

Dear "Herr [Ludwig?]"

I enclose your precious little [blue-bottle?] handkerchief, which you forgot last night. I would have waited to return it in person, but was afraid you would think that you had seen the last of it- for after your doubting me last night at cards you might think anything of me, and I would not be in the least surprised. Am halfway through "Perils of English Prisoners" and think it splendid. My hair has been à la [florentine?] ever since I began it. Hoping to give you your [writings?] soon at [Bézique?].

I remain very sincerely yours,  
Dora Kelly alias [Limonaida?]

Lawrence Lewis, Jr.  
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City  
September 4 1879