

31

Still → Now  
A bit hurt  
at her doubt.

Tuesday morning  
Dear Friend

Yours of 31<sup>st</sup>  
came in last night - & I had  
just sent one by the mail going  
down, but I am up here alone  
& the room is quiet - with my  
thoughts on you & feel inclined  
to write. Yours last brought a sting  
with it. I have read & reread  
it several times but am unable  
to tell where & how to locate it.  
I should feel worse no doubt  
but for the way you signed  
your name. Your letters  
are very kind and earnest but  
the air that surrounds them  
seems to be misty, to me, it may  
be, <sup>though</sup> the air around me is poisoned.  
This is nearer the truth I am afraid

Nora. The more I examine  
myself the more sinfull I  
seem to be. I know I am better  
than I was two months ago  
The harder I try to blot out  
my faults the brighter they  
seem to glow. It may be that  
I am making some degree  
of success & from the point  
I now stand looking back  
I can see the errors with more  
force than before. So you  
believe as Mr Thompson in  
regard to my love? My opinion  
of you is quite the extreme. I have  
often heard it said that presen-  
ting the same idea by several different  
persons would have an effect on  
the person addressed & a continual  
dropping would wear away a stone  
which doubtless is true. My Dear  
girl I have been more constant to you  
than you have given me credit for

or that you are aware of. And at  
the final moment I shall  
tell you all, Deeming it unne-  
sary at present. To all con-  
fidence of you I have tried to  
gain on that point, but your  
doubts are fixed, & so must remain  
untill time proves differently

And Dr H. - has touched your  
pride, Has he? The cause I know  
not, but the effect I fear,

Folks are getting up & I am  
wraped in thought - to deep to  
write & this irksome letter will  
be long enough to try your  
patience well

I am as ever your  
constant friend  
Bill.

No date -

Nell → Nora

Very disappointed  
(on back) not to  
have a letter.

Friday Night

and still on the

ranch, did not go to G  
H. is at home, and in good humor

I did think I would write you more but  
my pen is dumb and will not speak

And here with pain I sign my  
name and quit  
William. S. Pheam

Saturday

And no letter yet!

Am I a fool? Must be too  
look for a letter so long and then  
not get it. I look no more till  
it comes, I can think of something  
to say but for fear it may worry  
you, I shall not say it. — I  
believe you wanted I should  
write twice a week: How  
often did you intend writing? —  
I ought to know as you have not  
written once in three or I have not  
received any at least. It is just  
what I looked for. —

Just as my love became ardent  
The thing I dread most has come  
If my love must be recalled I shall  
lock it up in the remote recess of my heart  
with disappointment and regret to keep it  
company — Hoping this murky sky will clear  
and rays of hope shine through.

I remain True,  
Will.