

HIS DEAR CHILDREN.

Look at his hands, they are knotted; See how his shoulders are bent; In toiling and gathering riches...

He is proud to think that his children Have a right to the pride he has risen; He is proud of the way he has risen...

How Her Consent Was Won

HOWARD ASHBY! How absurd! She, a hireling, low-born, the daughter of a blacksmith! No, I never will consent...



BY THE AUTHOR SAT MAY WATSON.

boyhood I have looked forward proudly to the day when you would bring home a bride worthy the name of Ashby...

"I have not. I shall go on the colonial express this evening," replied the young man. Howard Ashby had but a faint recollection of the stern, haughty father who died when he was a child...

tributed train would crash into the freight, and a colossal disaster would result. She grasped the lever of the semaphore that was to simultaneously move the switch and signal the engineer...

great surprise by the open window sat May Watson. The August sunlight streaming full upon her heightened her dark beauty. With extended hands she came eagerly to him. "We are glad to see you!" she said...

POLITICS OF THE DAY

A Party of Spoils. The disorganization of the Republican party in many states has all occurred since the unfortunate event that made Mr. Roosevelt President. From the moment that death closed the eyes of President McKinley...

Bright Boy. A small boy cyclist was riding early in the evening without a light and was stopped by a policeman, who asked him in gruff tones where his light was. "Why, it's here!" exclaimed the rider in surprise...