

## A DAY AT TROY.

TROY, Ohio, March 4.

'Arma virumque cano,  
I sing the first Trojan, you know;  
'Qui primus ab oris,'  
Who mounted his Horace,\*  
And settled down in Ohio,  
With more terror than joy  
With his pa and his boy,  
He fled, feeling dreadful Uneasy,†  
For just about then  
A horse load of men  
Made the climate unwholesomely Greecey.  
And his fond, loving wife,  
The joy of his life,  
He ran off and left her behind,  
For Æneas, gay boy,  
Was sure that in Troy,  
Ohio, new wives he could find.

## NOCTURNE.

Had he struck this new Troy just when I did,  
(Oh, Mother, are the doughnuts done?)  
He'd thought with the Arctic zone he'd collided,  
And back to the Greeks had turned and run.  
For the snow was deeper than the national debt,  
And the slush was running like a river;  
And the Trojan hackmen, you just bet,  
Don't drive, when the weather makes them  
shiver.

Old Troy don't look very much as it did  
When plous Æneas ruled the roost;  
And I thought of the many changing years that  
slid,  
Since Vulcan gave his step-son a boost.  
For I wandered over Troy, through the slush  
aforesaid,  
And I took an aged Trojan for a guide,  
And every time he opened his head  
The old man lied,

I mused at the trenches where the Grecian  
warriors lay,  
And I wandered where Hector fired the ships,  
And I strolled where the 'waster of cities' held  
sway,  
When a Trojan daren't open his lips.  
Here the great son of Telamon nursed his dire-  
ful wrath,  
Here the mighty Achilles sulked and swore;  
And there, right directly across the street,  
Is John Smith's store.

Then I made certain inquiries at the hotel,  
And the answers I got made me mad;  
For I'd wasted all my classics on a hollow-  
hearted sell,  
And I felt it was really too bad.  
For they told, that Æneas never voted in this  
town,  
And that Hector never boarded here at all,  
But a man named Paris, they said, was here,  
But he moved last fall.

\* This is considered one of the most intricate and elaborate classical jokes ever 'penetrated' upon an intelligent people. Send stamp for explanation, sent closely sealed in packages to suit the purchaser.

† Professor Wortman, to whom I showed the manuscript of this stanza, offered me two hundred dollars to print that word 'Æneas-y,' but I refused. I didn't think it would be right. I have yet some little conscience in these matters.

## RECREATIONS IN THEBAN LITERATURE.

'Married people,' said Epaminondas, 'cannot talk as freely and rapidly as young people.'

'I hadn't noticed it,' said Pelopidas, 'and I don't think it is true.'

'But it is true,' replied the illustrious Theban, 'because—'

'Because they are paired?' sagely asked his friend.

Epaminondas shook his head.

'Because the two married people are only one, while each of the young people is one, two?'

Epaminondas looked sad, and stifled a rising sigh.

Pelopidas thought a moment, and said:

'Because their two 'heads have but a single thought?'

'Oh, no, the statesman said, 'it isn't necessary to have even one thought to do an infinite amount of talking. Look at the *Congressional Record*. 'No,' he continued, with an air of interest, 'but you know the marriage service is conducted orally? Verbally? By word of mouth, or tongue, as you may say, the knot matrimonial is tied?'

'Yes,' said Pelopidas, 'I see so far.'

'Well, then,' said Epaminondas, with a faint gleam of triumph on his face, 'the married folk do the less talking because they are tongue-tied.'

Pelopidas was rapped in silent amazement for a few moments, and then said it was a pretty good conundrum, if that was its first appearance in the West, but it reminded him of a man building a one-storey house.

'How's that?' asked the soldier statesman.

'Blamed sight more scaffolding than house,' said Pelopidas.

And then Epaminondas set his teeth and muttered that it was a pity some people were born without any appreciation for anything.

'When shall we eat?' asks a medical journal. Same as you drink, doctor, same as you drink: every time anybody asks you to.

There are two brothers on West Hill who look so much alike they cannot tell each other apart, and one day last week, when John was raging like a volcano with the toothache, Henry went down to the dentist's and had six teeth pulled.

'You could tell, by the easy versification,' remarked the barber, on hearing 'The Raven,' that this was poem a Po-made. It's so slick.'