

Hazel Blossoms.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
The Summer warmth has left the sky,
The Summer songs have died away;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.

LOVE ON THE WAVE.

The Rev. Thomas Grayson, M. A.,
sat at the open window of his room at
the Ocean House, Newport, with his
feet upon the sill, his chair tilted lux-
uriantly backward, and the blue smoke
of a fragrant Partaga curling about his
head and floating gently out upon the
evening air.

ning across the street with the letter in
his hand. A moment afterwards he
was in Grayson's room.
"Tom," he burst forth, "who in the
world expected to find you here?"
"And you, my dear fellow," returned
the young clergyman; "what were you
doing under that tree?"
"You saw me?" asked Jack, eager-
ly. "You saw—you saw her?"
"I saw the whole ridiculous per-
formance. What a beauty! Is there
some romance wrapped up in all this?"
"Romance! Yes, a deuce of a rom-
ance—for me," exclaimed Jack,
throwing himself into a chair. "That
lovely girl is my affianced bride."

er she will or no, and has actually is-
sued cards for the wedding without her
consent. Now, Tom," exclaimed Jack,
fiercely, "that girl must be mine.
There's no time to lose. She must be
my bride before to-morrow night, and
you must help me."
"All right," said Grayson. "You
must take care of the military parent,
and maiden aunt, and the bloodthirsty
butler, and the ferocious bull-dog, and
I'll carry off the girl. Then you can
follow at your leisure."
"Don't make light of it," said Jack,
gloomily. "It's too serious a matter.
Can't you suggest some plan for me?"
"Let me put on my thinking cap,"
said the other, "and ruminate for a
moment."

"Dearly beloved," said Grayson,
spluttering, and reading from the book,
which he still held in his hand, though
it was now reduced nearly to a pulp,
"dearly beloved, we are gathered to-
gether here—in the face of—this com-
pany to join—together this man and
this woman in holy matrimony."
He paused until the next wave pass-
ed, and then proceeded.
"if any man can show just cause
why—they may not lawfully be joined
together (there goes my hat), let him
now speak, or else hereafter forever
hold his peace."
The wild wash of the sea was the on-
ly answer to this challenge, although
Clara's friends on shore were gesticu-
lating violently. They were out of
hearing, however, and Grayson contin-
ued:
"John Henry Turner, wilt thou have
this woman to be thy wedded wife to
live—gug—gug—gug—"

The Shivering Victim
O' fever and ague, who freeze to-day to
burn to-morrow, might have been exempted
from their present trials had they availed
themselves in time of that safeguard against
all malarious diseases, Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters. But if it is too late for prevention,
it is not too late for cure. A single bottle of
this irresistible herbal tonic will stop the
paroxysms, and a brief course of it will re-
store the patient to vigorous health. The
prudent and thoughtful, however,
would rather forestall disease than wait for
its assaults, will resort to this sure defense
against intermittent and remittent fevers of
the commencement of the season when they
prevail. Now is the time to fortify the sys-
tem against fever and ague, bilious com-
plaints and dyspepsia—diseases which are
often engendered, and always aggravated, by
the chills and damps of winter and early
spring.