The Lounger emphatically resents the assertion that his vacation was too much for him. It is a cowardly statement, and the person who made it knew at the time that he would never have dared do so had the Lounger been on the field to answer it.

The truth of the matter is that there was no room for the Lounger's usual weekly dissertation in the last Trech, as all have found out ere now. Should a set of resolutions be drawn up, setting forth the fact that the Lounger's familiar representation was missed on the last leaflet of the double number,—then he might take action to recover damages for exclusion from participation in the number's success; but barring such contingency the Lounger can only presume that he wasn't missed at all, which is a relief, if also somewhat of a humiliation.

The Lounger sat in his study one evening last week, listlessly scanning the head lines of an evening paper. Outside, the rain was coming down in timid, sneaking driblets, that froze when they got through coming. There was a steady drip, drip, going on in the direction of the window sill, while the skylight outside in the hall was suffering spasmodically in the same manner. Occasionally the sound of the drops without would be interrupted by a piercing shriek which rang through the muddy vistas of the Back Bay as some belated denizen of the 4th precinct lost control of her feet and rested till somebody ran out to pick her out of the gutter. In fact, indulgent reader, it was such a night as Boston, and Boston only, can furnish. It was brought about by a skillful co-operation of many forces, natural and human.

In the first place, clouds had assembled on high according to the laws so admirably demonstrated by Professor Niles. Surcharged with moisture they awaited an opportunity. At a given signal from Boston's patron saint, the mercury began to rise. In ten minutes it had covered thirty degrees, and the thermometer registered 50° F.

Then the sluice gates above acted according to the poetical interpretation, and the surcharged clouds discharged their supercharge.

Ten minutes later the atmosphere arranged itself in layers a la Boston, according to temperature. Six feet from the ground ended the lowest layer—temperature 30° F. Then came piled up on this, successive layers of ever increasing temperature, carefully adjusted to produce the desired result. You all know the rest. In half an hour the ashes and sawdust scattered by the intelligent servant were covered by a thin veil of freezing water. An hour later the condition of the streets and pavements was that familiar to all of us.

Now the Lounger knew all this, and so when his eye was arrested by a communication in the paper aforesaid, setting forth certain beauties of Boston at that time of year, he very naturally paused, and read more carefully. Yes, gentle reader, it was true. Some ass, some double-barrelled, bean-collecting, Balaamite ass had had the nerve to spend a column in describing the beauties of Boston at the present season.

And the Lounger folded his feet and pondered over the excellent reasons for the assertions in the funny papers that the innocent and moss-grown Bostonian describes Heaven as slightly inferior to her own little town.

There was another man who used another column to explain why the Common attracted (!) so many strangers to Boston, but that's an other story—take the elevator.

Phyllis' Slippers.

Before the firelight's genial glow
She sits, and dreams of waltzes sweet,
Nor heeds the curious gleams that show
Grandmamma's slippers on her feet.

Ah, happy slippers, thus to hold
So rare a burden! It were meet
That you should be of beaten gold
To clasp so close such dainty feet.

H. A. R.

IN BASEBALL.

"Will you drop into my mitten?"
Said the fielder to the fly.
"No I thank you," said the spheroid
As he passed the fielder by.
"My skin is very tender
And your mitten's hard and tough,
And though I fear you may object
I think I'll use a muff."

—Williams Weekly.