

turn my hand to anythin' amost; but still there is days when there is nothin' that just suits to go at to fill up the gap, and them's the times we want a friend and companion. I have spent some wet spells and everlastin' long winter evenins lately in overhaulin' my papers completin' of them, and finishin' up the reckonin' of many a pleasant, and some considerable boisterous days passed in different locations since we last parted. I have an idee you would like to see them, and have packed them all up; and if I don't meet with you, I guess I'll give them to a careful hand who will deliver them safe along with my sayin's and doin's on this trip.

I haven't methodized them yet; they are promiscuous, like my trunk. When I put my hand in for a stock, in a general way, I am as like to pull out a pair of stockings as not, and when I fish for stockings, I am pretty sure to haul up a pocket-handkercher. Still they are all there, and they are just as well that way as any other, for there aint what you call a connected thread to them. Some of them that's wrote out fair was notched down at the time, and others are related from memory. I am most afeard sometime, tho' I hadn't ought to be, that you'll think there is a bit of brag here and there, and now