Friend "Mac",-

I don't know just what to put in these pages, that, coming from myself—a comparative stranger—will be of mutual interest to both.

Of course you will prefer above all things to hear of the successful "removal" of litigation. The poor match was buried yesterday, which was the last day of the year inaugurated by this perilous act.

It gives them outrage to such a match as he should have had so many opportunities to make his jail-life bearable. It was cruel, indeed, to such an extent,
I open this to send word from authorized sources, or in my own lips, in fact that Mr. B. wished to be very explicit that mad much as he had expressed a desire to be summoned to the scaffold at precisely noon the blowing of the twelve-o'clock whistle at the jail was purposely delayed till all was ready for the execution — this was done in deference to the "high-tined" feelings of the assassin.

There were no public demonstrations of feeling here, having the fact that as the platform dropped, the immense crowd outside of the jail, getting mind of the "murse," set up a yell that was "back from the tomb." It is my sincere hope that C. J. G. stand the next day... for his final step.

I see by the papers that he was hanged in "f-i-g" all over the country frisky.
you have forgotten certainly. This is written under very unfortunate circumstances and I am not allowed to say more.

To the May. The time this letter will have reached you may possibly find something "neater" in it, that we can talk about.

The other day I was engaged in a curious enterprise — joining myself into a sort of detective flock.

I had given me a part of a seven-page letter, which ended with a yearning, beseeching plea for an answer, which was to be addressed to — and here is where my work came in — for the address was so carelessly written as to be almost unreadable, but by dint of hunting among R.C. Reports and R.R. Debts it discovered itself to be —

I am

Yours,

Miss Morris.

Crossdale near Petersburg.

Sandra C.

Ch.

It is needless to say that the "effusion" was written to Miss M.E.
Nor of course I would not dare advise you (though I would be presumptuous & almost to term more than a casual acquaintance of mine) to address a letter to Mrs. M. D. 3043 P. St. but I can say I would be very glad to hear from you through said address especially when I think of a conversation I had with its owner before you left, while no real substance as follows:

One evening I jokingly asked her what would be the result if I wrote to you should you ask to correspond with her.

At first she would not tell me, but soon she drew herself up in a prim attitude, folded her hands across her lap, and said (as near as I can remember) addressing an imaginary person "Why the idea! but would I know how to answer them besides turning to me she hasn't asked me yet and I just don't believe he will."

DID YOU NOT? On reading this last page over I see that it seems I have my present thoughts on the page. Not the first five lines especially but believe me it is nothing more than
but after long deliberation she directed me to insert as written. It is a regular "Judas Mainzant - Erstigmewr to Prok Korezom". The mark is very non-autograph manuscript. Am afraid this is actually not worth much and I am very thirsty.
Addendum: The P.S. in pencil at top of 2nd 43 d ps. was written by Miss Mamie's order (!) She would not let me tell you to write as she seemed to think that going a little too far - over...