landlady, for he had an intuition that she was the cause to a great extent of any disaster which might occur in the near future. To be sure, the griddle cakes were a trifle heavier than the U. S. post offices admit as second-class matter, but they never had been light enough for a two-cent stamp, and were usually dispatched by the pound. Yet The Lounger could not satisfy himself as to the first cause of the present uneasiness. Just when he was thinking in his latest approved fashion, he reached across the table for a biscuit. It was a masterly attempt, as the boarders the next day told him; but the biscuit was a trifle heavy, and when he had almost gotten it safely landed on his plate, with a wavering motion like a 40,000-lb.-capacity crane with a 50,000-lb. load, he unfortunately let it slide out of his grasp and over the edge of the table. A noise like the sound of thunder behind the stage and a grease spot. The biscuit had simply fallen on the pet cat of the household, and it is needless to add that the cat had resigned in favor of the grease spot, which will remain until the end of time, The Lounger thinks, as a warning to boarding-house cats who persist in “coming to table,” and also a warning to young wives who happen to think that their biscuits are just as good as mamma’s. From force of circumstances the Lounger was completely crushed, and his only attempt the rest of the meal was not to be heard. Thus all of his good intentions were nipped in the bud, and when he arose to leave the table, the glance that he cast around convinced him that matters had not changed for the best.

While searching the nooks and corners of his wide experience for available Loungerisms, the Lounger came across a little adventure which befell him during his extensive travels. Adventure is perhaps too strong a word, as this incident does not savor of hair-breadth escapes, or even hardship or danger, but such as it is, he begs to present it to his readers.

It was in Jacksonville, where he had just arrived alone and a perfect stranger, having come from Tampa via the St. Johns River and St. Augustine, and it was the year after the yellow-fever epidemic. A new police force was on, and very jealous indeed were they in the performance of their duty, as we shall see. The Lounger was walking down the business street of the city, and stopped to ask a direction of a police sergeant whom he met. The officer gave the information, eyeing the Lounger closely meanwhile, and remarked, “It seems to me I have seen you before; will you tell me your name?” The Lounger modestly gave his well-known cognomen, stated that he was a stranger in the city, and mentioned incidentally, as the officer walked along beside him, that he had come up from Tampa. At last the sergeant drew him into a stairway, and said solemnly that all further concealment was useless. This remarkable statement not producing the result possibly expected, the officer went on to say that the Lounger answered the description of a man they were looking for, and that unless he could produce satisfactory evidence of identity, he must “come along” to headquarters. The Lounger, much surprised, pulled out various papers, bills and letters bearing his name, among them a letter of introduction to a prominent gentleman in the city, all of which the sharp officer unhesitatingly denominated “trash and probably stolen,” and so the Lounger meekly followed to the station, not even being accorded the dignity of a patrol wagon. After remaining locked up for a while, the Lounger was brought before the chief, who with the sergeant conducted a careful examination. It now transpired that he was supposed to be the perpetrator of a robbery of five hundred dollars from a bank in Tampa, answered the description to a T, and had arrived in Jacksonville on the day expected.

Search was made for the $500—it was not found. Probably no stranger was ever leaving Florida with such an amount. Nothing will ever equal in brilliancy this examination, which left the Lounger in the condition of the drunken man who was heard to mutter—“Am I am I, if I’m not am I, who in the d—I am I?”

Great are the intellects of the police. Among other things, the Lounger’s past history, infancy, and ancestry were solemnly inquired into; his habits, travels, politics, and health discussed; the letter of introduction upon which his hopes rested first termed a forgery and then a theft; and then, when no further theorizing was possible, the bright idea was hit upon of sending it for inspection to the gentleman to whom it was addressed. The reply asserting its genuineness, Lounger was placed under surveillance and allowed to present the letter in person. This settled the matter, which, after all, should have been a very simple one, and the rest of a short stay in the city was very pleasant, for the denouement was not till later, when, the Lounger being far on his way North, bank officials arrived in Tampa and accused the friend in need, himself a director in the institution, with having through credulity assisted in the escape of a rascal. When later on the real thief was arrested in Tennessee, it is needless to say that apologies were immediate and profuse.