

ÆSOP TO DATE.

NO. 6.

THE MONKEY AND THE GOOSE.



A MONKEY of Dudish Propensities whilst promenading a Down Town Boulevard encountered a bewitching Little Goose coquetting along under a Gorgeous Easter Hat.

"Wilt thou Eat?" he Queried, gallantly and liltily.

"Sir," she Replied Angrily, the crimson Flood of Indignation bedewing her Chicago Fair Plumage, "I never eat—I masticate!"

"Let us masticate," he Replied sibilantly, his gorgeous Baritone ringing out With All the Vigor of a Bucksaw encountering a Nail. They entered a Restaurant, and in Imperial Tones he ordered "Oysters for Two!" Gloatingly she gazed on the Succulent Mollusks, and Daintily

she "shoved" Them down her Dainty Beak. Then she Rang for More.

Her Power of Absorption was sublime, and Her Companion watched in Silent Reverence.

Seven Times did the Menial Servitor replenish her Plate. At the Eighth Round she haughtily waved Him off with her digital Member, and leant Back with an Ecstatic Sigh. The Monkey sat in a Dreamy Trance; he was Overcome by her Consuming Devotion to Oysters.

"Yes," he intonated Quaveringly: "She does not Eat, she Masticates."

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In an Uptown Attic late that Evening, he reclined upon a sumptuous Broken Legged Couch, and with a Wet Towel encircling his Noble Brow endeavored to Figure up the Bill. "It's no Use," he muttered with Throbbing Brain, "I never could stand the Circus, I will

e'en Have to Confine my Intoxicating Blandishments to "The Ward." And the Sunlight faded out of his Life.

MORAL.

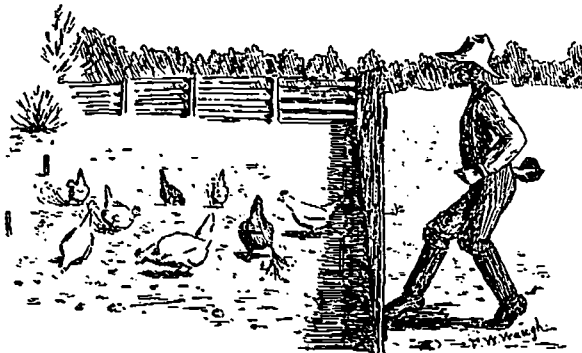
Don't Play High unless you do it On Tick.



AT THE MISSION SCHOOL.

PATSY—"Hello, coon! Say you ain't able to part your hair—hi yi!"

AUGUSTUS—"Git out, wite trash—you hab to wash yourself, don't yer?"



AGRICULTURAL NOTE.

Mr. Brown's early peas are coming up in fine style.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.