

The Olympia,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Walsh,

I find your note of March 24th, but don't know if I answered it or not. I've had a deal of worry lately, and have neglected my correspondence shamelessly. (After all, I'm less bad than I thought: your note is dated the 31st, not the 24th—so I'm quite a saint.)

My health is all right, thank you, and nothing occurs. "Nothin' doin'."

Please give my love to your pretty sister—with whom I mean to elope some day, being tired of all other women. Myles, my lad, they are "tough."

Sincerely yours,
A.B.

I don't dare to sign my full name to that sentiment.

April 28, 1902.