

Washington, D.C. March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1898

My own little wife: -

Your husband is so worried that he can hardly write to you, and for two reasons. First, dear, the last story which I wrote for my book and sent to Bachelors Syndicate has been accepted by both the Syndicate & Cosmopolitan Magazine which wants to print it in the May number, but the book comes out in March. I do so want to appear in the Cosmopolitan Magazine now what am I to do?

But this worry is small compared with the other and for which my heart aches. Darling, I am a thoughtless scoundrel. When I was in New York, as I told you, I met an old flame of mine, well, while all was sweet & love between us, I gave her a lot of tiffy and she has taken it all in and been telling people about it.

And now darling what I am almost ashamed to make a clean breast of. She is an expert needle woman and when mother refused to let her dress go out of the house to be made, I wrote this woman offering to pay her expenses & reasonable wages to come down for two weeks, make the dress & finish up the rest of mother's sewing. This letter she has misrepresented and boasted of. I don't care anything about it only on your account. And I am miserable, what ever you should hear darling of the relation between Maud Shannon and myself, believe me that though I have flirted with her and been in some compromising situations with her, I have never done an illicit act or uttered an impure word to her. I have been greatly at fault in not being true to you in word as well as deed. Can you forgive me? I am so miserable. I am so weak. I am so contemptible.

Forgive, I dare not sign myself your Husband

Paul

