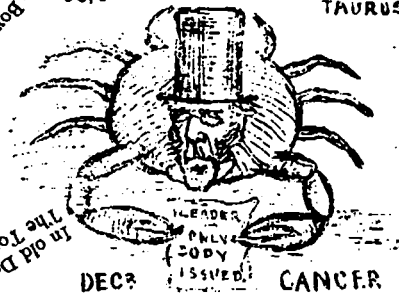


The greatest Twins are **MAR** and **Wandering Willie**. They love each other, though it's silly, really. Aurora did not hear his voice in vain! O Roarer! pritheer, wilt thou roar again?

Lauder's the **Rom**, he represents **September**. But why he should I really can't remember.

The **Row Park Bull** in wilder they roars. Makes a big push and other people goes.



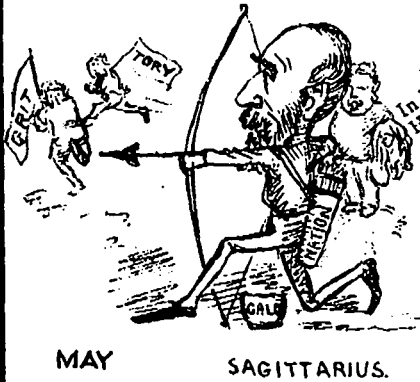
In old **December**, when the year is done, The **Toy Crab** believes it's just begun.



**CROOKS** strikes his **Balance**, shews a surplus **CROOKS** don't count much even when he strikes a figure.



In **February**, grows a trife fatter, The **spotless one** considers of the matter.

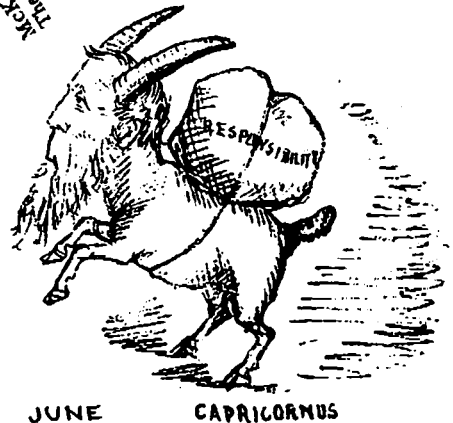
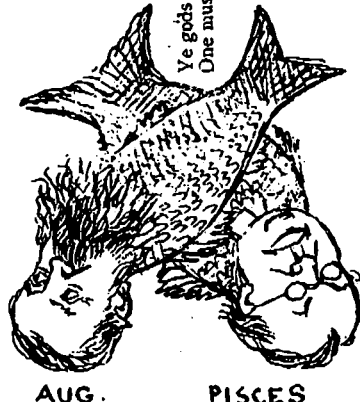
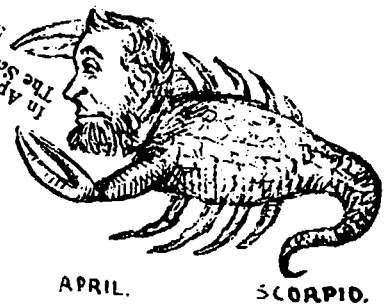


In balmy **May** the **genial Archer** slips. His arrows barbed. There's gall upon their tips.

In hot **July**, **John A.**, a thoughtful man, Cold water throws on **Ministerial** plan.

Ye gods and little fishes, to rejoice One must be **Robbed** or **Lynched**—so take your choice.

In **April**, lurking in his coat of mail, The **Scorpion** stings; beware his poisoned fall.



# THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.