

She must excuse the writing,
Jack goes out shooting almost
every day - fires two shot and
brings back waddings a tall.
He has a shot-gun which is
guaranteed to sometimes hit at
~~100~~ 50 yards. He rode 5
miles the other day and got two
birds about the size of a small
canary. That is all the news.
Now for sentimental mush and
trish. Jack sends his love
that is to say I send it for him -
and incidentally I send mine.
"That is all. Marguerite"
"So."

Good morning merry Sunshine
How did you wake so soon
You'll scare away the little birds
and shine away the moon"
The rest of this beautiful sonnet
I send to Deabel so goodbye or olive oil
Your dear little cousin Ivy.