

She gave me to understand this was an awful place
the people told such terrible lies. They had reported she
was married and she lifted her hands in perfect horror.

The other morning a tall green looking fellow came in
without ceremony. "Well Kosa I have got a pint to the huss
somewhere" was his salutation. I could hardly suppress my
risibilities. I do not know how he knew my name, but
doubtless I have been the subject of conversation for some time.
This Walsingham is a strange place I hardly know
sometimes whether to laugh or cry but I generally laugh.
I must cease scribbling for the present for my household
duties claim my attention.

March 5th Sunday night. It is two weeks