

Saml Brown Menem of Chicago -

also, Sam Menem of New York R.I. father of the above,

Having given a friend of mine (a

married man, with a family, who was

a son of an old ~~class~~ ^{friend of mine} and now deceased)

a good deal of money from time to time, during several years, and who

~~resided~~ lived in ^{the outskirts of} a large City, and finding his needs had not diminished, ~~therefore~~ it seemed to me it would be better to buy a farm for him, and settle him upon it; especially as his ~~wife was a prudent man,~~

had a large family. ~~and~~ and his wife a capable and prudent and industrious woman, and had a good home of their own or a home

I said nothing to any of the family, but during my absent daily walk I took along the shore of Lake Michigan there was then a delightful solitary one, I fondled upon this subject a great deal, but I

felt unable to decide what
to do.

During one of these occasions,
~~As usual~~ I became more vividly
Conscious of the presence of the Spirit
of ^{the} Father (who was a most kind and
and beloved friend of mine) of my
friend above mentioned,

In a few moments my invisible
friend spoke in as clear and distinctly
~~spoken~~ words as any mortal could
do - Make him comfortable
when he is.

I then immediately pursued
to my friend's house, when I found
The ~~Doctor~~ of the ^{family} ~~house~~ at home
^{in his room, when I} and ^{alone} conversed with him some
time, but I ~~did~~ said nothing about
any what had just transpired by
the shore of the Lake,

~~When~~ I asked my friend when his
wife was, I heard she was ^{at work} in the garden -
vegetable garden.

I went out through the kitchen door
that opened directly in the face of
the bleak and cold Northwind wind
of winter, when I found Mrs.
Mishup of the house, and asked
her why she had so occupied her
hours

She replied that she had
consulted a Carpenter upon the subject,
and found she had not the means of
paying for it.

I then proposed to build
a large workhouse, against this black
col. exposed kitchen door, immediately and
I would send the bill to me.

A few evenings after the
above, I attended a private dance,
at which ~~my friend~~ of the folks
of my Chicago friend came.

~~Then friend of mine~~
I presented my hand to him
but instead of "shaking" it, he seized

me by my coat collar, and
while giving me a good shaking,
said "I understand you, you
~~was~~ a roque."

His friend of mine, habitually to
~~his~~ his especially friend, thus
shook hands.