

'What do you want?' but as her mouth was full of hair-pins she only said:

'Wup poo you wup?'

The godlike Hector understood her all the same, and with a terrible grimace as he drew the bandage a little too tight, he said:

'Why is Hawkeye creek like Hell Gate rock?'

Andromache, who knew Hector was going out to fight that morning, was wondering how she would look in black, and didn't understand just what he said.

'I didn't know,' she remarked, in a tone of surprise, 'that Hawki Krick *did* like Helga Trock.'

Hector ceased to pet his bunion for a moment and looked up with an expression of business. Then, with the explicit intonation of a man who has a good thing and isn't going to be trifled with, he repeated his question.

'Oh,' exclaimed Andromache, with a matter-of-fact air, 'I suppose it's because it's a blasted nuisance.'

And Hector, who had sat up half the night fixing the thing up, kicked his sandal clear across the room in supreme disgust, and said, testily:

'Aw, shaw! somebody told you!'

And then he gathered his two-handed sword with the terrible name and went out and chased Greeks up and down the sand, and pounded some, and talked the hardest kind of Latin, that no fellow could scan, to many others for two long mortal hours, and when he came back he said he'd like to bet somebody fifty dollars there were some people about Troy that had a little courteous respect for original o-mundrums, anyhow.

But Andromache only said, 'Construe, construe!' and that made him so mad he borrowed an opera-glass and went to see the female minstrels.

'A German dentist has invented paper teeth. 'Tischew paper, probably.'

THE END.