Meanwhile believe in the constant gratitude of your affectionate old friend,

VENETIA ARTEMISIA HAMMOND.

PS.—Can you read the notes I have scribbled above? It is the duel music of Don Giovanni and Donna Anna's lament over her father. It has been running in my head ever since finishing the Abbess's story. Do you remember I played it to you after that walk at Pisa in the winter moonlight? Some day or other when my cousin and I shall have been shelved from our Embassy, and you will be a famous historian, we must all make a pilgrimage to Louis Norbert's grave, and then, with fingers as decrepit as that old hoter piano (do you remember it?), I will play that music for you once more.

THE END

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