

SPRING ON SPRING

When the crocus is a croaking. And the garage pipes are smoking. And the busy housewife poking

When the geese are northward going. And the dust and dirt is blowing. That's the way we have of knowing

When the streets are awful slushy. And the poets write rhymes gushy. And young lovers all grow mushy.

Soon the birds will all be singing. Street pianos will be ringing. And the mud will soon be clinging—

Spring is near.

AN EASTER EGG

The half-grown boys of Blue Bridge were the worst lot of young soundrels out of Hades—so the forefathers of the hamlet

Sure enough down the brick-paved, occasionally shaded sidewalk came Miss Ipsie Brett. None of the boys knew enough to assume respectful attitudes, but all stared

Of course the bad boys knew, each for himself, that none of them could ever win and marry the teacher; they wished she

Of course, too, each half-grown boy was distinctly of the opinion that he knew just which one of the "big fellows" the pretty

Such had been the situation for some months before the sun rose on a certain Easter morning, and each member of the

But not all the colored eggs in the town of Blue Bridge were doomed to destruction

"It don't need to be the hardest, you know," explained Billsey. "For of course

"Well, there ain't to be no eggs given her that ain't as pretty as pictures. I've

"No, it wouldn't!" exclaimed Jack Mulling. "Ladies don't give away the presents they get. I read all about it in

to be her daddy's sick mule. If she was a mind to give one to Luke Holway, now—

The other boys, to whom Billsey looked appealingly, seemed in doubt as to which side to take. It really was a puzzling

"Hey, fellers; she's a comin'." "Don't she just look like a mince pie

"More like a glass of lemonade after going swimmin'!" suggested Jack. "After a

"If Luke Holway was a gentleman he'd be takin' her out buggy ridin' a fine day

At any other place and time the difference of opinion might have been settled

"Talking over next Sunday's lesson, boys? Be sure you all have it correctly."

"Gosh, boys, I s'pose she thinks we're just like her—ain't got no use to think

Several of the other boys groaned, through sympathy, and thought to themselves

But Jack Mulling was not one of them, for suddenly there came to him an inspiration

"You're the feller to do it, Billsey," said he. "You're the oldest and the biggest

Billsey at once blushed, tried to shrink, and showed other signs of embarrassment

"Not by a darned sight. I ain't got no gift of gab." Several other boys declined

The several days that followed were very busy ones for Master Jack Mulling.

The clerk folded the manuscripts with the judicial air with which any post approached the work of any other man

If you love me as I love you. Give me both hands on Sunday. But if I ain't no good to you. Please smash the eggs on Monday.

"Jack," said the clerk, when finally he could trust himself to return with a straight

"Don't leave out that about giving both hands on Sunday, Lije, if you please," said

"All right, Jack," came a drawing reply. "Don't talk to me any more for a few

Jack could have seemed very good company for himself, had any one seen him

"I've just had a serious interview with one of your Sunday charges, Miss Brett—

"Indeed? I didn't suppose boys ever could really be serious. They seem to try

"Ah, but Jack's seriousness is of a very different kind. In love, or thinks he is,

"Poor fellow," sighed the young woman. "If he were a few years older I would

"How good of you. If only more mature years were necessary, won't you extend your

"With all my heart, if they are as honest and earnest and adoring by nature as

The clerk responded with a look that caused Miss Brett to turn quickly and depart

The most important day that some of the youth of Blue Bridge had known since that before

The question of the eligibility of colored goose eggs and turkey eggs being raised,

Finally after many arrangements and rearrangements of the eggs and a fond, last

the shades of night had fallen, he suggested to the boys that there was no better time

"She said," Jack replied as coolly as if he were a veteran politician and a disbeliever

Most of the bad boys' class spent the remainder of the evening in longing for the

"What did she say?" "I don't know," replied the clerk, who was not

He took no part in the early morning contests, but stood among the earliest

Jack looked like an apparition, for, of course, she had on a new bonnet, like any

"Good-morning, Jack," said the young man, and then continued with a quizzical

"She's prettier than ever this mornin'," Jack replied. "How's yours?"

"Time? Oh, I haven't any." "Time? Oh, I haven't any." "Time? Oh, I haven't any."

"Ah, she'd suit any man, Jack." "Why don't you get her, then, before

"Upon my word, young man," exclaimed the clerk-librarian, stopping and staring

"I've looked at her lots, an' I guess you don't know how much she looks at you

Minsey's face reddened; Jack went on: "Pity you didn't send them verses to

By this time the couple had reached the school, and both entered, and it seemed

Jack leaned slyly forward; he saw Lije bent down both hands to take the

"She certainly seems to be, but—" "Well, then, what are you coughin' about?"

It took some effort to get a frank and full statement from Jack, but when Lije

"Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen, indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."

The anniversary of the Risen Lord will be commemorated throughout Christendom

"On Easter Day the tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is covered

"This Garden of Gethsemane, where the children love to spend much of their time

"The Easter celebrants are also most sure to visit the bunch of seven venerable

"Billed as Potatoes. A young man in a sack travels 700 miles in a freight

Billed as a choice sack of potatoes a young man has arrived in Chicago from

The traveler, who is Martin J. Klansdigger, a machinist of Kansas City, was

Klansdigger began his journey with only a quart of water and two pounds of

"May—Charley Stubtoe is a good dancer in his way." "Sue—Yes, and in everybody else's way."

VERY CURIOUS. A mouse came tilting over the lawns. Curious! Curious! Curious! He gazed

Such a very ridiculous air of surprise! Curious! Curious! Curious! And I said to him: "Birtle, reflect—is it

The Oldest Grand Army Man. Aaron Young, who died in Lynn, Mass., the other day, was said to be the oldest

Special Cakes for Easter. Many of the delightful old observances attached to Easter have become almost

Place a smooth iron frying pan on the fire; see that it is perfectly clean and

Measure a cupful of sifted flour and sift into a mixing bowl with a level

Mix to a smooth batter two cups of flour and two cups of milk and the yolks of

Heat to scalding point one pint of milk with a large tablespoonful of

Two pounds of sifted flour, two cups of sugar, two cups of currants, half a

Hot cross buns. One pound of sifted flour, two cups of sugar, two cups of currants,

Take one and one-half cups of granulated sugar and sift twice, one cup of flour

Make a loaf of angel cake by above recipe. When perfectly cold carefully

Angel Charlotte. Make a loaf of angel cake by above recipe. When perfectly

The Oldest Grand Army Man. Aaron Young, who died in Lynn, Mass., the other day,

Aaron Young, who died in Lynn, Mass., the other day, was said to be the oldest

He was born in Union, Me., April 14, 1805, and except from military service when the

War broke out, being fifty three years old, he enlisted in the Thirtieth Maine

Volunteers and followed his twenty year old son to the front. He was a member of Post 5,