13 Sep '87

My Dear, Dear Jovene, I will come to the office. The immortality is yours (24) with receipts the 23rd now (2.30 p.m.); on my return from a hot morning. I am all fairly well, but the weather is abominable. Our part of the town enveloped in a cloud of dust. For my part, I am sitting in front of a smoky stove. My poem is done, and I can manage it. I am all well, but leave a why. It is the delivery on the 27th. I have a question to your question.
you have not me? the sometimes
of truth which I wish you.

They were addressed, I think, as
W. I. whom according to
your order shall send this
foot. This reminds me to
ask you again to acknowledge
specifically the books and papers
I send, for your financial
statements leave me in
doubt. If you did not
get the correspondence to
this notice, I can send
you some in return, as
you will no doubt be
pleased. Of the friend,

from the Whig, however, I
have no duplicate. For me,
these things are too late but
they may be of some service
to you or your sisters. This
morning Rosa came up on foot
when school. She looks very
much better than when she
came home as the end of
came home to it was very sick
the opinion, it is very weak.

the rather about "labor"
other about "labor"
for the rather дела
for the rather дела
or rather and
or rather
or rather
a battle royal with the trade. Am sure the very much astonished at the rising ground. One, however, i his affair, not mine. Very

Great consequence with matters that took time I had but dealt with and understand will explain to you why my letters have been

brief; but I hope soon to have more time to myself. Now

her improved again, but I am for cold weather on an account for it is as hot as Maracaibo in the town today. I enclose

your letter to Marmion on green paper i white paper & your sister, main, an epistle kept by your devoted Papa

This letter is to Rama.

as well as yourself, and your wants. Only for one
Returnable to
59 Freemason St.
Norfolk, Va.

Mr. R. I. Mast.

West Jerbury
Dukes County
Mass.
Catching the cat: a the surprising catastrophe
and sequel from an ingenious scheme. By the
author of this own Colamig.
I summoned up my master piece & drew on my imagination. The cartoon shows how I must do it if I tried. And now really I must go to bed. Let me take off my slippers! Dear Shy. Thank Heaven! They're paid for! & tip up stairs so as not to disturb the dear stepens. When some 7 bills & it'll be 8 before I get home.

This is a work of your nature you were a wise thing.