

LOVES CHANGE

Why bury all endeavor in our hearts,
And never know the joy of love confessed?

ONE DOUBLY LOST

The lightning of a lurid sky,
The stinging of a sordid sea,

A BETROTHAL RING

"Maria, I am sorry to remind you again for your curiosity, I wish you would try to correct that fault."

It was after midnight, I suppose, when I was aroused by a shock which made the huge ship tremble for an instant.

A little puff of smoke arose, little tongues of fire crept up a mast, and before any one could shout the terrible cry of "Fire!"

"My God!" he cried frantically, where is she? "Get aboard!"

"I think he would have followed her had not the captain seized him and thrust him into the boat."

with sobs. I knew it was useless to try to comfort him, so I waited. It all seemed like a cruel dream.

He clasped his hands on his forehead, as if trying to recollect. "But—the ring—the ring—you were drowned?"

"It was poor Marie," she said. "Then she was married that she had taken the ring off her cabin that night."

"I've got that mortgage off'n my farm at last, Bill," said one farmer to another, as they met in the road.

LIFE ON THE RANCH.

Picturesque Description of How the Cow-Boys Drive the Cattle.

A picturesque, hardy lot of fellows, these "cow-boys," as they sit on the ground, by the fire, each man with his can of coffee, his fragrant slice of fried bacon on the point of his knife-blade,

The others soon follow, camp is broken, the wagon securely packed ready for the road, and the work of the day commences.

great trees, its sides gradually merge into gently rising, grass-covered slopes, the river too is broader, its surface shining like polished silver, and betraying its onward movement only by an occasional soft ripple.

Let the herd move more easily now, drifting a little, so as to enable the hungry brutes to crop at the fresh juicy grass as they go; you have leisure to open your saddle-bags and take a little lunch, sur le pouce, and a "swig" of whiskey and water, if you have any.

The poet and the noble. A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Emperor, but also all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses.

A First Glimpse of Freedom.

"It was some time in the summer of 1861," says Joseph R. Perry of Indianapolis, "that the twenty-first Ohio regiment was down in West Virginia, in the Kanawha river region."

"I've kindly feared 'you 'uns,' said the negro woman; 'mashah told me not to have anything to do with you Yankees, 'cause you 'se gwine to take us off to Cuba and sell us to get money to carry on the war.'"

"I went on to tell her then about how the black people were just as good as the white, and how they would be benefited if we were victorious."

"At the little town of Red Bank, down on the Kanawha river, in West Virginia."

"Did you live in a little cabin, with a well beside it, and opposite a big white house?"

"Do you remember a young soldier with a brass horn strapped to his shoulder and a small sword at his side, coming over to buy some sugar?"

Mme. Modjeska has created considerable sensation on the other side by a speech delivered before the curtain in Dublin in which she described Poland as being akin to Ireland.

From Studies in Russia. A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Emperor, but also all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses.

"I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

A nobleman had entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor, and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they travelled on and on, only stopping to take food.

The Nail of the Future. American Machinist. Iron cut nails are fast going out of fashion. Steel cut nails are driving them out.

Defaulting Teller Dorrance of Providence has contrived to spend about \$5,000 a year for twelve years out of a \$2,400 salary.

"Well, I should say so. Why, darn it all, Bill, I've wore out two wives—'s good workers, too, as you could find anywhere—to say nothin' of havin' right smart o' sickness myself, brought on by hard work in the field."

"I'm a sokin' to have a time of it, an' I'll kill a sucker's pig."

"We'll git on a high, an' beat the bass drum till midnight, if it spring the rafters, Bill. I've got six bottles o' pop an' two cigars in the wagon here, an' that'll be a whole bottle apiece for us all around, no countin' your wife—for I don't s'pose she'd care to drink nothin' now, see as she's got a young 'un at the breast."

Wanted a Tent. A poorly-dressed, hungry-looking woman called at the City Hall other day to make some inquiries about the funeral trimmings.

Wanted a Tent. A poorly-dressed, hungry-looking woman called at the City Hall other day to make some inquiries about the funeral trimmings.