

Audon,

23th March 1880.

My dear Dr. Grad:

The Fraks
are captions. I am very sorry
to have missed seeing you
again in Audon. Had I
not sprained my ankle, I
should not have been riding
at that hour, and had I
not been riding, I should
have been somewhere.

I fear you will never try
again, unless at Gloucester
where I can't get away.

This is a record, and
consequently, hilarious sprain.
With me joy! I am at
present building a Camp

for Corona to sleep in during the noisy "season" when the world sits on the Gloucester rocks, at night; had an engagement with her builder once it, but # "having sprained her ankle, could not go.

Did not, however, meet with the accident in defense of anybody's baby, but only upon my own selfish pursuits in Boston.

Lend me a friendly sigh that I am turned out of my old study; where I have been sheltered for ten years and have grown like a starfish to a rock. I am a devout Republican, but when I knew that my sacred hearth-stone was bought by an Irish man

My truly young
C. P. Phelps

When my letter to send you a poem which I have held for you for a long time, by the way, and calm. If you are afraid it may so, or may not be otherwise — but I will send it if it is best — but I am sure it is paper.

It is absurd to say in their connection that it is worth \$25 — or \$20. — or that I must (please) see a good