

Sunday Night Sept.
C. Springs. 1910.

Laura, I can't tell you how
sorry I am that you are
going away, you whom I love
very much. (Now, could
you ever have got me
to say that to you in
words? !!) We wait half
appreciate you until we
find that now there will
be no one to stir us
up, and arrange and plan
for us all. You are the
dearest, best girl, Laura,
and I'm hoping oh! so
much that some day
we will see each other

again and be as good
friends and even more
so. I thank you
for all you have done
for me, for you and
you Mother have been
good to me, taking me
into everything, even when
I was strange.
An ever, Laura.

Affectionately
Mary Jane.