

My dear Mr. M.
I must have you again
A debt of politeness to pay.
I've got a good dish
To pay for the fish
I gave you to eat 1st other day.

To come down at one,
When my dinner is done,
You'll find us all happy & bright;
Our good sister Lizzy,
Our little folks busy,
And our grand-looking friend Mr. Dight!

S. S.

To

W. Nicholas

