The Anchorage
Anchorage, Kentucky

April 13th, 1907

Reverend and Esteemed Lady:

The date of your birthday has never been mentioned to me by anyone, but a feeling came on me that it was, an ought to be, almost now.

Was this because I was tending planting, plowing, and pottering about the garden, and poking among the flower seedlings, and the garden plants which live Martini and I have been roaming in the little green house which he had built last fall? At any rate, if your birthday is not
at this time of the year, it ought to be, and so I am sending you a birthday present to prove my sincerity about the fitness of things.

The accompanying is a case to put your plant maid and collars in, when you go up to the farm with your mid-case full of household matters and garden tools which are of so much more moment than the plant maid.

I may worked the better on it for me as you would, probably, guess, or at any rate, would not attribute to me. I need not hast enuma.

For my extra words, on my trip West, and it was a real comfort.

And now, since I am writing you a real letter as you see, I shall have to tell you of Betty, of the unbelievable sequel of my high-bred, ravenous,
 Pretty Betty! Well, you know it to her.

Perhaps it will not be wise to tell it to Eckett she is young and
she may not be honestly in the truth. Fact worthy to be
credible for her about the episode, her family being what they are, and she
such a genteel and sly woman.

Betty is now Mrs. Theodore Melish,

half a dozen other names, the army of

Holland, and is on her way to the

West Indies and South America with

the almost stranger.

My dear, my pretty Betty eloped with

the son of a Directe rear-admiral, (or

we hope he is, but there is only his

mind on it) within a week of her

landing on this side. Also Jos. Miss

Andersson as a chaperon. Her cousin

have known she married not any
some what was happening within her. They met in the interim coming home, were to get her eight days, to follow her. But here, her parents refused to hear of his seat until they had time to disavow all his statements, and Betty, my nearest, most a woman child. Betty ran off with him three days after his arrival here, and hurried west from East to see the interim he was本领 for her home. America. She is the only child of pleasantly quiet, amiable people, and it is a tragedy over she at Meadow Brook, their farm.

The Mr. Bogden, I think that when Theodore Nicholas saw the dining room table, he summed up Betty as more of an heroine than she is, and proceeded to secure her.

The perhaps they are love morning
human things together, and he is what he claimed to be, a young Harvard gentleman. But when one looks at her face, scholarly, delicate—father, whose whole preceding generation and more prone to one pretty, it is hard to find justification for any prettier maiden.

Alice and Carl will be as dear. Much about the second week in May, the wrangles me. They have had an absolutely beautiful time to judge by her letters.

I am coming home all by myself, guessing who wrote Morgan's End, which in a wonderfully well done
piece of work, is it not? Away out of the ordinary in its freelancing. I made a guess that the Charisse Barronelle did not, then I wisely understood that the passionate could have, that I knew, wilder ones to the opposite in possibilities and imagined, Josephine meaning time. Brown. Is it a deadly dark unanswerable secret?

The current chief librarian at our Carnegie library told me the other day that the American had climbed steadily up in the demand. Our current literature in the reading room and also in the current literature reference room.


The firelight grew and we found time to you. I want my especial time spent as quickly to return if you
sincerely yours

George W. Martin