

Westerville, O. Aug. 12. 97.

My Darling Joe: — Perhaps
there is a letter at the office
from you but I will write
now as I have a little time,
I must confess I have been
almost sick for the last few
days but I feel better this
evening and think I will
feel well by tomorrow.

I managed to wash all the
windows today and get enough
for Cha to eat so you know
I am not dangerous. Elsie has
not been very well since Mother
left and now I am afraid
she is going to have the
rheumatism. Cha has gotten
well and it almost keeps
me busy to get enough for
him to eat.

Elis says we need a Mother-
and I expect it will cure
us when she comes home.
I think the post-master at
Plantville must keep the
letters in his possession for
about a week before he delivers
them; we got a letter from
Mother today saying she had
not heard from me since
she left Logan, and we mailed
a letter to her Aug. 2. (There
is a man peddling apples
and the housekeeper has to go
to the door.) Jessie Kohn has
been staying with us as her
folks are away, and Ethel was
out to see ~~us~~ this afternoon.
They seem to think it is
remarkable that a young
girl like me could keep house?

Aug. 13. P. M.

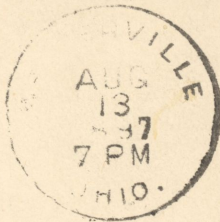
I recd your letter this A. M.
and as usual it contained
so many good things that
I worked better all the forenoon.
Elie and I are both better
and talk of going down to
see Carrie this afternoon.
I wish I could just spend
the time with you and
I could not ask for any
thing better. I fully agree
with you concerning this sepa-
ration business, but I think
we can stand it a little
longer. If I could only spend
the evenings with you, you
would not have to write to
me when you are so tired,
and I hope we may do that
very some time before many
more years have rolled away.

I am learning a new
song which somehow strikes
a chord in my life and
I believe you would appreciate
it too. It runs as follows—
"Love, we can love, although
the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until
the clouds be passed,
Come to my heart and whisper
through the silence
Hope on dear heart our lives
shall meet at last."

May God keep and
bless us each day.

Your own Sweetheart—
Bertie Lambert.

123



Mr. J. H. Harris
Box 219. Athens
Ohio,