

Concerning Cranberry Cove

By Mary Chopin Smith.

MRS. DEAN came over to the Hollis wells with a very worried expression. All Cranberry Cove consulted Helen Hollis when in difficulty.

"What do you think Mr. Dean has done now?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean as soon as they were alone. "He writes that he has invited Mademoiselle Colette Platon, a professional pianist, to spend a month here!"

"She has been ill and is very poor—oh, my dear! this is what comes of a father-in-law given to having proteges—the last one was an Italian peanut vender, and he stole the spoons! Of course I know it is his house, and he has a right to ask whom he chooses, and if he were only to be here by himself—but he and Charles don't come for two weeks or more, and this creature arrives on the noon boat to-morrow. What shall I do with her? She is sure to be impossible. Of Polish extraction, he says, whatever that means—but her mother was French."

"Perhaps it won't be so bad, Eunice, dear," said Helen sympathetically; "you will enjoy her playing."

"I don't believe she can really play," said Mrs. Dean viciously, and then laughed at herself. "If only Harry doesn't fall in love with her!" she sighed.

Helen thought to herself that it was highly probable Harry would, he being a susceptible sophomore, and quite within possibilities that Mademoiselle Colette might fall in love with him, as he was very good-looking and an extremely nice boy.

The next afternoon brought Eunice again, this time almost in tears. "Oh, Helen, it is worse even than I expected! I was prepared for a good deal, but such clothes and such hair! She kissed me, when she first saw me, right on the dock, and hugged the children. And she hadn't been in the house two minutes before she made a dead set at Harry; they're off canoeing now up the river; and she wouldn't even rest after the journey," and Eunice looked as if her guest's failure in this last particular was her gravest delinquency.

"Mademoiselle Colette certainly does not mean to lose any of the good time," she said. "But if she feels so well, at least you won't have to worry over her ill health."

"I don't see a sign of it," returned Eunice, "except that she flourishes an enormous bottle of sour black tonic. You will come over to-night, won't you? I must have you see her."

That evening, as Helen and her father crossed what was by courtesy called the lawn, a field of rough grass, with sweet-fern and golden-rod and the low cranberry bushes growing indiscriminately among rocks and stunted firs, they heard the "Moon-light Sonata" played with so brilliant, although somewhat metallic, a touch, as to leave no doubt of Mademoiselle Colette's talent.

They found most of their neighbors on the Dean's piazza, and stood looking through the open windows into the large hall, its dark paneling reaching up to the low ceiling of wooden rafters. Tall, green jars standing on the floor, held clusters of bayberry; one polished table was covered with dishes of pale yellow and deep orange nasturtiums, while on another were crowded poppies, ranging in almost imperceptible gradations from faintest pink to vivid rose. It was an effective setting for Mademoiselle Colette. She was dressed in shining, clinging black, with innumerable turquoise ornaments, her gorgeous, Titian-colored hair fluffed high on her head, and was undeniably handsome, with large hazel eyes.

She rose at the end of her playing, as they went in to be introduced. Having talked to them for a moment, singling out Mr. Hollis, with her graceful, little foreign gestures, in a way that made him open his mild old eyes, she took a decided step to one side, which brought her next to Harry Dean, with the tall lamp between them and the others. It was necessary that she put some sweet peas in her hair, and it was done with much soft laughter and shrugging her shoulders out of her low dress, all directed at Harry, and the boy was young enough to grow red with pleasure.

It was so apparent that Helen suddenly caught herself feeling in that way, and then laughed privately at seeing the same sensation plainly written in the awkwardness of the rest. It was a relief when Eunice nervously suggested that they should go out onto the piazza again, while Mademoiselle Colette played. But this did not better things, for Harry was now left alone with Mademoiselle Colette, a devoted slave, turning her leaves, while his sister-in-law fussed back and forth helplessly.

That was the beginning. Mademoiselle Colette caused Cranberry Cove to look on in stupor.

Her invalidism vanished, or at least conveniently adjusted itself so that she was able to do everything that she liked and nothing that she didn't. At first she used to practice in the evenings, while an admiring group listened from the piazza; but

she soon decided that it "exhausted" her less to play in the morning, and Helen suspected that the change was owing to the moon, which began to be just right for moonlight paddles with Harry. The afternoons were largely devoted to bicycling, for she produced a most remarkable French bicycle suit and flew about the country on Mrs. Dean's wheel with Harry an adoring attendant.

Her good nature and gayety seemed unending, and she made friends with everyone in the village, from old Jake Parker, whom she persuaded to take her in his dory one morning, when he went to set his "lawbster" pots, to the tribe of small Black children, whom she stuffed with candy until even weak-eyed mother protested.

She won the hearts of the Misses Conway and so completely that they took her up into that treasure cave, their wide, musty attic, and told her stories of by-gone days. The romance of their lives appealed to her imaginative nature, and she had spent hours sitting on a brass-bound chest, her chin in her hands, with Harry, who followed her everywhere, at her feet, gazing up at the bronze halo which a shining shaft of sunlight from the small window made about her head.

Such little episodes, as walking across on the high, arched railing of Long bridge over the river, while Harry and old Mr. Stockwell held up umbrellas at arms' length to steady her, going in wading till she almost froze, and then running barefoot, a race with the Dean children straight down the principal street of the village, to get warm; hiding Mr. Grey's, the minister's hat, when that precise gentleman came to call, and then joining in the search for it with the most innocent of faces—these kept poor Mrs. Dean in continual terror. But, as she said to Helen, she really couldn't turn Mr. Dean's guest out of his own house unless she did something very flagrant, and so far she hadn't.

One of Mademoiselle's scrapes, which Harry took good care should not reach his sister-in-law's ears, might perhaps have changed her opinion. It happened on a bicycle ride which Mademoiselle Colette and Harry took the second week of the visit. They had dismounted at the top of a long upgrade and were busy with a most interesting and satisfactory quarrel, the beginning of which they had both forgotten, the middle of which had been that Mademoiselle Colette had insisted upon Harry's going down on his knees in his clean ducks, in a mud puddle to tie her small tan shoe, and the end whereof was fast approaching in sulks on Harry's part. This sulksiness threatening to become serious, Mademoiselle Colette decided that a diversion was needed, and fortunately one appeared on the lonely road in the shape of a gawky country youth, driving a still more gawky horse in a dilapidated wagon. Suddenly declaring that she was too "exhausted" to ride any more, Mademoiselle Colette hailed the youth and asked him with her sweetest smile to drive her home. He didn't answer, and nothing was expressed in his face but stupefied amazement; but perfectly satisfied, Mademoiselle Colette skipped up beside him, and taking the reins from his unresisting hands, started off at as fast a pace as she could persuade the lumbering steed to take, leaving Harry to follow with both wheels. But whether some long-forgotten sporting blood in the old horse suddenly developed itself, or whether the rapid strides down hill upset his equilibrium, at the bottom he gave a solemn hop and shy, which brought one of the old wheels into contact with a large stone, broke it short off, and down went everything in a heap. Never had Harry coasted a hill as fast as he did that one. When he reached her he found Mademoiselle Colette safe, only hysterical with laughter, and Helen, who gazed with peaceful surprise at the ruin he had created, and the youth sat silent on the ground with the same unchanging expression of open-mouthed amazement. It did not alter even when Harry paid him generously for his loss, but when Mademoiselle thanked and praised him, gradually a grin of delight spread from ear to ear, and when they left him, still speechless, he was looking after her with rapt adoration.

This adventure had the effect of somewhat subduing Mademoiselle Colette's spirits for a day or two, a change which Harry welcomed with delight, as it inclined her to lie on the deck of his yacht, the Midge, and do nothing but talk to him.

Harry's infatuation was by this time so open and avowed that Mrs. Dean trembled lest the boy should be really entrapped, and Helen, to whom she confided her fears, could only join with her in longing for his father's arrival.

There was a good deal of fog the next night, which made all the boats late so that on the day his father and brother were expected, Harry announced that he did not intend to waste all his afternoon waiting on the wharf. They were down there when he said it, and Eunice instantly replied that she was sure his father would be much disappointed if Harry did not meet him. She was the more emphatic, as she knew the alternative was taking Mademoiselle Colette paddling, and she might have prevailed if just then Mademoiselle had not sighed a patient little sigh. The truth was, the young lady was somewhat bored, there being nothing to do except watch the gradual uncovering of the barnacles on the rotten old piles as the tide sank.

Harry no sooner heard that pathetic sound than he dropped his canoe into the water and begged Mademoiselle Colette to come. As the graceful birch thing swam away he called over his shoulder that they were going out to Sheep Rock, which completed Eunice's exasperation, as that was a very dangerous place to paddle at all times, owing to swift, uncertain currents and the risk of squalls, and particularly so just now, when for several days everything had prophesied a storm.

Indeed, by the time the fussy, small steamboat finally arrived, great, greenish gray clouds were tumbling over each other to cover up the sun, and when Eunice, having hurried home her husband and his father, was telling the story of Mademoiselle

Colette's iniquities and Harry's mad folly, the first heavy drops of rain were beating the waves in the harbor down into smoothness.

Mr. Dean was as horrified as Eunice could wish. It was all very well to befriend unfortunate damasks, but when his own son fell in love—that was a very different matter. But, alas! their anxieties for Harry's future were soon forgotten in the fear for his present.

The storm caught its breath and then hurried wind and rain and fog as if it had a malignant joy in terrifying. It was long remembered as the dreadful August gale, and more than one wreck propitiated its fury. Just before dinner Helen was watching from her window. A curtain, the color of night, hung straight down, hiding lurking chaos, and from beneath its edge white spray would rush out, roaring, to use its rage against the wet, streaming rock and fade back impotently.

Suddenly Jane ran into the room. "Oh! Miss Helen," she cried, "Mrs. Dean has just sent word you will please go over right away—Mr. Harry and the French lady are out somewhere in a canoe—God help 'em, and—"

"Good Heavens!" cried Helen, turning pale. "Give me my golf cape and don't let my father know if you can help it, Jane."

Away she hurried, to beat her way along the shore path, where the wind surely blew from every point at once.

Eunice met her at the door. "Oh, Helen," she sobbed, "I'm so glad you're home. Poor Mrs. Dean, it nearly breaks my heart to see him. He is out there in the wet, pacing up and down. What shall we do?"

"I don't suppose there is much we can do—but wait," answered Helen. "Where is your husband?"

"Charles is down on the wharf with the men and just as soon as there is a lull they are going to send out every boat in the village, but nothing could leave now. Think of that little, frail canoe! They say their only chance is that Harry may have seen it coming and landed on one of the islands. But if they did they will have to spend the night there—that horrid woman! This will settle it, of course."

Helen did her best as comforter, and deciding that her place was with Eunice, wrote a note to her father and stopped all night at the Deans'; a night of agonized length.

It passed somehow, and gradually the wind lessened to a musical, swinging murmur; the rain stopped; the fog folded itself neatly up, and was whisked off, and the sun rose fairly.

Then came the good news. A shot, the signal agreed on, rang over the water, and a white flag streamed from Jake Parker's sloop as she careered into the harbor.

With joyful excitement all Cranberry Cove hastened down to the wharf to welcome the sufferers and escort them home in a triumphal procession. Mademoiselle Colette, very weak and faint, but highly enjoying herself as the center of a sensation, was carried to the house in a picturesque limp attitude. Harry followed, his father's arm over his shoulder.

Things have somewhat quieted down and Mademoiselle Colette being safely ensconced in bed, where, to every one's relief, the doctor recommended her remaining for the present, Eunice called Helen into the library. Harry, warmed and fed and petted, was smoking his pipe with his father and brother watching him.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Dean, "tell us all about it."

"There isn't much to tell, sir," smiled Harry, with a comfortable stretch. "But they would not let him off, so he told of his seeing the small canoe, and, realizing that they would be swamped if he tried to reach home, how he made for Seal Island and with great difficulty beached his ticklish craft. Then how they tried to make some signal which would be seen from the mainland, but the rain made it impossible to light a fire, and the fog and darkness soon shut them in completely."

"When I saw," he continued, "that it was no use, and that we would have to stop the night there, I did the best I could for Mademoiselle Colette with my sweater and a screen of boughs, but it was pretty bad. She was awfully plucky."

"Harry," said Mr. Dean gravely, "did you ask her to marry you?"

"Yes, sir, I did," he said simply. "I didn't see what else I could do."

"Then you are engaged?" came Eunice with a sort of groan.

"Certainly not," answered Harry cheerfully. "Mademoiselle Colette thanked me for what she was pleased to call the honor I had paid her, but said that as she had been happily married for five years to Monsieur Paul Smoelf, first violin in an orchestra in Vienna, she really couldn't accept."

His hearers were too amazed to do anything but gasp, and Harry continued in a tone which showed him to be entirely heart free:

"She said she kept her maiden name because 'the public' knew her as Mademoiselle Colette Platon, and that she was over here this year without her husband for 'professional reasons.' She added that she was quite sure that my 'kind and munificent' father knew of her marriage, but I guess you didn't, Dad, did you?"

Mr. Dean laughed with a sort of choke.

"I only wish I had," he said. Then he put his hand on Harry's head as the boy leaned back, blinking a little with the sunlight across his brown forehead.

Lesson in American History in Puzzle



THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC." Find Capt. John Ericsson.

In August, 1861, the navy department at Washington advertised for plans and offers for the construction of ironclad steam batteries. Among those answering this advertisement was Capt. John Ericsson, who proposed to build the vessel afterwards named the "Monitor." The keel for the vessel was laid in a Brooklyn shipyard in October of the same year, and she was launched on January 30, 1862. She was turned over to the government on February 25, and nine days later left for Hampton Roads to dispute the question of supremacy with the formidable "Merrimac," which had on March 8 destroyed the greater part of the union fleet at that point. The novel craft arrived at Hampton Roads on the night of March 8, and the following morning engaged the "Merrimac" in a sea battle that changed the naval architecture of the world, and dispelled the hopes of the confederates.

PITH AND POINT.

The next time you complain of being overworked, think of the time you waste.—Acheson Globe.

"He's publishing a paper now, I hear." "Yes; it's the official organ of the dental profession." "Ah! sort of a mouth-organ, eh?"—Philadelphia Press.

"The Critics.—Ida—"They say it was a case of love at first sight with him." May—"What a pity he wasn't a medium and could have taken a second sight!"—Chicago Daily News.

Adolphus (penitently)—"So sorry, dearest, that I was angry with you yesterday evening, and lost my temper." Olivia—"Pray don't mention it, Dolly. It wasn't a very good one, and I'm sure you can easily find a better."—Punch.

His Apology.—Bill—"Do you know you owe me \$10?" Jill—"O, yes, I remember, I borrowed it a month ago." "That's what you did." "I owe you an apology." "I should say you did." "Here's 25 cents." "What's that for?" "That's an apology for \$10."—N. Y. Telegram.

Burton—"What sort of a man is Bjohanson, anyway?" Barton—"Well, Bjohanson is the sort of man who, if he should come to your house on a visit and see that your parlor clock was slow, would calmly compare it with his watch and set it exactly right."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Very Obliging.—Silas Hopkins (in the city)—"Mandy, these here city fellows is mighty kind and polite." Mandy Hopkins—"How do you know, Silas?" Silas Hopkins—"I wanted ter git a fifty dollar bill changed en' a nice young fellow said he'd get it for me, and he's goin' ter bring ter change to ter hotel."—Detroit Free Press.

LEAPS INTO THE PEERAGE.

Tricks Played by the Law of Succession Bring Titles Never Expected.

To retire at night just an ordinary citizen, a poor man, and to rise in the morning with a noble title or two and perhaps vast acres, with castles and wealth, is an experience possible only to a British subject. The law of succession regarding the nobility sometimes plays strange tricks in real life, says the Chicago Tribune.

Unexpected leaps from obscurity to the peerage, from poverty to great wealth, are not uncommon in England. Many such instances have been recorded in recent years, the elevations in some cases going to persons who did not even know they were in the line of succession for a title.

The present duke of Hamilton, by a sequence of accidents, found himself transformed seven years ago from an unknown lieutenant to the premier peership of Scotland, with three ducal titles and as many marquises, to say nothing of earldoms and baronies sufficient to equip half a dozen average peers.

How slight was the prospect of Lieut. Alfred Douglas-Hamilton ever succeeding to the family honors may be gathered from the fact that, although he is the thirteenth duke of Hamilton, he derives his descent from a third son of the fourth duke, who was born in the faraway seventeenth century, and that all his intermediate ancestors were younger sons. How many lives might in the ordinary course have come between the young lieutenant and the dukedom it is impossible to estimate; but, as it was said in sporting parlance at the time of his accession, the odds were thousands to one against his ever wearing the strawberry leaves.

By a similar series of accidents the present duke of Portland succeeded to the title and wealth of the Bentincks. The son of a third son, who in turn was a third son of the third duke, there seemed as much chance of the young subaltern of the guards ever being the head of his family as of his becoming emperor of China. The fourth duke alone had four sons, all of whom were considerate enough not to marry; and the third duke was also blessed with four sons, who were sufficiently amiable to make the way clear for the lucky young soldier.

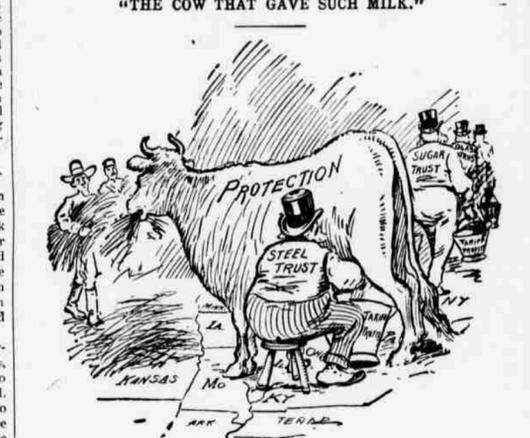
When Master William Grey first opened his eyes in Newfoundland 50 years ago his prospects of a coronet would have been considered dear at half a crown, for his father was but

TRUST AND TARIFF ISSUES.

Democrats Are Asked to Enlighten Secretary Shaw on the Subject. Expresses Satisfaction with Legislation Which Doesn't Touch the Combustibles.

It is a great thing to find a statesman who is willing to ask questions and thus obtain reliable information on subjects that he does not thoroughly understand. Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, who, on the Iowa prairies, had but little opportunity to study high finance, or the tariff or trust questions, so he naturally asks for information about these matters of the democrats who are competent to advise him. He has heard of "the Iowa idea" from Gov. Cummins, but he can hardly be blamed for not understanding exactly what is meant by it, for the governor, Senator Dooliver and their organ, the principal republican newspaper of the state, are none of them very clear in explaining why the trusts are sheltered in their monopoly by the present high protective tariff. Therefore, Secretary Shaw, in the speech he made at Peoria a few days ago, said: "I would like to have our democratic friends who are advocating this remedy, explain why they would remove protection temporarily or permanently from monopoly produced goods." The democrats, unlike Secretary Shaw and the republicans do not believe in monopoly, and will if given the power, so revise the tariff that those products of trusts and com-

"THE COW THAT GAVE SUCH MILK."



She takes feed, and lots of it, from the farmers and laborers and she gives milk, and lots of it, to the trusts and monopolies.

panies that are sold at a high price in this country and a lower price in foreign countries shall no longer be protected. The present duties on trust productions range from 30 to 100 per cent., thus allowing the trusts to add that much to the price they charge here for their products. If this tariff was taken off, the trusts would have to reduce the price of their products to what foreign competitors could export the same class of goods after paying the freight, and the profits that those who handle the goods would charge.

Take barbed wire, which sells in Pittsburg for \$2.60 per 100 pounds, is sold in Liverpool for \$1.86 per 100 pounds, a difference of 40 per cent., and this is just about what the duty amounts to. The price of barbed wire taken off, the price of their products to what foreign competitors could export the same class of goods after paying the freight, and the profits that those who handle the goods would charge.

Those who do not care, or are too partisan to be willing, like Secretary Shaw, to take the advice of democrats on the tariff and trust issues, can obtain similar information from a number of republican leaders whose eyes have been opened to the shelter the trusts have been vouchsafed by the protective tariff. The chairman of the republican congressional committee, Mr. Baebec, has made a number of statements that answer Secretary Shaw's inquiries, and there is no doubt he will send such as he has had printed to any inquirer who will take the trouble to write to him. Senator Dooliver, Gov. Cummins and Comptroller Roberts are on record in favor of revision, though still declaring for the principle of protection. Senator Dooliver, in a speech in the senate, said that some of the tariff schedules were intentionally made too high, yet the republicans refused to ratify even the slight reductions that the reciprocity treaties called for.

No one claims that a revision of the tariff will entirely obliterate trust actions, but the democrats and many republicans are convinced that the tariff adds greatly to the price that the trusts charge for many of their products, and that the old claim that infant industries need protection to build them up has long become obsolete by the formation of those giant corporations that are called trusts.

Secretary Shaw signed last Monday a warrant for \$3,000,000 for the treasury of the Philippine islands to cover the relief appropriation. The Philippines continue to prove quite an expensive luxury. They have already cost this country over \$400,000,000, which is probably more than the gross value of all the trade they will bring us in 100 years.—Atlanta Constitution.

President Roosevelt is strenuous, but not consistent. Or rather he is consistent all the time in his real, though not his pretended purposes. He is looking out for Number One, and letting neither consistency nor principle stand in the way of delegate-getting.—Albany Argus.

The president reiterates his declaration that the trust should be properly regulated, but he uses a more hopeful tone than most of us are able to assume. This, however, may be a mere matter of temperament.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

Secretary Shaw signed last Monday a warrant for \$3,000,000 for the treasury of the Philippine islands to cover the relief appropriation. The Philippines continue to prove quite an expensive luxury. They have already cost this country over \$400,000,000, which is probably more than the gross value of all the trade they will bring us in 100 years.—Atlanta Constitution.

President Roosevelt is strenuous, but not consistent. Or rather he is consistent all the time in his real, though not his pretended purposes. He is looking out for Number One, and letting neither consistency nor principle stand in the way of delegate-getting.—Albany Argus.

The president reiterates his declaration that the trust should be properly regulated, but he uses a more hopeful tone than most of us are able to assume. This, however, may be a mere matter of temperament.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

ROOSEVELT ON TRUSTS.

Expresses Satisfaction with Legislation Which Doesn't Touch the Combustibles.

In his speech on trusts at Milwaukee on April 3, President Roosevelt said: "Not only is the legislation enacted effective, but in my judgment it was impracticable to attempt more."

He was demanding much more when on his stumping tour last fall and when his attorney general was suggesting to Congressman Littlefield what the president wanted done. Littlefield prepared the anti-trust bill and got it through the house. It was pigeon-holed in the senate by order of the trusts, and with the expressed consent of the president.

In his Milwaukee speech the president spoke sarcastically of "alleged disease" that "seek to destroy the patient." He then added: "Others are so obviously futile that it is somewhat difficult to treat them seriously or as being advanced in good faith. High among the latter I place the effort to reach the trust question by means of the tariff. You can, of course, put an end to the prosperity of the trusts by putting an end to the prosperity of the nation; but the price for such action seems high."

Apparently, President Roosevelt has changed his mind since he resigned

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—Mr. Roosevelt's speech warning everybody to keep hands off the sacred robber tariff shows the effect of those long and prayerful consultations with J. Pierpont Morgan at the white house.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to be preparing a great gift for the American people. If Mr. Morgan really wishes to give them something, he might permit congress to pass an effective anti-trust law.—Detroit Free Press.

—William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, says that no further attempt will be made to pass the ship subsidy. At the same time Mr. Curtis admits that three-fourths of the republican members of the house are in favor of the measure. He explains that the bill recently before congress was defeated because the republicans of the northwestern states, joined with the democrats. The Louisville Courier-Journal, however, hits the nail on the head when, in commenting upon Mr. Curtis' statement, it says: "The trust is, it suits the purpose of the ship subsidy grabbers to create the impression that they have abandoned this raid on the treasury. We have already had experience of that kind of tactics."

—Mr. Platt dies hard and it was to be expected of him. His grip has been too tight to relax voluntarily. But let go he must and picaune attacks upon those who are coming after him will neither sweeten nor delay his departure. The process going on in New York politics is nature's own way.—Hartford Courant.

—An extra session of the senate, followed by the announcement of an extra session of congress for October, puts the Roosevelt administration right up to the front in one line of government, anyhow.—Atlanta Journal.