

"Beechwood,"

Saturday 2 P.M.

My own darling,

You are a terrible person making me write to you every day! And yet I would not feel happy if you spent a day in Omagh without a line from me. If letters will make you happy then I shall write to you every day of my life - even when we are married. I would do any mortal thing for your happiness, Cileen. I shall spend all my days trying to make you happy. I love you so much, darling, that my very self belongs to you; my whole life is yours. I have always said that there never was a love like ours, Cileen, and every day I can see how very true my words were. We must have been chosen by God for each other; He has given us this great love, may He be allowed us to



Suffer badly during all these years, but oh what happiness He has given to us during these past few days. I think that that first moment at Larne when you were in my arms just made up for everything.

And now each day I am finding out more lovable things about your sweet self, and I am loving you all the more for them. These are little things about your character which would never appear in any letter you might write; little things you say; your various facial expressions which were unknown to me before. I love them all and want to love you more than I do. Can you understand all of this? Do you remember the Snap you sent me (to Japan) of yourself standing on the steps of Spring Villa - all dressed up and showing the engagement ring? When I received that Snap



I thought you looked perfect! And now I think it looks awful compared with the young lady who met me at Larne! I mean this, darling. Maybe you think I am very unstable to be changing so quickly, but where you are concerned every single thing has changed for the best. I shall always be proud to have you by my side and to take you into any company, all the while knowing you to be so much better than any woman on this earth. Please, darling, understand that if I do not spend my time with you landing you to the skies, I do not love everything about you. I love you for your own dear self.

By the way, Eileen, I cannot marry you until you faithfully promise me that all your money and property will always remain in your own name and that it



will not be spent on anyone but you. I should hate to marry you, darling, and leave any doubt in your mind about my attitude towards your money. I don't care what other people think. I want to marry you for yourself, Lileen; there must be no sordid details about money coming into our love.

And now I must have lunch and run off to meet my best girl at the station.

I have a surprise for her too because my scroll has arrived from Canada. Nobody must see it but my beloved one - father and Anne must always come after her. May God bless and protect you, darling, and bring you safely back to me today.

All my love,

Forever and ever yours own

Frank.