

either way the tobacco  
will be ready to  
cut this week some  
of it. How about  
the time? I think  
you will probably  
get it cheaper in  
Sats. - Mrs. and  
Wife

Dear O. Aug 28<sup>th</sup> / 69  
Sunday 8 P. M.

Have you been here  
I have wandered  
about like a sheep without a  
shepherd, so unsatisfied and alone  
Sunday without you seems all  
wrong. If I had thought it pos-  
sible that you would not have  
come home I should have been  
sorely tempted to have gone down  
with Angie I seem to have  
overlooked your saying that it  
would be impossible for you to  
come home and confidently  
hoped you would. I heard you  
come a dozen times last night  
and yet was doomed to wake  
this morning and find myself  
alone. I felt really sick with disap-  
pointment and could not bear to think

of the long dreary day before me  
without you. Before noon I had  
fretted myself into quite a state  
of helplessness. I could not read  
anything that would drive away  
the sense of utter loneliness that  
possessed me. It seemed so  
strange to have it Sunday and  
you not with me. I get along  
week days very comfortably think-  
ing all the time of the joy that  
Saturday night will bring me  
but to have it come and pass  
without you was quite more  
than I could well get along  
with. Don't think, darling, that  
I think you ought to have come  
home anyway! No, no, I know  
it was not possible or you would  
have done so, and I don't doubt  
but I shall live through the  
disappointment but I don't

is think it must be so again  
very soon. Billy little baby to love  
his husband so much, but I  
don't see how she is going to help  
it when he is so good that that  
is an impossibility for her to do  
otherwise.

This afternoon I have been read-  
ing Cecil Greene and have so  
far forgotten myself as not to miss  
you every moment. There is a  
short sketch of the author in  
it which I read first and  
I have constantly thought of  
Robert Byron as Major Winthrop  
the hero-master of Big Bertha.  
He must have been a strange  
kind of man or he would not  
have written so unlike any other  
person. I think I like this better  
than John Brent. I have not  
finished it yet for Millie said

claim to the book and I had  
to give it up, rather reluctantly I  
confess. for I wanted something  
to keep my thoughts from my trust  
husband. Since then I have been  
writing to Katie Barnes. Do you think  
I would be too timid as a letter?

I think not.

Samie fondles herself as the girls  
usually do after vacation at home  
with a selfishness means to go  
on y. Can you furnish her with  
85.00 for a week or so? It will be a  
great accommodation to her. She  
goes Wednesday noon. Send it to  
me if it can get here by then or meet  
her at the Depot in Erie. You better  
send it I guess it would be less  
trouble to you. Don't forget it dear  
if you can spare it.

It rains as if it never thought of  
drouth. Must I sleep without  
being clasped in your arms? -

Oh dear

Wifey



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