

had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer holding *The Morning Glory* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir!--William McGlue! I am a brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, WHAT DO YOU MEAN by the following infamous language?

"The death-angle smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwell'g in space,
Over there on the ever-green shore
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter-past four."

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what you mean* by such conduct!"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir--awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this--he shall, indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue, and he had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"Willie had a purple monkey, climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours, he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bid good-bye to earth, and went into a better land."

"Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister, with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make her yowl for fun,
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around, since little Willie died."

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple