Wednesday (I think!)  

Dear Miss Farwell:

We are in the
dress that comes of being
in New York for the first
time in over a year, and for
only five or six days. I feel
much like the lady from
Memphis who herself
admitted that she was
a belle — but we are
inextricably entangled for everything,
and so generally dazed and
ready as to be unprofit companions.
For the people we should
really have warmly engaged,
seeing most of all, even if
we were not prevented by
the entangling alliances formed
within the early and unprophetic
hours after arrival. The heavy
frenziness of the preceding
sentence is sufficient demonstration
of the point it endeavoured to
make! — We are too here
in April probably, and I
do so want Mrs. Tarbell

to meet you. And there is no
one in the world of YEL rather
leave "The Turned" please them
you.

Mrs. Tarbell — My husband has been
Y* away, leaving me to address and
for some of his letter. I find the one to
you repugnant. Perhaps that did not mean
That I want all you to read the thanks to you +

Dr. Tarbell