

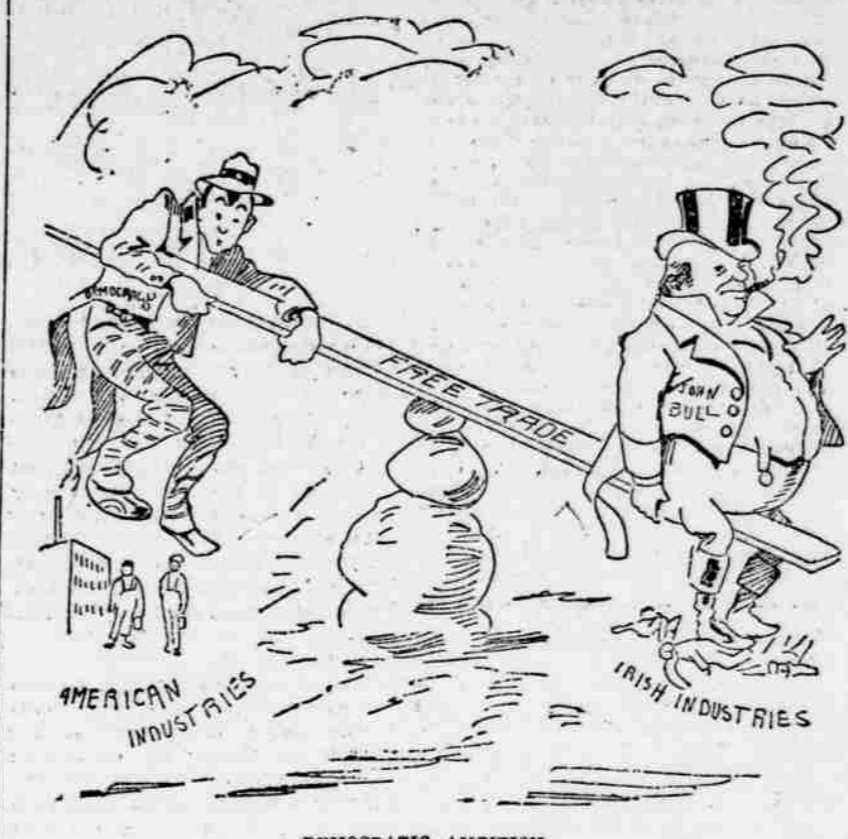
TOPICS OF THE TIMES AS THE CARTOONISTS SEE THEM.



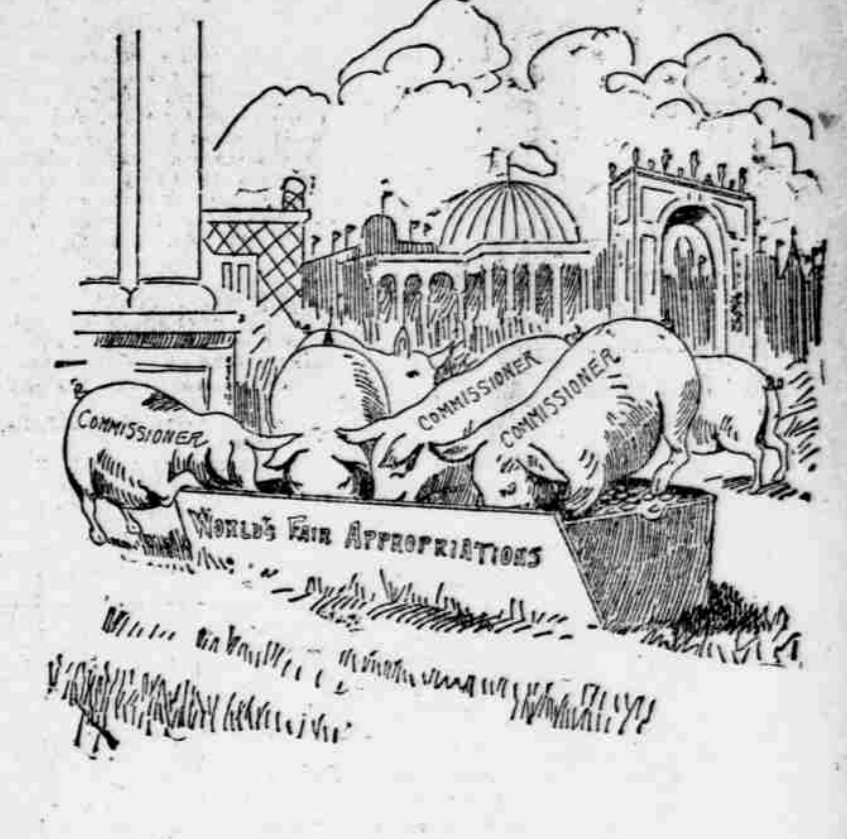
From the New York Telegram.



"Well, old fellow, you look as if you'd lost your last friend." "I have. The last one of 'em has just been nominated for an office."—Chicago News.



English free trade has destroyed the industries of Ireland.—Exchange. DEMOCRACY—"I bet I can do the same thing on this side."—Chicago News-Record.



Oh! Nancy Hank, your sturdy shanks have lost their glory now. For John's wheel has replaced your heel, and you're no more!—W. B. G. in Punch.



COFFEYVILLE ENTERTAINS THE OUTLAWS.—Chicago Tribune.



THE SPECTACLE OF "CALICO" CHARLES FOSTER LAUGHING AT WALTER Q. GRESHAM IS ONE OF THE MANY REPUBLICAN COMEDY FEATURES OF THIS CAMPAIGN.—St. Louis Republic.



"Mr. Arubroke," said the landlady, "you pay up your board bill that's been a-running now for more than six weeks or you leave the house to-night." "Madame," cried Mr. Arubroke, indignantly, "madame, do you know what you are doing? Why, this is a terrible outrage. If I move before election day I lose my vote. This is worse than bayonets at the polls. How dare you madame?"—Chicago News-Record.



Oh! Nancy Hank, your sturdy shanks have lost their glory now. For John's wheel has replaced your heel, and you're no more!—W. B. G. in Punch.

MISS MASTERS. CHAPTER I. The Western wind was wild and dark with rain. And all alone went she. We are at the sea. Change of air and scene is absolutely necessary for the health of the orthodox Briton once a year. Our father suggested that we should spend the whole summer at home, in our lonely house in Norfolk, where there is nothing on earth to do but your duty. Of course he talked of poverty, had harvests, reduction of rents for struggling farmers, and all those other philanthropic stinkinesses of which we women hear when we want extra pin money or extra amusement. But we are a determined family. Our opinions are as firmly established as the Government; we do not give way. My eldest sister, Millicent, is considered handsome; her face is certainly sweeter than her disposition, her blue eyes far franker than her tongue. She possesses what the poets call (without poetic license in her case) a wealth of golden hair; the curls and coils, the twists and loops are most expensive, for the color is rare, and, therefore, dear. I rank next in age to Millicent. I am 19; no one admires me so far as I know. Though my nose is sharp, my chin undeveloped, my hair Auburn, my teeth aggressive, my range of vision augmented by the use of eye-glasses, and my temper uncertain, yet I have a pretty wit which I love to exercise on my neighbors. My parents, as would be divined by an intelligent reader, have some originality of mind, though their ideas run much—very much—in one groove. Having called their eldest-born Millicent, they named me, their second daughter, Mildred, their third Marjell, and, unable to shake off the fascination of the M, they gratified a French name upon our English stock, and called the baby upon our tongue, "Miss Masters."

water she shrieked, let go her rope, and throwing up her arms, behaved as though she was making an effort to get drowned. I cannot swim, but I was near her, so I plunged her way, and gripping her by the hair, I tugged her to her feet. As she was too frightened to stand firmly the next instant was knocked her down for the second time. She dragged me over, too, and as I was screaming at her when I fell, I swallowed a quart of salt water and a peck of sand. Melanie's long, lean arm clutched me round the neck like a vice. Handcuffed thus I could not regain my footing. The retreating wave sucked the single from beneath us—we were drawn out. Melanie's pale face was infectious, my shrieks joined hers, and were only silenced by a dashing column of water, which broke upon us, and then lifting us on its breast, as though we were globes instead of women, rushed off with us inland. This time I clung to Melanie's plait and struggled violently. Well, we were not drowned, but we were washed beneath the wheels of the bathing-machine, from whence the bathing-woman extricated us more dead than alive. As soon as I could speak I attacked Melanie, who lay on the shingle, gasping and dead as a stone. "It was all your fault," I spluttered, my teeth chattering. "Just look your heel as well as your footing. You like you. Her lips were curled up, she could hardly articulate, but a Masters is only silent in the grave. "Why did you pull my hair?" she retorted, raising her hand upon her elbow. "What made you tug like that? The pain made me scream. There was no danger." "No danger, of course," I snapped; "no danger for fishes at the bottom of the sea, and so no danger for oysters and the other idiots." "Now, now, young ladies," said the bathing woman, "don't you start catching your death of cold to argue. There is a long day when you are dry and in your clothes to spend in arguing." She had reason on her side. My sister sided with Melanie, and pitied her pale face. No one considered the gallon of salt water which she had compelled me to swallow. Injustice of any sort annoys me—rightly and violently annoys me. Our argument lasted through the breakfast hour, at the end of which I lost all that remained to me of my temper, and, after throwing the tea cosy at Marjell, I broke out of the room in a passion, and flew up, three steps at a time, to our bedroom, turning the key in the lock behind me. In due course of time Millicent followed me thither. I knew she would. I lay on the bed, grinning with malice, not at the new novel in my hand. Her sister, Maurice Mitchell, was momentarily expected. She was to meet him at the station, and she had neither hat, nor coat, nor curling tongs. She beseeched, prayed, entreated me to unlock the door. I made no response. I listened to her moans, her whimpers, her humiliations, her threats—they were sweet in my ears. "Mill, dear Mill; you cannot be so cruel. If I do not meet Maurice he will be mad; he won't come here; he will get back by the next train; he has such a temper." Silence. "I will never forgive you, Mill." "Let me in, Mildred, I have only a joke to make." I laughed. It was my joke; I should carry it so far as I could. "Mill, if you won't let me in, at least throw me my coat and hat from the window." I laughed again. "Mill, you little beast, I have nothing to wear." "Horrors," I suggested, grinning sardonically. I was in a position to grin. "If you are so fond of Melanie, wear her clothes." At this suggestion she pummeled on the door with her fists. Presently I had the satisfaction of seeing her hurry out toward the station clad in Melanie's pilot coat (which was of no shape in particular) with Marjell's old garden hat flapping in the wind, on her disheveled head. My sisters never lent their best clothes to anyone.

"Do you?" casting a meaning glance at the sea. "I want to go to the tennis." "I hate tennis," I like boating." "But you wouldn't like drowning, would you?" "There is no question of drowning. Will you take me?" "Where?" "Out in a boat?" "Certainly not." "I want to go." "I am not allowed to go alone." "Of course not." "Why on earth have you come here?" "For a walk." "You must be mad. You can see the danger-board behind you. You know that people have been drowned here before now. Foolhardiness is not picnic." I asked him defiantly what interest he had in my concerns. "My friendship for your father," he retorted, as though he would have implied: "No other, I assure you." "Then your duty to your father is done; don't waste any more time on me. Go back to the tennis." "I'm going on," I remarked, no doubt, but partly smothered by the storm. Turning my back on Mr. Close, with my face set westward, I continued to clamber over the rocks in the direction contrary to that of the warning. I was fairly sure of foot, and I walked rapidly not looking back, until I had reached the point of the cliff, and rounded the rugged rocks, and reached the sea. I had thought that Mr. Close was following me; however, when I glanced behind me I found my mistake. He was not in sight—I was alone on the rocks, and a little frightened. I could in such a case, when I hoped to push mankind in general by doing so; in cold blood, where none but a seaman's eyes were watching, such pluck as I have possessed oozed out from my finger tips. I looked out to sea; sullen waves, mountain high, and cresting with foam, came tearing in upon the broken crags, breaking with a crash like artillery upon the rocks. I was blind without my glasses, when a shower of spray fell upon my upturned face, deluging me from head to foot, and seizing me I hurriedly turned, intending to retrace my steps, in doing so my foot slipped; no doubt my dim eyes, my sudden change of position, and the weight of the steady of gait. On the slimy seaweed I tottered, tried to save myself by catching at the jagged salients of rock and failed. My feet fell on my side, and rolling over the edge of the rock upon which I had been standing, I slipped a dozen feet below upon a ridge of rock which lay unconformably near to the angry and roaring sea. Just for a moment I lay there, where I fell, half-stunned and breathless; the pain, the agonizing shoots of pain in my left arm turned me sick. But the instinct of life preservation roused me. I struggled to my feet and began—though every movement increased the pain I suffered—to clamber up the rock out of reach of the waving sea. My injured arm hung like a log, useless and maimed, by my side. My skirts, saturated with water, clung close and heavy to me like lead. The rock which I endeavored to scale slanted somewhat; its surface was broken. Under other circumstances I could have clambered to the top in a moment. Now, with clouded eyes, swimming head, trembling limbs, my progress was slow indeed. If I could not retire my steps more swiftly than this, how in the name of heaven should I reach and cross the gullies before the sea, by its advance, out of the possibility of retreat! My courage had been fainting; it now expired. I gave vent to shrieks for help—shrieks so shrill and piercing that they rose above the noise of the storm, and brought the aid for which I clamored to my side. Mr. Close, hardly less agitated than I was myself, stood beside me. "Look at my arm," I yelled, "it hangs like that; it hurts me fearfully. Why did you go away? If you had saved here it would not have happened. You had no right to leave me." "There was no violent compassion, tender sympathy, nothing to soothe my feelings about Mr. Close. There was no approval, nothing like it in his eyes. He uttered neither words nor time, but feeling my arm and muttering that it was, in truth, broken, he bound it, both above and below the fracture, with our several handkerchiefs, to his walking stick.

During this operation I did not scream as loudly as I could have done, but my moans and groans discomfited him. "Poor girl," he said, "it hurts badly. I am clumsy, but there is no time to waste—we must be quick. We can't walk two abreast, there is barely foothold for a gull. But, if you keep your head you are a good climber. Yes, I see the fall has upset you, but summon all your pluck, there is not a moment to spare; we must round the cliff before the sea gets to the point. Come on." "I did not come on," I sat fat down on the seaweed, and, rocking myself to and fro, cried violently. "This will never do. Come, Mildred." "I won't come, I dare not move. I am afraid to stir. You must carry me." He looked at me in a kind of breathless horror. "Attempt such a thing would be death to both of us," he cried. "Carry you along this slippery cliff? A sheer impossibility! You are so plucky, Mildred, come, you are not afraid." "I am afraid. I am awfully afraid, and I shall not come. You have not got a broken arm." "I can't carry you," he said—he did not look angry, only rather white—"but, perhaps I can help you. Stand up." I did so, then he took off his necktie, and though my head reeled on my neck, he fastened his grasp was reassuring and I clambered on. All the rude and angry things I said to him in my pain and fear may have been drowned in the din of the storm; at any rate, he never answered me. Any man would have shown forbearance with the owner of a broken arm. It was a terrible climb on the teeth of the wind. I do not suppose that Mr. Close was a coward, but when we reached the jutting cliff and found that the sea had submerged the gully, in which the breakers scolded and roared, he turned white as death and set his teeth, groaning as deep as a groan as any which my shattered arm had wrung from me. "I began to cry aloud." "Look! look!" I said, "the sea is deep upon the path, the tide has turned before its time. I know it has. And I can't swim; no one could swim in such a sea. We shall be drowned, we must be drowned; nothing can save us." Mr. Close's words were more reassuring than his face and that on his way he had met two fishermen, who, on hearing whether he was bound, had warned him of the tide and of the danger of the rocks. "I told them why I went," he said; "no doubt they'll keep a look-out for us, and when we don't come back they will understand." "Understanding is no good," I sobbed, "they can't save us, no boat could take us off; the storm is fearful, and I can't be hauled up the cliff with a broken arm; it would be agony." A wave, bigger by far than the following, came tearing up the gully at a gallop, drenching the rock on which we stood. "We must go back now," Mr. Close said, "this place isn't safe now. We must climb as far up the cliff as possible; with luck we may be able to reach high water mark and save ourselves without the help of anyone." For the second time I sat down on the seaweed and refused to move; the pain and terror drove me frantic. Mr. Close scolded, beseeched, implored, threatened me. I was immovable. Finally he resorted to a measure which undid us both; he was pale as ash, and his rough voice grew tender, a gentleness softened his shrill eyes. I held my breath, and stopped my sobs and sobs. "Mildred," he said, "you are a woman. You must have beneath these childish vagaries a woman's heart. If you won't think of your life, think of mine, which is not wholly mine, for I have given it away—and come." I arose slowly to my feet, and went a step in the direction he indicated. My own voice was not sweet, it cracked, but it was very low. "Given up life? What nonsense? Who?" "To some one for whom I must keep it, Mildred. She thinks it is worth keeping." "Who is she?"