

"BREATHLESS WE STRIVE."

Breathless we strive, contending for success, according to the standards of our day...

By Gramere stands a cottage small and poor, that marked it as a wayside inn obscure...

ROBERT HAMMOND.

Thirty years ago Ralph Hammond was a famous "operator" in money, bonds, and other securities...

They stood on the low, swampy shores of Lake Michigan—the embryo of the future Chicago...

He had married a simple, illiterate woman, for her money, and she slowly slipped out of life after giving birth to a son and a daughter...

From the first blank despair hope arose with a strength and intensity exactly suited to the circumstances...

Robert, the eldest, had become a really handsome fellow, and the father, who was now in his seventies...

For the first seven years a desultory correspondence was kept up with Lucy, but the last news had all been unfavorable...

Lucy Hammond was a brighter, fairer, cozier of her mother; a pretty, gentle girl...

For her first seven years a desultory correspondence was kept up with Lucy, but the last news had all been unfavorable...

However, he did nothing on impulse. He thought over all the circumstances which might, could or would affect his own position...

It was about twelve years after Robert Hammond and his wife had turned their backs on New York...

The result of this marriage was a total estrangement between father and son, and the creature of the business from the last year...

And he remembered his faults that night. Where were Lucy and his father? For nearly three years he had had nothing certain...

Before leaving, he sought his father's presence to win from him some kind word or promise of forgiveness...

He was just a little ragged newsboy, and he was accompanied by a dirty looking yellow dog...

And now perhaps both were suffering the pangs of poverty while he had enough and to spare...

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"FLAT AS A FLOURDER."

Something of the Life History of an Interesting and Curious Fish.

The expression "as flat as a flounder" has become proverbial, but it does not apply to very young flounders...

The founders begin life as do ordinary fishes. When they first emerge from the egg they swim vertically...

The old man saw the approaching buggy, and going to the gate, called out in querulous tones...

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A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "GLORIFYING THE FATHER."

Preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. McLeod, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Text: "Let us glorify the Father..."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Upon his return to his pulpit from his vacation, the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. McLeod...

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WOMEN IN ART CRAFTS.

THEY WIN SUCCESS AS POTTERS AND METAL WORKERS.

Development of the Work of Women Along the Line of the Decorative Arts—A New Pottery from a Southern College—Handmade Metal Work Well Paid.

In an up-town store devoted to art-crafts, in each piece of work is credited to the maker...

"It is not strange," said the proprietor, "when the movement started by William Morris spread to this country...

"She has a little kick in her back yard in Cincinnati, where she produces from 10 to 20 pieces a month...

"You seem to possess no suggestion whatever of the older wares of Europe and Asia, and the distinctive flora of the south...

"The college management, desiring to develop artistic handicraft, was checked by the fact that there was no opening for employment along that line...

"You see these two exquisite bronze belt buckles, one with a Swastika design, ornamented with red coral...

"Do you know what happened to Lot's wife when she turned her face and looked behind?"...

"I see the Russians have decided to win by trying the tape set."...

"I see the Russians have decided to win by trying the tape set."...

A CRUSTACEAN CAROL.

Down beneath the rolling ocean, At the bottom of the sea,

Lived a shrimp who had a notion That a peck shrimp was best, He was bright and he was great, He was clever, too, and rather witty,

He was bright, distinctly limpy, Was this pleasing little shrimp? So, of course, as you may see, He was all a shrimp should be,

He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be,

He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be,

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JUST FOR FUN

Citizen—See here, why do you beg? Mendicant—Why, a feller can't live by his own strength...

Teacher—What is a synonym, Freddie? Freddie—A synonym is a word to be used in place of another word you can't say...

Gabriel—Doesn't that New Yorker find it homelike here? St. Peter—No, he says he can't get used to the golden streets not being torn up...

First Meenister—We must give it up, Alfred. Second Meenister—Wait, give up now? First Meenister—Nae, nae, nae; give up the meenistry—Punch.

First Citizen—If you were by yourself, I'd put you second. Citizen—Well, that's my motto. Citizen—No, I'm first with you!—Glasgow Evening Times.

Mummy—Do you know what happened to Lot's wife when she turned her face and looked behind?" asked the Sunday school teacher...

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