

Thorheim

16th Dec 1889 9 p.m.

My dear wife: I feel just as you do about
the story I sent you. It is weak flavor-
less, pointless. But somehow, I could
not make it better. I send with it the
last of the next one. The only trouble
about this is that it is no story -
only a connection. But how could
I make a book without connections?
Well it is nearly done. Some of the stories
are very good. As a whole I am dis-
appointed. No wonder. It has been
such broken, irregular, interrupted
work. It is my own fault though
and the fault of all my work.

Tell Lavinia, if not too late to modify
her idea of Jack Bullton - Hank Bullton
French - heavy drinker. Thick, strong
haired, heavy face, lowering brows,
big nose - nose - face a little baby.

Make the landlady's handkerchief
larger - not so skimpy - I doubt

if the ends should cross. The strength
is good. I think a cap would im-
prove the - Emden only, - rather a
severe one. Jackson is good -
don't make him too stout -
remember his whinge. - only
a - well it is good enough -
You see you need only to give them
a hint and they can work it
out themselves. Her duty is
rather old and denure.

Our weather here has been
very fair indeed. I don't know
as I ever saw pleasanter. Windy
of course but usually bright
and nice. None of your bad
cold man weather. The lake
is open. Ice said to melt out
last Friday. The Ernell tried to
come up: got stuck in the ice
and was washed ashore.

There is nothing that I think of to tell you only
that I am lonely enough for a night - if you had I keep
singing away and hope sometime time to write
something rich enough to make you happy over
it. I am going to venture to try in the best way
I can and give the story to it. When I think by all
and first believe will take had with me.
I am to write. I think I am as I should have

Put your letters in the box before
six o'clock and mark them
"via Carry" every time!

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