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"Arch City, Ohio"  
Jan 31/1908.

Sunday Evening.

My own Dear:

By the time you get this you will be 23 years old and bless you dearie may all the rest of the days of your dear life bring you nothing but joy. And may I ask the pleasure of sharing them with you? I know I already have that promise and on that account I consider myself the most fortunate man that ever was. My part toward you dear, shall be so easy to fulfill, for who could be any thing but good, loving, kind and true to such a dear girl as you?

I wish I had written this earlier in the day so that I could have mailed it tonight but I worked all day long and had intended to start to write to you just after supper but about supper time I got so awful tired of being housed up all day that I decided to go to church and write to you afterward. I know you'll forgive me this time dear and then I believe too that I can write you a much better letter since I've been to church than I could have done otherwise. I went to the Broad St. Pres. and heard a dandy sermon by Rev. Palmer. I wished more than once during <sup>both</sup> the singing and ser<sup>m</sup>on that you were with me. In fact I never go any place,

of that sort but what I wish that you were  
with me, and help me enjoy it. While I  
was sitting there in church I was wondering  
what you were doing at that minute and  
wondered if you were well and at the  
same time wishing that I could only help  
you if you needed ~~it~~. my help to make you  
feel better.

I shall now answer your most  
dear letter of last Sunday. If I could  
only write you half as dear as  
that one was to me, it might be worth the  
while having me to write to you, but I'll  
try my best to tell you that I love you  
with all my heart and soul even if I  
don't say anything more.

Dearie what you said about our  
life together being too short is only too true.  
When I read over the first part of your  
letter I feel almost like laying everything  
aside and coming to you.

With me, dearie, it is just as it is  
with you. Prudence is the only thing  
that says "Wait" and every other ~~the~~ feeling is  
in rebellion. I truly hope that next  
winter <sup>may</sup> have something in store for us  
that will make it possible for our hearts  
wish to be fulfilled.

When I read your letter where you  
mention last Sunday's being so much like

a spring day it makes me wonder that these could be so much difference in a week. Today is by no means a spring day, is it?

Yes dear, whenever we went out together in the sunshine it seemed that the world was made for us to enjoy and I think we truly did enjoy it especially on our long rambles together. I remember well the Sunday we spent at Chertoungy and how we dreaded to come back to the house where we couldn't feel the freedom that we could have felt had it been our own home. If I have felt that way <sup>now</sup> I have felt it a hundred times and to get to the bottom of it I guess it's nobody's fault but my own.

I know dear, with out your telling me that you are going to make me the dearest wife that ever was, although I don't mind to hear you tell it. There is no reason why I shouldn't be a good husband to good wife, is there?

I am glad that you finally thought of us when you painted the wind mill picture but I suppose about next Xmas you will forget us again and give all our pictures away. I again wish by next Xmas that you'd be so bloomin' busy keeping house that you'd not have time for making other people pretty things. That's what I wish!!

Then you'll say, "Oh Harry let's go down to the 10¢ store and buy some Xmas presents."

and I'll say, "Not much!! I need that money for beer." What would my dearie say then? I guess you are not worried much are you love?

Washington's birthday will be a good day or time rather, for you to come down. It will give you a good chance to see about the Mills School and here's wishing you all the success in the world. Yes you had better write to him and find out whether he will be there or not.

There is no reason at all dearie why you shouldn't be in earnest about our future home. I simply mentioned that in my other letter to show you that I appreciated your ambition in that respect.

You certainly can trust me dear and I know you do.

Can't you ever tell me again that you are taking after your aunt Jane. One of that kind is enough per tribe.

Dearie you are to be congratulated on your economic qualities. I believe you can beat me at that. When I left Co. Boston I with drew \$50 and now I have \$5 left. But still I haven't spent but very little of that for anything else but what I needed.

It doesn't seem possible that it has been but 4 weeks since I saw you last. It seems more like 4 months. And until Feb 19 will be another long 3 weeks.

I guess I told you what I thought of your plan of going home as soon as school

is out, haven't I? I would stick to that plan if I were you love, for I know ~~th~~ they'll all be so anxious to see their darling girl.

It is going to be a long summer for me but I'll enjoy myself by being good and true to you.

Oh. hoo! You asked me to tell you about myself. Dearie there is nothing to tell but getting up in the morning, going to school, digging, grinding etc. ktd. You see I don't have any troubles like a school marm has. By the way, dear, I just now happened to think that I dreamed last night that I had a letter from you in which you told me that you had been discharged. That is all I can remember about it.

I am only too willing, dear, to take the chances on having dyspepsia on account of your cooking. I think it will be more like the gout than dyspepsia.

Dearie, I haven't answered all of your letter yet and it is now after 11 o'clock and I am getting stupid I am so sleepy. I shall begin to close and will answer the rest of your letters on Tuesday night.

I got your paper Sat. and will send it tomorrow.

Darling I wanted ~~to~~ to remember you a little on your birthday so I am sending under separate cover a little

taken with the wishes of many happy  
returns of the day.

Let me tell you once more dear that  
I love you with all my heart and soul. You  
are above all the dearest girl in all the  
world to me and with you my heart is  
forever.

Good night my own.

Ever your own loving and true  
Harvey.