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Standard.

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NO. 30.

Oh. brightest season of the year, Thou white-tobed goddess, all divine, We bow in homage at thy shrine, And roses arew o'er spring's cold bier

So like the sister thou art seen it drapery of green; With wwery skirt as only nature wears Wher she in happiest mood appears, in soft and sunny hours— Be leeked and broidered o'er with leaves

And garlanded with flowers; While on thy head a floral crown we place ad in thy hand a lily for thy mace! Oh, summer queen, with air of grace on reignest sweetly in thy youthful pride Oh, peerless queen, with bonnie face, atter sweet blossoms—strew them far and

bir fields of waving grain With myriad webs of sbining pearls Lie tangled thick upon the waving plain; d tuited blossoms lift their yellow heads catch the dewdrops shaken from the blade arosy dances the morn advances,

ler dew-wet flag o'er all unturls! looding steals its mellow light along, eltings morning mists and waking song a golden-skirted clouds advan-ing effected radiance ob sight, luxurant summer!

the heather and lawn: filies are blowing, and violets showing gold hearts glowing and glad to

Wile here, amid the sheltering wood, ong-birds at night attest their delight The the res -hour is nigh; The ut whip-most all and the bell-bird still. The will goods wake with their lone reply; Then, in hapsody choral they foretell the

Biusot day-dawning sky! Now wal maids their tresses twine Withregrant buds of eglantine, nd sir ully o'er hill and vale be the sweet and w ndering gale; inle I walk through me resh ofors, delicate and rare, Perfame the warm and am

or thee, oh rosy, blooming summer-It sings for thee! The glad earth throbs beneath thy feet, e, oh warm and dreamy sum mie gleeful nature smiles to greet

mture sings in tuneful green

notes of sweetsst us

Thy happy face. The heavens rejoice in thy glad voice

And winning grace,
Oh, soit, sweet sheeny summer!
Late apple-blooms with ardor blush, And cherries smile with tinted flush: tile tunefil warblers pipe o'erhead, For thee, oh fragrant, fruitful so The busy little honey-bee,

Makes merry drone in locust tre Now by its coming, and its going, And by its humming it is showing The love it bears to thee-bee, oh honey-laden summer!-Luther G. Riggs.

HAZEL.

An April day, with a sky that one hour was sunny and smiling as a baby's blue eyes, and the next black with tempestous wind and rain clouds, and a

tearing, cold, easterly wind.

Three times that day there had been violent little hail-storms, followed by sudden, peaceful clearings of the tumultuous sky; and Hazel May, at five o'clock of the capricious afternoon, was staing disconsolately at the window, looking out at the lovely, velvety lawn,

Hazel's brown eyes looked at, and had pended on that effort. Then she drew she turned her gaze within, everything a long, sobbing breath.

"1—might—have—known," she said, that met it would have been quite as nomely and pleasant; but, for all, there were traces of violent crying on her ace, and a sorry, troubled look in the yes into which Clyde had liked to look, everal months ago.

Somehow, Hazel had been thinkingallowed herself to thinknore of Mr. Clyde Remington for a few lays than her judgment approved of; out, then, when a girl's heart and affection are in the case, it isn't very often hat judgment will hold undisputed

o think of him, for a good many reasons—one, because dwelling upon him in-windly made her wretchedly unhappy; mother, because he certainly was not worth troubling her brains about, after he way he had treated her.

All the same, however, the image of his handsome, bonny face would present itself, and she almost heard the sweet, baresing tones of his voice as she sat there all alone in the April gloaming; for, early though it was the regathering clouds, black with promises of wind, and thunder, and pouring rain, were making it dark and gloomy.

There was nobody in the house but herself, for Isabel had gone on in errand.

But there was no mistake, ne bility of mistake. Clyde M. Kemin as in the constant of mistake and well; and Valencia Sydney.

Well; and Valencia Sydney.

Was for Mordaunt. The well; and Valencia Sydney.

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Was for Mordaunt. The well is the well; and Valencia S

There was full and plenty of everything, from wardrobe to refrigerator. Sickness never troubled the little family, and dear friends were many and

And all because of Clyde Remington, with his smiling blue eyes and handsome mouth and melodious voice.

In a word, Mr. Remington had spent

the early winter at Judge St. Lawrence's, and Hazel had met him at an evening company. From that time on he had

ington's haughty sister—was pleased, and had called most graciously on the

Hazel—bright, happy, charming Hazel, with her bronze-brown hair and wonderful brown eyes—was the gladdest girl in all the world; glad, and proud and

And then, all at once, without a word or a sign, he went away—entirely away, he and Judge St. Lawrence and Mrs. St. Lawrence—and not a word of ex-planation, or regret, or apology left be-

It could not have helped being an awful blow to Hazel, but she bore it wonderfully at first. She was indig-nant, and haughty, and indifferent, by turns, until her woman's heart asserted itself, and then she broke down and cried out ail her true agony on faithful Isabel's breast.

"Try not to care, dear-can't you? Believe in him still, and make up your Ah, when she came home again—when and that it will be all right yet—that she came home again! If she only had the will explain and come back again. Can't you?"

Ard strengthened by such tender ounsel Haze tried to be brave and atier. But the days grew into weeks, and midwinter came, with the joyous noliday greetings that Hazel had looked so fondly forward to. Earliest spr.ng ame, and now mid-April, and no word

or sign had, ever reached her.

Was it any wonder that Hazel leaned her bright head against the window, and let the thick tear-drops fall, fast and hot?-very much wonder that her neart was hurt and sick almost past en-

Isabel came in, a look on her sweet, grave face that in all her life Hazel had never before seen there.

She went up to Hazel, stopping to lay

her little parcels on the table as she went, then separated from them a newspaper that she opened and folded slowly; and then went closely up to the figure leaning so disconsolately, had learfully, against the window.

Nevertheless, her heart was beating very painfully, when Mrs. Remington's maid opened the door wider, and ushear tearfully, against the window.

Dear, you know I never hesitate if Clyde Remington's bride. there is an unpleasant duty for me to do. I have bad news for you, little sister, and I know of no better way for you to bear it than to ask your Heavenly Father to help you. Clyde Remington

is married—see for yourself in this paper that was handed to me in the But Hazel did not attempt to take the paper. She did not even move, and Isabel experienced a thrill of fear as she

saw the sweet, girlish face whiten, and ashen, and harden.
"Hazel! Hazel—don't do so! You

looking out at the lovely, velvety lawn, where the croquet-hoops had been put up, and at the courageous out-putting hyacinths, in the sunny western bordar.

Hazel made an effort to throw on the horrible incubus that seemed suddenly to make her realize so awfully that for her all of life and hope and joy was cruelly murdered—such an effort as one might make it one knew their life demands the sunny western bordard.

And Isabel, as she carressed the shak-And Isabel, as she carressed the snak-ing, grief-convulsed figure, so slender, so supple, so prostrated, wondered why God had permitted this great blow to crush this young, trusting heart.

"Clyde Remington to Valencie Terre in the case, it isn't very often judgment will hold undisputed ry." There it was in plainest printer's ink, and a score of times a day poor little thazel used to take the marriage notice to the cause dwelling upon him included in the could not understand, could not believe it unless she for the cause he certainly was not upon her sore heart the evidence.

But there was no mistake, no

very dreary thing to her in those days that followed, when she tried, honestly

and conscientiously, to endure. family, and dear friends were many and true; and yet this little Hazei—seven—May's cheek; tears standing in the sound of his beloved voice.

A soft, feverish cheek against Isabel heart, held breath, for the answering as on that of uniting, the marriage tie. In France, for instance, there is no such A soft, feverish cheek against Isabel teen her last birthday-felt that life was pleading eyes; sad lips quivering pitetwined about her neck.

tenderly.
"I don't know what I ought to say, child. No good can come of it-no po

don't know what to say."

"Say yes. Let me do it! How could he know? How could any one in the world suspect that the applicant for the position of lady's maid for Mrs. Clyde Isabel could find no possible fault, and lazel—bright, happy, charming Hazel, wants to see him so badly once more;" There was such a little catch of pain

in her hesitant words. "If you could only make up your mind to give it up! Or if I could only see the least-the very least-good that could come of it.

Hazel lifted her face, and looked into her sister's troubled eyes.

Would you be content to have me go if you thought good might result?"
"I would be willing for you to do al-

most anything that would make you happier," she answered, eagerly.
"Then I can go. Because, Isabel, when I see that his wife is beautiful and good, and worthy of his dear love—when I see that he is happy, I will be—I will try Isabel, when I see that he is happy, I will be—I will try Isabel.

I will try, Isabel, when I come home again—"

Ah, when she came home again—when

As beautiful as a dream, with her air, happy young face and tender eyes, and Hazel May did not wonder, wheni she heard the sweet, vibrant voice, why Valencie Terry bad been her successfu

"Show her in, Jane," Hazel heard Mrs. Remington say, as she stood outside the boudoir door, in the elegant

Everything was so sumptuously with the first pattering rain drops as bel came in, a look on her sweet, trave face that in all her life Hazel had dyed brows and lashes, and complexion that completely changed her expression, so that even Isabel assured her that the disguise was good.

"Be seated, please," she said, somewhat languidly. "I understand you have come in answer to my advertisement for a maid. What are your qualifications? Have you good references? What wages do you ask?"

References! Hazel had not bethought herself of that, with all her arrange-"I have no city references: I am

from the country. I think I could suit you, however, and—the—wages—you could fix yourself, madam."

Mrs. Remington looked attentively at her.

"I never have ventured to take a girl without absolutely first-class reference; but somehow you seemed an in-telligent, lady-like girl. I really think

All the little house was in exquisite when she thought of the kisses and order, for Hazel and Isabel had skillful, caresses his happy wife would receive willing hands, and there was only them—

Note: The complex of the kisses and has applied for the vacancy Annie has provided in the caresses his happy wife would receive and the caresses his happy wife would receive the border that distinct the care and th

ways trust to a woman's intuition in allowed to separate, but no one once such cases. By all means, if you think married can marry again while his or

and saw the gates of paradise temptingly opened for its entrance—Hazel turned her death-white face, and saw what the calm pleasant face had told her—that it say how widely the divorce laws of our the laws of the United States. It is needless to

"Then you will come?—I will give you fifteen dollars a month—will that suit you? And be here promptly on aggrieved or wearied husband or wife Monday, please."

Monday, please."

And Hazel went away, never to forget which has become irksome to them that hour so long as she lived-to re member it even in heaven.

She got home somehow, by boat and train, to meet Isabel at the lawn gar-

den-gate, with a sweet, yearning glad-

ness as of recent happy tears in her eyes.

"Oh, my little sister—my happy little sister—who do you think is waiting in the parlor? It has been such a stupid mistake! Mr. Remington is waiting for the purpose of rescuing people from burning buildings have been tested by the members of Engine Company No. 12, in Beston, and apparently are likely to prove very efficient. One man jumped eyes.
"Oh, my little sister—my happy litmistake! Mr. Remington is waiting for you, dear, and it was his uncle who was

masquerade suit, and go to him. And Hazel went to him! Nor in after times, when Mrs. Clyde Remington senior, and Mrs. Clyde Remington junior, were near and dear friends, did it ever happen, among sweet confies, for happy Hazel to betray her blessed little secret

Marriage Laws.

It is interesting to observe the various ways in which the subject of marriage s treated by different nations, and the changes which have taken place in the aws of marriage in Christendom as the

world has advanced.

There was a time when, in every European country, the ceremony was a purely religious one. It was deemed a sacred rite. No marriage was good, or was recognized in—law, unless it had been performed by a clerzyman in a been performed by a clerzyman in a heen performed by a clerzyman in a Cradually, however, marriage will be to the propulsion of street cars. If the cheme proves successful, Niagara will be tried. prevails to a large extent in France, of come an established rule. A couple who are married by a justice are conwho are married by a justice are considered lawfully united, whether they repeat the ceremony in church or not. This is the case in England, Germany-Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, France, Austria, and indeed, we believe, will not be mythical, like that of Shakesin every civilized land except Russia, and Spain. This subject has given ris

to make her realize so awfully that for her all of life and hope and joy was cruelly murdered—such an effort as one might make it one knew their life depended on that effort. Then she drew a long sobbing breath.

"1-might—have—known," she said, lady-like girl. I really think I have taken one of my impulsive fancies to you," she said, with a beaming, little smile. "I will let my husband decide for me, however. Jane"—to the servant in respectful waiting—"just step to the telephone, and ask Mr. Reman and a free woman, or their man and inflict two furious stabs upon his companion, who endeavored to save herself from further injury by flight, in different countries differ as to the age at which men and women reach their man is of age at twenty-one and a woman at eighteen. In England there here drapasers by saw the lieutena t draw man and a free woman, or their man and a free woman, or their man and a free woman, or their man and a free woman or their man in different countries differ as to the age at which men and women reach their man and a free woman or their man and a free woman and a while from the volume or a knife from further injury by flight, at which men and women reach their man and a free woman or a knife from further injury by flight, at which men and women reach their man and a free woman or a knife from further injury by flight, at which men and women

Hazel seemed to have lived a thousand allowed by Scotch law before a blackyears in that awful, awful moment that she waited with averted face, hushed vary as much on the subject of severing, And then—

"Certainly, my darling. I would alfor any cause; couples who disagree are
allowed to separate, but no one one ways trust to a woman's intuition in allowed to speaker, or he did not be the go; I want to so very—very best."

Mand it was as if a soul doomed to perliabel caressed the hot, tear-wey face dition had heard a remission of sentence, and it was as if a soul doomed to perliabel caressed the hot, tear-wey face dition had heard a remission of sentence, and it was as if a soul doomed to perliabel caressed the hot, tear-wey face dition had heard a remission of sentence, and it was as if a soul doomed to perliabel caressed the hot, tear-wey face dition had heard a remission of sentence. her first partner still lives. It used to

been most marked in his attentions, so that people had set it down as a foregone conclusion that there was a very delightful understanding between them. Eggrybody declared it was just the thing.

child. No good can come of it—no possible good to you! And suppose—just suppose, dear—that Mr. Remington should recognize you, and discover your foolish, romantic motive? Hazel, I don't know what to say."

child. No good can come of it—no possible good to you! And suppose—just calm pleasant face had told her—that it was not—it was not—ob, God was good!

it was not—it was not the Clyde Remington.

Quite like him—yes, very like him, twenty years older; but. oh—oh, not other New England States, these causes must be very grave and serious ones;

The Co

TIMELY TOPICS.

The new "catch blankets" to be used you, dear, and it was his uncle who was from the second-story of the engine married. Hurry, child! get off this house and was caught in the blanket

without touching the ground. With a view to the protection of the birds of the country, the French government has taken action, and has enacted laws prohibiting the killing of other than orrols of passage, and those only under certain limitations. The law is much re stringent than the so-called game

laws in this country, and is strictly en-forced against all offenders, no matter how trivial the violation. The plan for utilizing Genesee falls, at Rochester, is really being carried out. The power is to be controlled by letting

The republic of San Domingo has sen going through two marriages, one in a small part of the ashes of Christopher church and the other at the office of a Columbus to Genoa, where the great magistrate. Then one nation after navigator was born, and to Pavia, another adopted the idea that a marriage, being a civil contract, should be good in law if performed either by a magistrate alone, or in church alone. In most European states this has now be- rian of that university has published a learned article on Co'umbus as a student there. An American writer, Mr Henry Harris, has gone to Genoa to

A Russian army officer has been conemned to long penal servitude for deliberately killing his wife in a street in Odessa. The lady, Madam Vera Malast Catholic state to adopt civil mar-riages was Austria.

Odessa. The lady, Madain veta Ma-jewski, young, handsome, and but lately married, was wasking with him, The laws of the various countries but many restrictions upon marriage. In most of them both groom and bride must have come of age, and be a free man and a free woman, or their marriage will not be good in law, unless the parents consent to the union. The laws in different countries differ as to the age.

Perfect Through Suffering. oak, the flower, and all things brave

With storms have striven; gth through the striving, fresh Are ever given.

ands that tremble with the threads of They fain would weave, of weakness, seek for greater strength And skill receive.

Brightest the stars that gleam through m night skies

est the faith that breather By bier and shroud.

eart is bound by links of selfish Or earthly loveoops and breaks the chain, but fastens it To things above.

The Comforter draws pearest when the soul

And so we find the path of pain and loss -Mrs. S. L. Howelly

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Laugh of the schoolgirl-"He! he!

Denmark has only 1,980,675 inhabitants, and that is 200,000 more than years ago.

The law can never make a man honest. It can only make him very un-comfortable when he's dishonest. A Dakota man has a nevel Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly-formed skull, with an arrow-head shot into the

eye and piercing the brain. Kicking a boy for cutting a shade tree with a knife cost a Galesburg (fil.) man \$12,000. The lad was taken with a spinal disorder, which has disabled him

Another severe outbreak of sca fever, which occurred near Manchest r, England, has been traced by the health officers to the distribution of the infection through the milk supply.

The men engaged in grain-elevators are found to succumb very quickly to pulmonary diseases. The life of a scooper" is variously estimated at a average of three to five years.

average of three to five years.

"I wish I was worth a million dollars," said a gentleman. "What good would it do you, for you don't spend your present income good in quired a friend. Oh, I could be economical or The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's hor

at Peekskill, N. Y., which he has been building and fitting up for several years, will be when finished, the finest country home belonging to any Amer An unfortunate Indianapolis man, who consoled by an Irishman near by with: 'Whist, there, you're

noise than mony a man I've seen with Henry Britton, of Richmond, Ind., while asleep at noon, tell from his sec-ond-story window, struck on a lumber pile with sufficient force to bounce him into a cistern eight feet away, and when ome workmen who saw him fall ran to

some workmen who saw him fail ran to him he was still asleep.

John Long, of Drumore, Pa, was re-cently driven out of his house by swal-lows. They swept down the large chimthe occupants our of the kitchen; they covered the window panes, and were estimated to be over 5,000 in number.

A Terre Haute (Ind.) physician told

man is of age at twenty-one and a woman at eighteen. In England there are two processes by which a couple seemed to turn suddenly dark and whirling. To see him, to come face to the successive Sundays; and this must be seemed to turn suddenly dark and whirling. To see him, to come face to the successive Sundays; and this must be seemed to turn suddenly dark and whirling. To see him, to come face to the successive Sundays; and this must be successive Su The Wonderful Adaptability of Paper.