

Hotel Grand,

J. G. DERMEDY, Prop'r.



Muscatine, Iowa,

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Two days later, on Sat. morning, I arose a tottering wreck, + went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Pilcote tower, 10 miles distant. He stared at me but asked no question. We started Mr. — talked, talked, talked — as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing at the end of a mile Mr. — said: "Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard + worn + absent minded. Say something, do!" Dearily without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers!" My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed then said: "I do not think I get your drift Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly. nothing sad: and yet — maybe it was the way you said the words —"