

# HOW SPRING COMES

## IN A COUNTRY TOWN

This is to tell how spring comes in a country town.

On a sunny Saturday morning in March a big bobbed comes slowly up Main street, where already many patches of thick, black mud show through the thin covering of snow. It is hard sledding and the big gray Normans strain in their collars to drag the long green box over the bare ground. The man on the street still



"I'VE BROUGHT YOU SIX DOZEN FRESH EGGS."

wears his dogskin overcoat, with the hair out, and his high felt boots.

The bob stops before the doctor's big house, sitting back a hundred feet from the street. The man takes out a basket from the straw with which the bob is filled and walks up the winding front walk to the front door. He pulls the old-fashioned bell in and out until the wires rattle.

"Good morning Mrs. Edwards," he says, as the doctor's wife opens the door. "I've brought you six dozen fresh eggs. The hens have just started laying again. I'll begin on the butter next Saturday, Mrs. Edwards. Spring's coming out our way and the chickens and the cows are the first to know it."

A day or two later, when the hot sun has been hard at work and the snow lies thick only where the shadows of the house protect it, two long gray ears show themselves at the mouth of the burrow at the edge of the board walk which bisects the big lawn. Presently the rest of the body follows. Then Mistress Molly Cottontail sits up cautiously on her hind legs and looks around her. She and her ancestors have occupied that same burrow for forty years. They are old friends of the doctor's family, but not even that long residence and those influential friends have ever been able to protect the cottontail family from the sudden onslaughts of the neighborhood dogs and cats. Therefore Molly never leaves her burrow without taking a careful look around to see if any foes are in hiding. Just now she has especial reason to be cautious, for if she failed to come back from her foraging expedition there are four small rabbits in the nest at the far end of



MOLLY COTTONTAIL SITS UP AND LOOKS AROUND HER.

the burrow who would know the pangs of motherless babies. All winter and spring she has been living on the bark of the young cherry trees and the branches in the back garden. Now she is going out after her first nibble of green food. She knows a spot in the garden where the sun beats hot all day long, and there, some instinct

tells her the tender green sprouts are now ready to be picked.

"Old Mrs. Jerrold has her sacque turned the spring side out," cried the doctor's wife one morning as she looked out of a window facing on Main street. "That's a safer sign than the first robin. Old Mrs. Jerrold never makes a mistake."

Everybody in town had known "old Mrs. Jerrold" for the last forty years. Time was when the Jerrolds were the richest family in all the country round. They lived in a huge stone house at the head of Main street. They had their own carriage then. It was the first and for a time the only carriage in town. They kept two "hired girls," and, to cap the climax of luxury, a "hired man" as well. Mrs. Jerrold had all her clothes made "in the city" and was acknowledged as the leader of society and fashion. If it had not been before the era of women's clubs she would have been chosen president of every such organization in the village by a unanimous vote.

The Jerrolds began to fall into eclipse more than twenty years ago. First the mills failed. That killed the old man, and it only took the boys a few years to finish up what was left of the family fortune. They died or disappeared and early in the '80s "old Mrs. Jerrold" was left alone with a pittance on which to support the traditional grandeur of the family. She lived all alone in a little cottage "up by the burying ground." She hid her white hair under a faded and pitiful auburn wig. But chiefly she depended on her locally famous sacque. It was the most precious survival of her prosperous days. In the winter time it appeared as a dark brown garment, edged with moth-eaten fur and trimmed with ancient jet. In the spring for more than fifteen years it



"OLD MRS. JERROLD HAS HER SACQUE TURNED."

had been ripped apart by her own fingers and made over, the other side out. Then it shone as a dull gray creation, bordered with black satin ribbon, with a black ruche around the neck.

Mrs. Jerrold had been so regular about the semi-annual turning of her sacque for so many years that everybody in town looked out for it, recognizing that when the poor old lady minced her stately way down Main street in her "gray spring wrap" it was time to prepare for house cleaning.

If you drive two miles out on the Howard's mill road and turn down the second road on your left after you pass the Poor Farm you strike "Old Man Beebe's woods." It is a half mile down through the east eighty and the wood lot to the Blue Creek "riffles." There, where the recently imprisoned water dashes down over the stones, is a mossy ravine, sheltered on one side by a limestone bluff and yet fairly open to the sun.

If it is the first of April or thereabouts and your eyes are keen you are likely to find there, half hidden by the dried leaves and litter of winter bunches of the little blue, purple, and pink hepatics or wild flowers in bloom. They are the most delicate as well as the boldest and earliest of the wild flowers. It takes more than a single sunny day to coax them out from the ground, and when they blossom the townspeople take it for granted that spring is knocking at the door.

Four miles out on the Jintown road is another place where the early heralds of spring are always found. It is a big round hill which shoulders itself up into the sunlight, and is covered with scattered bowlders and a

sparse growth of grass. Here, even before the snowdrifts have altogether disappeared, bloom the rock lillies, big blue and purple blossoms. When a town girl gets a bunch of them from an admirer she is certain that the season is at hand when "a young man's fancy" begins to get the upper hand of him.

"Ma," said the doctor when he got home from the office for dinner at noon one day. "Uncle Si' Baker has got his chair out in front of the Connecticut House again. Better get ready to take the carpets up. It'll be time to make garden inside of a week."

"Uncle Si' Baker is the J. Pierpont Morgan of Springfield County farmers. He has been at the work of consolidating farms for thirty years, until he owns a great stretch of fertile country running down nearly to the town lim-



"UNCLE SI' BAKER HAS HIS CHAIR OUT IN FRONT."

its. In the winter time "Uncle Si" retires to the farmhouse of one of his tenants and hibernates like a bear, coming out in the spring with hair and beard long and white and shaggy. "Uncle Si" scorns coat or waistcoat, and affects a blue flannel shirt, belt, and trousers stuffed into the tops of high boots. He is past 70 years old now, and ever since he was 60 he has spent every decent day during the spring, summer and autumn sitting in a big arm chair in front of the Connecticut House on Main street. Townspeople have come to realize that "Uncle Si" is a better weather prophet than the almanac, and when they see his old chair out on the sidewalk for the first time after its annual disappearance they feel justified in putting their winter overcoats away in camphor balls.

### THE TIME TO APPLAUD.

Audience Should Wait Until the Piece Is Ended.

The time to applaud the performance of a piece of music is when it is entirely ended. There is no other proper time. To applaud in the midst of the performance is to interrupt and to inflict an unparadonable annoyance on those who desire to listen to the composition in its entirety. Music is not like a play; it can not stop until the applause is over. It must go on. Therefore, we get these special rules. At a performance of Wagnerian opera, or other opera in which there are no separate numbers, the only possible time to applaud properly is at the end of an act. That is the only time when the conductor can stop. At all other times he must go right on, and if you applaud you simply prevent people from hearing some of the music. In an old-fashioned opera, such as "Il Trovatore," you may without impropriety applaud at the end of each number. The opera was constructed with such applause in view, and it is possible for the conductor to stop and wait for you to express your enthusiasm. But at a Wagner opera this can not be done. And please bear in mind that the act does not begin when the singing begins nor end when the singing ends. It begins and ends with the orchestra, and what the orchestra plays is as much a part of the work as what the actors sing, and the audience has a right to hear it. Do not deprive any one of that right by applauding as soon as the last vocal note has been sung. Do not applaud a person playing a violin concerto every time he takes the instrument from under his chin. Do not applaud one playing a piano concerto every time he lifts his fingers from the keyboard. The only proper time to applaud performances is at the end of a movement. You can not applaud at any other time without interrupting, and it is very rude to interrupt. —W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

There is wun nice thing about the plan of salwashun: If yoo don't axsept the condeshuns, and go to wun place, the condishuns will axsept yoo and send yoo too ther place.

## In Tacna and Arica

CONDITIONS LOOKING TO DEVELOPMENT X X X GLOOMY.

Peru has refused to accept the taking of a plebiscite in a form which would express the true and genuine views of all the residents in Tacna and Arica, says a Valparaiso, Chile, correspondent of the Chicago News. With a revenue which scarcely suffices for its home necessities, and with the greater part of the means whereby it might possibly have increased its resources hypothecated for about half a century to come to its former English creditors, Peru finds itself in difficulties as to offering any effective guaranty upon which it might raise upon a loan any sum of importance, especially when the proceeds of such loan would be used for acquiring a territory which yearly leaves a deficit.

### Peru's Lack of Means.

As the payment of such a sum is an indispensable condition for the acquisition of that territory, it is manifest that Peru cannot recover it under the terms of the treaty of peace. The desire to avoid lessening the traffic on the Mollendo railway, and the lack of means, will prevent the Peruvian government from carrying on the prolongation of the railway from Tacna into Bolivia, and the irrigation works required in these departments upon which their whole future depends. To diminish the deficit left by their administration, Peru would have no other means than to close the schools and hospitals, reduce the strength of the police and the salaries paid to the civil employes.

The present uncertain situation cannot be much longer prolonged. For the Chilean government each year of delay means so much loss, only Peru benefits by it, since, while the definite nationality of the territory remains unsettled, Chile cannot undertake in it any of the projected public works, which would be its salvation, and this gives Peru the security that the Bolivian commerce will not abandon the Peruvian route, via Mollendo, and return to the port of Arica, the nightmare of Peruvian statesmen. The future life of this region depends upon its being incorporated with Chile, which has the means and the will to develop it and make it prosper.

### Two Nations Friendly.

The Chilean minister of foreign affairs in June, 1900, stated to congress that having regard to the spirit of cor-

diality which reigned between the two chancelleries, he was led to entertain the hope of being able, at no very distant epoch, to produce an accord so much desired by both governments and which so transcendently affected the future relations of friendship and commerce, on which the reciprocal development of both countries must be based. The president to the national congress of that country in August, 1900, said that with the republic of Chile cordial relations were cultivated, and added that an accord had not been arrived at "notwithstanding that the deliberations with the new minister of Chile have proceeded under very friendly conditions and that his excellency, Senor Konig manifests a true interest in Bolivia."

A few days after these words had been uttered the representative of Chile formulated in a memorandum the propositions and remarks which he had verbally made to the government of Bolivia, and this is the document which, judged by some isolated phrases, has given occasion to the belief that an ultimatum had been sent to that country. But the minister for foreign affairs of Bolivia referring to this document said that the bases which it embodied "were worthy of being considered with a tranquil and reflective spirit."

### For Benefit of Bolivia.

In any case, and although the maritime aspirations of Bolivia may not be realized, it should be taken into account, as a circumstance favorable to that country, that Chile is not contemplating a renunciation in favor of Peru as at one time might have been feared at La Paz of its rights over Tacna and Arica, and that, as a consequence, as soon as it may require their definite possessions Bolivia will have a facile and permanent road for its traffic, as well as be able to hope for the realization of the railway destined to unite the excellent port of Arica with its capital. The kingdoms of Saxony and Bavaria, and the model republic of Switzerland, are not the less cultured nor the less industrious because the salt water does not leave their boundaries; and neither Turkey nor the Philippine islands, nor Greece, nor various nations of Europe, are more prosperous than they are because they are copiously environed by the sea.

## ATTAINED HIS END

Interesting Incident in the Career of a Distinguished American.

It was a good many years ago when Horace Maynard entered Amherst college as a freshman. He had a square jaw, a steady eye, a pleasant smile and a capacity for hard and persistent work. One day, after he had been in college about a week, he took a chair from his room into the hall, mounted it, and nailed over the door a large square of cardboard, on which was painted a big black letter V, and nothing else.

College boys do not like mysteries, and the young man's neighbors tried to make him tell what the big V meant. Was it "for luck"? Was it a joke? What was it? The sophomores took it up and treated the freshman to some hazing, but he would make no answer to the questions they put. At last he was let alone and his V remained over the door, merely a mark of the eccentricity of the eccentric.

Four years passed. On commencement day Horace Maynard delivered the valedictory of his class, the highest honor the college bestowed. After he had left the platform, amid the applause of his fellow students and the audience, one of his classmates accosted him:

"Was that what your 'V' meant? Were you after the valedictory when you tacked up that card?"

"Of course," Maynard replied. "What

else could it have been? How else could I have got it?"

Maynard needed to tack no other letters over his door. The impetus he had gained carried him through life. He became a member of congress, attorney-general of Tennessee, minister to Turkey and postmaster-general, and adorned every position to which he was called.

### Tolstol Waits on Himself.

Tolstol digs his own potatoes, cooks his own food, makes his own fires, chops his own wood and even makes his own food, makes his own fires, timate friends says that he has seen him take off his boots to give them to a beggar in the street, and the only time when he carries money is when he asks his wife for a few coppers to give to a passing tramp.

### Roosevelt Younger than Senators.

Vice President Roosevelt is younger than any senator in the body over which he presides, with two exceptions. There has been but one vice president who was younger than he—Breckinridge, who was elected on the ticket with Buchanan. Daniel D. Tompkins and John C. Calhoun were the same age as Roosevelt when they assumed the office.

## Fined For Every Death

"The only place, as far as law is concerned, where it costs money to die from natural causes is aboard a steamship," says a vessel owner. "The purpose of the law is excellent enough. There was a time when emigrants were being brought to this country in very large numbers, or 'by the ship load,' as it is termed. There is no doubt that there was crowding in the ships that brought them, and to prevent this a law was passed imposing upon the ship a fine of \$10 for each death that occurred during the passage from natural causes of persons over 8 years of age. This put a stop to overcrowding, or, at least, it is supposed that it did,

which is about the same thing. Ships do not fancy having to pay fines of this kind."

### Lake Huron Sturgeon Disappearing.

Unless strong measures are taken the sturgeon will soon be extinct in the Lake Huron and Georgian bay district. The fish are being slaughtered at a fearful rate, one firm alone having shipped 70,000 pounds of caviare in the season. The roe is the part of the fish that is most valuable, and as they are therefore taken just before spawning they have no chance to reproduce themselves.