



Miss Mabel Claire Sedlie,
Alton,
New Hampshire.

I say, I feel, I think, I do, I glory in that
love, love without bounds.

- Chester -

Monday, 1907

Dearie, darie, darie, darie, darie, darie,
This is about the toughest trial I have
had. I love you, love you, love you,
love you darie. When the train started
darie, I thought I would explode, it
seemed as if I could not stand it.
Do you know darling that I very nearly
took you in my arms and kissed you
kissed you kissed you, kissed you and
kissed you. Everything turned black
and whirled around. Let me kiss
you darie - just once - and let me
put my arms around your darling
sweet self. I am nearly crazy.
Love, love, love, yes I love you. It
seems as if I must put my arms

around you before I go to bed tonight
I want you dearie, I want you I want
you I want you I want you. Every-
thing has been a blank all day. O
dearie, dearie I want you right here
right now, right in my arms, I want
to feel that dear sweet soft cheek against
mine, I want those dear loving gentle
fingers smoothing my hair back from
my brow, I want those dear sweet
kisses, I want, I want, I want you.
I love you dear - I love you dear.

I managed to eat a little supper - (it
nearly made me choke) - and then I
went to search for David. I felt as
weak as a rag. When I got into the
house, I went straight as I could to
your dear room first - and I
just through myself on your

bed and nearly cried my eyes
out. Dearie, dearie, dearie, dearie, it
is too much for me. I believe I
kissed about everything in the room.
I love you dear, I love you dear.
I went from one room to another but
there was no Mabel, no Mabel,
to answer my call, no Mabel to
come running to my arms, no
Mabel for me to kiss, no Mabel
no Mabel anywhere - dearie - it
was all too quiet and lonesome,
it seemed as if my heart would
break and my head would split.
Come to me dearie, I want you, I
love you, I love you. David was on
the fence when I came out and we
both felt pretty sober. He rubbed his
back against my hand and said he
was lonesome "as the Dickens" and I

told him that I was. He said he didn't see why things had to be so, and I said I didn't either. He said he wished you would come back and I said I wished you would too. He said he loved you and I said I loved you too. He said it seemed as if you had been gone all summer and I said 'yes it did'. He said perhaps it is all for the best and I said 'perhaps'. Then we both said 'good-night'. He said he couldn't help but cry and I said I couldn't either. We have both grown thin. He sends his love. I went up at 4.30 and handed in my application for the railroad tunnel. It may be a few days and it may be months, but dearie it is there. He said not to get my hopes too high, for prospects were not very bright at present, but dearie my hopes are high for your dear sweet sake, my hopes are high. It doesn't seem as though I could wait. I love, I love, I love, I love I love you. Come back to me dearie. I don't believe I can get myself to go up to the house again. I will get desperate. I love you.

From

79 Gladstone St.,
Arlington, R.I.

