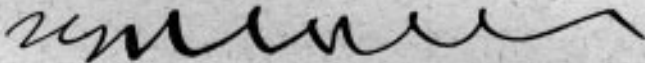


Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire.

3rd Aug^r 1881

My dear Lacy

What a beautifully written
- lawn-flaw of a letter. It's like
a lithographed edition of the
fleshy tables of the heart. Do
you always grow and wood
as straight as that - or is it all
written clean for me to read?
- When I have growing to do
or to count help - I write
like that.


and get blacker and blacker
all down the page - if it's
a private letter. Public growing
one oil, one whisker for and
stands upon one leg with the other