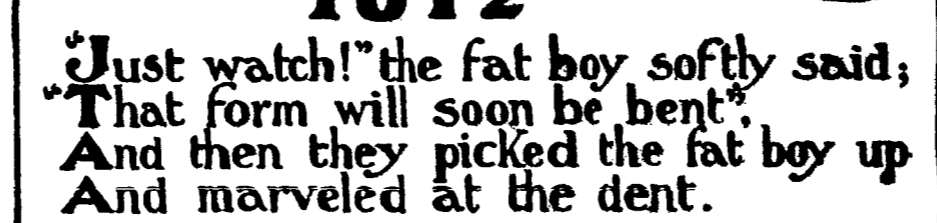
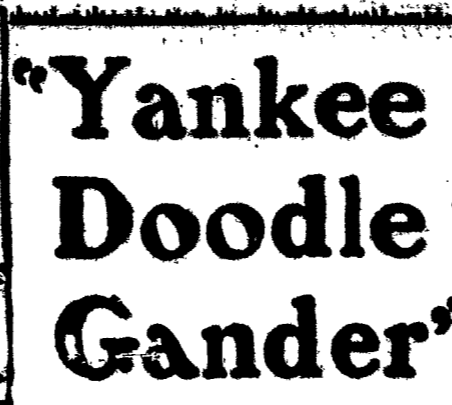


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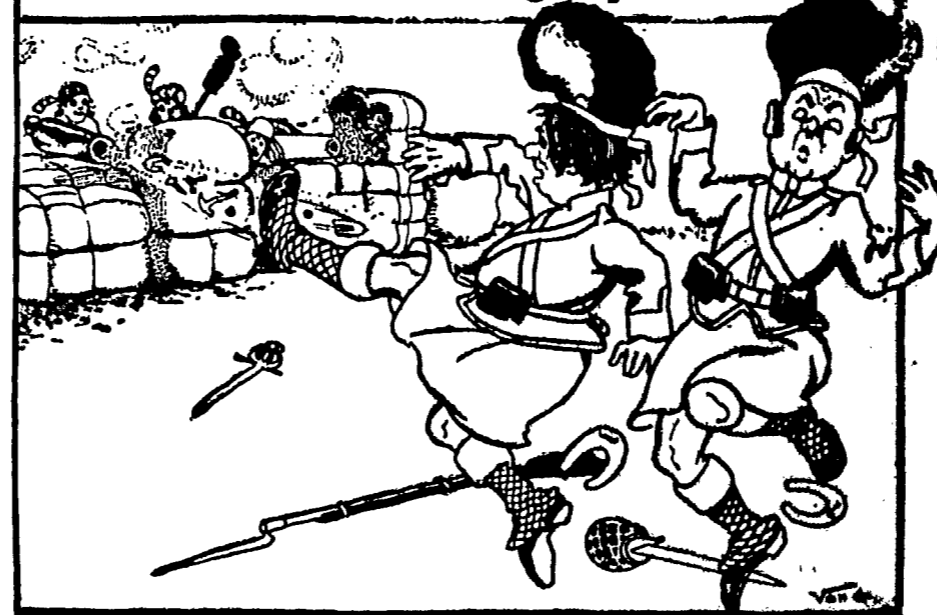
"After what's in the bottle is gone."



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This picture, describing the battle of New Orleans, shows the sort of reception Sir Edward Pakenham's 12,000 veterans got when they tried to drive General Andrew Jackson's 6,000 farmers and mountaineers from behind the historic cotton bales:

**BATTLE of NEW ORLEANS**  
**The Highland laddies quickly start**  
**to seize the cotton bales;**  
**Behind this fort, the Jackson boys**  
**are loading up with mails.**



And as they touch their cannons off  
The Highland laddies stop a bit  
to do the Highland fling.

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**Attacked by a Heron.** A veteran Philadelphia sportsman tells of an attack once made upon him

**Remarkable Boy Inventor.** Mr. Marconi, the man who has excited so much wonder throughout the

by a wounded heron. He says:  
"I was a boy then and went down to  
a creek that flowed through my fa-  
ther's farm to watch for a mink. It  
was early in the evening, and a blue

Merlon came and sat within tempting  
gunshot, I knew it would spoil my  
chances at mink to shoot the bird, and  
I didn't mean to do it, but, kidlike, I  
raised the gun and took aim, just to  
see what would happen.

I see now I could kill it if I would. I  
 lowered the gun and then raised it  
 again. Every time I raised it I would  
 touch the trigger gently. After awhile  
 I touched it too hard, the gun went off,  
 and I started toward the heron, which  
 was the dawn of day.  
 Over the hilltop, far away,  
 Merilly rose the sun;  
 The squirrel bounded along the spray;  
 And one by one  
 The birds of the forest that all night long  
 In silent slumber lay

Woke with a beautiful wave of song  
To greet the day,  
Out of the fields of daisies white,  
See, see the children run;  
Their hearts are gay and their eyes  
As all must be that take delight

eyes. When I came to my senses, it  
 was dark, and it was several minutes  
 longer before I could remember where  
 I was or what had happened. A little  
 harder and the bird would have killed  
 me. I shudder now yet when I think  
 of it.

In the morning sun,  
 And those who love the early ray  
 Are capital friends through all the day.  
 Then up and out; away we run.  
 To say "Good morning" to the sun.  
 Then up and out and away  
 To greet the day.

With cheerful hearts and merry lay  
To greet the day,  
—Cassidy's Little Folks.

# RAILWAY MANS—

# NEW YORK CENTRAL

# PATENT