

My dear Mr. Kellogg:
Yours of the 14th
inst is rec'd. I am greatly dis-
tressed to hear of your condition
for I well know that our annual
trifle with the results of over-
work. I do hope that you will
give nature a chance to do her best
for you, remembering that it is
not merely ~~only~~ work that
wears, but every sort of ex-
citement. My old friend Dr. Ken-
drick of Rochester University, now
overging on ninety years or so,
told me that he renewed his
youthful serenity = *ficio*, by being
shut up in a quiet dark room:
and to sleep whenever he wanted,
and allowed to get up only to

eat or to sit on the porch
a little while at evening.
This was kept up for ^{two} months
or more. They read books to him
but would not allow him
to read, hear a letter or
a paragraph from a news-
paper. That is, they shut him
out from all matters of
present interest and compelled
body and mind to rest.

When nine years ago, I passed
the boundary of what is possible
for one to do and keep one doing,
nature did for me what I had
not sense enough to do for my-
self - she threw me on my
back, blinded my eyes, fettered

my limbs and compelled me,
if not to rest, at least to stop
work. It was terribly exasperating
to lie there and see the ~~un-~~
imitations of a busy life sweep
away, but we can see now
that "the dear old nurse" knew
better than we what was for
my good.

But pardon me; I have
small right to advise any one,
name especially, one of your
age and evident powers of
observation.

I am greatly pleased at the idea
of visiting you at your country
home, or would be, if I did not
feel that my presence would be
just the temptation to idleness which

you ought not to have. It is rather
curious this desire on my part, too,
for in my whole life I do not
recall that I have ever made
a aunt's visit to my own. This
has not been for lack of invitations
but because I am a bad loafer
and am also somewhat shy of
of entering another man's kingdom
— that is his household. My visits
have all been made at home
where many kind friends come
to see me.

Just now we are a little be-
ken up. My wife's mother, died
a week ago, after a prolonged
illness, which was especially upon
a sister of Mrs. J. — who has al-
ways lived with us. So we are
trying to have her rest-up and

a little pleasure. We are only
~~three~~ four, wife, daughter and the
~~old~~ wife daughter and her aunt
with myself - or to put them
in the order of precedence, I
should be put the daughter first
since it is for her that all
the rest of us live, - and I
must admit she makes
life worth living. As I am
likely at any moment, what
much without warning, to
be bowled over by an old
wound, I never go anywhere
without one of the books then
with me. I do not know just
when I can get work enough
ahead to run away
for a few days, but

if you are sure my com-
ing will not do you harm
rather than good and let
me know just when it
will be most conveni-
ent, ^{some two} of us, ^{most prob-}
ably, the daughter ^{will}
will try and make you
as miserable for a few
days as we can. I cannot
come before July 4th as I
have to be still further west
on that day.

I have directed my publisher
to send you copies of my
works. They may come drib-
bling in, one at a time as

there are several publishers and
you may need to arrange
to have them sent on to you,
from the office to which they
will be directed.

The "beasties" are doing finely,
Larvona has come up splendidly.
I have bred her to hollow, though
I felt a little guilty about it.
I have not touched her up but
have had her driven about
and trained some in the kin-
dergarten. She has a wonder-
ful gift. The young stallion
hollowed, I have been driving
with another horse an hour
a day four days in the week.

for the last fortnight, seemingly
to accustom him to road sights
and contrast. He is quite fulfilling
expectations. His dam has a filly at
her side by Sherman which is very
promising. ~~not perfect~~. I think she
is going to justify ~~her support~~ as a
dam; her expectations descent. ~~and~~
At any rate, I think the daughter, who
bought her with the fish money
she had is awfully sorry for the
fact that she was foaled.

I suppose, by the time we are
able to come and see you, there
will be another book - "Out of the
March Sea", which she has il-
lustrated - almost her first se-
rious appearance as an artist -
in print at least. If it is out