

it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death-notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation. ☞

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom, in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the common place details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office, others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry!"

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears, and, if we don't make *The Morning Glory* hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

He was right. It *did* hum.

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the sea-shore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day death-notices came pouring in, and, when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and hack away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Ott went home with a conviction that *The Morning Glory* had finally robbed death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading *The Morning Glory* with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded either that his poetry