

Saturday, June 15th 1872.

Dear Mart.

I am just in receipt of
your note - have wondered why I did
not hear - but it is never too late; I was
in the kitchen ^{when the note came} - up to my eyes in
work; have finished and come up
stairs for a breathing spell; have not
we had a nice day - so cool and pleasant.

Ma wants me down stairs so I
must go see what is the matter.

Night - 9 o'clock. Poor
disappointed Martin - he has looked -
but all in vain, for a note from
me - won't he say "bad Lucie" - now!
I guess he will - but I know he will