head and turned with beaming face to those about him: 'And yet other nations wonder where our soldiers spring from when the country needs them to fight its battles." -Detroit Free Press.

## Murphy's Natural Mistake.

Officer (to new servant)-Murphy, I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled.

Private Murphy-Very good, sor. Officer (later in the day)-Did you

ake those boots, Murphy? Private Murphy (feeling in his pockets and putting on the table 18 once)-Yes, sor; and that's all I could get for them. The corporal who bought them said he would have given two shillings had it been pay day. (Collapse of officer). -Tit-Bits.

Kite ff pug has been popular in hany centuries, the kites Japau for depicting the most absurd figures, generally of aged gentlemen, birds or HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES-

A Novel Vegetable Slicer. A handy vegetable slicer is formed of a series of knives arranged in steps in a casing with a sliding carriage, having reversed steps, which push the vegetables through the knives and

drop them into the receptacle below. Cleaning Tea Kettle.

The inside of a tea kettle may be kept in fairly good condition by the use of an oyster shell. Clean the oyster shell, put it in the kettle and keep it there. The lime will fasten itself to the shell and leave the sides of the kettle comparatively clean. Each night, however, the kettle should be washed, he oyster shell cleaned, the kettle turned upside down and the shell dried, to be used again in the morning.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Packing Away Rugs.

Have the rugs thoroughly cleaned. Examine them carefully to see that they are not already stung by the moth miller; fold neatly, and put a little gum camphor between each fold. Roll compactly. Take perfectly clean muslin-either an old sheet or muslin purchased for the purpose-cover the rugs thoroughly and sew them up. Wrap them in burlap and put away in a light place. Remember that dark, warm places are apt to increase the tendency of moth-eating. - Ladies' Home Journal.

Tempting Breakfast Dishes.

Let every housekeeper remember the zest given to appetite in the morning, when appetite is least keen, by a bit of salt meat or fish. Bacon is such a stand-by at all times that it now perhaps lacks the relish of novelty of good, broiled, sugar-cured ham or the host of excellent relish-giving salt fish dishes, as mackerel, smoked salmon, herring or cod, broiled; salt fish in cream (haddie or cod); dainty fishballs of cod or halibut, etc. Fruits also and the dainty fluffy things go to make up appetizing summer breakfasts. -- Woman's Home Companion

Esthetic Gridirons.

The woman who dresses a "reversible gridiron" up in ribbons and converts it into a paper rack to hang upon the wall has om artistic precedent for the ugly "ornament" she has created. In mediæval days, when all workers in metal were skillful artists in their trade and worked out by hand what is now done by machinery, all the ironwork was artistic. The grills Thirty mules generally constitute a or gridirons made in the fifteenth and "train," and are managed by three sixteenth centuries are beautiful, graceful pieces of workmanship, and the patterns are now used over doors as well as for cookery.-New York Tribune.

A Household Scrapbook. No housekeeper can afford to be without a scrapbook for the preservation of the thousand and one things that impress her as worth referring to a second time. Pending their final adjustment, a tempting arrangement that has proved especially satisfactory is the utilization of large envelopes, a dozen or so, marked with the various subjects they contain, and bound together in a linen cover, stiffened with pasteboard. The pasteboard is cut in two pieces the size of the envelopes, while the linen is wide enough to cover the sides and leave abundance of room for the back. Two stout silken threads piercing the lower edges of the envelopes and loosely tied hold them in place. The envelopes may be marked "Sick Diet," "The Nursery," "Furnishings," Sanitary Hints, ""Luncheons, "Entertaining," and the like, to correspond with their several contents.

Receipts.

Asparagus Salad-Rub three hardboiled egg yolks through a sieve. Put them in a bowl with two raw yolks, salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of prepared mustard; stir with a wooden spoon, and add slowly two gills of salad oil and a little vinegar, with two tablespoonfuls finely chopped herbsparsley, tarragon, chives and shallot. This is to be poured over the cold boiled asparagus.

Gooseberry Tapioca Pudding - Soak one cupful of tapioca over night in cold water. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of hot water. When boiling add one quart of cleaned gooseberries and cook until tender. Pour the berries into an earthen dish, drain off the juice and pour over the tapioca. Cook in a double boiler until perfectly clear, add the berries, stir well together, turn into the serving dish and set away to cool. Serve very cold with sugar and cream.

Strawberry Fromage-Put one and a half tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in a small saucepan, add half cupful cold water; let stand five minutes, then set saucepan in a pan of water over the fire and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Mash one pint well cleaned strawberries with a silver fork, add half cupful of sugar to the gelatine and mix. Let stand till it begins to thicken. Beat half pint cream until thick, add slowly the strawberry preparation to the cream, while beating continuously; pour in a form; set in a cool place till firm. Serve with whipped sweetened cream.