

ORDEAL BY FIRE

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Miss Morris sprang from bed and darted to the back door, aroused from sleep by stealthy knocking. A slim, prim, upright, faded gentlewoman, she did not forget to huddle herself in a shawl before flinging open the shutter.

"Marthy! What on earth—is the house afire?" she gasped to the fat black woman who stood upon the steps.

Marthy chuckled, though she tried hard to look properly subdued as she said:

"Not exactly, Miss El'nor, but bit's des Gawd's mussy hit ah't. You know how las' night my ole man Ben took on snook out de little circuit rider's white breeches for me ter wash—"

"Don't tell me anything's happened to them—don't, for the Lord's sake!" Miss Morris said, almost staggering.

Marthy drew down the corners of her mouth. "I washed em foned um all right," she said. "Den I took on hung um fore de kitchen fire so de'll git done dry by dis mornin'. Ben he went chas dey now ter git um on snake um back, on fore de Lawd, dee ah't none on um left 'cep't' hit de buttons.

Sparks must er popped out, on dee would 'a set us all afire had't hit been I had sense enough ter leav de cheer dee was on right span on de h'arth—"

"What shall we do?" Miss Morris inquired. She had drawn Marthy with her into the shelter of her own chamber. The circuit rider in the parlor at the other end of the house might well be awake conning over his sermon. It was Sunday morning. He was due to preach the 11 o'clock sermon at Horeb church, ten miles away. Horeb congregation was the richest, the most nearly fashionable, of all in the circuit. Moreover, Miss Morris knew that young Brother Brandon was deeply in love with Nelly Riggs. Her father, Horeb's leading steward, looked askance at the young minister's suit. He was ambitious for his daughter and heiress. Naturally, therefore, Brandon would want to show himself at his best.

He had come to stay all night at the Morris house, with no more than a change of linen in his saddlebags, clothed in flannel coat, white duck trousers and leather belt. A summer shower had splashed and stained the trousers very badly, hence the washing, the burning. Now the young man lay in bed trouserless upon a plantation that was a sort of Adam's Eden. Miss Morris and Miss Marina had lived alone since their father died, twenty years back, with black Marthy and Ben for servants.

Miss Marina was stout and rosy, as Miss Morris was thin. She sat up, rubbed her eyes hard and said sleep-



WHEN HE GOT UP TO SPEAK, IT WAS WITH A TONGUE OF FIRE.

ly: "What you fussing about, El'nor! Hore's what you can do—ask Ben to lend Brother Brandon that last pair of ole's trousers we gave him. He hasn't worn them out, has he, Marthy?"

"No'm-m," Marthy said, with a throaty giggle. "He been a-savin' dem las' breeches, he is; say he specs he got ter grow three-fo' more years 'fore he can fill um up, dee so odacious big up round de waist parts."

"Well, they'll be long enough if Brother Brandon is so tall," Miss Marina said philosophically, settling back on her pillow. "Go and send Ben in with em, Marthy, and tell him to tell Brother Brandon we are sorry and that we'll go with him to preaching, though we didn't mean to. I don't intend," this vigorously to Miss Morris, "that anybody shall ever have it to say we were ashamed to see another man standing in our father's clothes."

Perhaps young Brother Brandon was ambitious of martyrdom. Certainly no martyr at the stake ever showed a finer courage than it took to march up the aisle at Horeb ten minutes late, feeling himself the focus of curious, even hostile, eyes and conscious that he looked very like a cross betwixt a circus clown and a scarecrow. The late Squire Morris had been truly a man of girth. His black cloth broad falls, a thought shiny along the seams, stood in plaits and puckers within the saving compass of a yellow leather belt. Above them the trim gray flannel sack looked ridiculously shrunken. They bulged quite a bit at the knees

and sat very close around the foot. But after one long, agonized whistle over his own appearance Dick Brandon had set himself to make his hostesses forget them, and so successfully that, though they had been on the verge of tears, in five minutes he had them laughing.

The Riggs contingent was another matter. If only Nelly would be mercifully hindered! Brother Riggs was a certainty. Nothing short of an earthquake or sudden death could have kept him away. Brandon caught the brother's measuring eye fixed upon him in disapproving scorn, but he kept his head high. All through the kneeling minutes of silent prayer his petition was for strength and light.

He got up trembling, but read the chapter and gave out the hymns in a clear, hard voice. Through the singing there came to him a breaking silver strain, Nelly's voice, freighted with the sweetness of compassionate love.

Somewhat the note melted him, softened, strengthened. He lost the hampering sense of earthly vestures, earthly things. When he got up to speak, it was with a tongue of fire that searched and soothed equally, carrying all before it.

Rapt, transfixed, intent only upon the King's business, he went from height to height, arguing, persuading, until rugged men sobbed aloud or shouted praises. The church was smallish, with bare, brown wooden walls and high, narrow windows. Maybe it was the play of light through the whispering leaves outside, but more than one believed that upon this memorable day there was visible in Horeb church the fluttering of angelic wings.

Brother Riggs sat hard eyed and critical until near the end. The spirit took him when he least thought, and took him hard. He made a leap across bench and altar space and flung himself into the pulpit, crying, "The Lord gave me my daughter; the Lord takes her away to be your wife in spite of me and the devil!" and hugging Brandon as though he meant to break his ribs.

Then somebody raised a hymn, an old camp meeting chant, full of militant faith. Everybody sang and sang until at last the congregation brought itself to the level of Sunday uninspired.

Brother Brandon rode straight to his boarding place, although he was hard pressed to go on and dine with Brother Riggs. But he came next day, clothed in his right mind, to propose properly for Miss Nelly and be accepted in due form.

As she nestled in his arms he said, smiling a tender, whimsical smile, "I cannot feel that I deserve you, darling, not even though I have won you through ordeal by fire."

What a Bad Digestion Does.

A doctor has been comparing the state of mind of a man before dinner and after he suffers from indigestion. Before dinner the patient's thoughts are something of this kind:

"What a jolly thing life is! How grand it is to breathe the pure air, to revel in the glorious sunshine, to laugh and be merry! With friends all around, a prosperous future before one, all one's hopes and plans turn out well. It may safely be said that we live in a good country and that life is the most enjoyable state imaginable."

But after dinner, when the salmon and the cucumber and the lobster salad have begun to do their deadly work, the same man thinks something like this:

"Life is a fraud. Those who say life is worth living are humbugs. We go about the world with a heavy load of care, and from morning till night our time is spent in battling with new annoyances. Bills pour in on every side, failure stares us in the face, every cherished hope is dashed to the ground. Bah! The whole thing is humbug!"—London Tit-Bits.

Origin of College Slang.

"In every university," said a colleger in the Philadelphia Record, "there is a slang word, 'bone,' that means to study. Do you know how this word originated? It came from 'Bohn'—from the 'Bohn' books that are so familiar to students—and in the beginning it was spelled 'Bohn,' and its significance was easily understood, but now that it is spelled 'bone' the significance is lost. The derivation of other pieces of college slang is not so easily traced back. Thus there is the word 'pole,' 'poier,' 'a greasy pole,' which at Lehigh means a hard student. It would be hard to say whence that word comes. There is 'rush,' to 'rush a freshman,' a Cornell phrase, which means to seek to induce a freshman to join fraternity, another hard word. To 'bust' at Cornell means to fall or flunk. 'Cow juice' means milk. A 'pony' means a device for cheating at examinations. A 'dog wagon' means a lunch wagon. Those words have their derivation patent on their face, but where, I wonder, can 'gray' have come from? 'To gray' at the University of Virginia means to get drunk."

Hunting and Hunting.

A good shot and an entertaining story teller, Tom Nast was welcome during the shooting season at a number of country houses in England. But his first invitation was a bitter lesson to him simply because he failed to observe the sharp differentiation between hunting "as she is known" in England and in this country. On board ship Nast made the acquaintance of a Hertfordshire man, a master of the bounds near St. Albans. Nast received and promptly accepted an invitation to hunt.

"I never felt quite so insignificant in my life," he used to say in telling the story, "as when I arrived at the rendezvous and saw that brilliant meet, the men in their scarlet coats and the jolly looking women on their fine mounts, and there was I trudging along the road with a game bag and a gun."

Fighting Jim's Claim

(Original.)

In the days when the forty-niners in California were hunting for the big mines that afterward became bonanzas a man appeared in Billion gulch and located a claim. He was a powerful fellow and a bully, and it was not long before his neighbors were afraid of him. He didn't trouble them to remember his name, and they gradually got used to calling him "Fighting Jim."

One day Jim told his neighbors that he was going to Frisco. He intended leaving his cabin unlocked and his claim unprotected "just for the fun," he said, "of see'n' some galoot jumper, when I get back, bunk'n' in the one or work'n' the other." Then he added, "Ye'll see somepin happen." With this he departed.

There was none of the people of Billion gulch so rash as to interfere with either of Jim's properties. Several strangers came along, took a look at the claim, were duly warned and departed. Jim's belongings were considered as safe as if he had left a dozen men for its protection.

One day a young fellow came to the gulch, asked a great many questions about the prospects of gold, claims to be had and claims not to be had. Incidentally Jim's claim was mentioned, with the usual warning. That night a light was observed in Jim's cabin, and the next morning the stranger was at work in Jim's claim. A self constituted committee of the most prominent citizens proceeded to the hole that had been dug and kindly informed the youngster that he was not only wasting his time, but that Jim, when he returned, would necessitate their burying the jumper at the public expense. The fellow put his hand in his pocket and, taking out a bag of gold dust, remarked:

"I'm no sponge to bring unnecessary expense on my neighbors. Take that for security." With that he resumed his pick and the committee departed to spread the news through the gulch that there was a lunatic working Jim's claim and the gulch was sure on Jim's return to be disgraced by its first murderer.

In a couple of weeks Jim returned. He gathered all he met into the principal saloon of the town to drink to his return, and several citizens took advantage of the fact to break the news of the jumping of his claim and his claim to strive to induce Jim to bring no disgrace on the hitherto peaceful community. Their efforts were vain. Jim had scarcely heard of the outrage when, hitching his revolver forward, he left the saloon in hot haste to wreak vengeance on the stranger. The crowd followed with bated breath. On nearing the mine the peaceful sound of the pick was heard. Jim, disdaining to take advantage of an unarmed enemy, strode up empty handed to the side of the hole. The jumper went on picking the earth, and Jim growled:

"Hello, you, there!"

The youngster turned his oval face, delicate except the mouth, which was firm as adamant, and replied:

"Hello, Jim!"

Jim stood paralyzed, and the jumper continued:

"I've understood from these people that ye're goin' to make hash of me. If ye do, ye're a good deal changed from what ye' were last time I saw ye. I reckon this western air must ha' put a lot of starch into ye."

Still Jim stood mute, and those who had come to see him "chaw up" the stranger wondered.

"I want ye to understand," the jumper continued, "that this claim belongs to me. While ye've been foolin' yer time away at Frisco I've been a-workin' it. Now, git down here and go to work. Gentlemen—addressing the crowd—"the show's over. There isn't a-goin' to be any funeral today nor tomorrow nor none at all. So ye' might as well go about yer business."

The party walked slowly away, leaving Jim and the jumper together. From that day Jim was a changed man. He talked no more of fighting, kept away from the saloon, devoting his time to the working of the claim, which had apparently passed into the control of the stranger. Then suddenly the jumper disappeared. As soon as he had gone Jim stopped work. His old associates expected that he would reveal the mystery, but he maintained absolute silence. Weeks passed, then months. Occasionally Jim would wander into the saloon, apparently to kill time, but was careful of his potatoes and his words.

One day a letter came to Jim bearing a New York postmark. From the moment of its reception Jim was again changed. This time it was a different change; he was hilarious. He gathered the people of the gulch into the saloon and treated all round. Then he went to his cabin and to bed. The next morning the cabin was empty. Jim had disappeared.

"It's as plain as the nose on yer face," said the chief citizen. "Jim was wanted for murder. It wouldn't do no good for him to kill the jumper, sense he'd been located; so he bribed him to go back and clear the coast for him to take to other cover. That letter told him that the p'lice had been fooled."

One day a party of professional mine operators appeared in the gulch and opened up Jim's claim, which proved to be one of the biggest mines in the country.

"Who sold you the mine?" queried the gulcher.

"James Flint and Jimma Flint, his wife. Flint came out and prospected. Then his wife came out, and it was she who went east and negotiated the sale to the company. They got a million for it."

SARAH EARL TWEED.

DO YOU WALK STRAIGHT?

Few People Do, Says a Fault Finder Who Notices Things.

"Have you ever noticed how few people walk straight?" said the man who finds fault. "I am not speaking in a spiritual sense, neither do I refer to their gait, which is certainly bad enough, but to the crookedness of their path. A straight road is not at all times possible, I admit, and when the streets are most crowded a fellow is excusable for darting around any old way, but when given a clear sidewalk I can't for the life of me see why he cannot walk straight."

"Watch any man—and women are just as bad—who starts out from home at an hour when other people in the neighborhood are busy on their own doorsteps and give him a clean sweep. Since there are no obstructions in the way, there is no reason on earth why he should not proceed in a straight line to the nearest corner, but instead of pursuing that undeviating course he zigzags most suspiciously. Now he is perilously near the curb, now brushing against the area railing, while occasionally he evens things up by taking a few steps in the middle of the pavement. The people who thus waver in their gait are perfectly sober and would be surprised if anybody should show them a diagram of their tracks. Naturally all that veering and tacking appreciably increases the distance traveled, which is another reason why people in a hurry should learn to walk straight."—New York Times.

Narrow Escape of Gold Seekers.

A small company of Alaskan gold seekers were walking across one of the great ice fields in that winter bound country when one of them noticed a difference in the color of the ice a few yards before them. Almost as he spoke, however, the treacherous coating of thin ice across a jagged crevasse gave way, and with an awful cry the two foremost men went down with the crumbling glittering surface. A third man would have followed, but his gun lodged crosswise in the crevasse and saved him. The other two had sunk out of sight, only their voices guiding their rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and all the available rope used as well to reach the unfortunate prisoners, to whom hatchets also had to be lowered to hack their way out, so tightly had they been jammed in between the ice boulders by their fall of fifty feet or more. When they reached the surface again they were in a fainting condition, and it was many days before they recovered from the effects of the time spent in that icy tomb.

Used to It.

Manager—That young woman whom I placed at this counter a year ago already knows more about the business than you do, and I find that I shall have to put her at the head of the department, though I fear it will be rather unpleasant for you to be under her orders.

Clerk—Oh, no; I am getting used to that. We were married six months ago.

A Weakness Overcome.

Flossy—What a naughty girl Alice has! She used to be so bashful.

Mayme—Yes. She's finally persuaded herself that she's somebody.—Exchange.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Two Bottles Cured Him.

"I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years," writes A. H. Davis of Mt. Sterling, Ia., but two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure." Kiesau Drug Co.

No False Claims.

The proprietors of Foley's Honey and Tar do not advertise this as a "sure cure for constipation." They do not claim it will cure this dread complaint in advanced cases, but do positively assert that it will cure in the earlier stages and never fails to give comfort and relief in the worst cases. Foley's Honey and Tar is without doubt the greatest throat and lung remedy. Refuse substitutes. Kiesau Drug Co.

Just About Bedtime

take a Little Early Riser—it will cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Riser are different from other pills. The do not gripe and break down the mucous membranes of the stomach, liver and bowels, but cure by gently arousing the secretions and giving strength to these organs. Sold by The Kiesau Drug Co.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Asa K. Leonard.

The Foundation of Health.

Nourishment is the foundation of health—life-strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the one great medicine that enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest assimilate and transform all foods into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves and feeds the tissues. Kodol lays the foundation for

CANCEROUS ULCERS ROOTED IN THE BLOOD.

After the age of 45 or 50, when the vital powers are naturally weaker, it is noticed that a hurt of any kind heals slowly and often a very insignificant scratch or bruise becomes a bad ulcer or cancerous sore. At this time of life warty growths, moles and pimples that have been on the body almost from birth begin to inflame and fester, and before very long are large eating ulcers.

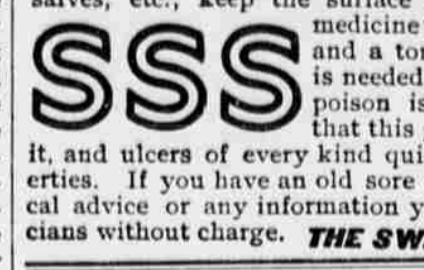
Whenever a sore or ulcer is slow in healing then you may be sure something is radically wrong with your blood. Some old taint or poison that has been slumbering there for years, is beginning to assert itself, and breaks out and becomes a bad ulcer and perhaps the beginning of Cancer. These old sores are rooted in the blood, and while washes, soaps, salves, etc., keep the surface clean, they are not healing. A blood medicine to purify and strengthen the polluted blood and a tonic to build up the general system is what is needed, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy. No poison is so powerful and no germ so deadly that this great vegetable blood remedy cannot reach it, and ulcers of every kind quickly yield to its wonderful curative properties. If you have an old sore or ulcer, write us all about it, and medical advice or any information you may desire will be given by our physicians without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

relieved and cured me." Just as good for liver and kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c Satisfaction guaranteed by Asa K. Leonard, druggist.

No Pity Shown.

"For years fate was after me continuously," writes F. A. Gulledege, Verben, Ala. "I had a terrible case of piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica salve cured me. Equally good for burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.



health. Nature does the rest. Indigestion, dyspepsia, and all disorders of the stomach and digestive organs are cured by the use of Kodol. Sold by The Kiesau Drug Co.

Man-Er-Vine Tablets. The nerve tonic for men and women. Build up the system and make you feel bright and cheerful. The Kiesau Drug Co.

Sound kidneys are safeguards of life. Make the kidneys safe with Foley's Kidney Cure. Kiesau Drug Co.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Kiesau Drug Co. will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Bronchitis for Twenty Years.

Mrs. Minerva Smith of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is sure to cure." Kiesau Drug Co.

When Other Medicines Have Failed

take Foley's Kidney Cure. It has cured when everything else has disappointed. Kiesau Drug Co.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

When the stomach is overloaded; when food is taken into it that fails to digest, it decays and inflames the mucous membrane, exposing the nerves, and causing the glands to secrete mucus, instead of the natural juices of digestion. This is called catarrh of the stomach. For years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, caused by indigestion. Doctors and medicines failed to benefit me until I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.—J. R. Rhea, Coppell, Tex. Sold by The Kiesau Drug Co.

This Climate is Good

enough for anybody with weak lungs. The patient need not travel. He can get well here with the help of Allen's Lung Balm, taken frequently when coughing and shortness of breath after exercise serve notice upon him that serious pulmonary trouble are not far away. Allen's Lung Balm is free from any form of opium.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed, three 50c bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 55 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, la grippe, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Asa K. Leonard's.

A Surgical Operation.

is always dangerous—do not submit to the surgeon's knife until you have tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve. It will cure when everything else fails—it has done this in thousands of cases. Here is one of them; I suffered from bleeding and protruding piles for twenty years. Was treated by different specialists and used many remedies, but obtained no relief until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve. Two boxes of this salve cured me eighteen months ago and I have had no touch of the piles since.—H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles no remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve. Sold by The Kiesau Drug Co.

Foley's Kidney Cure purifies the blood by straining out impurities and tones up the whole system. Cures kidney and bladder troubles. Kiesau Drug Co.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

A. B. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had a severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. Kiesau Drug Co.

When you feel constipated, have sour stomach or biliousness, try Berg's Sweet Laxative Chips. They do the work. 10 and 25 cents. The Kiesau Drug Co.

Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture had perhaps never been equalled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif. writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried every thing known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

25c. All druggists.

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An absolute specific and anti-septic preparation for all kinds of **SORE THROAT.** SIMPLY A GARGLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. A sure cure for Monococcus, Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Inflammation, Ulcerated and Catarrhal Sore Throat. A preventive of Croup, Whooping Cough and Diphtheria. **PURIFYING HEALING FOOTING** Endorsed by the Most Eminent Throat Specialists in the country. Should be kept in every home. Price 25 Cents. Berg Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, successfully used by Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to the taste and harmless as milk. Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials of cures. They never fail. Sold by all druggists. At-od-day. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olinated, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Mr. Schulz said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?"

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL

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