

Boston, Dec. 18, 1886.

Dear Gildor—

I return the note  
of Mr. Jester, who ought  
to be Mr. Sage.

In all, I've had  
some forty or fifty  
letters about the story,  
which is sitting next to  
Silas Lapham.

I was amused at  
the promptness with  
which my name was  
dropped from among  
your "athorities" — the  
story not being even

announced in the adv.  
of your two or three  
last Nov. This is  
spending the parting  
guest. Adieu!

Yours ever  
W.D. Howells.