

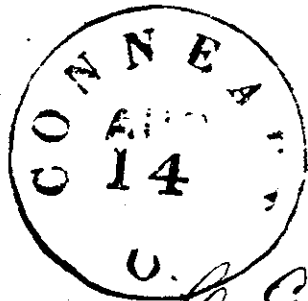
Thursday

My husband,

I do not need to have the Dr tell me I am worse this evening. The medicine I took yesterday which he did not prescribe made all the rest he gave me work very well. I scarcely know what your letter was. I really cannot tell its nature and how it went, it slipped behind the bed and lies there yet for aught I know. I had to beg and beg to be allowed to write a word to you this morning and I am already going beyond the length permitted me.

Another letter came from you about nine last night I was too sick to read it and was weak and nervous to have it read to me but it was like the one I had in the morning. I found this morning that it was one dated June 29 and a week long one which made me almost well. It took me a long time to read it and then I had to leave out the cross-words. I thank you for it Darling. It is lying close beside me and almost makes me forget pain.

I must stop as the paper will be taken from me. Do not be alarmed for me. I hope there is no danger. It seems so strange to be sick like this  
Emma



St. A. W. Younger  
Co G. 105<sup>th</sup> Ohio Inf'ty  
2<sup>nd</sup> Brig 4<sup>th</sup> Div. 14 A.C.

Dept of Cumberland

Nashville Tenn