

off his bench and glared skyward to see whom he could thank for so unexpected a bounty. But in jumping so precipitously up, Mr. Crawfish not only removed himself but also that weight or counter-balancing agent necessary to the bench for the maintenance of its proper equilibrium. And the center of gravity immediately shifting toward the unidentified stout lady, caused that end of the bench on which she rested to suddenly descend and the opposite end to rear with incredible swiftmess. In so doing, the bench not only cruelly dumped the unidentified stout lady upon the walk, but it sent flying into space that paper bag from which we had observed Mr. Crawfish to draw from time to time, a banana. This fruit-laden bag being thus projected, described an arc or parabola whereof one end was the bench and the other the trombone of Arturo Strombellini.

As that exquisite moment had arrived when Arturo, solo, was to waft forth the "soft and plaintive tremolo of his trombone," all eyes were upon him. Particularly those of his fiery leader, Signor Giovanni Furioso. He, standing with arms outstretched, hair flying, head disdainfully flung back, paused, closed his flashing eyes for an instant, and as the fruit-charged bag disappeared down the trombone, flipped his baton in signal for the first plaintive note.

With puckered and trembling lips the unhappy Strombellini blew, and thereupon did issue from his trombone a note so nauseous, so loathsome, so baleful, so lacking in every quality we ascribe to Beauty, that the fruit within rotted almost instantly.

Dio porco! screamed Signor Giovanni Furioso flinging his baton at the unhappy head of Strombellini.

The baton hurtling through the air, missed its mark by some twenty feet and proceeding east at a high velocity passed rapidly over a forsythia bush and smote Officer Sullivan on the rear of his head, immediately over that part which was formerly held to be the seat of the passions. Officer Sullivan tottered under the blow, but quickly recovering his senses and remembering the police must ever be on the alert to defend the metropolis against all incursions of the lawless, spun on his heel, swung his billy, and with all the mighty force of his right arm brought it down upon the bared head of the Rt. Rev. Samuel X. Fundament.

Pastor Fundament flopped insensible to the walk. Where-