



MR. FRANK H. PERCY OF BATH.

TURN back to happy days of yore, when grandma came to town
 To buy herself in liberal breadth, the stuff to make a gown;
 'Twas bombazeen or grenadine, alpaca or delaine,
 'Twas silk to stand alone, forsooth, or muslins, sheer and plain.
 She never wavered in her choice or sought the city o'er
 But always tied old Dobbin's head, at D. T. Percy's store.

I knew him well, that elder man—his high and true success:—
 The graces of his mind and heart; his cordial friendliness;
 I never see the Percy name, above that store—the same
 But think I of the priceless worth, that's treasured in a name;
 And how the fame of Percy's store so truly has become
 A heritage of high appeal, from father unto son.

The man who's pictured here, above, deserves all I could say
 'Twould make a long and happy list—I'll spare him that to-day—
 I'll only say that in this world we size up men we know
 Too often by another rule than what their lives will show.
 Could I go seek the gentle man—as one with days of yore—
 I'd follow down the same old street and stop at Percy's store.