THE LOUNGER has solved the problem of night work. Having suffered excruciatingly in the past from overworked eyes, he set to work to discover a substitute for the "midnight oil." As a result of thorough and systematic research, he has had constructed from his den a subterranean skylight extending through the globe to China. By this means he is enabled to read his Applied at midnight by the cheerful rays of the Oriental sun. Every great invention has its drawbacks. THE LOUNGER, it will be seen, was obliged to construct a mirror in order to obviate the difficulty of reading in an inverted position. The whole scheme worked well until some Republican who was visiting the antipodes, discovered the exposed end of THE LOUNGER'S skylight, and rushing back in dismay to the United States, warned Congress that THE LOUNGER was importing sunshine from China, thereby discouraging, if not endangering, home industry in this line. THE LOUNGER was only saved by skillful counsel, who proved that he was using light from the mirror, not from China.

Congress, baffled it would seem, retrieved its honor and prestige by putting a tax upon mirrors, thereby preserving the nation from an industrial dissolution and securing for itself the gratitude and loyalty of the American Mirror Trust, which was by this action enabled to raise the price of its mirrors by an amount equal to the tax plus two hundred per cent of the original selling price.

The LOUNGER has met with a sudden repulse from an unexpected quarter; he has encountered serious opposition in his blessed work. What right has the Omega Oil Company to stick in front of THE LOUNGER's line of vision, as he sits inoffensively in the street car, the obtrusive injunction, obviously calculated to annihilate THE LOUNGER,—"Cultivate self-control and the habit of silence." THE LOUNGER wishes to state, thus publicly and distinctly, that such aspersions upon his professional recreation annoy him exceedingly, even when expressed privately. How much more, then, must his equanimity be disturbed when the slur is posted broadcast for the vulgar eye to read! Self-control may be very well in the Omega Oil Company before alluded to, but in THE LOUNGER, who is the quintessence of self-abandonment, it would be ludicrous and absurd; and as for the habit of silence, why in the name of all that is unspeakable, doesn't the said company practice what it preaches? Ah, THE LOUNGER fears he is waxing irate. Will some one kindly pour Omega Oil upon the troubled waters of his soul? It is a harrowing life—cares and anxieties are manifold. "The time is out of joint; oh, wretched fate, that I was born to fill its plate!" The cellar is empty and there is no fire. THE LOUNGER converses earnestly with all the stewards of the royal retinue of Old King Coal, but their hearts are as hard and their souls as black as the tons and tons and tons of anthracite which they swear they haven't got. "May they appreciate the power of coal in the nether world," is THE LOUNGER's pious prayer. Reduced to the expedient of warming the house by friction, THE LOUNGER slid down the balusters all day long, and at night sought the land of dreams, folded between the warming sheets of the New York Journal. Relief came in the morning from an unexpected quarter—Taffy was a Welshman, and promised THE LOUNGER a ton of his native land, pulverized and inflammable. He asked THE LOUNGER if where he lived there was water to burn. This was a new idea. THE LOUNGER was encouraged, but did not quite see through the mystery. Taffy explained that water could be burned to great advantage in connection with the real estate we had just purchased,—two hods of water to one of land. THE LOUNGER has been warm ever since, and when the terra infirma gives out he will use a mixture of snow and gunpowder, thus insuring not only ample heat, but also an adequate ventilation throughout the winter. To those who are in a similar difficulty and cannot procure the commodities mentioned, THE LOUNGER would recommend cracked ice and dynamite, except that the click of the ice on the registers is monotonous and tiresome, and besides, such a fire is hard to keep through the night—at an even temperature.

To those who are in the last extremities he would suggest deep breathing and prayer. Should these fail, a raid on the coal-yards might be resorted to, in which case the perpetrators, if without bail, would be kept comfortably warm all winter in a quiet place.

His Case.

He had been admitted to the Bar;
He had won his case, and thought it fine;
So, happy, he got aboard his car,
For his case was just a case of wine!

—The Harvard Lampoon.