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TELEGRAMS—
GRAYSHOTT.

UNDERSHAW,
HINDHEAD,
HASLEMERE.

My dear Smith

There is a poor lady named
Madame Brochmann
Lofthus
Ullensvang

Norway

who earns a precarious livelihood by translating
English Stories into Norse. So her it would mean
a good deal if she could get proofs of my 'Strand'
yarns, instead of only beginning her labours
when the number appears. I pray you of your
charity to let her have these. There is no money in
the matter.

I hope your old ship is weathering the
storm caused by all these cheap imitations. I
observed that the 'Royal' stole the very print of
your table of contents. They are always pestering
me but I do not even answer their letters now.
My ambition is always to stand by the old craft.

I have a book on the sticks so queer that
there is nothing any where like it. I don't
want to speak of it or to sell it until it is done for
only then can I tell whom it will suit - or if it
will suit anyone. It is the most purely
natural & spontaneous thing I have ever done.

With all kind regards

Yours very truly

A Conan Doyle.

