After a lengthy supper peculiarly constructed of lobster salad with mayonnaise dressing, a glass of milk, some ginger-snaps, and a piece of steak as big as a ping-pong bat, THE LOUNGER retired the other night, according to his unwritten constitution and imaginary tabular view. To be sure there were plenty of lessons for the morrow yet undone, but an attempt to keep the eyes open a little longer was promptly vetoed by the last ginger-snap, which must have belonged to the Union. Now it is beyond the scope of this work to state just why the above-mentioned combination of pure food-products should seem to make true a paraphrase of Macbeth's immortal words:

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Lobster salad does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

First of all, THE LOUNGER had a dim, misty sense of an impending examination on his brain, like a ten-thousand-pound weight crushing the top of his skull. He was walking along ghostly corridors, stepping first on one foot and then on the other, and anxiously looking at semitransparent bulletin-boards to locate the room in which the examination was to be held. After finding the room and entering it, a spectral proctor handed THE LOUNGER a printed sheet of paper. As nearly as he can recollect, it was as follows:

"No bankbooks, notebooks, pocketbooks, curl-papers, toothpicks, or automobiles, except those specially authorized by the examiners in charge, should be in the possession of students during the examinations. If brought into the room for any reason, they must be left on the face of the instructor in charge."

SIXTH-YEAR BOTCHONOMY.

1. What are the advantages of a bevel gear over a washtub? Over a custard pie? Over a month ago?

2. When is which to be used? Why? Who?
3. Give two reasons why the day breaks and doesn't fall, and why the night falls but doesn't break.
4. Describe in as few cuss-words as possible, a co-ed.
5. If a copper rod ten feet long, six feet thick, five feet high and two feet wide, having a cross-section of three cubic feet, is capable of holding twenty-five ohms of electricity at a temperature of forty degrees Centigrade, for eleven seconds, how long is a piece of string?
6. Give your reasons for accepting Newton's Laws of Motion, giving reasons, if any, why reasons cannot be given.
7. Trace the history of the world from the time of Adam to the reign of Linus, the Lion-hearted, omitting the year when Charlie last got a hair-cut.

After the examination, which was considered a hard one, THE LOUNGER found himself walking around the gloomy halls, and he was glad to see all the old friends of his daily pursuit of knowledge. There was the graceful, willowy, poetic, Anglo-Saxon Arlo; the precise, accurate, scientific Harry T.; the sharp-eyed, ultra-exact word-weigher Charles Cross; Hart-Schaffner-and-Marx Erhardt, and plodding Teutonic Professor Dippold. But around all there seemed to be a haze, like "pictures in the smoke."

Then the next thing THE LOUNGER was awakened by the sun shining in his eyes, and he slowly began to realize that he was confronted with the serious problem of inventing four different excuses to suit the requirements of four different instructors. The revenge of the lobster salad! The mean, underhand work of the ginger-snaps! The unmanly, dishonorable conduct of that piece of steak as big as a ping-pong bat!

Scientific German.

Of all the books I've ever read,
Or even cast a look,
The worst: the very worst of all's
That German science book.

When I have read a line or two
Of that most awful writ,
It makes me say with emphasis
That German word "damit."

So when I've read the book all through
And 'scaped from out its clutch,
May my good Fate deliver me
From any more such Dutch.

F. UDGE.