Aesch. Yes, one will do 't;
For any trisyllabic word will suit
With yon constructions as a counterpane,
A pocket-book or flask; I'll make it plain
Directly.

Eur. Eh? You will?

Aesch. Most certainly.

Dion. Recite the lines at once and let us see.

Eur. (*Quoting grandly*) (1)
"Egyptus, as the ancient story goes,
Bringing his fifty sons across the wave
And reaching Argos ——"

Aesch. (*Breaking into line.*) "Lost his pocket flask."

Eur. Was that your pocket flask? Confound it then!

Dion. Recite another and let's try again.

Eur. Dionysus (2) who adown Parnassus' slopes
With wand and fawnskins 'mid the torches' gleam
Leaps in the dances" ——

Aesch. "Lost his pocket flask.'

Dion. Oh dear! The flask again! We're ' ad'y hit.

Eur. But I assure you 'twill not matter a bit;
Here's one in which he cannot make it fit—
(*Quoting*) (3) "No mortal man there is in all things blest,
Either with noble birth he lives in want,
Or being base born"—

Aesch. "Lost his pocket flask."

Dion. Euripides!

Eur. What is it?

Dion. Shorten sail.
This pocket flask is like to bl a gale.

Eur. I should not heed it no, by mother earth!
I'll show him now how little it is worth.

Dion. Well, try again and give it a wide berth.

(1, 2, 3) From the *Archelaus*, *Hypsipele*, *Sthenoboea* of Euripides (all lost).