"With all thy faults I lo-v-e thee still," was the sound that escaped from a small room on the top story of a St. James Avenue boarding house. The omnipresent, shallow-voiced tenor was exercising his lungs and straining his voice to captivate the heart of the scullery maid in the kitchen on the ground floor. The Lounger, whose room then bordered closely on that of the cast-off Bijou singer, was entirely unconscious of all discord and flat notes; the singer was for once unappreciated by his fellow-boarders, for there was not even a feeling of resentment cherished by his only auditor. The music ceased, and the Lounger regained consciousness. With a night-with-the-boys feeling about him he stood up, whilst his face underwent a few contortions arising from great suffering, and lit a cigarette, "To take the taste out of my mouth," as he slowly said to himself. Even talking was painful, for the muscles of his cheeks were quite sore.

It was Thanksgiving Day, and he had been guilty of the indiscretion of allowing his landlady to test his physical endurance and his ability to withstand her subtle poisons. He knew it would be a foolish experiment, and that he would regret the step he wished to take in the cause of science, but he considered that a future member of the Faculty should have coped with all circumstances and conditions of the student's life. How much trouble and anxiety he would be able to save his pupils in the days to come, if he could be well posted on this the worst of boarding house epidemics, the annual desire of the landlady to overfeed her guests! He feared the effect of the mince pie, which would in all probability refuse to be digested on any grounds, and lie dormant within him for a week; but he nerved himself with the thought of the benefit to science, and that he could publish a pamphlet on the result of his experiment, to be sold at Ridler's for more than he had paid for his last overcoat. When brave deeds are to be done, the brave men are on hand to do them, he thought, as he felt the metaphorical slap of the Faculty on his back, showing their approval. He realized now how foolish he had been, as he looked in the mirror at his pale face. Not a shadow of hope on his countenance; only a look of despair greeted him as he gazed at himself. He decided to think it over.

"To be, or not to be—" the Lounger hesitated; he had let his head rest on the back of his chair, and sleep had come to his rescue.

"That is the question," answered his landlady, appearing in the form of an enormous turkey.

"Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer the slings and misses of outrageous cooking?" asked the Lounger.

"Or to take up measures against a table full of troubles, and by refusing end them," said the landlady.

"To die; to sleep; no more; and by sweet sleep to say we end the pain and the thousand natural shocks that I am heir to after eating your unhealthy meal. Do you refer to that?" said the Lounger.

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, if there would be no coroner's inquest," replied the landlady.

"Ay, there's the rub, and makes us bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," added the Lounger.

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," she replied.

"And enterprises of great pitch and moment with this regard their currents turn awry!" ejaculated the Lounger.

"Soft you, now," said the landlady.

"Witch, in thy orisons, may all thy sins be remembered," groaned the Lounger, as he awoke to hear a light knocking at his door.

"I heard you groaning for so long a time that I thought you might be very ill," said fair Ophelia, who had the front room on the same floor on which the Lounger lived.

You may imagine, kind reader, the thoughts and words which flooded the Lounger's brain and choked his husky utterance. He realized he was alone with the object of his affections, and, unlike the hero of the play, he was unable to master the situation with a gesture, for he was desperately ill. He pictured to himself how an actor would carry the thing through to a successful issue by simply