

TOO PARTICULAR.

'Pencestas,' said Leonatus, one day, when the all-conquering army of Alexander was on its march to Malli, 'Pencestas, why is the crupper of Bucephalus like a ship's anchor?'

Pencestas was buried in deep thought for a moment; 'Because it has no pocket to put it in?' he ventured timidly.

'Naw!' roared the son of Pella.

'Man behind the counter?' pursued Pencestas.

'No!'

'To cover his head?'

'Shades of my feathers, no!'

'Because it's infirm?'

Leonatus only made a despairing gesture.

'Because it's a slope up?'

Leonatus made a motion to strike him, and Pencestas said he wouldn't guess any more, and he couldn't see why a horse's crupper was like a ship's anchor.

'Well, it is,' replied Leonatus, 'because it's at the end of the hawser.'

'Which end?' presently Pencestas inquired, with a show of interest.

And then Leonatus looked a long way off, and said that the peculiar appearance of the clouds and the humidity of the atmosphere indicated considerable areas of disturbances, with a right smart of mean temperature at local points.

THE SKIRMISHING FUND.

'Varinus,' said Lentulus, one day, just before the praetor marched against Spartacus, 'Varinus, did it never occur to you that these little signs in the city parks, all over the civilized world, "keep off the grass," are instigated by British influence?'

The praetor couldn't see why British influence should trouble itself to preserve the grass in a United States park, and he said so.

'Well,' said the consul, 'it is so. It is only another exhibition of English hatred against the Fenians, to which other powers are thus induced to lend their influence. You can see no connection between these signs and the Fenians?'

'None,' replied Varinus, 'unless the signs are like the Fenians, because nobody pays any attention to them.'

'Not exactly that,' responded the consul, with some asperity, 'although that isn't so bad.'

Varinus respondit non, sed intimated: by shaking his caput, ut he would give it up.

'Well,' said the consul, with a pitying look at his comrade, 'it is because these

things are put up to keep people from "wearing off the green."'

It was a long time before Varinus made any reply, when he finally said he hoped, if the consul ever said anything like that again, Sparticus might give him the awfullest Thracian a Roman ever got. And then he called out the troops and went over to Vesuvius, and got one himself, just to see what it was like.

A MISS, BUT A GOOD LINE SHOT.

'Iphigeneia,' her father said one morning, when the ships were becalmed at Aulis, 'Iphigeneia, do you know why President Hayes is like Charles IX. of France?'

The daughter of Agamemnon, who was working a green worsted dog on a seal-brown sofa cushion, said, 'Two greens, a pink, three yellow and four brown,' and then spoke up:

'Because he was a long time reachin' to his title?'

'Hey?' shouted the venerable Calchas, who was a little hard of hearing, 'Hey, what's that?'

'Because,' repeated Iphigeneia, blushing at her own audacity, 'he was a long time regent to his title?'

The Reverend Mr. Calchas shook his head and said this paragraphing was too strong for him, and went away to kill a goose for its bone, and look at the corn husks to see how the winter was going to be, while the son of Atreus only laughed, and told his daughter she was a mile away from it, and Iphigeneia tried again.

'Because,' she said, 'he's a kind of little off'un?'

But Agamemnon told her not to get slangy, and she gave it up.

'Why is it?' she asked.

'Because,' said her father, with the happy, triumphant air of a man whose conundrum comes back to himself for solution, 'because he is friendly to Pacify the Potter.'

Iphigeneia laid her work down on her lap, crossed her hands on the idle needles, and after musing a moment in silence, inquired:

'Friendly to which?'

'To Pacify the Potter,' replied her wailing parent, with evident ill humour. 'Pacify the Potter; can't you see? Potter; Pacify the Potter.'

'Ye-es,' replied Iphigeneia, 'yes, I see what you mean, I guess, but his name wasn't Pacify, it was Palissy; Palissy the Potter.'

And then Agamemnon threw his helmet on the floor, and said something savage about the stupid French not knowing how to spell a man's name anyhow, and went and told