

P.L.B. 2316.

John dearest –

I am leaving you this little bouquet with a little fear and trembling. I have hunted through all the bills and there is nothing of any significance. It could not be lost if it came here unless you slipt it into your pocket. I am so sorry. It seems always there is something (quite beyond my power to control) which upsets you. I am sorry about the photograph too. In fact I feel very sorry and not at all like a party – and I wonder how it is I always seem a culprit with such noble intentions of pleasing myself your loving wife.