

Disfigured by a blot. Pens, pencils, paper, paper rule, Cards, envelopes and a cotton spool

What's this? A letter, I declare, Of love-"My Dearest Heart," It reads. "Don't drive me to despair,

And surreptitious grow. But stop! I wrong her after all; Her father wrote it, I recall,

Never git shocked at the news: Never lost nuthin' in Wall street; Never had nothin' to lose!

Givin' us often the blues; But they don't have to worry an' diein a