

dreary winter to me. Ought I to have said this?
and now that it is said, should I let you see it
well I'll let tomorrow decide: if I do not change
my mind I'll give you this - though I guess
you'll not be able to read it, when I do.

"What an egoist" I hear you say: well
there is rather a sprinkling of it in
this.

I wish you could see the lights on the
river - it looks like some vast City illuminated
~~at~~ Carnival time, there could scarcely be a
prettier sight anywhere.

Well - the fire is bidding me
"good bye" as I must you, so

"Good bye" Martie

Yours &

Lucie.

Wednesday night

12 o'clock.