**Letters from Mark Twain**

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:

You seem to be in prosperity. Could you lend an admirer $1.50 to buy a hymn-book with? God will bless you. I feel it; I know it. So will I.

N.B.— If there should be other applications, this one not to count.

Yours,

Mark

P.S.—Don’t send the hymn-book; send the money; I want to make the selection myself.

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*(letter from Mark Twain to Andrew Carnegie)*

DEAR SIRS:

You have a contract with Mr. Will Gillette; and I am aware that you are trying (as usual with you) to sneak out of the performance of its conditions. I am personally interested in this matter; therefore I suggest to you couple of piety-mouthing, hypocritical thieves and liars that you change your customary policy at this time.

Truly Yours,

S.L. Clemens

*(letter to an unidentified person)*