

Friday Noon -

My dear wife -

This is the last sheet of paper which I have upon I have written to you so much that it is all gone that I brought - I got no letter from you this morning and am afraid you are offended at my manner. Please don't be, darling. I did not mean it so - Indeed I did not - I shall have to come to the stool of repentance when I get home if you take it in that way - But no, I won't do that - I'll tell you what. If you don't write, and tell me at once, that you forgive me and won't ever speak of it I won't come home tomorrow night at all! - Now what do you think? - Guess I love you now - Well, if you do write, like a good girl - I will love sharp for that time ever.

Yours

Albion