

Hotel Grand,

J. G. DERMEDY, Prop'r.

~~IV~~

— Muscatine, Iowa, —

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"Oh, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Sat. evening I had a sudden call by telegraph, & took the night train for Boston. The occasion was a death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars & set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started & the car-wheels began their clack-clack-clack-clack clack-clack-clack-clack & right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that