

Time's Changes.

The songs we sang in other years
They greet us now no more;
The loves that roused our hopes and fears
Are vanished now, and o'er,

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!"
As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat—an old overturned boat—and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

turn painter too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.
Edwin, but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to art. As a writer it would be impossible for me to do so.

they passed the silent figure in black.
"Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

HUNTING MEN WITH DOGS.
Pleasing Pastime of Southern Sportsmen at a Georgia Convict Farm.
While at Oldtown, Ga., said a writer I saw a race between a convict and his hounds.

I am aware that this is incredible to those who have never seen it. I cannot explain what it is that the flying man, clad and shod as a hundred others, fed on the same food, chained daily to the same chain, and sleeping in the same bunk at night imparts to a yielding twig touched by his clothes so that it attracts a heud fifty yards away.

A GREAT CATTLE RANCH.
The Territory of Wyoming Given up to Herding.
Wyoming is fast becoming a vast cattle ranch. Despite its cold winters, its mineral wealth, its broken country, cattle raising is the main industry of the territory.