

Sunday P.M. 2 ⁴⁵
on duty

Precious—:

Have you thot of me
very much since you left
me? I am always frantic
for the sight of you.

Recived your dear letter
mailed in Cincinnati last
Eve. have read & re-read a
thousand times oh Beloved
my beautiful roses like your
wild infatuation for ^{me} died &
oh they meant so much.
I put one in your book & placed
one & put it to a red rose. "
to keep for my lovely self.