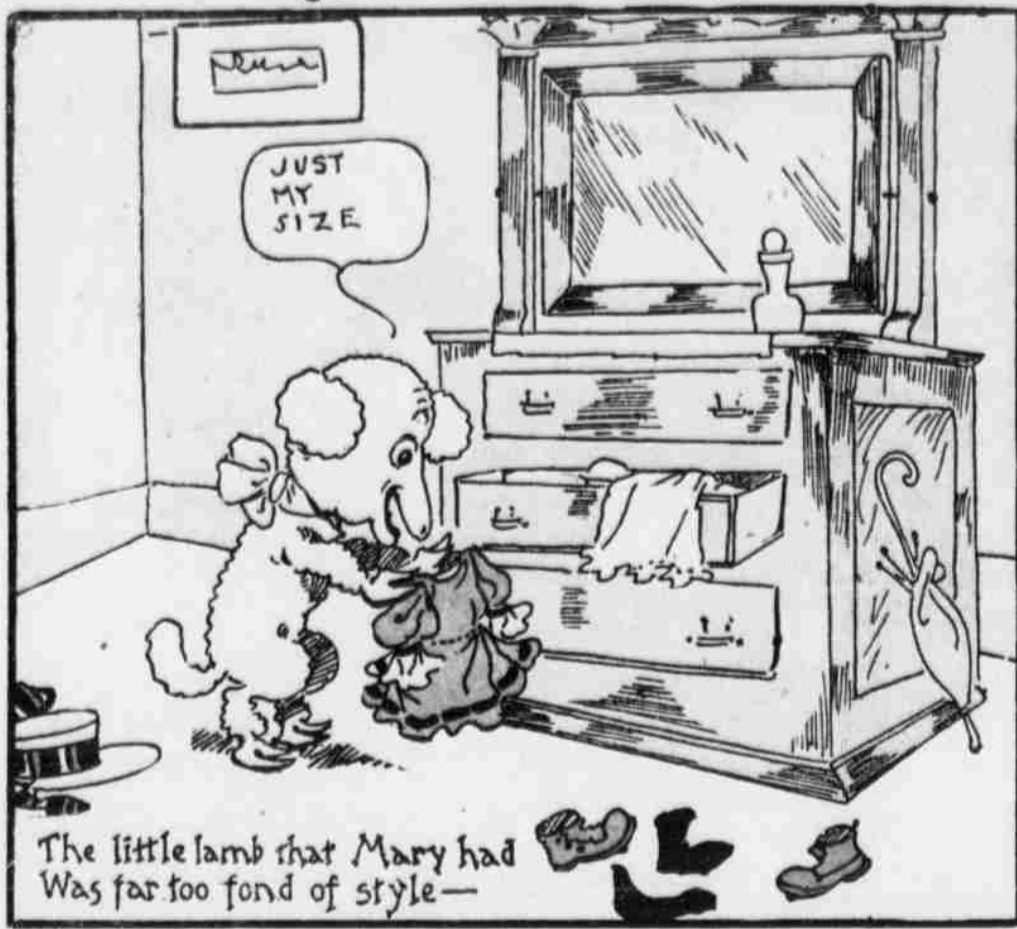
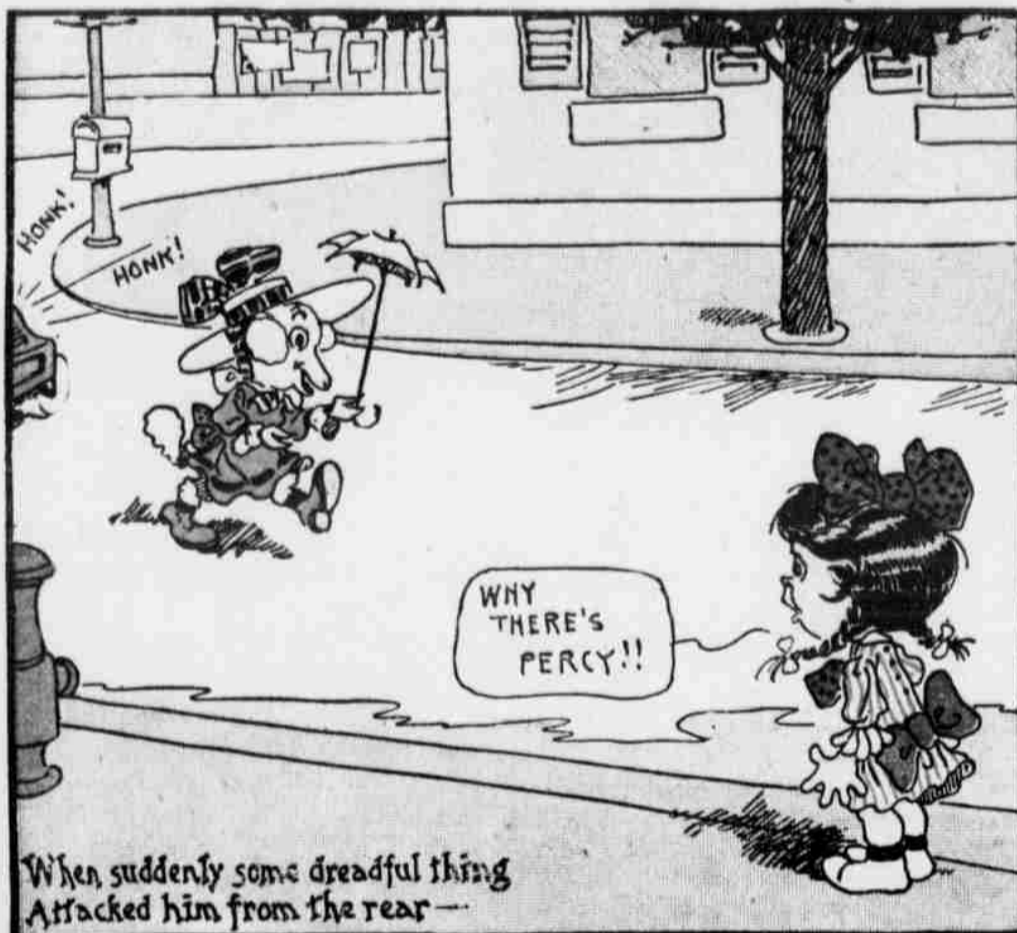


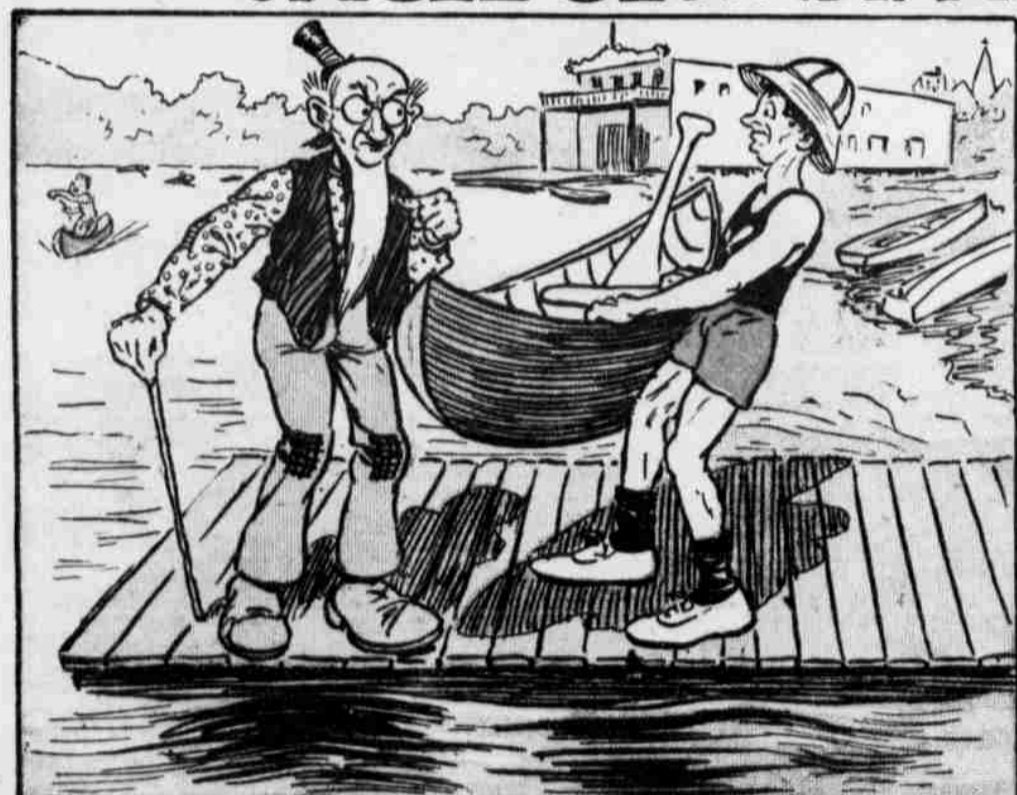
Mary and Her Little Lamb



The little lamb that Mary had Was far too fond of style—



UNCLE GEO. WASHINGTON BING, THE VILLAGE STORY-TELLER



WHAT DO YOU KNOW 'BOUT CANOEIN'? WHY YEH DONT EVEN KNOW HOW TER PUT IT IN THE WATER RIGHT. I KNOW 'CAUSE I ONCT MADE A THOUSAND UV 'EM.



ONCT DOWN TER PATAGONIA, I SEED THE INJUNS MAKIN' A CANOE OUT UV A LOG AN' IT USTER TAKE 'EM SIX MONTHS TER FINISH THE CLUMSY SHEBANG—



'AN' NOTICIN' HOW ENORMUS EVERYTHIN' GREW DOWN THAR, I HED A IDEE AN' PLANTED A PACKAGE UV DRIED PEAS AN' THEY SURE COME UP GIGANTIC—



AN' WEN THEY WUZ RIPE I JEST OPENED 'EM UP AN' TOOK OUT THE PEAS AN' PUT SEATS INTER THE PODS AN' LEFT 'EM OUT IN THE HOT SUN—



'AN' WEN THEY WUZ DRY THEY MADE THE DANDIEST LIGHTEST CANOES, AN' I KERLECTED 10 BBLs UV GOLD BY SWAPPIN' A CANOE FER A NECKLACE UV NUGGETS!



HEY, YEH BLUNDERIN' GALOOT! WHAT D' YEH MEAN BY SWINGIN' THET ARK AROUND AN' KNOCKIN' ME IN THE WATER! YEH PUDDIN' HEADED PADDLIN' P!P!