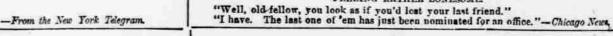
TOPICS OF THE TIMES AS THE CARTOONISTS SEE THEM.







DEMOCRATIC AMBITION English free trade has destroyed the industries of Ireland. — Exchange.

DEMOCRACY—"I bet I can do the same thing on this side."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR MANAGERS WERE TOO BUSY TO ACCEPT NEW YORK'S INVITATION. - New York World.



COFFEYVILLE ENTERTAINS THE OUTLAWS .- Chicago Tribune.



THE SPECTACLE OF "CALICO" CHARLES FOSTER LAUGHING AT WALTER (GRESHAM IS ONE OF THE MANY REPUBLICAN COMEDY FEATURES OF THIS CAM-PAIGN. -St. Louis Republic



AN INALIENABLE RIGHT. "Mr. Ardbroke," said the landlady, "you pay up your board bill that's been a-run ning now for more than six weeks or you leave the house to-night."
"Madame," cried Mr. Ardbroke, 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



HER ONLY CHANCE

Oh! Nancy Hanks, your sturdy shanks But here's a chance for nimble Nance, have lost their glory now!

For Johnson's wheel has passed your heel,
And led your nose, I trow! e tuture bolds in store!

ice in the swim, sha'll distance him, I thought I knew the enswer-my arm ceased aching as I listened. "You do not know her?"

Again that smile which meant so much

naddened me. I had halted dead; I felt

him pulling at my belt to induce me to

free myself. "Let me go. How dare you touch me, I don't want you to save me. I

would rather die. Let me go."
As he but held me the closer for my

truggles, I lost all attempt at self-control;

wrenched violently at his restraining

He made a grasp at my skirt, which I leaped aside to avoid; for the second time

that day my foot slipped; for the second time I fell. But this time there was no

rock beneath; nothing between me and the raging sea-nothing between the furious

When I struggled painfully back to a

painful existence I found myself in an un-known room. Many days passed before I

had strength to feel interest in the pa

present or future. I lay passive, lulled

into quiescence by the narcotics given me by the doctor, who haunted my bedside at

this period. But the dreamy indifference was not to last; gradually my faculties reawakened, my powers of suffering and thought returned. I was considered equal

to hear what must be told me, and so the story was told.

My mother broke the sad part of that tale slowly and considerately to me. But whether one is lowered gently into the arms of sorrow or flung hurriedly thither, pain

It seemed that at the same moment as I

fell into the sea the fishermen of whom I had heard came in sight. They saw me fall—saw the great wave which engulfed me as I fell, saw Mr. Close spring after me.

saw him grasp me by the hair, saw us rolled

over and over in a surging breaker. Saw a

torn and battered as to be hardly recogniz

This was the story they broke to me and

ness. I have not finished hearing it, and my hair is gray. The winds whisper it in

every storm, and the birds sing it. It is always near, so that I cannot forget.

She has forgotten, that cousin of his. She were widow's weeds and made a great to-do;

able.

wears the same grim aspect face to face.

hand, wrenching myself free.

"Leave me alone," I cried, struggling to

"No: you have never seen her.

"Don't I, really.

"You only want her?"

"Yes."

"Only her,"

waves and me.



WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY BEATRICE WHITBY.

Millicent he must be mad, and it is no use

The Western wind was wild and dark with

We are at the sen. 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, bad harvests, reduction of rents for grumbling farmers, and all those other philanthropic stinginesses 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

father has four daughters who lead him in the path which he should tread, the result being that we are at the present time spending August at the senside. There are four of us-four Miss Masters. 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 were 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 augumented by the use of eve-glasses, and my temper uncertain, yet I have a pretty wit which I love to exercise

My parents, as would be divined by an intelligent render, have some originality of mind, though their ideas run much-over

much—in one groove.

Having called their eldest-born Millicent, they named me, their second daughter, Milderd, their third Muriel and, unable to shake off the fuscination of the M they gratted a French name upon our English stock, and called the baby Melanie. We are an agreeably-sounding quartet, full of euphony and alliteration. The Misses Millicent, Mildred, Muriel and

Melanie Masters roll sonorously off the longue; our names are a melody of maidenhood. But, as Whose-his-name says:
"Things are not what they seem," we
have very little that is harmonious and melodious in our dispositions. We quarrel, we jar and dispute among ourselves. However, we unanimously allow that a woman who has no temper has no character, and what woman, nowadays, could endure to be characterless? Perhaps our surname has some subtle influence upon us. We are each one of us Masters at present.

Millicent is to change her name in the but as her quarrels with her betrothed Maurice Mitchell, are incessant and some time exceedingly violent, the engagements an unusually precarious one. If Mauric had had the spirit of a Masters, he would have thrown her over weeks and weeks ago. I told him so, but he said he was a man who

"Sell poor blies For proud despair." If he thinks all that sort of thing ab

arguing with a lunatic.

I am not engaged—nobody has chosen me

my Scotch terrier, with a reddish face,

he is very quiet and reserved. However,

he is coming down here with my father this

afternoon; he shall take me out sea fishing

when he comes; the girls are not good sailors

and it is dull to go alone. Maurice will b

here by that time, and two more young me

from the barracks who are coming partly for

the tennis tournament, and partly to make love to Muriel, who is a most abominable

Our lodgings are on the cliff, close to the

sea. A zigzag path leads down upon the rocks. Our rooms are very dear and very

dirty. They get dirtier every day; seaside lodgings are irritating. The bedroom which

I share with Millicent smells of shrimps

and mildew. Our chest of drawers wobbles and the wood has warped. That chest of drawers is a sermon on tact and a lesson in

patience. You must maneuver and coax this sort of furniture. Once grow annoyed

and you are lost; for when the drawers

and stay out.

come out with a run they come out wholly

Our dusty water jug holds a meager pint

of water; the basin is shallow; the towels are fibrous and small; the bath is a frying

pan; the window rattles all night long; the bed is not filled with potatoes, as I was led to fancy, but scantily stuffed with hay and

Millicent and I have stormy times there

together, very stormy times, if the looking glass is only half a loot square and cloudy there is no reason why she should monopo-

There is wind enough to-day to blow your

The sen was rough; so rough, indeed, that

the bathing woman herselt, to the loss of her daily bread, advised us to forego our in-tended bath; but we had not risen at 7 o'clock in the morning for nothing. We do not care for advice, nor do we shrink from

danger; we are courageous. Still, as we stood in the break of the

waves, holding on to our ropes for dear life and trying to preserve our looting, when we were buffeted and beaten, when the breakers

dashed spray into our faces, when our feet were cut as the force of the water drew the shingle from beneath them, when the cold wind whistled in our ears, I don't know which of us enjoyed herself, but I own that I did not

My sister Melanie is thin and fragile; she

My sister Melanie is thin and fragile; she likes to be thought delicate—as a matter of fact, she is not robust—so when a great wave came rolling in like a green mountain, and, leaving over her head, dealt her a blow on the chest which rolled her down among the pubbles, she thought her last hour had come. As soon as her head was out of the

head off, as well as your hat.

It happened in this wise:

I did not.

don't care for him; he is in appearance

Melanie's long, lean arm clutched me round the neck like a vise. Handicapped thus I could not regain my footing. The re-treating wave sucked the shingle from beneath us-we were drawn out. Melanie's panic 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 globules instead of women, rushed off with us inland. This time I clung to Melanie's plaits and struggled violently. Well, we were not drowned, but we were

water she shrieked, let go her rope, and throwing up her arms, behaved as though

plunged her way, and, gripping her by the hair, I tugged her to her feet. As she was too trightened to stand firmly the next incoming wave knocked her down for the second time. She dragged me over, too, and and as I was screaming at her when I fell,

I swallowed a quart of salt water and a peck

she was making an effort to get drowned.

washed beneath the wheels of the bathingmachine, 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 deadly

-but I have a partiality, a mere mild par-tiality for Mr. Close, our agent. The girls "It was all your fault," I sputtered, my teeth chattering. "You lost your head as well as your footing. Just like you." Her lips were blue, and she could hardly articulate, but a Masters is only silent in smothered in rough, sandy hair and ruddy beard, but not nearly so likely a companion, for he does not follow me about like my dog
—in fact, he does not follow me at all—and

the grave.
"Why did you pull my hair?" she retorted raising herself upon her elbow.
"What made you tug like that? The pain "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

and so no danger for ovsters and the other idiots."

"Now, now, young ladies," said the bathing woman, "don't you stay catching your death of cold to argufy. There is a long day when you are dry and in your clothes to spend in argufying."

She had reason on her side. We dried and dressed and argued, too. My sisters sided with Melanie, and pitied her pale face. No one considered the gallon of salt water which she had compelled me to swal.

ince. No one considered the gallon of salt water which she had compelled me to swallow. Injustice of any sort annoys merighteously 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 Muriel, I broke out of the room in a passion, and flew up, three steps at a time, to our bedroom turn, three steps at a time, to our bedroom turn.

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 lover, 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 curling tongs. She beseeched, prayed, cajoled me to unlock the door. I made no response. I listened to her moans, her whimpers, her humility, her threats-they

were sweet in my cars.

"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 go back by the "If tempers are surly With getting up early, And tempers are short in the morning," It is no wonder that a spirited family should have a difference of opinion. We have had more than differences of opinion; we have had a domestic riot, with a violent conclunext train; he has such a temper."

Silence.
"I will never forgive you, Mill."

Still silence. "Let me in, Mildred. I have only moment to spare, you may carry a joke too far." 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 win-I laughed again. "Mill, you little beast, I have nothing to "Borrow," I suggested, grinning sardon-ically. I was in a position to grin. "Il you are so fond of Melanie, wear her clothes."

At this suggestion sho pummeled on the door pane victously for a moment, and then, as time flew and I was inexorably firm, I heard her clattering down the stairs and calling to the girls. 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 Muriel's old garden hat flopping in the wind, on her disheveled head. My sisters never lent their best elethes to anyons.

It was a pity I was too sulky to go to the tennis tournament; though the day is wild she was making an effort to get drowned.

I cannot swim, but I was near her, so I tered by the cliff that the wind will not interfere with the play. saw my mother, with Muriel and Melanie, who both looked very smart and smiling, set off in the direction of the ground. watched them out of sight; I saw the wind blow my mother's bonnet on one side; saw it best about the girls until it loosen

their hair and generally made away with their smiles and smartness. Now that I was alone in the house, now that all my share in the fun was over, nov that nothing awaited me but Maurice' anger and Millicent's execuation, I felt de

However, repining is useless, and Mr. Close would console me. The train by which he and my father were to arrive was due. I would go and meet them. My hair was still damp; I twisted it up

he sea. "I want to go to the tennis."
"I hate tennis; I like boating." "But you wouldn't like drowning, would "There is no question of drowning.

"Do you?" easting a meaning glance at

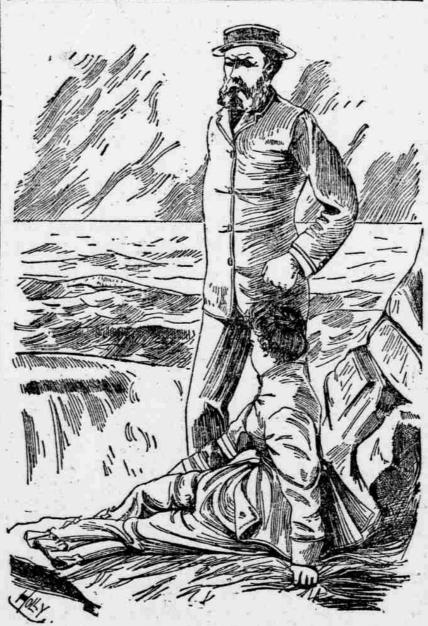
you take me?"

"Where?" "Out in a boat?" "Certainly not '

"I want to go."
"I see you do." "I am not allowed to go alone."

"Of course not." "And you won't take me? You refuse?" "I distinctly refuse, Miss Masters."

These smiling rejoinners—the sort of superior way in which he pooh-poohed my wishes—vexed me. I stamped with annoyance, and after having said some rude things in a very rough voice, I turned away from him and ran off down the zig-zag path to the beach, making my way to the



FOR THE SECOND TIME I SAT DOWN ON THE SEAWEED.

into a lump as big as a loaf at the back of into a lump as big as a loaf at the back of my head; to this lump I attached my sailor hat with long pins. I put on my rough serge coat, and thus equipped I set off for the station. As I turned the corner I met Mr. Close. He was holding on his straw hat, the wind had divided his beard into two portions, and blown it back over his shoulders.

"Halloa!" I said; "there you are at last. Where is father?"

Where is sather?"
"He went straight to the tennis ground with your sister and Mitchell."
"I suppose you are coming to see me?"
"Well, I can't say that, for how was I to know where you were?"

lonely ridge of cliff at the western extremity of the bay.

Never glancing behind me, I clambered ound the corner of the rocks. Out of sight of Scacombe and its revolting inhabitants, I seated myself upon a bed of scawced and wiped my eyes. Girls of character weep sugry tears occasionally and justifiably. Everything a Master does is justifiable.

> CHAPTER IL - "and some have left me.

And some are taken from me; all are de-parted." In the heat of my feelings I had gone further from Seasombe than I had intended to do, but it was a comfort to be so far away

During this operation I did not scream as from the world I hated, and to have no witloudly as I could have done, but my moans ness to my weakness. Imagine my exasperation when Mr. Close and groans discomfited him. rounded the corner of the rock on which I was perched. I jumped up; as I did so my eyeglasses swurg round, the jerk severed the elastic to which they were hung; they "Poor girl," he said, "it hurts badly. I am clamsy, but there is no time to waste-

fell on the ground at my feet, and were broken into fragments—this loss was a seri-

The wind and waves thundered and clashed all round; Mr. Close shouted at me thro' the din:

"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 pluck."

I asked him defiantly what interest he

had in my concerns.
"My friendship for your father," he returned, as though he would have implied: "No other, I assure you."
"Then your duty to my father is done;

don't waste any more time on me. Go back to the tennis; I'm going on." My remark, no doub; was partly smoth-ered 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 Seacombe. I was fairly sure of foot, and I walked rapidly not looking back, until I had reached the point of the clift, and rounded the rugged and perpendicular peninsula.

I had thought that Mr. Close was follow-

ing me; however, when I glanced behind me I found my mistake. He was not in sight. I was alone-alone, and a little trightened. I could in anger brave death when I hoped to punish mankind in general by doing so; in cold blood, where none but a sengull was witness to my daring, such pluck as I have possessed eczed out rom my finger tips. I looked out to sea; sullen waves, moun-

tain high, and crested 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, a panic seized me and I burriedly turned, intending to retrace my steps, in doing so my foot slipped; no doubt my dim eyes, my sudden fear, my haste combined in making me unsteady of gait. On the slimy seaweed I tottered, tried to save myself by catching at the jagged splinters of rock and failed. I fell, fell on my side, and rolling over the edge of the rock upon which I had been standing, alighted a dozen feet below upon

of rock which lay uncomfortably near to the angry and incoming 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 1 suffered—to clamber up the rock out of reach of the waves.

My injured arm hung like a log, useless and maimed, by my side. My skiris, saturated with water, clung close and heavy to The rock which I endeavored to scale slanted somewhat; its surface was broken. Under other efreumstances I could have clambered to the top in a moment. Now, with clouded eyes, swimming head, tremb-ling limbs, my progress was slow indeed

If I could not retrace my stens more swiftly

than this, how in the name of heaven should I reach and cross the gulleys before the sea, by its advance, cut off the possibility of re-My courage had been fainting; it now expired. I gave vent to shricks for help-shricks so shrill and piercing that they rose above the noise of the storm, and brought

shove 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 liurts me fearfully. Why did you go away? If you nad staved here it would not have happened. You had no right to leave me."

There was no violent compassion, tender ayments, nothing to seedle my feelings.

There was no violent compassion, tender sympathy, nothing to soothe my feelings about Mr. Clove. There was no approval, nothing like it in his eyer. He wasted neither words nor time, but teeling my arm and muttering that it was, in truth, broken, he bound it, both above and below the fracture with our several handscretters, to his waiking stick.

Cousin of my own."
The pain came throbbing back into my we must be quick. We can't walk two abreast, there is barely footbold for a gull. But, if you keep your head you are a good arm, and darted farther, hot and sharp, in my side. I looked at him. He met my climber. Yes, yes, I see the fall has upset you, but summon all your pluck, there is gaze with a conscious smile, which means not a moment to spare; we must round the cliff before the sea gets to the point. Come but one thing in the world. The blood came rushing to my head, turning me dizzy. "I do not know her?"

I did not "come on," I sat flat down on the seaweed, and, rocking myself to and fro, cried violently.

"This will never do. Come, Mildred." "I won't come. I daren't move. I am afraid to stir. You must carry me." He looked at me in a kind of breathless

horror. "To 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."

This appeal did not touch me. "I am atraid. I am awfully afraid, and I shall not come. You have not got a broken

"I can't carry you," he said—he did not look angry, only rather white—"but, per-haps I can help you. Stan I up." I did so, then he took off his necktie, which he slipped through my leathern belt at the back, and holding the ends of this support in his hand he drove me on ahead of him. Though I staggered and tottered, and though my head reeled, yet the firm-ness of his grasp was reassuring and I clambered on. All the rude and angry things I said to him in my pain and lear may have been drowned in the din of the storm; at any rate, he never answered me. with the owner of a broken arm.

It was a terrible climb in the teeth of the wind. I do not suppose that Mr. Close was a coward, but when we reached the jutting elift and found that the sea had submerged the gulley, in which the breakers seethed and roared, he turned white as death and set his teeth, groaning with as deep a groan as any which my shattered arm had wrung

I began to cry afresh.
"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 reassu

second wave break upon us and wash us to their very feet. They caught me by the skirt and pulled me out upon the rock in-sensible and, so far as they knew, dead. than his face. He said that on his way he had I was saved, but my comrade, strong as he was, could make no headway in that wild sea. He was dashed again and again against the crays, so that when they found met two fishermen, who, on hearing whither he was bound, had warned him of the tide and of the danger of the rocks. "I told them why I went," he said; his body some time later in a creek beyond the bay he was so bruised and hurt, so

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 tearful, and I can't be hauled up the cliff with a broken arm; it would be agony." to which I listened. It was the kind of story which goes drumming on in yourears, always telling, never told. It drags in all the hours and days of life to swell its full-A wave, bigger by far than its fellows came tearing up the gulley at a gallop, drenching the rock on which we stood.

"We must go back," Mr. Close said,
"this place isn't safe now. We must climb
as far up the cliff as possible; with lack 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 seasteed and refused to move; the pain and error drove me frantic.

Mr. Close scoided, beseeched, implored, threatened me. I was immovable. Finally he resorted to a measure which undid us both; he was pale as ashes, and his rough voice grew touder, a gentleness softened his shrewd eyes. I held my breath, and stopped

my sobs and listened.
"Mildred," he said, "you are a woman.
You must have beneath these childish yagaries a woman's heart. It you won't think of your life, think of mine, which is not wholly mine, for I have given it away—and

I arose slowly to my feet, and went a step in the direction be indicated. My own voice was not sweet, it croaked, but it was very low. "Given up life" What nonsense! Who to?"
"To some one for whom I must keep it, Mil-

dred. She thinks it is worth keeping."

and then she married, and is very happy, so I hear, and very prosperous.

My sisters, too, are married. I see them but seldom. They are no pleasanter as marrons than as girls. No one has ever wished to marry me. So I have little to interest me, and my memory does not fail. I live atone, quite alone, save for my servant and any parrot. My neighbors say that polly and I are the most cross-grained old people in the parish. This may be true, for I know nothing of the people. They don't come my way, and I certainly don't wish that they should.

I have grown thin, wrinkled and bent. so I hear, and very prosperous.

don't wish that they should.

I have grown thin, wrinkled and bent.
In the winter I feel the cold. I have had more to do with tempera than hearts in my day; and tempera are cold comfort on the road downwards siter all. I wear a taded meetitie around my neck. The color was washed out of it years and years ago; but it clings tegether still. It will last out my time, no doubt. I nope it may, for it is the only hit of warmth I feel—sometimes.

[THE END.]