

JINGLING JOHNSON MEETS AN OBSTREPEROUS MULE

BIRDS HAVE NESTS AND FOXES, HOLES TO REST IN, WHEN THEY'RE WEARY WE HAVE NO PLACE TO LAY OUR HEADS AND ALL IS DARK AND DREARY.

THIS POET BUSINESS IS FIERCE, I GUESS. I'LL GO BACK TO OYSTER OPENING!

WE HAVE NO PILLOWS, STUFFED WITH HAIR AND NOT A SINGLE BLANKET. BUT GLORY BE! WE'RE FREE FROM BOILS, FOR WHICH WE CAN BE THANKIT.

HA! A BARN WITH A MULE IN IT! HA! FOOD AND LODGING! OH, YOU MULE CUTLETS!

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW BEFORE HE'S DEAD AND BURIED. WE'VE SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR— WE NEITHER ONE ARE MARRIED.

MULES ARE SUCH SUSPICIOUS CREATURES!

FAIR GREETING, LONG HAIR, LEATHER BEAST. I GIVE THE GLADSOME GREETING, BENEATH THAT INJY RUBBER, HIDE A NOBLE HEART IS BEATING.

FINE HAY UP THERE TO SLEEP IN!

THE AVALANCHE ROLLED DOWN THE HILL INTO THE BAY OF FUNDY THE POPULATION FELT QUITE BLUE— THIS HAPPENED ON A MONDAY

A GATLING GUN AND THE HEELS OF A MULE. MAKE A CARNAGE THAT IS FEARFUL! THE GATLING GUN KILLS YOU OUTRIGHT, WHILE THE OTHER LEAVES YOU TEARFUL.

GREAT SCOTT! HALLEY'S COMET!

Bradford

MUGGSY STILL PLAYING IN HIS USUAL LUCK

LOCAL TRAINS

THE OLDGENT SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP!

I WONDER IS DAT GUY'S COAT TAILS LONG ENOUGH TO TIE IN A BOWKNOT?

LOCAL TRAINS

WELL, I MUST GET THAT NINE THIRTY!

MUGGSY'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET!

LOCAL TRAINS

WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY BAG?

LEGGO OF MY COAT!

WHAT YOUSE DOIN' HERE MULLIGAN!

I'M PINCHIN' YODDE SHART!

QUICK OFFICER, ARREST THAT THIEF, HE'S RUNNING AWAY WITH MY SATCHEL!

GRAB HIM MULLIGAN HE'S SWIPIN' DE TRUNK!

IT'S ALL HERE THANKS TO THAT BOY!

WHY DIS IS SAMMY DE BAGGAGE SNEAK!

—I AND I HAD HOLD OF THAT BAG!

I'LL UNHITCH HIM MULLIGAN!

COME, GIT A MOVE ON SAMMY!

TAKE THIS BOY, THAT WAS VERY CLEVER!

I SEEN HIM REACHIN' FER YOUR BAG BOSS, DAT? WHY I ANCHORED HIM!

LANE