

ÆSOP TO DATE.

NO. 3.

THE BEAR AND THE SHEEP.

A FACETIOUS Sheep once entered the Editorial Office of the *Buncombe Sockdollar* and accosted the Surly Bear, who sat in the Managing Chair, thusly:

"I have Hatched a small poetic Lay on the Spring Chicken and would like to leave it for your Hen-spec-tion. Its a regular Bird—"

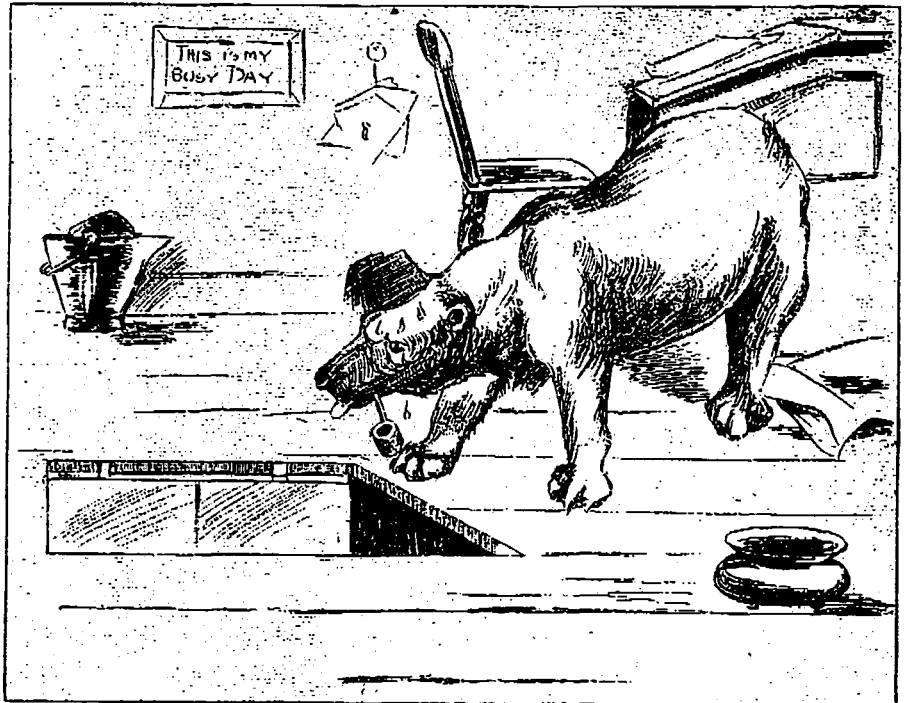
"Stow that!" exclaimed the Bear, Glaring at him, "what will you take for It?"

"Tom and Jerry," absently Replied the Sheep, "or rather, I'll leave the Choice to you, as being a bear You Know More about Brewin' than Myself."

"Dang Blank your Puns," roared the Editor, "what do You want for your Blank Verses?"

"You are right, I have warbled the Lay in Blank Verse," pursued the visitor.

"Your Language though Versatile is Unsuitable for Criticism of my Chicken



Poem, notwithstanding that it deals in Foul Egg-spressions, and —"

"Blank, Blank, your Eyes!" screamed the Bear.

"Certainly, I rise and Leave You, having Failed to make you Shell Out. I egg-scuse You, your Ignorance of my Punnish Proclivities, which in itself must be Punishment En-ough to—"

The Editor pressed the Button, the Spring Hammer descended, the Trap Door yawned, and the Poet evaporated. "Blank you," exclaimed the Bear, peering into the Cimmerian depths and mopping up the streaming perspiration, "How do you feel now?"

"En-ded!" floated in Muffled Tones from the Cavernous Recesses below.

MORAL.

When You go into the Punning Biz take out an Insurance Policy.

ITS MODERN SIGNIFICANCE.

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"Why, Joshua! where have you been till this time in the morning? It's perfectly shameful!"

PLUGWINCH—"Wher've been? St. George Siety dinner. Great time, (*hic*), Britonsh nevers'l beslavesh! Rah for Shain George and Dragon."

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"Humph, Gorge and the jag-on, you mean."

A LONG FELT WANT.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who did not tremble when she said
"Look at this fright upon my head,
I've had but two since we were wed.
I want a new spring bonnet."

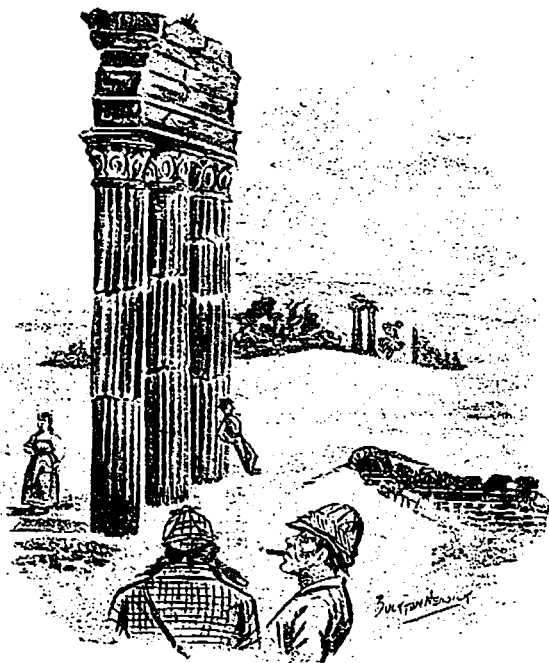
G.C.

THERE WERE SAINTS IN THOSE DAYS.

HEELER—"As I look at these monumental works of antiquity I feel convinced of one thing."

WHEELER—"What is that?"

HEELER—"That the politicians of those days didn't manage to pocket as much as they do nowadays, or there wouldn't be enough money left to complete such enterprises."



THE serpent was probably selected as the representative of evil on account of its sin-uous motions.