

WEATHER PROBS.

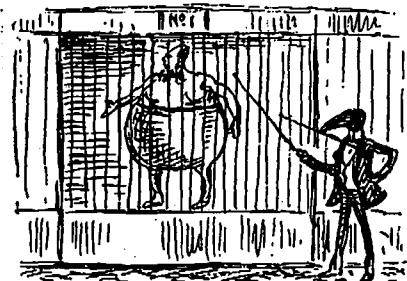
Old B., a notorious old bore and nuisance, meets Buckie, a busy, go-ahead fellow, who can't bear a bore. (joke. Punch. bear, bore; a bear, an animal, a boar, another. To bear: p.p. bore!!) The former hails the latter and says, (this happened during the cold weather last week) "You're well posted in weather probabilities, Buckie, when are we going to have some warmth?"

BUCKIE: When we die, I guess. (Hurries on and Old B. gasps.)

GRIP'S ZOO.

The public will be gratified to hear that Mr. GRIP, stimulated by the astonishing success of Harry Piper's Zoo, has resolved to start a collection of strange animals on his own account, and has already procured several rare and almost unheard-of curiosities, which are now on exhibition. As this is an advertisement for the Great Grand Agglomeration and Only Mastodontic Unparalleled Show of it kind on Earth, we will place it in advertisement shape and begin, as follows:

Here you are, gentlemen, Cage No. 1. Stir him up, there, Jim, and let the folks see him. This is a Merchant who made an immense fortune and never advertised in his life. Queer looking animal, isn't he?



Come on, now, to Cage No. 2. Here we have a Masher who is a whole-souled, high-spirited gentleman. Very rare, and procured at immense expense.



Cage No. 3. A young Lady that lets her mother do all the work at home whilst she herself gads about the street in gorgeous raiment, and like a lily that neither toils nor spins. Nothing strange about that, but this one hasn't got a hole in the heel of her stocking, and is a most remarkable curiosity.



Cage No. 4. Fashionable Young Woman who never looked at the bonnets of others in church. A choice and unique specimen.



Cage No. 5. Another Lady. This one is often to be seen driving along the street, but, almost incredible as it may appear, she attends to her Jehuism and does not let her horse wander whithersoever his own sweet will inclines, to the imminent danger of everything that may be on the road, whilst she herself stares to right and left to see who is looking at her and admiring what she has on.



Cage No. 6. This is a Bank Cashier, who never wished he could get a chance to bolt with a few thousands if it could be safely done. Stand up, sir. Nice young fellow, ain't he? and deserving of the greatest credit—and he gets a good deal.



Come along, now, ladies and gentlemen, to Cage No. 7. Here we have a Reporter who has been such for five weeks, gentlemen, five whole weeks, and yet has not commenced to



put a small cross for a period, either in his 'copy' or when writing letters to his friends, nor has he been known to use the words 'newspaper man' more than seven times. It was not believed to be possible to procure such a rarity, but so great is our enterprise, zeal, and desire to please, that we caught this one and caged him, and here he is.

Our space will not permit further description at present, but next week, ladies and gentlemen, the list will be continued, for we have several Surprising, Entertaining, Ornithorhyncian and Hitherto Unheard-of Curiosities which will not only amuse but instruct you. GRIP-SACK for 1883 will ere long be on sale at the door, and its price, 25 cents, 25 cents only, pays also for admission.

Come one, come all.

Moral! Instructive!! Entertaining!!! Pyrotechnic!!!!

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.

There was once a Young Man who Aspired to be taken for a Genius and a Literary Man, but as he had not a great quantity of the Material that is used in the Manufacture of Geniuses he was at his Wits' End (and it was but a Short, Short Distance for him to go) what to do. So he read in a Book that Charles Dickens got up in the Night and took Long Walks: and he read in another Book that most Geniuses wore their Hair Long, and that Literary Men and Geniuses were usually Eccentric. Eccentric, my Dears, means anything off its Centre or Base. So he let his Hair grow away down to his Shoulders, and he would walk along the Street talking to himself and would assume an Absent or Abstracted Air, and he would say, as he saw the People regarding him, "These People are saying, 'There goes a Genius. See his Long Hair and Seedy Toggery. He must be Ex-cceed-ing-ly Clever.'" And he was Very Happy. And he would get up in the Night and go Roaming around the Streets, saying to himself, "Now I am Charles Dickens, taking a Night Walk. I wish People could see me, but People are not Cats, and cannot see in the Dark." But that was where he made a Gigantic Error, for a Policeman saw him one Dark Night when he was Charles Dickens, and said, "Young Fellow, where have you Broke Out From?" And the young man was Indignant, and replied, "I am a Genius. Do you not see my Long Hair? What do you take me for?" And the Policeman answered, "For one thing I take you for a Crank who has broken loose from some Asylum, and for another thing I take you for my Prisoner, so come along o' me." And the Young Man went along o' him, for the Policeman was very Big and Powerful, and had Pulled in a Tug of War, which is what Policemen are for. And the Genius was shut up in a Cell and charged with being a Vag., and got One Month in Jail, where his Long Hair was cut, and he did not Like it, and when he came out he said, "I will not be Charles Dickens, for I see I have not his Talents, nor will I be Shakespeare, for I cannot write Poetry, and as I am Convinced that I am fit for nothing that requires Genius and Ability, I will go and be a Bank-Clerk." So he went.

MORAL.

Long Hair, Assumed Eccentricity, and Seedy Clothes do not Con-stitute a Genius.

A scientist says it is worry, not work, that kills men. Now we know why journalists die young. It is not the labor of moulding public opinion, but the continual anxiety as to the stability of the banks in which their funds are deposited.—Philadelphia News.