

WRITING MATCH

HE village was awakened from its long winter sleep. It had shaken off its lethargy and stepped forth into the light and sunshine to take up its life again. The snows had melted and the birds had come back to a close kitchen and a sitting stove. The lighted saw-mill down by the river was busy with a vim that plainly told the stream was swollen with the melted snows of the winter just past. The big grist-mill snugged and thumped in deep, melodious tones, as though it were making an effort to drown the rapping, discordant music of its small but noisy neighbors.

The double doors of the stage were wide open. Had all the other signs of spring been missing, this fact alone would have indicated that spring had come. If the snow had not melted and the birds not come back it was high time they did, for the patriarch felt it in his bones that the winter was gone and he could walk safely to the side of the mill. He began to migrate to the long wooden bench on the porch to bask in the sunshine. "Boys," he said at length, "it's time to gettin' out agin. Spring has come."

With that he hobbled toward the door. "Good, Gran'pa," said the Chronic Loafer, rolling off the counter and following. Then the old Storekeeper opened the door. The old oak bench that had stood neglected through the long winter, expected to wind and warp again, gave a joyous creak as it felt again the weight of the patriarch and his friends. The hickory leg with its one short hickory leg with such vehemence as to cause the Storekeeper to throw out his hands as though the world had dropped from under him, and he was grasping at a cloud for support. "Mighty souls!" he cried when he had recovered his composure and equilibrium.

"My, oh, my," murmured the old man, his child-like face beaming with contentment as he sat basking in the sun. "Don't the old bench feel good agin. Me an' this oak bench has been buddies for high over sixty year." The season seemed to have taken a new life into the Chronic Loafer. He cleared the steps, and began dancing up and down the road. "It just makes a feller feel like wastin', Gran'pa," he shouted, waving his arms defiantly at the quartet on the bench. "Come on."

At this indisposition of these four to take up the road, the patriarch had thrown down the Loafer became still more brave and defiant. "Hedgins!" he sneered. "You us'n't be afraid of 'em, 'nawthin' to be afraid of," snapped the Miller. "Simply because"

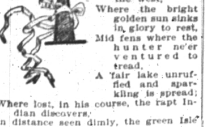
"THE WENT FLYIN'." springs come ez it's ben comin' ever since I kin remember. I ain't agin' to afeared 'round in a muddy road." "Nur I, nuther," growled the Shoemaker. "Well, I banded yer, an' you us'n't all skeert fer weseed, dead skeert," cried the Loafer, drawing in his chest and grinning triumph through his bushy whiskers. "Come, come," said the Patriarch, beating his stick on the door to call the boaster to order. "Ef I was five years younger I'd show you banters. I'd draw your head inter the mud, like you'd be afeared of takin' up at the store fer a year fer some us'd afeared yer inter the road. 'Teds' hates blowin', Fur be it from me ter blow, particular as I was methin' of a wrestler when I was young. 'I bet I could a' showed you in less time 'an it takes me ter set down,' the Loafer said, as he seated himself on the steps and took up his pipe. "Thowed me, eh? 'Towed me, the old man. You'd a' showed me, woen you. Well, I'd a' liked to be woen you a 'thovin' me." He waved his stick at the braggar. "Why, didn't you know that 'en I was young I afeared yer ever hear of the patriarch's wraastlin' me and Simon Cruller done up to Swamp Holler schoolhouse?" "Nour ez as emper?" asked the Loafer.

"What does you mean be talkin' of wraastlin'?" "Tried to change the subject, I 'pose, eh?" cried the Patriarch. "Me an' Sime Cruller was buddies, he began at length. "That was to be both kind of our best friend, the patriarch, and Sime Cruller was her, eh? Well, mebbe you've ever seen her grave-stone. It stands by the alder-berry bushes in the buryin' ground, 'an' 'en you'd ha' seen 'er, ter see 'en you'd might get an idee what sorter a woman she was. Prety? Why, she was a model, the way she set her eyes. She had her hair nowadays at Beck's. Sime had soft, 'n' black like. Why, they appeared just like you. They was filled with new buggy paint, 'an' was all wattery like. Ah, mighty well, but she could plough for the wasan't you of your mawny gits, 'an' too proud to plough. Many a year I set over on the porch at our place 'n' looked down across the valley 'an'

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Current Notes of the Modern-Ideal Traveling Costumes—Very Fashionable Dresses for the Summer Girl—Household Hints.



Where lost, in his coat, that far in the west. Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest. Mid fens and meadows, the hunter's deer ven'tured to tread.

There verdure fades never, in our artless, soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume. And low bends the branch with rich foliage depress'd. That inspires.

The daisy and the reed, mid forests that cover. On high with their heads the green isle of Lovers.

And there as the snake, with his eyeball glowing with fire.

What a woman can do. Hold a woman's will was once, upon a time noted as humorous, and a saying and writing good comfort soon.

Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete weep. She will not, and possibly cannot, walk six miles for a couple, but she can walk miles in ten hours up and down the crowded aisles of a dry goods store.

Are the warriors to kill, save the maids of their life. Whose in their will, and whose life is their smile.

From Toilet. STREET FROW OF LITTLE ALPACA.

While they are lying flat. If the goods is very thin, like gauze or muslin or any sort of light silk, baste at the same time a narrow strip of paper or tissue paper.

Something New in London. For years the bane of the American girl staying in London has been her inability to find shoes of home make or anything like them.

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS. HEY say that, afar in the land of the west. Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest.

Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume. And low bends the branch with rich foliage depress'd. That inspires.

THE WOODS. The woods are very full of life. The leaves are very full of life. The flowers are very full of life.

THE PRINCESS. The princess is very beautiful. She is very kind and very generous. She is very brave and very strong.

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Left in the house, the coloring of reds and yellows likely to be out of harmony with wall decoration than any other covering. Refreshing the house remember that souvenir notes, not costly copies, are now the fad, for both sitting-room and library.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter, the most available postage stamp is found to be without sufficient glue, moisten the stamp, put on the gummed flap of an envelope, and quickly press it in place upon the letter.

Amplitude of skirts is being somewhat modified, and their stiffness very much so. The fullness is all carried around to the back, the front and the sides being smooth, straight and carefully fitted.

What a woman can do. Hold a woman's will was once, upon a time noted as humorous, and a saying and writing good comfort soon. A woman cannot sharpen a sword.

Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete weep. She will not, and possibly cannot, walk six miles for a couple, but she can walk miles in ten hours up and down the crowded aisles of a dry goods store.

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