nor I went out this afternoon
though I might have done at the
head laid all plans but she read
in her room as I read in mine
on the little bed but missing a stitch
I suppose that I must go to Egorina's
tea tomorrow for her sake at Mrs.
Havens'. Mrs. Wentworth said that Miss
E was a very kind-hearted nice girl
she knew but little of the world or of the
people of it as she was afraid that
George Havens would hardly make
her happy - the money was of course
a great temptation. Yes. No more
at present I heard that all the
baggage people had gone out on strike
and hope you were not bothered.

Wednesday night

Dear Mary, I wish that you had stayed
over and gone to Sylvia Emerson's tonight
we have just come home after such
a pleasant evening! Happily it occurred
to me that she might have somebody
else there and so we went glad
so for the feast of last night a
Sylvia's sister, Ladd, and "Will Ladd",
and Mrs. Charles Wentworth, and
I did have such a nice funny stuff
with the last named two about portrait
subjects as they were really very nice.
and furnished with every agreeable particular from a story about Mr. Frank Hayes as his lady mother & a beautiful silver pitcher, to the description of George Blauen's bringing down a horse-party & driving through the streets in barouche to that they met the pompous funebres of Cousin Eliza Blauen. I am only too glad to have seen you already & should be obliged to write these details in full . . . Mrs. Wentworth is very pleasant, not bowing like Maria and she touched my heart by the affection with which she spoke of "Cousin Elizabeth Bohroon" at our visits.
Wednesday morning.

Please remember the little stray card for money: the one with the purple stripe, as it is in the front of my top drawer. — A nice satisfactory letter from Mrs. Mayneil this morning.

The friend has been called to Paris so that she won’t come too which is nice — perhaps if I had seen her I should now be lamenting! I am going out rather early today to get a photograph of the Shaw monument to send Madame de Beaucaire by the hand of S.J.W. — something for Thérèse? I have just offered me to Mme. Cabot for lunch.
and was accepted by Mary with acclaim as Mrs. Baber, waving
the all alone.) There is a
black & white kitty, Mary, who
has been frost in my lap

now sitting in the middle of my
desk but upright & I have to
write as I can. The end
her tall is almost in the big
inkwell. I must write to
Laura Richards now whole year
yesterday to goodbye with much
love from [name]