

would not
you say paper
is scarce.
Lucie

the pleasure of her company this evening; so adieu to the pleasant walk I am expecting; well, we've a long life before us - (unfortunately) -

Is not this a lovely day - so nice for a walk to the country - perhaps you've gone for a ride in the country - and will not get this when Gosey brings it - as I hear Mollie has gone - out to the wedding! but I'm forgetting Mr. N. is away and poor Martin is a prisoner.

I have the blues - awfully, am half sick - but know you will drive them away so await your coming. But indeed I ought not bother you with this nonsense - expect you will exclaim 'Pshaw!' and throw this in the fire, so won't write any more to be burned up but say 'Au revoir', till this eve'g.
Lucie.