

Oct. 12, 1894

Dryads' Green,

Northampton,

Massachusetts.

My dear Mrs. Lates:

It is always a pleasant moment that is occupied with anything that is to give you gratification. Here is a line of the novel, not yet printed.

"Mr. March, didn't we once agree that God gives us our lives in the rough for us to shape them into poetry? — that it's poetry, whether sad or gay that makes alive — and that it's only the prose that kills?"

You must let me tell you that I am fifty — (50) — (I) today, besides being

Yours truly  
J. M. Cable