

Bank House,
Penicuik,
Midlothian.

The night of [Saturday]
21st August 1897

Dear Wellwood,

I had dictated a letter (and a letter dictated is a letter d---d) but there came your most pleasant and heart helping appreciation of twenty[four] verses. I am glad you see them so exactly as they were. Few, very few have seen them so. RLS the [Bayon sans pens ?] the first of all, and you the last. As you may imagine I don't give them to fools, nor yet to the merely solidly respectable. But I knew I could trust one of the writers of the Praise and Blame with my boyish verses.

[incomplete]