

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

Thursday.

*Dear Enemy:*

You see, I'm feeling very friendly toward you this moment. When I call you "MacRae" I don't like you, and when I call you "Enemy" I do.

Sadie Kate delivered your note (as an afterthought). And it's a very creditable production for a left-handed man; I thought at first glance it was from Punch.

You may expect me to-morrow at four, and mind you're awake! I'm glad that you think we're friends. Really, I feel that I've got back something quite precious which I had carelessly mislaid.

S. McB.

P.S. Java caught cold the night of the fire and he has the toothache. He sits and holds his cheek like a poor little kiddie.