

Sweetheart Quillie:

I sit here so much and dream  
of you that I have lost pride and  
every thing else and can only think  
of my love for you that will not die.  
Honey, sometimes I sit and laugh  
to myself at the little foolishnesses  
that made our life so sweet and so  
different and better. I say as I did that  
day when I first brought you home.

Alice, I will do any thing you say.  
I love you and I can't love any body  
else. Mother loves you. The whole  
family loves you and wants you.  
You are to have your cottage on the  
bay this year and it is going to be  
Ruthmore as I promised, love; whether  
you come to see or not.

If it is all over forever, for God's  
sake let me out of my suspense and  
I can at least cultivate resignation.

Paul's

