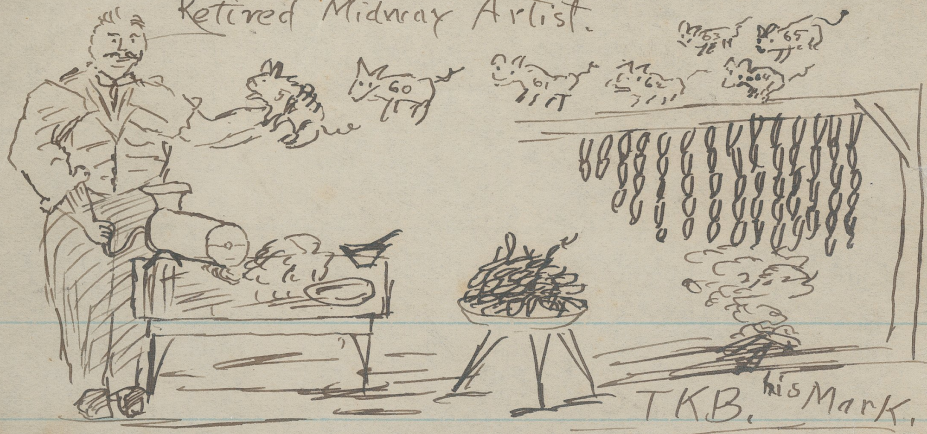


Retired Midway Artist.



Dear Mr. Carr,

If there is a right time for man to die, then why not do it with hope? Any way your delightful sausage reached us like an icht to Mr. Brunner's yearnings. For he had just been saying - "Belle the grocer sells these butchers old, some home to grind up into sausage and I

just long for some that is good like my Mother used to make". I will have to make some myself!" Then I felt desperate as I was at the time fighting dust & disorder and felt there was no time for the servants to make the much desired dish. So in walked some of your ground up "sixty-five" ground up page & speedily found the surest way to all our hearts. You see I displayed a great deal of four-ought when I styled you "the house man" and I reaffirm

that it was not a misnomer.
Even Stephen Cole ate "Cous
sousege" until he yawned all night,
like a little pig and the
sketch above represents his dream.
In other words all of us, from the
oldest to the youngest, heartily
enjoyed your nice sousege & especially
do we appreciate your kind
thought in thus remembering us.
Mr Bruner says he "hopes to
have your big feet under his
own table the next time you
come up & if Green is down
there fetch him up" and I

shall be glad to see you both.

Yours sincerely
Billingsworth Bruner

Robt. R. R.

Dec. 4th / 1899