

the rough and onest hand of the mountain, and take away your long-tinnis judes.

"Comparatively speakin', I was born in the North of Ireland an' am a happy disposition.

"Remember, the man must be noble, 'onest an' thru. Please write to me soon.

Very respectfully yours,"

---

"N. B.—After readin' this I see I was about to leave out the most impartent part. Now if you can't find a man with all these good qualities an' money too, I'll take the one wid the 'onest, thru and noble caroether. Money can niver buy happiness an' love, an' that I prize above everything else. I want a man not less than forty as he should begin to have some since by that time.

Wanct more I am,

Yours truly,

---

Up to the writing of these pages, the mails continue to bring loads of letters from all sorts of cranks. Those from women are turned over to Mrs. Creede; but only a very few, of course, are answered.

In that poet's Paradise; that dreamy lotus-land, Southern California, Creede