Upon receiving the last issue of the periodical in the production of which the Lounger considers himself fortunate in bearing some part, he was at first attacked with a violent fit of the blind staggers, and secondly was filled with a passionate desire to seek out his friend, the Editor in Chief, and to make kind, but firm, inquiries as to his health. For there in fair characters, manufactured at no small cost of good printers’ ink and to all purpose enforcing a perusal, stood the brave legend, “November 6, 1898,”—legend highly proper in its own season, but not conducive to a healthy tone of mind at any old period of the year whatsoever. And, moreover, upon examining further into the fair prospect of the engraving ornamenting the center of the page,—which, by the way, recalls to the Lounger in its ensemble many tender memories of the summer still too green upon him to be uttered in tone of voice more audible than a sigh,—his anxiety was trebly augmented, this time concerning the digestive status quo of the couple in the distance. To explain: These worthies, it will be remembered, were reclining quite comfortably on the edge of a sea, and basking, as it were, in the subdued light of a more than ordinarily sentimental Cynthia, the latter, it should be remarked, on the point of leaving them in the dark. Thus far very good and very true to life. But no, it cannot be, for the gentleman in the foreground with the Course X. mustache is made to greet the dear girl in the chess-board waist with “Good morning, Ethel.” Therefore the Lounger’s piercing anxiety. If morning, the heavenly orb cannot be Cynthia but Phoebus, and it is many good hours yet to breakfast! True, this explains the urgency of the gentleman’s question in regard to something to eat; but, verily, they arise betimes in this elysium! And pray how about the couple in so busily seated? From appearances, they have not recently arrived at this pleasant spot, for with half an eye you will observe that the fair sod upon which they are resting has withered miserably from long lack of due acquaintance with the nimble ocean breeze. Thus we are driven sadly to the only remaining conclusion. But can they have been up all night? Can we believe it? If, as is quite natural to suppose, the lady forming one member of the couple is the sister of Ethel, and if, as is equally natural, she shares Ethel’s good looks and charming dignity of poise, can we believe she would do such a thing, and with such a young man, and still retain the aforesaid good looks and dignity of poise? The Lounger personally trembles for the dignity of poise after the effects of exposure to the damp night air. And, moreover, if she too wears a chess-board waist, what condition can that be in? The Lounger will not presume to answer; but, out of regard to the many distinguished youths who have claimed to be acquainted with the gentleman of the couple, and who have asked the name of the resort, he can only assume that there is probably more starch to be had, and many more good silver moons, together with whole acres of damp banks.

Speaking of pictures, the Lounger must hasten to compliment the artistic editor on his remarkable effort now filling the place of honor, and serving to lure the gamey dime from its almost inaccessible retreat of a trouser pocket. Truly a “fine figure of a woman,” elegantly chiseled out of the solid rock. Yet to the Lounger it would seem that our newly arrived prophet of the northwest corner was unbecoming merry over the prospect, considering the decorum which the dignity of his position should properly entail.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the workmen who inadvertently connected the escape of a hood in the chemical rooms of the new building into the register pipe of the room above, have thought better of the arrangement and condescended to provide for a proper escape in a more becoming manner. We cannot but appreciate the novelty of the connection, however, and admire the practical uses to which such an adjustment might profitably be turned. Imagine, if possible, the saving to the long-winded instructor if such rich supply of natural gas could be conveniently at hand. Conceive, if you can, the intrinsic merit of a little simple chlorine added to an otherwise commonplace remark. Or how the sprightly fumes of H₂S welling up in a great permeating cloud, invisible yet apprehensible, would awaken the sluggish student to a proper sense of his position.