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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

Six months in the State, sixty days in the township and thirty days in the ward or precinct make you a voter, other things being all right. Bear this in mind.

The people of Vermont and Maine do not seem to appreciate the efforts the Democratic party has made to lift from their shoulders the burdens of tariff taxation.

Under the Senate bill the [sugar] tax is about 33 per cent less than under the McKinley bill.—*Argus News*.

Does it come then that the buyer of sugar receives only 17 pounds now for \$1 and under the McKinley law he received 30 and 22 pounds?

The Secretary of the Treasury drew the sugar schedule practically as it was enacted into a law by Democratic votes and the Presidential permission. And all the cuckoo newspapers including the *Argus News* vehemently assert that sugar is a legitimate article for tariff taxation.

It's that's the kind of Democrats they are [the Louisiana kickers]—the Gorham-Trice kind—the sooner they are out of the Democratic party the better for the party and the country.—*Argus News*.

The *Argus News* is kept busy these days in reading Democrats out of the party. Having disposed of some of the leading newspapers and statements it is now turning its attention to the sugar planters. The wool growers and coal miners and iron workers will come next.

The necessity for three Democratic papers in this town is now made apparent—one to excuse the Senate, one to excuse the House and one to excuse the President. A conference committee should be appointed and divide the work. The *Argus News* has undertaken the triangular job, but the work of posing on three sides of a question at the same time is much more than our chipper little neighbor is able to bear.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID THAT HE THOUGHT THAT HE KNEW ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT "WHEN AN AMERICAN PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR STEEL TO AN ENGLISH MANUFACTURER AMERICA HAD THE STEEL AND ENGLAND HAD THE TWENTY DOLLARS." BUT WHEN HE PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR STEEL TO AN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER AMERICA HAD BOTH THE STEEL AND THE TWENTY DOLLARS."

The following comment on the Maine election coming as it does from the *Washington Post*, a Democratic paper, is significant:

What Maine did yesterday we expect the other States in North, East and West at least to do when their opportunity presents itself. We expect, in a word, that the whole country will rise in protest against the foolish, dishonest, unprincipled policy which the members of the sugar trust and the demagogues have indicated. The country is always intelligent and patriotic, and it can be relied upon, we think, to accept the Republican party as the safest, wisest and most wholesome custodian of the national welfare under the circumstances that now prevail in the Democracy.

It will now be in order for the *Argus News* to read the *Post* out of the Democratic party.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY. The Indianapolis *News* of Tuesday in discussing the sugar bounty, says: "We believe that the people are getting tired of being taxed for the benefit of every man who finds it impossible to run his own business at a profit." The *News* would have it inferred from this that the people have been taxed "for the benefit of every man who found it impossible to run his own business at a profit." It is very well known, as does every one in the country, that no such thing has ever been done. The object in paying a bounty to sugar producers, is not to benefit the sugar makers; but the ultimate purpose is to benefit the country at large. If no other good is to result from the sugar bounty than the profit it yields to the sugar makers, then all will agree that the payment of the bounty would be an outrage. But suppose that the sugar bounty should result, in a few years, in the establishment of a great industry here, which would give employment to hundreds of thousands of workmen, put in successful operation a new and profitable branch of agriculture, make sugar much cheaper than it is now, and render us independent of other sugar producing countries, what would the *News* say as to the wisdom of the bounty? Since Napoleon, through the bounty system, established the beet sugar business in France, sugar has been much cheapened all over the world. Other nations have followed the example of France, in paying bounties for the production of beet sugar, and now more than one-half of all the sugar consumed in the world is produced from the beet. If no nation had ever undertaken to develop the beet sugar business, sugar would today be double the price it is. Is it not plain from these considerations that the bounty means something more than a mere favor to beet sugar makers?

A LOVE COMEDY.

One of the Ways of Winning a Fair Woman.

"Shall I marry again? I can't tell you; I never make plans. 'A policy,'" said Lady Brereton, "is the blackmail levied on a fool by the unforeseen. Needless to remark, I am a fool. It is too fatiguing to be original. This hot weather! Ida, I can recommend those *marrow glasses*."

They were in Lady Brereton's boudoir in Green street, bosom friends and alone. A five o'clock tea equipage stood between them and a too brilliant June sun was excluded by blinds of a becoming tint and a *deglar* of ferns. Pale mauve entered largely into the scheme of decoration, and there were a great many *Parma* violets about in old silver bowls.

Mrs. Crosbie helped herself to a sweetmeat leisurely, and with a due regard for her irreproachable glove, before she responded. When she did so her words, to an uninitiated person, would have seemed somewhat irreverent.

"Of course, you know," she remarked, "that Capt. Valence is home from India?"

"Somebody told me yesterday that he had just arrived. But why the 'of course'?"

Mrs. Crosbie's eyes deserted the teatray, and fixed themselves severely on her friend.

"Blanche," she said, "you are in one of your moods, and you don't practise on me! Are we alone, or is somebody hiding behind those curtains?"

"You ridiculous woman!"

"Then, why this superlative innocence? Why this affectation of coy seventeen? For heaven's sake be a rational being, and treat me like one! As if everybody doesn't know that Arthur Valence worried himself nearly sick over you at the time of your marriage. And you try to persuade me, of all people, that you think it means nothing when he returns to England, after an absence of five years, just as the first twelve months of your mourning expire?"

"Well, you shouldn't have said that of course," insinuating that I had privately information about him," murmured Lady Brereton plaintively. "His movements don't interest me in the least, and I don't suppose mine any longer interest him. You seem to ignore the lapses of time since we met, and faithful hearts, my dear, went out of fashion with the crinoline. Besides, he was a bore—he was only a nice boy. And I treated him badly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie.

The too-ready acquiescence displeased Lady Brereton. She digested with an apostle spoon and frowned.

"Not so very badly. After all, how could I help him being silly enough to care for me? As to taking him seriously, a mere boy of twenty-two, and a younger son! Anyhow it doesn't matter now. He has probably forgotten all about me long ago."

She spoke with a complacent disbelief in her own words which made her hearer laugh.

"If you thought for a moment that he had forgotten, you would be irritable beyond endurance."

"I hope you are not laboring under the absurd delusion that I care in the least."

"Am I your enemy that I should accuse you of having a heart?" laughed Mrs. Crosbie. "I merely meant that your amour propre would be ruffled, my dear. I know you so well!"

"You were never more mistaken in your life," asserted Lady Brereton, calmly. "I am utterly indifferent."

Therein she was insincere. It was true that she had snubbed him unmercifully in years gone by, and the only feeling his boyish passion had inspired in her had been a sisterly liking, afterwards mingled with pity, amusement and a gratified vanity. But nevertheless she looked to the renewal of the dorsal chains which bound him to her carriage wheels with a truly feminine pleasure.

Therefore, with the possibility before her mind of a visit from her old admirer, she bestowed sundry admonitions to her toilet, commanded the victoria and settled herself in the drawing-room. In a graceful attitude, prepared to be very much astonished to see him, indeed.

The afternoon waned, however, and he failed to put in an appearance.

Neither did he come the following day, nor the one after, nor the next. Evidently he was in no hurry to call on her, and Lady Brereton's usually sweet temper developed inequalities in consequence. She had declared it improbable that his devotion should have survived, but the possible truth of her words rankled in her heart of hearts, although she would not acknowledge it even to herself. She was broadminded, but she had her limitations.

When, within a week of his return, he greeted her at length on the neutral ground of the Hurlingham club, she found him a good deal changed—older, improved, nothing of the boy she remembered about him, except his features, which were good.

"Then you haven't quite forgotten me," she said.

"Forgotten you! It is likely? My dear Lady Brereton, don't you recollect my youthful adoration?" You made me as wretched as a love-sick boy can be. The letters I used to write you, the speeches I used to make! How I must have bored you! I was so very much in earnest; one takes oneself so seriously at twenty-two. I have often laughed over the thought of it since."

Laughed now, So did she, very naturally too. But she was not pleased to hear in his frank allusion to the past she discerned that her empire was lost, and no woman likes to make that discovery, even if she has not valued it at the time of possession.

"And is your stay in London to be long?" she asked.

"I am not going back to India at all," he said. "The regiment will be home next month. I mean to settle down and marry. The government is fitfully about the title you know, since my brother died. It's rather a bore." He laughed. "By the way, Lady Brereton, I was intending to call and ask your aid about it. I thought for the sake of old times you might feel sufficient interest in the 'nice boy' now he's grown up, to find a nice girl for him—decent family, of course, and little money no objection, but not a *fine qua non*. Women are so clever at this kind of thing."

"I shall be delighted," she said,

sweetly. "I'll look out for you, and you must come and see me, and report what discoveries you are making on your own account."

But the conversation was a little one-sided after that. Capt. Valence chattered easily, little nothing of the hour, the amusing conversation of a well-bred man of the world with a witty tongue and a shrewd perception. But she did not pay much heed to what he said. She was thinking of the last time they met. She was Blanche Fortester then, and he had called her his angel, the light of his life, and she had laughed, and suddenly him not to be a silly boy. The whole episode had been very absurd, of course, but somehow his mockery of it did not please her, and the glibness of his "Lady Brereton" grated.

"Thursday is my day," she said to him, when he put her in her carriage, and by. "But if you like to take your chance, you know—?"

Perhaps she thought about him more on her way home than she had ever thought about him before at one time. And she snacked her innocent pug, and called it a little beast. Such is feminine justice!

"I was young once," said Capt. Valence to the horse-chestnut trees, "I was distressingly young—a malady we all suffer from. But I feel better now, thank God!" he added plausibly. And he lighted a cigar and went to watch the polo with a smile of self-satisfaction.

They met a good deal in the course of the next few weeks. He reminded her of her promise, and she mentioned the names of two or three desirable damsels to him; but her assistance ended there, and he never saw an attractive-looking girl in her house. Also he found occasion to allude once more to his sad days.

"Nothing polishes a cub," he said, "like an affair with a woman of the world. Dear Lady Brereton, accept the assurance of my gratitude."

She would have been better pleased if he had intimated that she had ruined his life, better pleased even if he had openly avoided her. His *comaraderie* stung her feminine soul. She did not approve of platonic, especially in an old admirer.

"One would think I was his grandmother," she said to her own wrathful reflection in the toilet glass. And then she wept stormily—for no reason that she would have named to a living soul.

For a week she saw nothing of him, then one evening their eyes met across the opera house and a faint resentment—the sequel to the unexplained tears—was in her smileless brow. It was perceptible, too, in the manner of her greeting when, during the last *entree*, he deserted his stall for her box, and, on Mrs. Crosbie's invitation, dropped into the vacant chair between them. But he appeared to notice no coolness in her manner; he was in the most brilliant of moods.

"I have news for you," he murmured in her ear, when the stage claimed Mrs. Crosbie's attention. "She is found."

"Indeed! And am I to congratulate you?"

"Perhaps it would be a trifle premature. You see, I haven't proposed yet."

"Tell me now," she said.

She spoke quite naturally, and she was smiling. But he did not look at her face; his eyes had been on her hand as it closed with spasmodic force upon the handle of her fan.

"You will break that toy if you treat it like that," he said, quietly.

She dropped it as if it had stung her and drew back in the shadow of the draperies with her white teeth pressing her lower lip.

"Go on," she urged. "Is it an affair of the heart or of the head?"

"She is the only woman I should ever wish to marry," he answered. "I want her more than I have wanted anything in my life. I hardly know how to describe her to you. Don't laugh if I rave, I am in love, and when a fellow's like that, you know."

Lady Brereton, you will certainly ruin your fan! But I am not going to tell you that she is perfect. A perfect woman—how wearisome, how monotonous! She has variety, she has charm—admirable qualities to attract a man, and to give his existence the delightful zest of uncertainty. All she is adorable, she—Lady Brereton!"

She was leaning back against the partition, her eyes closed, her face colorless.

"Nothing—don't notice me," she murmured. "The heat . . . I am better already."

He bent forward to screen her from the other woman's view. His hand covered hers, and it was shaking, like his voice.

"You are going to faint! I am a brute, but I want you so badly, and I knew this was the only way to make you care. If I had shown—"

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"The comedy is finished!"—the words were spoken on the stage, and the curtain fell. He put her cloak round her as they rose—Esther Miller, in Black and White.

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he greeted her at length on the neutral ground of the Hurlingham club, she found him a good deal changed—older, improved, nothing of the boy she remembered about him, except his features, which were good.

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