

At Home.

5:30 P.M.
My Darling Southwest Boy

I am feeling fine today
have just finished my
work and am about ready
to begin on "David Copperfield".
It seems like a long time
since I saw you and I
have about a thousand
kisses that are going to
waste. Last evening I staid
at home and worked on
my oration while all
the rest were gone to church.
I tell you I almost felt
like a widow sitting here
by myself.

O how I wished you were
 here so I could doctor
 your dear head. I went
 to bed and dreamed that
 I had not seen you for
 a long time and hardly
 knew where you were,
 but that you were now
 going by the name of
 Mr. Cypersfield

Now I feel really wicked
 to think of going away
 this evening and thus spoil
 our usual visit but still
 I rather feel it my duty
 to go. Miss Sinton's sister-
tags us at her home
 which makes me feel

2.

more like I ought to attend.

I do hope my dear boy is well by this time and I must spend the evening with you tomorrow.

Can you ever forgive me for being so cruel? How do you like about coming out for a short time & I can be ready by 6 o'clock.

Your own true
Naughty girl,
Bertha Lambert.