





SECRETS TOLD.

With Twenty-two Piquant Illustrations

From Life.

ALICE KINGSBURY

(MRS. COL. F. M. COOLY)

SAN FRANCISCO:
ALTA CALIFORNIA PRINTING HOUSE 529 CALIFORNIA STREET
1879

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^{*}First published in the Argonaut.
†First published in the Chronicle
‡An unknown writer in the Chronicle.
§First published in the Chronicle.

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PREFACE TO ALICE KINGSBURY'S NEW BOOK

SECRETS TOLD.

I am a bachelor of—to observers—an uncertain age. My lady friends make me their confidant. I don't know why, unless it is my friends make me their confidant. I don't know why, unless it is my friends make me their confidant. We all know that some people invite sympathetic, reassuring ways. We all know that some people repel the confidence without an effort on their part, as other people repel the same. I am of the former. Now mind me, in giving these conversations to the public, I betray no trust reposed in me, for I so change the names and locations, that the people cannot be recognized by their nearest neighbors. I do it too, to help the dear sex with which I so sympathize, in their troubles, disappointments, and the thousand and one petty annoyances of married life. I do it to help them correct any faults of their own that have in any possible way contributed to their unhappiness. I do it that they may quietly drop the book in their husbands' way, so that they can see the trouble, the little faults of Jones or Smith cause to their wives and families, and so be tempted to mentally examine themselves.

I wish and expect my book to do good, am almost certain some of the sketches already have, for which I thus publicly thank the *Alta*, who first lent me a helping hand in the hard and difficult path of literature.

Some may object that I have spoken too plainly—that the good old Saxon words have not been dressed enough for polite society. In reply, I will say, the book is for grown people; it is intended to correct abuses, which only plain, truthful language can; milk and water words would do no good, and as all that I have written has really happened, with, as I said before, a little alteration, I would beg those whom the book offends to give it where it will do the most good—or put it in the fire.

Hop o-My-Thumb.

P. S.—It was the intention of the writer to receive lady subscribers only, but finding, although it was very sure it was rather too slow for his purpose—for the reason for the aforesaid slowness, see book—he therefore announces that the subscription list is open to the masculine gender also.

