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Winnech Tex
Feb 17/04

Miss Esther Pennington
My Dear Girl

I will ans you.

Misson wish I recd
Yesterday I was glad
to here from you. You
seem to be mad with
me on some cause. I was
dum thrilled & shined
like a leaf when I recd
your bepr lines Dear. I
am sorry I written like I
did now. But I cant help
it will you forgive me.
This time & for you now
all do wrong some times

Don't tell Mary, for I've
 the past & thank at the
 butler. My heart aches
 with pain my eyes is
 full of tears untill I can
 hardly write, you see I
 wouldn't give you a thing
 but my thing is, I
 have told you about a man
 to another man & you
 never would untill now.
 I do not thank more at
 that girl down in the
 country than I do at you for
 you, no I thank more at
 you than I do at any girl
 a thing in this city.
 I haven't heard from her in
 a month & if you say I won't
 write any more to her. You
 can have the pleasure at
 having me if you will
 - except it means your
 time my time is yours