

11 O'Clock

March 16th 1882

Dear Sam

I imagine, I can hear
you say, here in another scrawl
from old Mank, he is always
talking about his scrawls and
always writing them. well I
know I am very annoying,
sometimes, but will try to improve.
(excuse this block)
I know I worried you last
evening; but I am paying for
it to day, for I have the
blues, miserably. How are you
this morning, as well as the
morning is beautiful I hope.
Would you not enjoy the
country to day? I know if
we could cut a stone, the
"Blue devil" would vanish, but
I know something else that
would make it leave me.