

I have done just as you
bade me and written to Miss
Barnes. As to the letter I don't know
anything about whether that will suit
your critical taste or not. By the way
I think you are pretty generous to criticize
any letters to Miss B., Bless you Darling
did you suppose I would write a love
letter to her, or if you dislike the term,
did you think I would write to her
just as I would to you? I think that
if she is satisfied you have no right
to find fault. I am real glad you are
getting along so finely with your music
but I can't say that I am at all anx-
ious that you should make a martyr
of yourself and go to Heaven in a
music stool, even if you did go in
a Hurrying Bird Gallap. Beg pardon
It isn't a Hurrying Bird Gallap is
it? Let me think. I have really forgotten
whether it is the Crow's Serenade, the fish

Wamb's Frolic, or The Buzzards Con-
cert. Where's your letter. I must look
Cent pardons! Cent pardons! Una
bonne! It is the "Sky Lark's Gallop"! I
thought it was a gallop of some kind. I
have no doubt that you do it finely.
Your idea of galloping on the
Piano recalled something you told me
once, so forcibly that I had an irresist-
ible laugh over it. But it is getting
pretty late — half past eleven — and I
presume you are now away off in
Ireland and with your per-
mission I will make preparations
to join you. I have a surking
sense that this a horrid, detestable
letter and I have a very strong in-
clination to burn it. If you think
it worth the trouble you may
do so. Adieu.
A. W. Turgess