

Dearest Anna

I suppose I might
be permitted to add a few words.
But the weather being cold, and
the ink not running good I can
not write much. Therefore, I
say also, that I also will expect
to meet you on Wednesday next;
and have the pleasure of beating
Rod in a friendly, but fair game
of Eachre.

Your aff. cousin
Louis Sands.

P.S. If you show this letter beware
how we keep your secret.

R & L. G.

