

STILLMAN GOTT

that I'm helping them in some way. But if I went to bed at night feeling that all I'd done during the day was only for myself, I believe that would take all the fun out of it, and I don't know as I would do much nor do it long. Seems as though in that case I'd go over to Sheep island, build a little camp big enough to turn around in, and just do enough to keep food in my mouth and clothes on my back: let time run as fast as possible, and just long for my time to come to lay down and die. That sounds kind of heathenish, I know, but what would be the use? As it is, I'm a good deal like the fellow I read a piece of poetry about in the county paper a few days ago. I cut it out, as it seemed to just fit my case, and put it in my pocket. You listen and I'll read it to you. It's called

A CONTENTED MIND.

I hain't got much, but what I hev
Is wuth er ton uv gold:
There's fust my wife, an' then iher boy,
An' ther girl, what's twelve year old.