

The worst of it is, it is hard to remember it long; for the mind is like a slate—one thing gets rub'd out for another. The only way is to enter it down at the foot of the day's work; so I guess I'll keep a journal, and send it to you. It would make a new book for you, such as "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," or "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife," or some such name.

There is a work called "The Horse," and another called "The Cow," and "The Dog," and so on; why shouldn't there be one on "The Galls?" They are about the most difficult to choose and to manage of any created critter, and yet there aint any dependable directions about pickin' and choosin' of them. Is it any wonder then so many fellows get taken in when they go for to swap hearts with them? Besides, any one can find a gentleman that keeps a livery-stable to get him a horse to order; but who can say, "This is the gall for your money?"

No, Sir, it is a business that must be done by yourself, and no one else. I guess this will be the last of my rambles, and I hope to see you while I am spyin' into the wigwams in your diggins. I must say I feel kinder lonely here sometimes, tho' I aint an idle man nother, and can