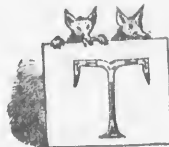
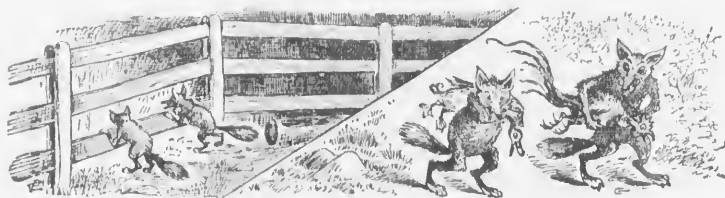


DIVIDING THE GAME.



TWO foxes sly, of sharpest sight,
Set out to hunt one summer night,
Across the hills, around the swales,
And through the barnyard's gates and rails,
They traveled free, and traveled far,
Beneath the light of moon and star.



And then, as dawn of morning came,
It found the rogues dividing game.
One fox had bagged a rooster stout
That seven years, or thereabout,
Had sat above the rattling horn
Of stabled cows, and hailed the morn.
One caught a duck of Russian line,
Of heavy build and feather fine,
And both at once, with even leap,
Had nabbed a snipe while fast asleep.
No easy job it seemed to be,
Between the two, to halve the three.
One claimed the rooster, one the duck,
But still the snipe was there to pluck.