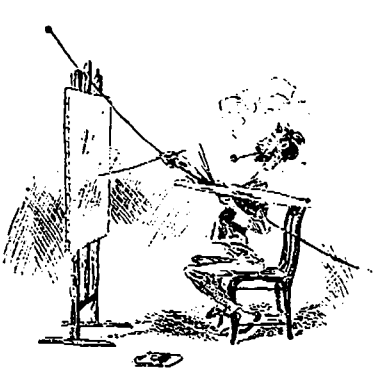
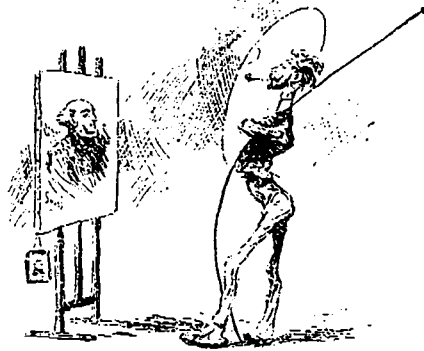


HOW SNOB'S HOPES WERE DASHED.

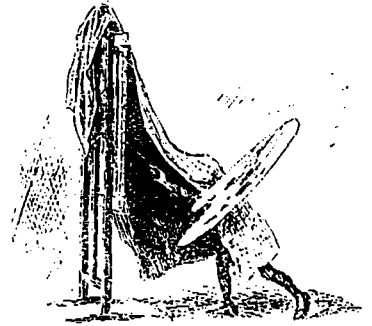
(Drawn for Grip.)



No. 1.—Snobs determines to paint a portrait of Bishop Boodle, his uncle, make him a present of it, and thus insure himself for the future.



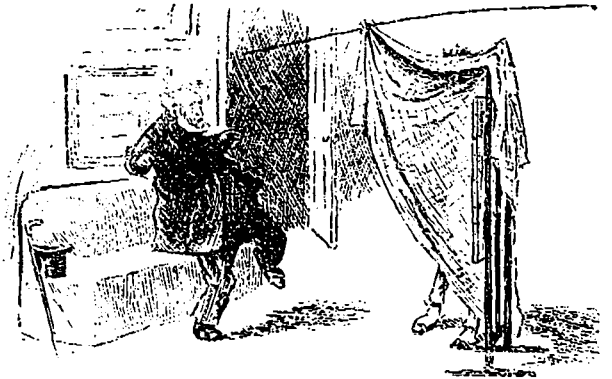
No. 2.—The picture completed, he views it with pride.



No. 3.—His small son, however, thinks it lacking in expression, and proceeds to give it a finishing touch.



No. 4.—At length the Uncle arrives, and Snobs proudly prepares him to see a wonderful likeness.



No. 5.—



No. 6.—Alas! fond hopes.