

GRACE BROWN'S



LOVE LETTERS

24

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Read in the Herkimer Court House,
November 20, 1906, at the Trial
of Chester E. Gillette Charged with
her Murder.



CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Herkimer, N. Y.

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Grace Brown's Letters.

In the Court House at Herkimer on November 20th, the trial of Chester Gillette of Cortland, charged with the murder of his sweetheart, Grace Brown, was in progress. Her dead body had been found in Big Moose Lake July 11, and Gillette who was in company with the girl in a row boat when she was last seen, was facing the accusation of having caused her death. Attorney George W. Ward in conducting the prosecution offered in evidence the letters which Grace Brown, the little factory girl had written to her recreant lover, and then read them to the jury. The District Attorney, a strong man, not given to sentiment, paused repeatedly in the reading to regain his self-control, while over the crowded court room there fell a tense silence as the great crowd listened with streaming eyes and suppressed sobs to the saddest story that ever a judge and jury listened to.

These letters so sweetly pathetic, so unconsciously dramatic, tell the old sad story with a vividness and tragic power that the greatest writers of all ages have failed to reach. And we read them with dim eyes and with but one feeling and that of unutterable pity.

These wonderful letters are here published in full, just as they were read in court and to meet a widespread demand for them in a form for preservation.

THE CITIZEN PUBLISHING CO.,
Herkimer, N. Y.

Press Comments.

POOR LITTLE GIRL.

Syracuse Herald:—The text of the letters read in the Gillette trial yesterday and the graphic description by The Herald's representative of the scene that accompanied the reading must have made a deep impression upon many minds and hearts.

We sometimes weep over the touching passages of a romance or the vivid portrayals of human sorrow and wretchedness seen on the stage; but what novelist or playwright ever addressed so irresistible an appeal to our sympathy as did poor Grace Brown when she wrote the piteous letters intended for the eyes of her recalcitrant lover alone, but destined to proclaim his perfidy to the world? In these heart-rendering lines we have the very refinement of pathos, agony and helplessness despair. What could be more exquisitely sad than this simple account of her leave-taking on the eve of her departure with Gillette for the scene of her tragic ending:

First I said good-bye to the spring house with its great masses of green moss; then the apple tree where we had our play-house; then the "bee hive," a cute little house in the orchard, and of course all the neighbors

that have mended my dresses from a little tot up to save me a thrashing I really deserved. Oh, dear you don't realize what all this means to me. I know I shall never see any of them again, and mamma, great heaven, how I do love mamma! I don't know what I will do without her. She is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think if I fell mamma—but I can't. She has trouble enough as it is, and I couldn't break her heart like that.

Poor little girl! Need we wonder that a wave of emotion swept through the husband court room and that the self-control of strong men broke down in the presence of this pitiful plant of a crushed heart?

The law will soon decide whether Chester Gillette murdered Grace Brown, and we must not anticipate the verdict. But this much may now be said: That if he has not a heart of ice and a mind callous beyond human conception, not even the menace of the electric chair can rack him with greater torture and remorse than the sob now echoed from the grave of the girl who loved and faithfully trusted him.

SURPASS ANYTHING IN FICTION.

New York Journal:—You have read the letters of Grace Brown. No, she is not a writer. She probably the most moving piece of literature of its kind ever fashioned.

But Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, after all, are only dream children. You have read the letters of Grace Brown. No, she is not a writer. She is dead. She was a woman such as Hester Prynne.

The man to whom she wrote these letters is on trial for his life, accused of her murder.

But in her letters Grace Brown will live in your mind and heart until you die, because this girl drank from the full cup of life a draught so deep that its bitterness flooded her heart. The mingling sweetness of that heart and the bitterness of life, welling up to her lips, she wrote what she felt.

As a love story, unique yet common to all humanity since the world began, the love story of Grace Brown has more of life-stuff, more of reality that the great love dramas that have come down to us century after century. It was left to her to produce the literary sensation of a decade.

The romance of Heloise and Abelard does not touch us so nearly as this, the story of the little factory girl, seized with that bundle of emotions men call love and finding only misery and death in its fulfillment. There was the warmth of the love of Juliette for Romeo, the glamor of that of Guinevere and Lancelot. Dante's Francesca and Paolo were not more miserable.

LETTERS THAT TOUCH THE HEART.

New York Times:—Nothing could know the human heart and have been less expected from the trial of the wretch Gillette up in Herkimer than such a revelation of mingled beauty and pathos as came when the letters written by the victim of that common miserable story, were read in court.

It is no exaggeration to call them the most remarkable productions. They would have been that if written by a woman of the world with fully developed intelligence, and several of them would not be unworthy of a master of literature, using all his

The girl, untaught except as her eyes and her heart taught her, tells in her letters of the beauty of her upland country home, of its flowers and its green fields, of the quaint and the picturesque, and of memories that held dear places in her heart with more poetry than Wordsworth or Tennyson ever put into their lines. With more pathos than Burns wrought into his lyrics.

The letters were beautiful in their clean-hearted love of all that is good and true and all that has the appeal of Nature. But they throbb with pain and beneath whatever of lightness there appears, there is a dissonance of doom, tragedy as austere as the Greeks wrote, running like some deep organ theme in a wondrous symphony.

The result—her letters—is something every novelist of modern literature has been striving for and has failed to reach. The letters make even Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles,"—the most powerful story of its kind in the last twenty-five years—seem pale and unreal.

evitable, and again and again the al- Not in the ordinary restricted sense of most supremely pathetic tone was at- that word but in its primary mean- leined. Few of those who heard these ing; they prove beyond question that letters read in court could restrain this was innocence let astray, mis- their tears and they must have guided and abused. Even the weak- touched the heart of all to whose no- ness they betray claims protection, tice they came. They prove with not condemnation, and they are cruel certainly that the writer of harsh beyond measure who give it them was indeed an "unfortunate," anything except sinceest pity.

THE LETTERS.

"THEY ARE ALL SO GOOD TO ME"

Afraid She will be Spoiled by so Much Kindness.

South Otselic, April 11, '06.

"My Dear Poy:

"I am nearly ready for bed, but will write you a few lines. I had such a tiresome journey that I am about sick. The roads are nearly impassible, our horses were down yesterday so I stayed all night with my sister. She lives about half way between home and Cincinnati. I coughed all the way there, and was ill all night. She has a 'phone and the first thing this morning Mrs. Hawley's doctor 'phoned up to say that the dearest little girl came to Mrs. Hawley's last night, we were so happy we could hardly eat breakfast, we didn't do a thing all the forenoon only to 'phone.

"She brought me up to South Otselic and we got home about 2 o'clock Mamma is at Mrs. Hawley's and I am a little bit lonesome. We have had guests here all day, and have engagements for every day and evening until next Tuesday. Say: I don't know as you remembered, but the Alpha Deltas have their club public a week from Saturday night. I thought you intended to go down there. If I come

back next Tuesday, you will come up Tuesday night, won't you, dear? My sisters are nearly ill, and Mamma is away so I think I will come back Tuesday. I feel badly chum to think you won't be glad to see me in a week. It's nearly midnight, eight of the girls have been here to supper and in the evening we had an awfully jolly informal time. You know I couldn't get even 'simple life' supper so my sisters prepared and I must say they did very well indeed. I am having such a good time dear. I am going to get up early in the morning and clean my brother's den. In the afternoon I am a guest at a girl friend's. In the evening one of the fellows give to wear. Mrs. Crumb has not decided what she will do for me yet. She always waits until the last one and then does a whole lot more for me than all the rest. I am invited down to Mrs. Ames's next Friday night. A swell load from Norwich is coming up for a quiet game of pool. I am as lonesome for you as — oh! as I thought I'd be. I don't believe you've even missed me. I did not think all the home folks would be so glad to see me. They ate me up, and if you have ever thought I was spoiled, dear, I don't know what you will think when I get back. You or any-

one else won't be able to do anything I don't mean the horrid things I write with me.

"I don't know as I will have my dresses made, for mamma isn't here and I must 'fess up' that I don't know much about making silk dresses alone. I was awfully glad to see the girls tonight, but I was so tired, I am afraid I did not act the ideal hostess. This is the worst looking house you ever saw and I just heard my sister shout up to my brother that if he would come down and help her straighten the lower regions that she would do the housework to-morrow and let 'Billy' make him a sofa pillow. I do wish I could hear from you in the morning. One of the girls that were here to-day was recently married and if you could have heard her tell of the first dinner she prepared I don't believe you would have been alive now. I shall be awfully glad to see you, dear, and just as soon as you get this I want you to write and tell me, dear, that you can come up Thursday night. Of course, I could stay until week from Sat., but I want to go to the Club Public. You let me have my way this time, dear, and I won't never ask for my way again. I hope you are satisfied and having what you call a good time now that you have succeeded in making me leave Corl—for a time. It makes me feel badly, dear, to think that you think I didn't know why you wanted me to come home. I know I may be awfully green, but as you say, 'I ain't no fool!' I am tired and blue to-night, dear, and please don't be cross when you read this letter.

"Please write me a long, cheery letter and tell me all about how you have not thought about me once or missed me at all and how you don't want me to come back and how you can't possibly come up until week from Sat. night if I do come back.

I don't mean the horrid things I write but I am so blue and tired, and have coughed so much all day. You can't read this for I am in bed writing. Now please don't forget about writing, dear, and please don't be cross, Yours, 'Billy.'"

"ARE YOU LONESOME WITHOUT ME?"

I Miss You Very Much and shall be Pleased to See You Again.

"South Orselie, N. Y.,

"April 13, 1906.

"My Dear Chester—I won't have time to write you again before I come back so I will write you a few lines. I am having such a good time. I am going out to-night for a jolly evening. We have had so much fun to-day. I came down to breakfast about 9 o'clock this morning and I heard my youngest sister crying. She had found her pet canary dead in his cage and her poor little heart was broken. We had a very grand funeral and she is feeling some better to-night. I'll have to tell you about last night. You know I wrote of the dance. I had a lovely time and two of the girls came up and stayed all night (or what there was left) with me. We had four girls here besides my sisters and when we came home last night we had 'the swell supper.' I am a little bit ashamed to say what time we got in bed but I will tell you I went before the other girls was taken ill. I shouted for my brother and he came bounding down the front stairs four at a time. I made her come out by the fire and sat up the rest of the night with her. She went home all right this morning. I was going to heat some water and my brother said I had better

let him 'supentend' for I would 'burn it down.' Everyone here, dear, is so kind to me that I shall be spoiled when I have to be scolded again. I don't mean you scold me but everybody else does. Papa is so careful that I shan't be disturbed in the morning and if I should say I want anything to eat he always makes the girls run to get it. I must close, for it is time the crowd came up. You must write and if I can't come Tuesday I will write you. I hope to see you Tuesday night, anyhow, and I hope you will be pleased to see me. You will think you've a tradesman's bill when you get this. I can't go down for mamma's stationery. Lovingly, 'Billy.'"

"Perhaps you are right, you are usually right, but if you think that way I don't believe you are right. I am not going to be cross with you any more cum. My brot'ar has just left the house for a bachelor's supper and my sister is playing on the mandolin so one can't half write. I am almost sure you would enjoy being with me to-morrow night. Eight couple of us leave here at 1 o'clock and drive four miles to the home of a friend. She is the nicest girl and is giving a musical treat and dask. I do want to see that new niece of mine. Mamma says she has great black eyes and looks just like Noport. Are you lonesome without me? I have not had time to be lonesome, but I miss you very much and I shall be pleased to see you again. I have thought about you twice to-day and hope you have thought about me, and will like to see me. I know very nearly everything you have done since I came away. I mean by that that I have imagined what you've done. I was wondering to-day if you were in the basement or the stock room. Everyone here, dear, is so kind to me that I shall be spoiled when I have to be scolded again. I don't mean you scold me but everybody else does. Papa is so careful that I shan't be disturbed in the morning and if I should say I want anything to eat he always makes the girls run to get it. I must close, for it is time the crowd came up. You must write and if I can't come Tuesday I will write you. I hope to see you Tuesday night, anyhow, and I hope you will be pleased to see me. You will think you've a tradesman's bill when you get this. I can't go down for mamma's stationery. Lovingly, 'Billy.'"

"I DO TRY TO BE BRAVE, DEAR."
But "Everything Worries Me and I am So Frightened".

South Orselie, N. Y.,

June 19, 1906.

"My Dear—I have often heard the saying, 'it never rains but it pours,' but I never knew what it meant until to-day. About the first person I saw at the depot was Mr. Wilcox. He was hunting a job at Brewer's and saw me come down, so came in to say goodby. When I got in Cincinnati and just as we were starting for home I heard my sister was very ill. When I reached her home I sent my trunks and the carriage home and here I am.

"The house was full of friends and relatives crying and talking in little groups. I have a new niece, but the doctor has given up all hopes of my sister being up and strong for a year at least. Then to put the finishing touches on everything my brother came in and informed me that papa and mamma had decided to go away

somewhere for the whole summer and take me with them and that they intended to start a week from Saturday and make their first visit at Uncle Charles's in Hamilton. Dear, what shall we do? I am just about crazy to-night. You will have to come for me before then. I could go up there first and you come before they do. Chester, I have done nothing but cry since I got here. If you were only here I would not feel so badly. I knew I should worry all the time. I do try to be brave, dear, but how can I when everything goes wrong. I can't help thinking you will never come for me, but then I say that you can't be so mean as that, and besides you told me you would come and you have never disappointed when you said you would not.

"Everything worries me and I am so frightened, dear. It won't make any difference to you about your coming a few days earlier than you intended, will it, dear? It means so much to me. I will have my dresses made if I can and I will try and be very brave, dear. Perhaps you will never know what a task it was for me to come home, but we can't help things now, and we may as well act like human beings. I think, dear, I have done all I could do with the journey last month and everything.

"I won't be a trouble to you long anyhow. You are at the Central to-night. Chester, do you miss me and have you thought about everything to-day? Have as good a time as you can, dear. I can't go out at all. I have changed my mind about writing; can't you write more often than three times a week. I get so lonely, dear. You won't miss me as much on account of your work, but, oh dear—please write and tell me you will come for me before week from Saturday. I will come straight

back to C— if you don't come before then. I can't stay and that is all, dear, and I can't go away with papa and mamma. You know that. I wish I could have had Ella and Mand out here next week, but mamma won't be home, so I can't have them. I know they will think I am too blame and don't want them but mamma will come to-morrow and stay until nearly time to go on her trip. I don't believe I will sleep a wink to-night.

Please write often and in every one of your letters I wish you would tell me not to worry about your not coming for me. If you were only here, I am so blue. Every one is in bed except the nurse and so I will stop. Please write often, dear, and tell me you will come for me before papa makes me tell the whole affair or they will find it out for themselves. I can't just rest one single minute until I hear from you. This is a horrid letter but I can't write a better one, I am so blue.

"Your C. W. B."

"PLEASE COME AND TAKE ME AWAY."

"Come Home Because I thought I Could Trust You."

South Orselic, June 21, 1906.

"Wednesday Night.

"My Dear Chester—I am just ready for bed and am so ill I could not help writing you. I never came down this morning until nearly 8 o'clock and I fainted about 10 o'clock and stayed in bed until nearly noon. This afternoon my brother brought me a letter from one of the girls, and after I read the letter I fainted again. Chester, I came home because I thought I could trust you. I do not think now I will be here after next Friday. This girl wrote me that you

seemed to be having an awfully good time and she guessed my coming home had done you good, for you had not seemed so cheerful in weeks. She also said you spent most of your time with that detestable Grace Hill. Now, Chester, she does not know I dislike Miss Hill and so she did not write that because she knew it would make me feel badly, but just because she didn't think I should have known, Chester, that you didn't care for me, but somehow I have trusted you more than anyone else. Whenever the other girls would say hateful things of you to me I could not believe them. You told me—even promised me—you would have nothing to do with her while I was gone. Perhaps, Chester, you didn't think or you can't help making me grieve, but I wish things were different. You may say you do too, but you can't possibly wish so more than I. I have been very brave since I came home, but to-night I am very discouraged. Papa was frightened to-day and insists on having a doctor up in the morning. I presume you won't think you can come for me when I asked you to. Chester, if I could only die, I know how you feel about the affair and I wish for your sake you need not be troubled. If I die I hope then you can be happy. I hope I can die. The doctor says I will, and then you can do as you like. I am not the least bit offended with you, only I am a little blue to-night and feel this way. My brother has a gentleman friend here from Sherburne and a whole party of them went after strawberries to-night. When I saw the party start and I knew I couldn't go I cried and cried ever so long. Chester, please don't think I am unreasonable. I can't bear to have you angry with me. I wish I could hear from you and I

"P. S.—Write often, please."

"The Kid.

**"CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER
Just Can't Help Crying All the Time."**

South Orselic, June 20, 1906

"Tuesday Night.

"My Dear Chester—I am writing to tell you that I am coming back to Cortland. I simply can't stay here any longer. Mamma worries and wonders why I cry so much and I am just about sick. Please come and take me away to some place, dear. I came up home this morning and I just can't help crying all the time just as I did that night. My headache is dreadful to-night. I am afraid you won't come and I am so frightened, dear. I know you will think it queer, but I can't help it. You have said you will come and sometimes I just know you will, but then I think about other things and I am just as certain you won't come. I want you to write me, dear, just as soon as you get this and tell me the exact day you can come. I will come back in a little while, I can't stay here, dear, and I will miss me much? I am so lonely without you. I don't know how some of you manage about going to, Uncle Charles.' I presume I will have to write you to meet me in Cincinnati. Now, we don't know any-

one there. Chester, there isn't a girl in the whole world as miserable as I am to-night, and you have made me feel so. Chester I don't mean that, dear. You have always been awfully good to me and I know you will always be. You just won't be a coward I know. My brothers and sisters are at a swell reception to-night but they can't get over my crying. I do so wish you were here. I can't wait so long for letters, dear. You must write more often, please, and, dear, when you read my letters if you think I am unreasonable please do not mind it, but do think I am about crazy with grief and that I don't know just what to do. Please write to me, dear.

Lovingly, You know whom. —
WILD BECAUSE NO LETTERS COME.

Will Come to Cortland Unless He Comes For Her.

"S. Otselfe, N. Y., June 23, '06.

"My Dear Chester—I am just wild because I don't get a letter from you. If you wrote me Tues. night and posted it Wed. morning there isn't any reason why I shouldn't get it. Are you sure you addressed the letter right? I have been home nearly a week and have not had one line from you. Don't you think it's funny, dear? How many letters have you received from me? I wrote Mon., Tues. and Wed. You must have three from me. I have been busy all yesterday and to-day. When I didn't hear from you Thurs. morning I cried and as a result had a nervous headache and stayed in bed all day. You can't blame me, dear, for of course I thought of everything under the sun. That night when my brother came up he said that if I would get up early he would take me driving. We start-

ed about 7 o'clock and got home about 10 o'clock. We drove about a mile and met Dr. Grumb (Not!) and he told me to go up to the house as they had something good. We went up and Mand and I had fried cakes and lager beer. On every bottle were the words, "The bear that made Milwaukee famous." It was awfully good. I stayed there quite a time and when we came home got such masses of roses and for-get-me-nots. I was so tired and went to bed for an hour after getting home; then I went down stairs and got some dinner all alone. Now, dear, I know you are laughing—in fact, I can hear you, almost—but, honestly I had splendid luck. My brother, who seldom says a word in praise of anything, said, "It's not half bad, Billy." That is a whole lot for him to say. I am going to have my silk dress from the dressmakers this afternoon. I hope you will like it. Mamma had 47 of her best blooded fowl stolen last night. Talk of trouble! I have ironed this morning. I didn't know I had so many clothes. "I couldn't hear one half you said yesterday. How I wished you were here. I am curled up in my sister's window seat and dreaming of you. The rain has been coming down in torrents all morning but the sun is shining now. I was in bed at 8 o'clock last night and came down at 6 this morning. Dear I am afraid you will think I am awfully spoiled when you see me again. I wish everyone didn't allow me to have my own way so much.

"I miss you, oh! dear you don't know how much I miss you. Honestly dear I am coming back next week unless you can come for me right away. I am so lonesome I can't stand it. Week ago to-night we were together. Don't you remember how I

cried dear? I have cried like that way. I may as well tell you though nearly all the time since I have left that I am not a business woman and Cortland. I am awfully blue. Now so presume that these letters will dear let me tell you. You will get no more than like to have this Monday sometime. Now please write to me Monday night and be sure and post it Tuesday morning, and I will get it, or ought to, Wednesday morning. I just want to see what the trouble is, why I don't hear from you.

"I was telling mamma yesterday how you wrote and I never got it and she said, 'Why Billy, if he wrote you would have received it.' She didn't mean anything but I was mad and said, Mamma, Chester never lies to me and I know he wrote.' If you were only here dear, how glad I would be. Don't you think I am awfully brave? I am doing so much better than I thought I should. I think about you all the time and wonder what you are doing. I am so frightened, dear. Mand has invited me down for next Tuesday but I don't think I can go. Oh! say if you post your letter to me Tuesday morning I will get it Tuesday night. Well, dear, they are calling me to dinner and I will stop. Please write me or I shall go crazy. Be a good Kid and God bless you,

Lovingly,

"The Kid."

"P. S.—I am crying."

"MY WHOLE LIFE IS RUINED."

"Don't You Think You Would Worry if You Were Me?"

S. Otselfe, June 23, '06

"Sunday Night.

"I was glad to hear from you and surprised as well. I thought you would rather have my letters affectionate, but yours was so business-like that I have come to the conclusion that you wish mine to be that way. I may as well tell you though that I am not a business woman and so presume that these letters will not satisfy you any more than the others did. I would not like to have you thing that I was very glad, but from you, for I was very glad, but it was not the kind of letter I had hoped to get from you. I think pardon me—that I understand my position and that it is rather unnecessary for you to be so frightfully frank in making me see it. I can see my position as keenly as any one I think. You say you were surprised, but you thought I would be discouraged. What words have I had from you since I came home to encourage me? You tell me not to worry and think less about how I feel and have a good time. Don't you think if you were me you would worry? And as for thinking less about how I feel—when one is ill all the time—some days not able to go down stairs, one naturally thinks about ones self, and the good time. If one can have a good time when one is ill and stays in ones room dressed in a kimona all the time, I fail to see where the good time comes in. It is utterly impossible to think of going away with papa and mamma, for I can't do that and I wouldn't have them know of this now. If I should go away like that something would happen. You write as though I was the one to blame because the girls couldn't come. I invited them here because I thought I wouldn't be so lonesome. I am sure I cannot help it because mamma is away. As to the financial difficulty I am the one who will be the most affected by that. You say your trip. Won't it be your trip as well as mine? I understand how you feel about the affair. You consider it as something troublesome that you are bothered with. You think if it wasn't for me

you could do as you liked all summer and not be obliged to give up your position there. I know how you feel, but once in a while you make me see these things a great deal more plainly than ever. I don't suppose you have ever considered how it puts me out of all the good times for the summer and how I had to give up my position there. I think this is about as bad for me as it is for you, don't you? The girls write me that you are planning on another trip for the Fourth of July. They never wrote me how they knew of it, perhaps you told them. Is that the reason you cannot come before the seventh or eighth? Chester, I didn't mind being snubbed and put aside Decoration Day for the other girls, but I do mind it the Fourth. I have always had to be put aside for other girls on such occasions and presume it will always be that way. This is the truth, isn't it? You ought not to be angry with me for that. I hope—honestly—I hope you will have the most pleasant day of your life. I presume you think you are so soon coming to the unpleasant days I ought not to care for that once. I don't care the least only I think the girl would feel highly edified if she knew you were going away so soon, don't you? Perhaps you are not going any place the Fourth, but I don't see why the girls wrote me about it then. I think I shall be back the last of this week. I can't tell just when. That depends on when my dresses are done. I won't interfere with any of your plans I was ill nearly all day yesterday and at night the veins in my temples were frightfully swollen. Mamma barked them in cologne and they were not as bad to-day. They were swollen because I cry so much. If you care to talk over any plans I shall be glad to see you any evening. Chester, I

don't suppose you will ever know how I regret being all this trouble to you. I know you hate me and I can't blame you one bit. My whole life is ruined and in a measure yours is too. Of course it's worse for me than for you, but I am the one to blame, but somehow I can't—just simply can't think I am, Chester. I said no so many times, dear. Of course the world will not know that but it's true all the same. My little sister came up just a minute ago with her hands full of daisies and asked me if I didn't want my fortune told. I told her I guessed it was pretty well told. Now I don't want you to mind this letter for I am sure to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about you. Your letter was right and I was glad to get it. I simply feel 'out o' sorts' to-night.

"You know if I was there to-night and was with you I would have to quarrel with you anyhow." Then you would make me good natured again. Please write me often and I will be back soon. I wish for your sake things were different, but I have done all I can do to prevent you being bothered, I know you will be cross when you read this, but you won't be angry and blame me, will you? When you are cross, just think I am sick and can't help all this. If you were me you couldn't help finding fault, I know. I don't dare think how glad I will be to see you. If you write me a letter like this I wouldn't write you in a long time, but I know I won't tease me in that way. I wrote me a letter like this I wouldn't forget it and be your own dear self. You know I always am cross in the beginning. I was that way Saturday night, so don't be angry dear, please.

Lovingly,

"Kid."

"CHESTER, I NEED YOU."

Pleas for Him to Come to Her at Once.

South Otsele, June 26, '06.

"Dear Chester—I am much too tired to write a decent letter or even follow the lines, but I have been uneasy all day and can't go to sleep because I am sorry I sent you such a hateful letter this morning. So I am going to write and ask your forgiveness, dear, I was cross and wrote things I ought not to have written. I am very sorry, dear, I shall never feel quite right until you write and say you forgive me. I was ill and did not realise what I was writing and when this morning mamma gave my letters to papa before I was down. I should not have had it posted, but it went long before I was awake. I am very tired to-night, dear, I have been helping mamma sew today. My sister is making me a new white Peter Pan suit and I do get so tired having it rited and, then there are other things you know, that make me worried and tired. I never liked to have dresses rited and now it is ten times worse. Oh Chester, you have no idea how glad I shall be when this worry is all over. I am making myself ill over it. Maybe there is no use to worry, but I do and I guess everyone does. I am quite brave to-night and I always feel better after I write you, Chester, so I hope you won't mind the hateful things I say and I hope you won't mind any writing you so much. Where do you suppose we will be two weeks from to-night? I wish you would write and tell me, dear, all about your coming. I am awfully afraid I can't go to Hamilton, Chester. Papa can't take me and I am nervous about going alone. You see I would have to ride quite a distance before I could take the train and there is a long wait, and Chester, I am getting awfully sensitive. If I can't go up there what shall I do? Do you think it wise to come back there? Could you come to Dekhyter and meet me? I have relatives there but perhaps we could arrange it somehow. I was pleased yesterday morning. You know I have a lot of bed quilts—six I guess—and I was asking mamma what were they were, saying I wished I had a dozen, when my little sister said, 'Just you and someone else won't need so many.' Of course my face got crimson and the rest of the family roared. Mamma is so nice about fixing my dresses. She has them all up now in nice shape. You remember the white dress I wore and you once asked me why I didn't have a new yoke—well she has almost arranged the time will seem awfully long until I see you, Chester. I wish you would just your letters in the morning after you write them, or the same night. They are a day later here if you wait until noon. Of course I will be glad to get them only I am sure waiting for them. Oh! dear, I do get so tired. Chester, please don't wait until the last of the week before you come. Can't you come the first of the week? Chester, I need you more than you think I do, I really think it will be impossible for me to stay here any longer than this week. I want to please you, but I think, Chester, it would be very unwise. If I should stay here and anything should happen I would always regret it for your sake. You do not know papa as well as I and I would not like you to be disgraced here. We have both suffered enough and I would rather go away quietly in a measure I will suffer the more,

but I will not complain if you won't get cross and will come for me. I must close. Write me Wed. night, dear, and tell me what you think about everything. Let's not leave all our plans until the last moment, and above all, please write and say you quite forgive me for that letter I sent this morning. I am very sorry and if I were there I know you would say it would be all O. K.

Lovingly,

"The Kid."

SISTER PLAYS "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM".

And Grace is Moved to Tears as She Listens.

South Osele, June 28, '06.

"My Dear Chester—I wish you could have known how pleased I was to hear from you to-day. I should have had your letter yesterday morning, but somehow it was late, and, dear, I have never received any letter from you Friday. All the letters I have had from you in the nearly two week I have been here is one—just one—and it was written June 21. I can't imagine where the others are, and I have written you every day except three. I wonder if you have all of mine? Where do you suppose your letter is? I remember you told me over the phone Friday morning you would write that night, and I thought it strange I had not received it. I was so awfully glad to hear from you today, Chester, I have been about crazy all the week and have scarcely been down for two days, but to-night, after your letter, I really went down to supper. I have been so ill that mamma came last night and my sister, (Mrs. Hawley), and another younger sister. I am so worried and your letter was

so awfully dear. I hope you got my letter asking your forgiveness for that horrid letter I wrote. I was ashamed after mamma sent the letter, but I couldn't help it. My brother is a brick. He is so nice to me and gets me everything I want. I think I shall die of joy when I see you, dear. I will tell you I am going to try and do a whole lot better, dear, I will try not to worry so much and I won't believe horrid things the girls write. I presume they do stretch things, dear. I am about crazy or I could reason better than I do. I am awfully pleased you had such a jolly time at the lake, dear, and I wish I had been there, too. I am very fond of water, although I can't swim. I am crying and can't bear write. Guess it's because my sister is playing her mandolin and singing 'Love's Young Dream.' I am a nice blue. Chester, my silk dress is the prettiest dress I ever had, or at least that is what everyone says. Mamma don't think I have taken much interest in it. I am frightened every time it is fitted. Mamma says she don't see why I should cry every time they look at me. I am going to try to go up to Hamilton the 5th of July. Mamma can't take their trip are, and I have written you every day except three. I wonder if you have all of mine? Where do you suppose your letter is? I remember you told me over the phone Friday morning you would write that night, and I thought it strange I had not received it. I was so awfully glad to hear from you today, Chester, I have been about crazy all the week and have scarcely been down for two days, but to-night, after your letter, I really went down to supper. I have been so ill that mamma came last night and my sister, (Mrs. Hawley), and another younger sister. I am so worried and your letter was

awfully nice time the 4th. Really, dear, I don't care where you go or who you go with if you only come for the 7th. You are so fond of boating and the water why don't you go on a trip that will take you to some lake? I was cross and ill when I wrote about it before, but really I don't mind the least bit and I hope you will go. Are you working awfully hard? I presume you are as thin—as I am—. My brother says he never saw me as thin in his life. He says my eyes are larger than ever but he had to dodge one of my shoes when he said it. They are not so small but that he would have felt one, had it hit him.

"The girls have all come up and I don't suppose they will be still one minute. My white suit is nearly done and my coat also. Maud Crumb said she would be up the last of the week but I don't know as she will. I will try to have a good time and I will try and not worry. You are a dear, anyhow. I have cried so much I am a sight, dear. I don't look like myself. I am thin and my face is so deathly white. You would hardly know me.

"The girls are all talking in a breath one is on the window seat and the other two are in the middle of the bed. I wish you could see us. We are dressed in white kimonas and the girls just said they could not tell where the kimona left off and my face began until they got to my eyes. Oh! how I do want to see you, dear, and how I do need you. I need you all the time and a great deal more than you dream of. I am trying to be awfully brave, dear, because I was so glad to hear from you to-night. Do you miss my poor little self in the factory? Don't it seem

funny not to chase for boxes for me and have me ask for your shears? I miss you dreadfully, dear, and I find myself wondering what you are doing and if you are tired and if you miss me.

"How I wish you were here this very minute. I would—Oh! I would give you such a great kiss you would be surprised. Now you ought to get this letter Sat. and I do hope you will write Sun. and that I will get it Tues. I want you so much, but, dear, it won't be only a week and I will try to be brave for your sake. My brother has gone shooting to-night, or rather he went this p. m. and has not come back yet. Well, dear, I will stop. It is getting late. My sister's little clock tells me so right on the face of it. Please don't think me ungrateful, dear, for I'm not and I won't write you as often as I can and I hope you will write me. Don't work too hard dear, for I don't want you to get ill. Oh! I can't wait until I see you again. We will be quite happy, dear, and I won't get cross. I know you will be awfully good to me, dear, for I will die in a short time. I know I will and then—Oh! I think you will always be glad you were good to me. I must close and get in bed. I am cold and awfully tired. Of course, dear, I would forgive all the harsh things you may have said, but I don't remember as you said any, and you have so much more to forgive than I. Oh! how I do wish you were here.

"With lots of love and kisses from here.

"P. S.—I can't wait until I see you, dear, and of course I will worry a little, but I will try and be brave."

"The Kid"

"The Thought That I am in Your Way Drives me Crazy."

South Otsele, July 2, 1906.
"Sunday Night."

"My Dear Chester—This has been such a crowded day that I am almost too tired to write, but I will try for I am a little anxious about our trip and your not writing. I cannot see why I do not get your letters. It worries me dreadfully. Where do they go? I thought surely if you wrote Thursday I should get it some time Saturday, but I did not get a line. Mamma was in the village after the mail came and I did feel so disappointed, dear. I can't help thinking you wrote and I am so frightened for I think if you do write about our trip I won't get the letter. You would not know me, dear. I was down at the village Friday morning and I would speak to people and then instead of speaking they would stare and tell me I was too pale to be out of bed. Someone has been here all day. Maud Grumb came up this p. m. The doctor was going about two miles below here and so she stopped here and invited me to her house for all Tuesday and Wednesday. I guess she is arranging some sort of a swell affair as her brother is home for the Fourth and some other friends. I may go down Tuesday but I couldn't stay all night. I would not dare to. To-night I started this letter and had to dress for more company, and the first thing the girls said was, 'I never saw you as thin, Billy.' Really you are a sight! I dislike dressing and I dislike going down at all anyway. It makes me rather blue to hear the other girls planning on the Fourth and know I must stay here in my room all day. I will try, dear, and I have suffered. Of course, dear, do

make the week as short as possible, but, I am so afraid it will be dreadfully long. I shall never go away again like this, but you promised me I wouldn't have to, didn't you, dear? I have suffered so much these last weeks, dear, that I don't believe all my life I will forget them. Now, dear, let me explain. If anything should happen that I can't go to Hamilton, I will go to DeRuyter. That is the only place where I can think of where I could go. I do not know but I will go up there, but will 'phone you if I go to DeRuyter, dear. You must come Saturday, dear, for I can never stay any longer. I have done my best and been as brave as possible these last weeks, but if you should not come I will do something desperate. Oh! dear, dear, dear! I can't see anything but just trouble. What if I should not be able to travel. There are so many things to think about. If I had strength, dear, I do believe I should walk to the river and throw myself in. It would be rather cowardly, and I despise a coward, but I would not be a bother to you any longer. Oh, Chester, the thought that I am in your way just drives me crazy. How I want to die no one but myself knows. When you told me you wanted me to come home for just one week it made some difference. I did not think it would, and now I do not dare imagine what three weeks will do. If you care at all, dear, you will not make me suffer any longer than Saturday—I mean about coming. I don't believe I can bear any more suffering in silence. Oh, dear, if you were only here, so I could talk to you, and you could pet me, dear, and tell me not to worry. I think when I see you I will die of joy. I can not tell how I really and truly need you, and I presume you will never know what I have suffered. Of course, dear, do

not think I never think of your worrying, for I do. But it's only for one week longer. You would smile if you knew how I am trying to get strong, for I don't care how rough my life is after next Saturday. I think I could carry packs like women peddlers, but I shall certainly die if you don't come. Dear, don't make me suffer any after Saturday, please. I just can't bear it. And I don't think I deserve it, do you? I don't suppose I will be home for some time, will I? Maybe not until I am sent home dead. You know, dear, you promised me that. How I wish I were with you to-night. Week from to-morrow night I will be with you, dear. How I need you. I wish I could hear from you, and it worries me for fear you don't get my letters. Now dear, I will close, but if I go to Hamilton I will either write of 'phone you and the same about DeRuyter, and you must not fail to come. I will be so glad to see you I will promise not to quarrel for a long time. Write as often as you can, dear, and please come. With love and kisses from "The Kid."

"P. S.—This is rather a blue letter but please forgive that, dear. It has been such a trying day."

PLANS FOR THE FATAL JOURNEY.

In Despair, She Writes, "I Do So Wish I Could Die."

South Otsele, July 3, '06.

"Monday Night."

"My Dear Chester—I hope you will excuse me if I don't follow the lines for I am half lying down. Have worked awfully hard to-day because I won't be here after to-day. This morning I helped mamma with the washing and then helped with the dinner. This p. m. have been after strawber-

ries. It was fun, only I got so awfully tired. The fields here are red with berries. To-night mamma is canning them and making bread and cooking. We have had berries nearly every day since I came. Mamma says I am getting to be a splendid cook. What do you think of that? I got supper alone to-night and I had potatoes and French toast and a whole lot of good things. I cannot help worrying about your letters. Of course when I don't hear from you I imagine you have gone away. I think another week would kill me, dear. Thank Heaven I won't always have to live like this. You have no idea how badly I feel. I don't know what I shall do if you don't come Saturday. If I go to Hamilton that will make things lots easier for us both, but if I go to DeRuyter, you will have to come up in the mornings, dear, unless you wish to stay here all night. As for me, I don't care where we stay Saturday night, only if you wait and come up in the afternoon the train does not get in there until late and I doubt if we could get a train out of there after your train comes in. I hope you won't mind, dear. But we can manage things there, for it won't be but half a day. I would be willing to stay, oh, anywhere, if you only come, dear. I hope I can go to Hamilton but I don't know yet. Will let you know just as soon as I know. Oh, dear, how I hate all this fuss and worry. I am so blue, dear. Why can't I hear from you? Why should I be so worried and bothered? If you were only here, dear, how awfully glad I should be. I hate to go to Maudie's to-morrow. I can't dress as I want and I have no dressing anyhow. Nothing would suit me so well as life in a little shanty in the woods. For a time, anyhow,

Maudie will please me to stay and I very much. I shall be all alone all don't want to, and I always get con- fused when people ask why I can't stay or go. Chester, I shall phone you again if you don't write pretty soon. Is it because you were so of- fended about that letter I wrote you? I have written you about half a dozen letters telling you I am sorry. Maybe, dear, I am wrong to worry about your not coming for you said you would come the 7th and you always keep your promise. It does seem as though the week would never end and I don't know as it will. Of course dear, I want to see you but that isn't the question. I need you and it is your duty to come. I hope you will be glad to see me, but I don't know why you should, I am going to be your especial trouble. I hate that so much. I don't like to be a bother, dear, and the thought that I am in your way drives me almost crazy. I do not feel nearly so well to-night, dear, and I am so frightened dear. How I do wish you were here. I have so much to tell you that I can't put on paper. I wish I could go some- where the Fourth, but that is only one of the little crosses, isn't it, dear. There will be lots of things harder to get along with than that. I wish, dear—I do wish you could read some of the letters from the girls. It is no wonder I write blue letters. I don't believe what they say now, dear. I wish you could have read one let- ter, giving an account of your trip to the lake. Of course I had received your letter telling me about it so I did not believe the other one, but it was so different. Of course you boys all had girls and all that stuff and nonsense. I was awfully glad I had your letter first though. I hope you will have a nice time the 4th, dear, for you ought to have. I don't mind staying here alone. That is not so

only here and would kiss me and tell me not to worry any more I would not mind all this but with no one to talk to and fill all the time, I really believe I will be crazy. I will never be cross again, dear, and I won't scold and I will try so hard to please you.

Darling, if you would only write and tell me you would surely come Saturday and not to worry. I am crying so I can't see my lines and will stop. You will never, never know, dear, how badly I feel or how much I want you this very minute. With love and kisses,

"The Kid."

"P. S.—Chester, won't you please write and post in the morning. Take the letter down to the office."

"NOT ANGRY BUT DISCOURAGED"

"Don't Mind About Money Matters, Dear."

South Otselic, July 4, '06.

Thursday Night.

"Dear Chester—Your letter was received to-night and I will try and write a few lines before I get in bed. I have been at Maudie's all day and had such a good time. Her brother was there as a matter of course and we had the sweetest little dinner party. Her brother is fine. He was class orator at Syracuse this year and is in Utica three days in the week. We had beer twice and it was fine. Maudie has been helping me on my silk coats. It is a beauty. It look like a real 'tailored' affair, for it's so very plain that it is aw-

fully pretty. We were after roses plan on other things.

this P. m. and I got a great heap of white and red ones. I am so aw- fully tired to-night. You have been at Little York for two Sums, now, haven't you? I'm very glad you had a nice time. You did not say if there were any girls in this last trip. In your last letter you said you could get away the 7th or at least you would, and in to-night's letter you will met me Mon. I expect time to hear you can't come for a week or two yet. I am awfully sorry but I have planned on Sat. and I shall meet me. I am awfully sorry but I can't help matters now. I can't go to Hamilton for the reason that I don't dare ride from there to Nor- wish and then wait there half a day. I don't dare ride because I don't think I could stand so long a journey now, for I am not well at all. I don't think I have any suggestions, but Chester, only those I have already given you about DeRuyter. I don't think there will be any danger of our going there if we can get a train out of there that night. I have so many suggestions, and somehow none of them has pleased you, that I am discouraged to say the least. At present, dear, I am—vulgarily speaking—hopelessly dead broke. Papa and I—well, we don't agree on some things, and this is one of them. There is no earthly reason for I call his stubbness, but never dear, if I don't mind so much. I will try again and see what I can do. Don't thing you have got to keep me awfully well for I can give up lots of things if I have to. I fully hard to get along dear. Just take me away some place and then

plan on other things. "If it would do you any good I will wait and go to DeRuyter Monday morning. Then you take the 9:45 from Cortland and meet me there. I won't go down to auntie's and I will be all right. But one question in this—I probably won't hear from you again and now am I do not like waiting until Monday at all. I am very much pleased about it for I think by staying here all these weeks I have done enough or rather my share. I don't know what you think but I do know that I shall come back to Cortland if you don't come and I shall never go away again like this. It was rather too much to ask of me any- how. I am not the least bit angry, dear, but am very discouraged. I guess any one would be. I was boiling mad when I found you did not come until Monday, dear. You want to come until Monday, dear, but now if you want things that way you can have them. It will make me get along. It's only me you and I don't mind. Just the same the letters you did not write about the three or four whole sleepless nights over them but that was nothing for me. You were busy and are forgiven. It is nice of you to hope I would have a nice time on the 4th, I will believe I will be out of this room. I had a letter from one of the girls to-day and so I don't feel very good-natured to-night. Don't worry about money matters, dear, for I don't care if you don't have one cent. All I ask of you is to come. I am awfully sorry I can't go to Hamilton but I can't dear and the next best place is DeRuyter. I will make all right there. I am the one who will have to suffer and so I don't

care about the money, I don't think and I don't think I will see any of you need to. Please do not worry the people. If I do and they ask about that for I am not worth it, me to come to the house, I will say row night and tell you more. My anything. Tell them I have a friend sister has been leasing me to come coming from Corland; that we were and get in bed for a long time. I wish I could hear from you again, awfully.

"With love and kisses,
"The Kid."

GOOD BYE TO THE DEAR NOOKS.

The Last Letter and the Saddest of Them All.

South Otelle, July 6, 1906.

"My Dear Chester—I am curled up by the kitchen fire and you would shout if you could see me. Every one else is in bed. The girls came up and we shot the last firecrackers. Our lawn looks about as green as the Cottland House corner. I will tell you all about my Fourth when I see you. I hope you had a nice time. This is the last letter I can write. I feel as though you were not coming. Perhaps that is not right, but I can't help feeling that I am never going to see you again. How I wish this was Monday. I am going down to stay with Maude next Sunday night, dear, and then go to DeRuyter the next morning and will get there about 10 o'clock. If you take the 9:45 train from the Lehigh there you will get there about 11. I am sorry I could not go to Hamilton, dear but papa and mamma did not want me to go and there are so many things I have had to work hard for in the last two weeks. They think I am just going out there to DeRuyter for a visit. Now, dear, when I get there I will go at once to the hotel

and I don't think I will see any of the people. If I do and they ask me to come to the house, I will say something so they won't mistrust anything. Tell them I have a friend coming from Corland; that we were to meet there to go to a funeral or a wedding in some town further along. Awfully sorry, but we were invited to come and so I had to cut my vacation a little short and go. Will that be all O. K., dear? Maybe that won't be just what I will say but don't worry about anything for I shall manage somehow. Only I want you to come in the morning. for I have had to make—you don't know how many plans to fit your last letter—in order to meet you Monday. I dislike waiting until Monday, but now that I have to, I don't think it anything only fair that you should come Monday morning. But, dear, you must see the necessity yourself of getting there and not making me wait. If you dislike the idea of coming Monday morning and can get a train up there Sunday, you can come up Sunday night and be there to meet me. Perhaps that would be the best way. All I care is that I don't want to wait there all day or half a day. I think there is a train that leaves the Lehigh at six something Sunday night. I don't know what I would do if you were not there or did not come. I am about crazy now. "I have been bidding goodby to some places to-day. There are many places, dear, and all of them so dear to me. I have lived here nearly all my life. First I said good by to the spring house with its great masses of green moss, then the apple tree where we had our playhouse; then the 'beehive' a cute little house in the orchard, and of course all of

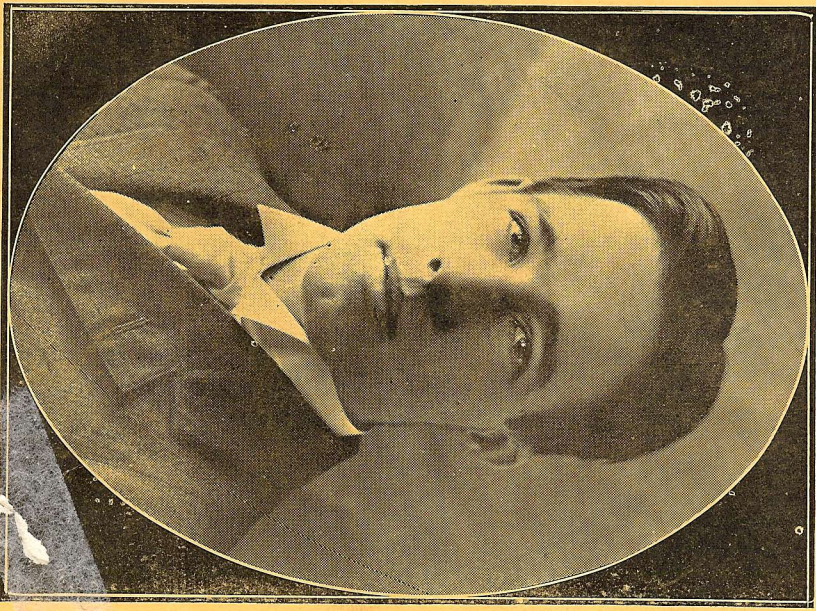
the neighbors that have mended my dresses from a little tot up, to save me from a thrashing I really deserve.

"Oh, dear, you don't realize what plans for something Sunday night, all of this is to me. I know I shall never see any of them again, and mamma! great heavens how I love mamma! I don't know what I shall do without her. She is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think if I could tell mamma, but I can't. She has enough as it is, and I couldn't break her heart like that. If I come back dead, perhaps if she does know, she won't be angry with me. I will never be happy again, dear. I wish you could die. You will never know what you have made me suffer, dear. I miss you and I want to see you but

I wish I could die. I am going to bed now, dear, please come and don't let me wait there. It is for both of us to be there. If you have made plans for something Sunday night, you must come Monday morning. "Please think, dear, that I had to give up a whole summer's pleasure and you surely will be brave enough to give up one evening for me. I shall expect and look for you Monday forenoon.

"Heaven bless you till then. Lovingly and with kisses. "The Kid."

"I will go right to the Tabor House and you come for me there. I wish you would come up Sunday night, so as to be there, and sweetheart, I think it would be easier for you. Please come up Sunday night dear.



CHESTER GILLETTE

1917