

Tuesday.
Feb 14th / 11 -

Dearest Edward.

I have just received your beautiful long letter, I think it is the longest one you have ever written to me -

I am so glad your cold is better, the "blue ligue" cure must have been a good one -

Edward dear I do need you to talk to. I have nobody to really talk to here, I hate the ~~the~~ anyone especially the family to know my inmost feelings - which have been lopsy, tummy

lately. and I do think you
could help me - Sometimes
I feel so helpless & all alone
and wonder why I promised
to marry you, because I'm
sure I can never be good
enough, I can't help being
cross and hateful sometimes,
and I don't want you ever
to see me that way - and
what's worse you feel so confident
that I'm all I should be, and
I'm not at all - Oh Edward
forgive me for saying these
things but I can't help it, I

do want someone ^{3.} ^{hit hit} ~~to~~ me,
as for poor old Punch. I
had no idea that he really
wanted me to go out, he
always laughed and teased
me when I suggested it -
Bernie is such a dear, but
such a solitary person he
makes me feel very sad
sometimes - perhaps I will
go and see him this summer,
It would be rather fun to
fruit jam - I wish there
weren't quite so many things
that I did want to do, but
it's the same, I suppose, will

as all —

The Hebden's dance was lovely
I wore my pink dress, but
did not feel as if I looked a
bit well — it was nice of your
mother to say so. She looked
exceedingly pretty herself —

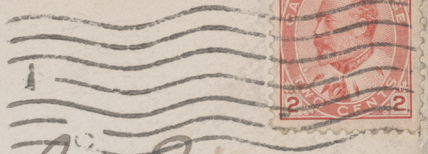
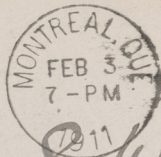
My darling Edward please be
good to me for a little while
and I will try to be better. ☺

Come and see me soon; I'm
sorry if I haven't written often.

with love

from Lou S.

Thank you for the sweet little
valentine, it is most *réchichi* (?)
you could not have chosen a prettier
one —



Edward S. Winslow Esq.
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