

rose and sullen and down. "Joie de rue, douleur maison," is the burden of the book.

I read it till twelve last night, and honestly I did sleep for being scared. I know you'll be angry, but really and truly, Gordon dear, there's just a touch of much truth in it for my entire amusement. I did mean even to refer again to that unhappy matter of August 20,—we talked it all out at the time,—but you know perfectly that you need a bit of watching. And I don't like the idea. I want to have a feeling of absolute confidence and stability about the man I marry. I never could live in a state of anxious waiting for him to come home.

Read "Numa" for yourself, and you'll see the woman's point of view. I'm not patient or meek or long-suffering in any way, and I'm a little afraid of what I'm capable of doing if I have the provocation. My heart has to be in a thing in order to make it work, and, oh, I do so want our marriage to work!

Please forgive me for writing all this. I don't mean that I really think you'll be a "joy of the street and sorrow of the home." It's just that I didn't sleep last night, and I feel sort of hollow behind the eyes.

May the year that's coming bring good counsel and happiness and tranquillity to both of us!

As ever,
S.