

LETTERS TO PATTY

Oh, Patty! How I remember all this, twenty-one years later; yet the very next morning it was always as though it had never been. At cock-crow I was awake, ruthlessly rattling back the flowered curtains, and drawing up the dark, glazed calico blinds very crookedly. The light streamed in on your sleeping little face, with its beautifully penciled eyebrows, its mouth with the curly corners, and on to the quantities of hard, glossy, dark plaits, whose ends tied with white tape were scattered all over the pillow. And if the light were not sufficient to wake you up, I chattered to you and scraped on a little very yellow fiddle, bought with its bow on a card for tenpence at Taunton.

Oh, yes, looking back I see I was the horrid child; but then, my dear, your hair was only brown and mine was palest gold, so grown-ups didn't guess.