remember Du Bois in a hort friends way, and by that I'm will remember her to lim. If he Ever comes this way till him that I shall have a welene for him as Twill also have for jon, of day Stoppard. Sovoly. Cute Jon, and believe me to be Cordinary and Sincerely Pours. William H. Rideing.

I Send you Some weathers of The Companion Containing a pretty eith serial of W- Bloud.

is an insucanially him by safemed in min

Youth's Companion

OUTH'S COMPANION Syr. 30/82. I was very flus to receive four litter. and state here glas to lear that for an hopy . Exceptional and most fortimate being . You are alone among millione if I'm bed at peace and enembittened by disappointed ambitions and tou fulling of life. as jos the I am dornically unhappy . The corner of the wald are always cutting who my Sens bilities, and the reform of alfrich's sung is love is my mind - I wonder of as day the week , I wonder, what worth (the Gas!" I have he a great deal of unavoidable sorow in my life and I must confers that I have added to it of the follier which are strewn below me like Dead leaves. Since I loss saw you is leave sug-

me of my sleep. and going so cial pleasant is pollowed on the against which shattered nerver alone can inflict. It is not use, however. I cannot top his like the an cocetice: I want have very exter and ale, though the deman of the pleasants as unrivered discounts very ender and ale though and dutie go — I am pleasants streated in Boston. I come here above see menths upo often spending eighten much in England: and I have almost loss my on all all in England: and I have almost loss my on Its miles in England: and I have almost loss my on Its miles in England: and I have almost loss my on Its miles and I looked to a good due with the withy I. B. addrick who are then from a time to I was in sto. last Iwoody.

They two a three ments I run ent. The First, and

there I see away other 2 year I. and Frank Saltar.

Pool Seetur is an inval. I how would ! \_ But he langths in the face of this She letter hayer of and will deposit this hip with an 90. from I do for a for and hos proon \_ much join to choice I miss at the him have come subscripent be and see at Dol musers. I call with him to see or can bible a few woods of a called with him to see or can bible a few woods of a that in sincere and calculating himset band will appear to such an avident vein go humbing in him, but he is such an avident vein g humbing in him, but he was such an avident vein g humbing in him, but he would an immersor able humbing combined in one. You are he would have the work of the woods of the woods of the land on an immersor able humbing combined in one. You are having to him a down the land of the land of the woods of the land of

My dear Charles:-I was very glad to receive your letter, and still more glad to hear that you are happy. Exceptional and most fortunate being - you are alone among millions if you feel at peace and unembittered by disappointed ambitions and the futility of life. As for me I am chronically unhappy. The corners of the world are always cutting into my sensibilities, and the refrain of Aldrich's song is ever in my mind - "I wonder what day of the week, I wonder what month of the year!" I have had a great deal of unavoidable sorrow in my life, and I must confess that I have added to it by the follies which are strewn behind me like dead leaves. Since I last saw you I have suffered much from insomnia. The least excitement puts me off my sleep, and every social pleasure is followed by the agonies which shattered newves alone can inflict. It is not (no) use, however. I cannot live like an ascetic; I must have my cakes and ale, though the demons of sleeplessness usuriously discounts every enjoyment. Materially, that is as far as salary and duties go - I am pleasantly situated in Boston. I came here about six months ago after spending eighteen months in England; and I have almost lost my old attachment to New York. My principal chum here is J. B. Millet, a brother of Frank's, and I hobnob a good deal with the witty T. B. Aldrich, who arrived home from a trip to Russia, etc. last Tuesday. Every two or three months I run into New York, and there I see among others Edgar F. and Frank Saltus. Poor Saltus is an invalid - no wonder! - but he laughs in the face of His Skeleton Majesty and will depart this life with an epigram. Edgar is fat and prosperous - much given to choice dinners at the Union Club and subsequent b and s'as at Delmonico's. I called with him to see Oscar Wilde a few weeks ago that insincere and calculating mountebank who affects an interest in you. I dislike that fellow - there is such an evident vein of humbug in him, but he is tremendously clever, - an immeasurably clever man and an immeasurable humbug combined in one. You probaably know better than I do whether you are likely to see him. This is the longest letter I've written in an age, my dear boy, and I must close it. I remember Du Bois in a most friendly way, and beg that you will remember me to him. If he ever comes this way, tell him that I shall have a welcome for him, as I will also have for you. My dear Stoddard, goodbye, write soon, and believe me to be

Cordially and sincerely yours
[Charles Warren Stoddard]
William H. Rideing

I send you some numbers of the <u>Companion</u> containing a pretty little serial of Wm Black.

Rideing, William Henry (1853-1918) b. Liverpool. Author and editor. He was associate editor of The Youth's Companion, 1881-1918; managing editor, North American Review, 1888-9, and on the staff of the New York Times. He was a friend of Mark A. DeW. Howe, to whom I sent a copy of this letter.

Charles Warren Stoddard (1843-1909) author and poet, was at the date of this letter living in Hawaii.

b and s'as [brandies and sodas]