

Oakland,
Friday morn'g.

My dear Lily,

Owing to a relapse into the asthma habit, coupled with a feeble will to work, I am unable to see you today, as I had intended to do. Perhaps it is better for you to have fewer visitors, anyhow. But I should like to know how you are. If you don't feel like writing maybe your good and pretty nurse will write a line for you if you ask her. I hope you are in good spirits—you'll soon see your brother. God bless you and make you strong and brave.

Ambrose Bierce.