

MACHINATIONS OF BOBS

By LOUISE LAMPRAY

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"Why, I don't know, Bobby. What would you like to name him?" From under her filmy gray parasol Fairfax Brownie regarded her son with a look grave in its perplexity. Bobs adored his pretty mother because she never laughed at him; also because she had big blue eyes and a mass of fluffy red gold hair precisely like a princess in a fairy tale. Therefore, as a matter of course, the pepper and salt terrier was brought to her to be christened. "Call him Rags," suggested Captain Frederick Lawton, the navy officer, who chanced that morning to be attendant. This had happened so often of late that dowagers were beginning to suggest in penetrating undertones that if dear Mrs. Brownie were really thinking of marrying again she could not do better than to take Captain Lawton, suitable in age, good looking and quite independent of his profession. And every one knew that Mrs. Brownie had but little besides that ramshackle old plantation in Louisiana, or was it Maryland? Bobs had overheard one or two of these suggestions and, revolving them in his seven-year-old brain, had come to the conclusion that something portentous was impending. This or something else made him regard Captain Lawton's suggestion with vague disfavor. "I don't like that," he said shortly. "It might seem disrespectful, you know." He turned a sturdy blue back on them and trudged off, with the meek terrier under his arm. Presently came in sight a fresh faced young subaltern. "Hello, Bobs! Where are you going with—what's his name?" "He hasn't got any yet," said Bobby solemnly. "That old Captain Lawton said to call him Rags, but I shan't. How would he feel if his father had named him Rags, I'd like to know?" "That is a question which Captain Lawton has probably never considered," answered Charteris gravely. "But you might call this little beggar after General Kitchener." "Is General Kitchener a great soldier?" "The greatest next to Bobs," averred the lieutenant. And that settled it. Henceforth it was Bobs and Kitchener to all the American colony. Meanwhile, as the gossips had surmised, Bobs' mother was pondering in the remote depths of her subconsciousness the question of accepting Captain Lawton. There were times when she felt a longing for the home and position which he could give her. It would be home for Bobby, too—Bobby, who looked at her with his big, honest, adoring gray eyes, so like his father's. But, curiously enough, as often as those eyes met hers she felt a strong distaste for Lawton, with his precise speech and immaculate uniform. She had no idea that Bobby was also considering the merits of a prospective stepfather, but he was. "Mr. Charteris," he said one day, "you aren't married, are you?" Charteris blushed all over his boyish face. "Not yet," he said. "Because," said Bobby with deliberation, "I've been thinkin' it over, and I believe I'd rather have you for a father than anybody that's here now." Charteris gasped. "It's very good of you, I'm sure," he said, smothering an impulse to laugh, "but your mother might have something to say about that." "Pooh! She wouldn't mind," said Bobby superciliously. "She'd like you any amount better than that old navy captain. My father was a cavalry officer, and his sword's hangin' up in the library at home. I'm goin' to wear it when I grow up, but I won't be in the navy. A man's no good 'less he can ride." Bobby's tone was that of long settled conviction, and in his heart Charteris, subaltern of hussars, with a medal won in Africa, may have agreed with him. At any rate, when he made a third that day in a group otherwise consisting of Mrs. Brownie and Captain Lawton the latter inwardly cursed the inclination of the subaltern to talk of cross country hunts in England, rough riding on the plains and wild dashes over the African karroo. All the more violent was his emotion as he saw the rare color come into Fairfax Brownie's face. "He was the best rider I ever saw," Charteris said at the conclusion of one of his stories, "a big, gypsy looking chap—one of those men who don't seem to come from any place in particular, though I believe he was born in New York; chap that was always sure to do great things some day, by Jove!" Charteris' eye had fallen on a paragraph in the paper on his knee. "What is it?" inquired Mrs. Brownie, interested. "The very man. He's in Brighton—just back from South Africa." Nobody noticed that as the group separated Bobby secured the newspaper and studied it carefully. Arrived at the hotel, he begged the clerk for a sheet of paper, an envelope and a stamp and, producing a stubby pencil from his trousers pocket, composed a letter, sitting on the back veranda, while Kitchener made love to the cook. When the letter was done, he addressed it in a scrawly but distinct hand to "Mr. Edward Wharton, Brighton, England." The letter ran as follows: Dear Mr. Wharton—Mr. Charteris told about you and I like you very much. I like you a cavalry officer and I don't like the

navy one bit and I don't want a navy man for my new father. I think Kitchener and I'd rather have you if you'd like it. I'm sure Mama and you would be grate friends. Yours with love, ROBERT FAIRFAX BROWNIE. "By Jove!" said Wharton, and he threw back his head and laughed—a splendid, ringing laugh that consorted well with the gleam of his white teeth in the dusk of his beard and the flash of his deepest dark eyes. "This is certainly uncommon. It must be Charteris of the hussars, and—let's see; that's a Scheveningen hotel. I'd like to see the boy again. I'll run over there after I've been to London." Some days later Bobs and Kitchener took it into their heads to play in an empty boat. Kitchener found the boat, and Bobs led the way into it. Then it gently parted company with the land and drifted away. The place was almost deserted at that time of day, and Bobby, half frightened, half elate, held his peace, wondering if it would be mainly to call for help. A sudden gust of wind struck the craft, and somehow or other the two went over the side just as Captain Lawton and Mrs. Brownie came strolling along the pier. Mrs. Brownie gave a cry of terror. "It's Bobby!" she exclaimed. A moment's hesitation was all that saved Captain Lawton's immaculate garb, and in that instant a huge, swift moving form went by them, dropped into the water with a tremendous splash and swam with strong, assured strokes toward the dots in the water. It was all over in a minute, and Mrs. Brownie, all regardless of soft silk draperies and floating laces, had Bobby in her arms, and Lieutenant Charteris, who had come running up, was saying: "Pon my word, Bobs, you and Kitchener!" Then his eye fell upon the rescuer, and he broke his sentence off in the middle to grab the hand of the big, tall, very stout man who had dropped his traveling bag to take an impromptu swim. There were introductions and handshakings and tears. When Bobby heard the name of Wharton, he stared round eyed, and when Wharton heard the name of Bobby he, too, said, "Upon my word?" to himself. Perhaps all this had something to do with the fact that when on the following evening Captain Lawton came for his final answer to his suit the pretty widow knew her own mind and answered him with a gentle but decided "No." At about the same time Wharton was confessing frankly to his friend Charteris that he was bowled over for the first time in his life, and would there be any chance for him? That naval officer, you know— Charteris grimed. "I don't think you need worry about him," said he. "Go in, old chap, and here's luck." The rapidity of Wharton's courtship shocked the whole place. It was not more than six weeks after his first appearance that he was walking in the twilight with a charming, gay gowned dame, and she was saying in that delicious soft voice of hers: "But it wasn't all what you did that first day, Edward, though I'd have been friends forever with any one who had saved Bobby's life. It was just that you were you, and—don't you think it was fate?" "I think," said Wharton, with a twinkle in his eye, "that it was the machinations of Bobs." And then he told her. The Lucifer Match. It is to Mr. Isaac Holden, member of parliament, that we owe the invention of the lucifer match. This discovery was, he himself has told us, the result of a happy thought. "In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, the use of which I found a very great inconvenience. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put sulphur under the explosive mixture. I did that and showed it in my next lecture on chemistry, a course of which I was delivering at a large academy. "There was," added Mr. Holden, "a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately, but I thought it was so small a matter and it cost me so little labor that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent; otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable." By One Arm. "It is a matter of surprise to me," remarked a man who is a keen observer, recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm." "But wherefore?" asked the person to whom he was speaking. "Here is an illustration," continued the first speaker. "Do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street." At the crossing the woman lifted the child by one arm. It dangled in the air, and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk. "Well, the arm held, didn't it?" "But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now, that is a sight you can witness every hour in the day—mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the mothers would like it if a being four times as large as themselves should suddenly swoop down and lift them by one arm. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would."

NATIONAL PHANTOMS

GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL. A Story of Specters That Stalk at Night When the Halls of Legislation Are Gloomy and Deserted, as Told by One of the Old Guards. Like most repositories of good stories, the ancient man who has spent decades as a guard in the capitol in Washington did not yield up the fullness of his narrative riches without a struggle. "It's unpleasant to be made a mock of by the skeptical," he protested. "Do you believe in ghosts, young man?" "If answering in the affirmative begets an interesting tale, I do," returned the writer. "Well, starting on the premise that you do believe to some extent in the supernatural, I will admit you to my confidence," resumed the old guard, and here goes for the authentic yarn of the spooks that haunt the nation's capitol: "In the long, monotonous watches of the night innumerable are the spooks, hobgoblins and the eerie, vapory things which glide from the shadowy nooks and crannies of the intangible nowhere to people the capitol's vast stretches of darkness. Of course you know of the extraordinary acoustic freaks which obtain in many parts of the great building—how a whisper, a breathed word at one particular point is audible at another score of feet distant? Yes. Now, at night these acoustic spirits simply go mad. Where they by day were pygmies they expand into giants, and a whistle, a sudden sound, a footfall, resolves itself into a pandemonium. "Weird, terrifying noises beat upon the eardrums of the watchmen as they pursue their lonely patrols through the seeming miles of corridors, and then the spooks, the shades of the nation's great, the astral bodies of those that toiled in obscurity for the nation's good, dodge the watchmen's step, some grand and awful in their speechless dignity, some creeping humbly about in apologetic silence, some laughing, some sobbing, but all of them horrible—horrible." The old man paused to muse. "Do you know," he said, breaking into his own reverie explosively, "Feb. 23 is a date dreaded by many of the capitol night guards? It was on this day, in 1848, that John Quincy Adams died in the chamber of the house of representatives, now Statuary hall, where the exact spot is marked by a brass tablet. Promptly at midnight on every anniversary of his death the shade of John Quincy Adams appears in a sort of phosphorescent glow over this brass tablet. Oh, dozens of guards have seen it from time to time as well as I, and I can refer you to many of them for affirmation of my assertions. "Once over the spot the shade begins to gesticulate, after the manner of a member addressing the house. Then, all of a sudden, the fine face becomes distorted and agonized, the gracefully waving arms fall convulsively, and down sinks the shade with all the movements of an expiring man. Then the phosphorescent glow fades away, and the ethereal effigy dissolves. "But, although lost sight of, its presence is still made known by the 'clump, flop, clump, flop,' of invisible footfalls departing down one of the long vacant corridors. "Stranger than this is the ghost of the entire congress of 1848, which appears in vigorous if spooky session every once in awhile in Statuary hall, the old hall of representatives, as I have previously remarked. Inaudible, but spirited, are the debates; energetic to the bursting point of vehemence are the silent political discussions. Provoked by a doubting Thomas, a member of the capitol night watch several years ago made affidavit that he had seen this ghostly congress in session. Yes, he was a sober man and true. "The shade of General John A. Logan is a frequent visitor at the capitol. Almost every alternate night at half past 12 o'clock this ghost materializes at the door of the room occupied by the senate committee on military and militia. Silently the door swings open, and out steps the looming and luminous presence, to stalk in stately dignity away into the swallowing gloom. This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary. "Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, you will recall. Its peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the ghostly face. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried. "All of the older members of the night watch are well acquainted with Vice President Wilson's apparition and never fail to salute it, although, truth to tell, the shade remains laughably indifferent to their deference. This spook rarely fails to put in an appearance when the body of a dead legislator or statesman of national renown is lying in state in the capitol. "Deep in the subcellar vaults spooks of lesser magnitude revel in hordes. Immediately beneath the hall of representatives every night is to be found a tall, erect, gaunt specter, whose identity has remained a mystery for years in spite of unceasing efforts on the part of the night watch to uncover the secret of its origin and antecedents. Its hands are clasped behind its transparent back in a convulsive clutch, and the face evinces a condition of emotions prodigiously wrought upon. Many attempts have been made by guards with rubber soles on their shoes to catch this wraith unawares, but failure is the invariable result. Presto! It has blown into thin air before the sleuthing watchman is within forty feet of it."—New York Herald.

It was a contested will case, and one of the witnesses in the course of giving his evidence described the testator minutely. "Now, sir," said counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it, from the fluttering description you have given of the testator, his good points and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?" "Him?" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine." "Indeed! Well, then, you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued the examining counsel. "I never saw him in my life," was the reply. "Now, now, don't trifle with the court, please. How, I ask you, could you in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him and never knew him?" "Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features eventually passed over the court, "you see, I married his widow." Primitive Sleds. From history we learn that the boys in the time of George III, coasted on sleds made of a small board, with beef bones as runners. But these dropped out of sight when an inventive genius built one out of a barrel stave, for his invention was extensively copied. The barrel staves were called "jumpers" and "skippers" and were made of a single barrel stave of moderate width, to which was nailed a twelve inch seat post about an inch high. A piece of barrel head constituted the seat. To navigate this craft required no little skill, the revolutions performed by the rider while "gettin' the hang of the derved old thing" being akin to the antics of a tenderfoot on a bucking broncho. A more stable and docile jumper was made by fastening two or three staves side by side, but these were not considered as fast travelers as the single staves.—Outing. When Umbrellas Were Heavy. The great objection to umbrellas 100 years ago was their weight, and when it is stated as a matter of fact that the very smallest umbrella then weighed no less than three and a half pounds it will probably be admitted that the objection was a justifiable one. Instead of the thin rainproof fabrics which now form the covering of umbrellas nothing better was known than leather or oiled cloth. The ribs were of wood or whalebone, and such a thing as a steel rod was, of course, unknown. The stick was usually of heavy oak, in those days, too, many umbrellas had the additional incumbrance of feathers over the top, on the theory of "shedding water off a duck's back." But the oiled cloth and leather umbrellas, notwithstanding the feathers, were apt to leak. Bernard Shaw and the Minority. A good story is told of Bernard Shaw. The occasion was the first production of "Arms and the Man" in London. The production was a success, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience was still cheering, but there was one dissident in the gallery, who was "booming" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at this "glorious minority of one" and said very seriously, "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you, but what can we two do against a whole houseful?" She Could Use Them. An old lady on seeing the electric light in the town for the first time was struck with amazement. After gazing at it for a space she entered a grocer's shop and asked: "I say, mister, how do you make that big light of yours? I'm tired of burnin' paraffin." The shopman replied, "Oh, it is caused by a series of electric currents." "Is it, now?" said the old lady. "Then weigh me a pound, if they won't do for lightin'. I'll use 'em up for puddin'."—Detroit Free Press. Dry and Moist Air. A cubic foot of dry air weighs more than a cubic foot of moist air at the same temperature and pressure. The addition of vapor to a cubic foot of dry air enlarges the volume of the mixture if the air is free to expand, as in the atmosphere, and as the vapor has only about two-thirds the density of dry air at the same temperature and pressure the density of the mixture is less than that of dry air. Cause For War. A citizen walking past a butcher shop in a northern Kansas town saw the butcher and a customer rolling over the sawdust floor in a rough and tumble fashion. He tried them apart, and then learned that the customer had come to buy some dog meat and that the butcher had nonchalantly asked, "Do you wish to eat it here or shall I wrap it up?" Lost Inheritance. Supt.—Permit me to say, Miss Flash, that in suing for your hand I am respecting the wish of my late father—Miss Flash—Beg your pardon, sir, but in this instance you have inherited your father's lateness. I accepted Mr. Foreman last evening.—Richmond Dispatch. The Limit. "Wot does it mean?" asked Penitence Perreval, "where de song says, 'Drink to me only wit' your eyes?'" "It means," announced Wise Wilfred, "dat de loidy klan read de wine list, but dat's as far as it goes." A good epitaph is all right in its place, but it comes so late.—Galveston News.

ROBBERS KILL TWO MEN

Two Others Wounded as Result of Fierce Attack. STREET CAR BARN IS HELD UP. Bandits Open Fire on the Clerks in the Office Without a Word Warning—Force Cashier's Desk and Secure \$3,000 in Cash. Chicago, Aug. 31.—Without a word of warning, two men were killed and two others wounded by hold-up men at the barn of the Chicago City Railway company. Sixty-first and State streets. The shooting was done by three men, who escaped after securing \$3,000. Three of the men who were shot were working in the cashier's office and the other was a motor man asleep in the outer office. The men in the office were shot before they were aware of the robbers' presence and the motor man was killed as he was rising from a bench, where he had been asleep. The dead: Frank Stewart, assistant clerk in cashier's office, shot through body while standing at his desk; died half an hour later; John B. Johnson, motor man, shot through head, died instantly. The injured: William B. Edmond, receiving clerk, shot in left thigh while at his desk, will recover; Henry Biehl, shot in the head, will recover. The robbers took no chances, but disposed of all the opposition of the employees before they entered the office. Choosing the time when employees were busily engaged in balancing up the receipts of the night, just after the last conductor had turned in his money and left the barn, the robbers suddenly appeared at the receiving window and began shooting. The first intimation those inside the office had that anything was wrong was when they heard shots. The first bullet fired struck Stewart and he fell to the floor without a word. Biehl and Edmond, who were sitting near Stewart, turned to see what was the matter, but before they could leave their chairs they were rendered helpless by bullets of the robbers. Johnson, the motor man, who was asleep on a bench, was shot and killed before he could get on his feet. The robbers then broke open the door of the cashier's office with a sledge hammer and took from the desk \$3,000 in bills. They then made their escape. FOREIGNERS UNDER BAN. Harsh Measures Adopted by Venezuela Against Claimants. Cumana, Venezuela, Sept. 1.—A gibbet was erected in a street of this city on which was hung an effigy representing a foreigner and the populace beat the dummy with sticks amid shouts of "Death to the foreigners." Two leading traders, M. Palazzi, a Frenchman, and Herr Sprick, a German, were recently arrested in Ciudad Bolivar by order of President Castro for refusing to pay their taxes, which had already been collected by the revolutionists. Many other persons were also arrested on the same charge. The French and German ministers at Caracas protested and obtained the immediate release of their fellow-countrymen. Harsh injustice is being meted out to foreigners residing in the interior of Venezuela, where the local authorities are hunting down all foreigners who dare present claims against Venezuela in accordance with the recent protocol. His Life Saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "B. L. Byer, a well known cooper of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors call bilious dysentery, and could get nothing to do him any good until he tried this remedy. It gave him immediate relief," says B. T. Little, merchant, Hancock, Md. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. Man-e-vine Tablets. The nerve tonic for men and women. Build up the system and make you feel bright and cheerful. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. For a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. Stomach Trouble. "I have been troubled with my stomach for the past four years," says D. L. Beach, of Clover Nook farm, Greenfield, Mass. "A few days ago I was induced to buy a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I have taken part of them and feel a great deal better." If you have any trouble with your stomach try a box of these tablets. You are certain to be pleased with the result. Price 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c. When you feel constipated, have sour stomach or biliousness, try Berg's Sweet Laxative Chips. They do the work. 10 and 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. A Remarkable Record. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a remarkable record. It has been in use for over thirty years, during which time many million bottles have been sold and used. It has long been the standard and main reliance in the treatment of croup in thousands of homes, yet during all this time no case has ever been reported to the manufacturers in which it failed to effect a cure. When given as soon as the

NERVES GAVE WAY—PE-RU-NA CURED.



Mrs. X. Schneider, 209 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes: "After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1902, to take your valuable remedy, Peruna. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. I have already recommended Peruna to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider. Mrs. Fanny Klavatscher, of Summitville, N. Y., writes as follows: "For three months I suffered with pain in the back and in the region of the kidneys, and a dull, pressing sensation in the abdomen, and other symptoms of pelvic catarrh. "But after taking two bottles of Peruna I am entirely well, better than I ever was."—Mrs. Fanny Klavatscher. Send for "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. S. B. Hartman, President Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio. child becomes hoarse or even as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is pleasant to take, many children like it. It contains no opium or other harmful substances and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. The Pleasure of Eating. Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach trouble will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. This remedy is a never-failing cure for indigestion and dyspepsia and all complaints affecting the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co. Owes His Life to a Neighbor's Kindness. Mr. D. P. Daugherty, well known throughout Mercer and Sumner counties, W. Va., most likely owes his life to the kindness of a neighbor. He was almost hopelessly afflicted with diarrhoea, was attended by two physicians who gave him little, if any relief, when a neighbor hearing of his serious condition, brought him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured him in less than twenty-four hours. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. How are your kidneys? It is dangerous to delay when the kidneys are sick. Kidney-tites are the most wonderful cure for all kidney and backache complaints. Try them. 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co. MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS for Children. Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the children's Home at New York, treated children successfully with a remedy now prepared and placed in the drug stores, called Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They are harmless, mild, pleasant to take and never fail. A certain cure for feverishness, constipation, headache, teething and stomach disorders and remove worms. At all druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. NOW READY The Many Adventures of FOXY GRANDPA Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa." Mr. Schultze paid 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. To Grandfathers Who Are And To Those Who Are To Be. I Merrily Dedicate This Book. "BUNNY." Sent postage paid on receipt of ONE DOLLAR in currency or postal order; no checks received. L. R. HAMERSLEY CO. 49 Wall Street, New York.