

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 Aeneas, 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 Aeneas 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, throug 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 tranches 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 Aeneas 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 ex-
 planation, sent closely sealed in packages to suit
 the purchaser.

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

RECREATIONS IN THEBAN LITERA-
TURE.

'Married people,' said Epaminondas, 'can-
 not 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 month, 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 mar-
 ried 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 any-
 thing.

'When shall we eat?' asks a medical jour-
 nal. 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.'