NO MALARIA. NO MOSQUITOS. NO SICKNESS.

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July 18th 1895

My dear Judge:

Yours of the 12th reaches me here, where I am trying to gain a little strength. I've been a very sick man. Am writing on my lap, under a gum-wood tree, so please excuse pencil, etc. Miss Lowe's poem interests me. I congratulate you on the privilege of having such a daughter, and am so very glad that she is rightly inclined — that she has the proper reverence for the art that by instinct and example has fascinated her. My love to her as to your old and loyal friend. Once a month I give, in the Literary Digest, selections from the current lyrics, & will notice this poem in my next collection, which will be about a twelve hundred, as the first one in copy for the present. Confidentially, when I took hold of the Digest, it was languishing. Under my management it has struck a "boom" — gained 7,000 in circulation. Mr. Wheeler (one of the firm), who had been editing it, suddenly grew fond of it, & put up his name as editor! Had a letter from Stedman yesterday, praising my work. The literary world knows

who is doing the work, so I work fast.
Oh, Time, thou grand old arbiter! My topical
Editor has promised to watch the Boers for me.
With love to you & yours,
Sincerely,
John H Rhoads

I published part of your letter about
the "Battle Hymn".

SMITHSONIAN CHEMICAL INSTITUTE