

My dear Sir,      Hanteridge 26. May 7

I could not have the pleasure of seeing  
 you when you last wrote to me, because  
 my servants sickness prevented it—  
~~but~~ now that she has recovered, I hope  
 that you have not altered your mind—  
 but will come whenever it suits  
 your convenience— say Saturday next  
 with Miss Leake and either of your  
 sons—      Yours truly  
 W. Wood

I am told that wool now sells here for  
 1/9<sup>0</sup>—