

Biala, O.

Thursday morning.

My Dearest Love:—

I talk about living in a hospital. This is almost one here. Mrs. Kungesser is down with lumbago. Helen with malaria and Anna is hardly able to be about. Mrs. Kungesser's sister from Ulrichsville is here keeping house for them. I think I'll go home over Saturday and Sunday to relieve their work a little for I can't help but feel that I am causing them extra work.

Your postal and letter came yesterday and dearie I felt awfully sorry for you that you were so lonely me. I wish I could have come

come to you to comfort you a little.  
I would do all I could by loving you  
a whole lot and by being as good to  
you as I know how. Bless you dear,  
I love you with all my heart.

Oh while I think of it I must tell  
you what I dreamed last night. I  
dreamed that we were going to Colorado  
on an old St. Car and we had to  
walk a large part of the way. I  
remember the scenery was "awfully"  
pretty and we were just as happy  
as we could be even if we did  
have a hard time getting there.

Maybe that is a premonition of  
the way we have to go next spring.

Well dearie I don't blame you  
for not wanting to live in a hospital.  
I suppose I might get used to it but

I think I would rather live by  
"our" self than to crowd myself in  
with sick people. I can't imagine  
it seems much like a home to you  
~~does it dear?~~ just you wait a  
few months, working, and there will  
be a place that will be home for  
both of us. I can hardly wait  
until the time comes.

What ever you do dear take  
good care of yourself so that you  
don't get sick too while you are  
in the midst of so much sickness and  
disease.

I am not much worried dear  
about the awful "jawing" I am  
to get when you come back. I may  
get a little jawing but I am not  
going to let it last very long for I

am going to be so good to you  
that you'll forget all your  
grievances.

I have to go to Tuscarawas  
on some business today, dear and  
I think I had better go now while  
it is cool.

Don't forget, dear, that I always  
love you and you only.

Love forever and ever  
Your own loving  
Harry.

H.B. —

You asked when A.M. starts.  
Tuesday Sept. 21 1909.

Good Bye dear.