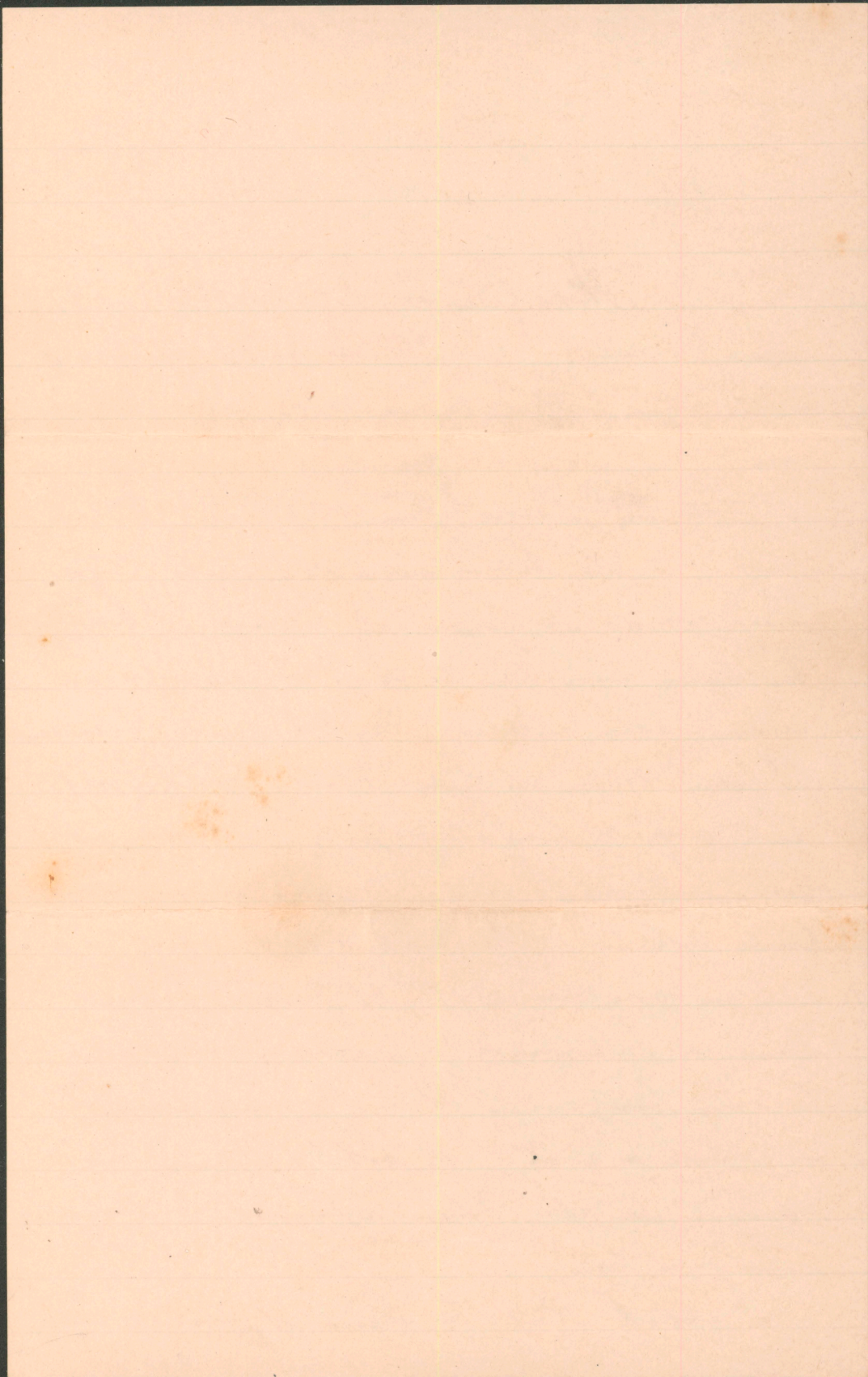


Washington, D.C. Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> 1897.

Dear Alice:- I am sick at heart with the hopelessness of my position. There was someone before you, as I think I told you the next morning. I feel how inadequate are any words or pleas of mine. I have nothing further to say. I have been criminally careless and a brute besides.

I pity you, oh how I pity you, but what avail has my pity? I pray for you, but what might can my prayers have when I, the wicked one, brought it all on you myself. If I were brave enough or coward enough I would do the only honorable thing a man can do in such a case; but while I am not afraid to die, I am afraid to take my own life.

I wish that the lines of our lives



had not crossed, but that is it - wish, wish,  
wish - and what does it all amount  
to? For your sake, I am glad that  
no one suspects. Poor little woman,  
how I pity you, lying there bandaged  
and bruised and sore. When you  
get up and think it all over, you  
will hate me. I say well. Let me suf-  
fer all that I deserve.

I have already sent you the  
ring. Keep it whether you marry  
me or not. Try sometimes to think  
kindly of me. Send me your bills.  
I am numb with the dead ache of re-  
morse.

Yours.

Paul. (DOWBAR)

I enclose a bit of my hypocritical jenny.

