

"I want to see the editor!" he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread Brimmer's face, and he said:

"The editor is not in."

"Well! when *will* he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—forever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Brimmer. "He has gone to South America, with the intention of remaining there during the balance of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate!" said the man with the golden locks; "I call for the purpose of battering him up a lot with this club!"

"He will be sorry," said Brimmer, sarcastically. "He will regret missing you. I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden," said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following, I'll break *your's* for you. Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention:

"Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life;
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs
They put mustard-plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whiskey and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left
Her body entirely numb."

"The slave who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, "is named Remington Ott. He boards in Blank street, four doors from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with a judicious intermixture of club and dog-bites."

"And this," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who counseled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's tears! If that red-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whiskey and rum—if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb—was it *my* fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he suddenly encountered Brimmer, who was moving off in the same direction. The editor had hardly time enough to utter a profane ejaculation and to lift his hand to strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke-hat and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the stairway and pinned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment she floored him with her weapon, and, seating herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of *The Morning Glory* from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column, asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion: