

Ann Arbor, 22nd of January, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dames:

When I go from home on a distant consultation, as I often have to do, and I always turn my face homewards with gladness. On my return this time, I was simply glorified to find your letter and the precious package awaiting me. Whop-la!

I wish I could beguile myself into the shadow of a notion that the enclosed draft "discharged my obligations." But I cannot be deceived in that manner: I realize that I am hopelessly in your debt, and how in the world I can give you "satisfaction" surpasses my conception. Please, enlighten me if you can for my own peace of mind!

The prices are all right, and I am sorry you should have seen fit to descend to items: it may indeed be "business"; but what is the kindness that procured these "crying wants" so promptly? Never itemize again, if you please. The sum total is the "one thing needful."

The present editor of the Inlander is going to ransack the store room for old Inlanders containing my Thoreau papers, and I shall soon have so many as he can find. Now and then a particular paper has actually sold the whole edition (sold, in both senses, too!), and he is not SURE that he can find more than one of the Thoreau papers. If so, I will advertise in the Inlander for such missing copies as I may need; and you shall have your Thoreau file de-filed (Oh!) by my nonsense.

The librarian of Case Library, Cleveland, Ohio, asked me, by letter, the other day HOW ON EARTH A GENTLEMAN IN "JERSEY" got hold of a copy of the Bibliography. I replied in the Californian shibboleth, D & M f i n o !

A friend has just come in to talk over a "case". Between us, that patient's chances are slim!

I will write to you about the Good Thoreau articles at my first fair opportunity. Meanwhile, more than thanks for your most efficient and friendly services!

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

Sam'l A. Jones.