

Dear Mart.

Am still a prisoner
and likely to be one for the next
twenty four hours - Am so sorry
as I wanted to see you this
evening;

My Chest is so sore from
coughing, that I do not believe
I could bear my dress fastened
across it. Think of what
a dull old time I am having - but
I have finished one book and
begun another. I guess you
will find it difficult ^{to}
read this, as I am obliged to
write lying down. not feeling
so well as this morning.

Many thanks for your
note and for your kindness
in thinking of me. The sun