

Baby's Second Summer

is the time that tries all the care of the mother and all the skill of maternal management. Baby comfort comes from fat; fat babies have nothing to do but to sleep and grow.

If your baby does not seem to prosper, if he does not gain in weight, you must get more fat there. A few drops of



each day will put on plumpness; fat outside, life inside, baby and mother both happy.

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A SHORT STORY.

Concluded from second page.

the school house followed by Betsy's troop of children. Every step she took the commissioner seemed to rise, stern-eyed, before her. She was now looking on the ground, and failed to perceive a buggy standing near the school house. The children scampered up crying:

"It's Dr. Gray—Dr. Gray!"

Lottie's eyes were instantly lifted, and a flush rose to her cheek. As she approached he raised his hat and bade her good morning. She paused beside his buggy and he and she spoke genially of the weather and kindred topics.

"Dr. Gray," presently said Lottie, "do you know the school commissioner?"

"Yes—O, yes, I know him very well—why?"

"He is to examine me before I can command a salary," said she dropping her voice, and looking uneasy.

The doctor's keen eye detected all, and he smiled as he made reply:

"His intellect doesn't amount to much; but, like most pretenders, he is very conceited, and, you know, a fool can ask questions that no wise man can answer." He looked away from the disconcerted girl and a droll light played in his eye.

"Good morning," suddenly said she, moving toward the door.

He started. "Blake's catechizing will not be severe. You will pass the examination unscathed." His eye followed the trim little figure. On the door-step she turned and eyed the manly form as it was hurried away. She sighed, and entered the building. Lottie was proud and shrank appalled from the thought of Dr. Gray hearing of her ignorance.

The twenty children who greeted her were mixed as regards character, advancement and appearance. A few were refined, apt and pretty, whilst the majority resembled the young Ables. When the hour of dismissal came Lottie's heart bounded at the thought of being free until the next day. But her otherwise refreshing walk home was marred by the despised vision of the commissioner. "I wish he was in the moon!" she snapped, involuntarily clinching her fist.

"Who?" inquired one of the Ables.

"You needn't be eaves dropping,

sir. I meant you, of course," she said.

The boy stared wildly at her whilst the frightened tears suffused his eyes.

"What fer? 'Case I didn't know how much twice one was?"

"Yes." Lottie struggled to suppress her risibles and increased her pace. But Master Able kept even with her and fascinated her ears with such remarks as this:

"Ole Bill Hobbins can't spell hoss, nor nothin', an' I've bin ter b-a-k-e-r so I hev!"

The next day Lottie and her pupils had an adventure. Whilst she was engaged with one of her classes a hideous creature appeared in the door. Aghast she stared at him and the children crept closer to the teacher. The deformed, bear-eyed man propped himself against the door and demanded water. Lottie gazed at the bucket in the corner of the room—it was empty.

"Willie," said she to one of the older boys, "go bring water."

Willie rose to obey, but dubiously eyed the form at the door and wondered if he dared pass it. The man observing him hesitate, cried: "Go—go!"

Willie went out like a flash. He soon returned and tremblingly offered the person a drink. The drunkard rose and casting his eye over the house left. Suddenly one of the boys exclaimed:

"He's comin' back!" There was a stampede for the door and all gave it a shove. The old man passed, not even glancing at the house. Upon Lottie's remarking this fact from the key hole, Willie, with drawn knife, stepped forward: "Don't be skeered Miss Lottie; if he tries to hurt ye I'll cut!"

"He's turned back!" whooped one of the Ables from the window.

Willie's knife went spinning to the floor and his knees showed symptoms of palsy. Some of the children screamed but Bacchus, never heeding, went on his way, leaving Lottie and her school to peacefully listen to Willie's account of the manner in which he intended to carve up Mr. Liquor, had he attempted to interfere with Miss Lottie.

Lottie smiled as a vision of the falling knife, white face and shaking knees of her champion rose before her.

Two evenings later Dr. Gray's anxiety concerning the condition of his patient, Mattie Able, got the better of him and he called. Mr. Able shrewdly suspected the real object of his visit and left Lottie to entertain him. When Lottie pillowed her head for slumber that night she felt that her interest in the doctor had grown stronger, but, reader, she had determined to throw up her engagement with the trustees of the Barnville school. "I will not stand that examination," she commented. "I believe he has formed a complimentary opinion of me and if I fail to pass creditably he will perhaps have contempt for me."

Great was the surprise of the Ables upon being apprised of Lottie's resolution. The gentleman rubbed his hands, as was his wont, and searchingly eyed the face of the teacher.

"I say," he laughed, "hain't the doctor somethin' to do with it—eh?"

Lottie colored. "No," she said with flashing eyes.

"He'll be sorry, though. He's worth ketchin', Miss Wood."

"Yes; and has plenty," ventured Betsy.

"He'll bring her back soon—ha! ha!" roared Mr. Able.

Lottie could not feel angry, though she assumed much dignity as she left the dining room.

On her way to the depot, in the same place she had encountered Dr. Gray the day of her arrival, she met him again. Mr. Able stopped his horse. The doctor drew rein.

"What is the meaning of this?" he inquired, looking at the trunk.

"Miss Wood doesn't like us—she is comin' back home," said Mr. Able.

"Why? Are we not hospitable?"

"Yes, certainly," hastily replied Lottie, affably, "but I find the work too arduous and the walk too long for the remuneration I'm to receive."

"You're correct," said Dr. Gray, straightening himself and looking as wise as Solomon. "I've often said it was a position better suited to a male teacher. However, I'm very sorry we are to lose you so soon." His eyes sought hers regretfully.

"Thank you," said she sweetly, whilst a faint flush dyed her cheek.

"Well, we must be a-goin'; it's late," announced Mr. Able.

"Good-bye," said the doctor pressing her little gloved hand, whilst his eyes eagerly sought hers. She smiled into his serious face, and was whirled away.

As Mr. Able shook her hand through the car window he asked:

"What must I tell the commissioner?"

Lottie flushed but answered with a sneer:

"Say to him that when I'm examined 'twill be by my equal in intellect. Aurevoir!" She clasped his hand kindly.

She was not disappointed. Before the home-folk scarcely ceased to rally her upon her return a letter was handed her from Dr. Gray. It begged that the writer be permitted to visit her. He came; and, on the anniversary of her arrival at Barnville as the teacher, she returned as the wife of Dr. Gray.

Thus ended Lottie's effort to be independent.

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SUGAR TRUST PROFITS.

John De Witt Warner Makes Some Estimates and Scores the Trust.

Ex-Congressman John De Witt Warner is one of the best posted men in this country on sugar tariffs. When in congress, he carried the house for free sugar. In a recently published statement he estimates the net protection to the trust given by the Aldrich schedule at from 35 cents to \$1.14 on every 100 pounds of refined sugar.

Without attempting to give his argument as to each of the ways in which the trust would be protected we give his summary of trust profits as follows:

Specific differential.....	50.10	20.00	30.10
Thirty-five per cent ad valorem differential.....	0.15	0.21	0.36
Substantial duty, same as above, assessed by substitution of 75 per cent ad valorem for specific duties in low grades.....	0.00	0.15	0.15

In the vast majority of cases, however, the actual net protection to the trust, and it is important to note, is considerably less than the figures shown above, and is to bring this below 40 cents or above 60 cents for any considerable amount.

As an item of tariff taxation the sugar schedule is ideal from the protectionist standpoint. Sugar is the one article used by poor and rich to an equivalent extent, and a tax on which therefore falls most heavily on the poor in proportion to their ability to pay it. Its production and distribution are controlled by a concern which is at once the greatest of our mean trusts and the meanest of our great ones.

It is consistent therefore that on this one article there should be levied more than one-third of our total tariff taxation, and that our people should be burdened by a tax of more than \$90,000,000 that realizes less than \$70,000,000 for the treasury and more than \$20,000,000 for the sugar refining combine, while the same combine is enabled to net an additional \$10,000,000 by the opportunity given it to import at present duty rates raw sugars from which it can make refined to be sold by it under the enhanced price assured it by the proposed Aldrich schedule. The net "protection" of from 45 to 60 cents per 100 pounds given the trust on its refining process alone should be considered as sufficient when we remember that the labor cost of this process is slightly less than 6 1/2 cents per 100 pounds—that is to say, Senator Aldrich, in behalf of American labor, proposes unduly to tax wage earners in order to give the trust from five to seven times as much "protection" as it pays for all the labor involved.

Next to the wage earner the farmer is dear to the protectionist heart, and he is therefore equally favored by the sugar schedule. Of late years throughout the eastern and middle and many of the central states the competition of the far west has driven our farmers from grain raising into fruit culture. This has now so developed that except for exports of canned goods—jams, preserves, etc.—in which we ought to supply the world, the business of fruit raising has, in its turn, become almost profitless. And poverty is now assured to those who are dependent upon fruit culture by the proposed tax of two cents a pound on sugar. This increases by from 50 to 75 per cent the article which would make up from 40 to 75 per cent of the total weight of the jams, etc., the export of which might insure living prices for the surplus fruits, but which is now practically prohibited.

And this is "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." Who are "the people?"

The Infamous Wool Schedule.

The senate computations of the equivalents for Dingley bill rates on woolen goods only need to be stated. They make opposing argument unnecessary in the mere reading. For example, the rate is 65 per cent on second class wool, 289 per cent on garnetted wools, 227 per cent on shoddy, 171 per cent on woolen cloths valued at not more than 50 cents per pound, 187 per cent on blankets more than three yards in length and valued at not more than 30 cents per pound, 212 per cent on shawls valued at not exceeding 40 cents per pound, 151 per cent on knit fabrics valued at not exceeding 40 cents per pound, 257 per cent on hats of wool valued at not more than 30 cents per pound, 419 per cent on felts of the same value, 147 per cent on plushes valued at not over 40 cents per pound, and 64 per cent on the aggregate of woolen carpets.

The people of the United States could better afford to buy every sheep in the country and to put every shepherd on the pension list than to submit themselves to such shameless plundering—Philadelphia Record.

Cannot Convict Sugar Kings.

In these days it is harder to convict a Sugar trust king than it is for a camel to go through the eye of a Cleopatrian needle.—Baltimore Herald.

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W. G. A. PORTER, Board of
R. M. KIRK, Registration.
R. J. FLYNN, Registration.
Nov. 18, 1896. tr.