



Belonged to Albert Deal

In the 1880's

Bh
7v



Autographs



Albert

In this album, where are written
Various thoughts from different pens,
Luring you to keep in memory
Those regarded as your friends,
I this token of my friendship
Write for you to think of me,
When these pages you are turning
And these lines you chance to see.

Elvoral, A.D. 77.

December, 25, 1882.

Oct 18th
1883

Friend Albert

Though distant fields may
Part us and you I may
Not see but remember it
It is Rosa who often thinks
Of thee.

Poplar Flat Ky.

C A H.

Dear Albert

Other eyes may please
Thee and other lips
Press thine but no
Other heart can love
Thee with such a
Love as mine.

Uncle Albert."

"Oh in your heart
Oh let there be
One little corner
left for me."

Your niece

India G. Davis.

Peru.
Ind.

Dec. 30. 1883.

Our lives are songs; God writes the
And we set them to music ^{words} at pleasure
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure;
We must write the music, whatever
Or whatever its rhyme or ^{the song,} writer;
And if it is sad we can make it glad,
Or if we can make it sweet.

They talk about a ~~skone~~
as though it had a limit
There's not a place on

S. Wabash Ind.

Feb 3, 1901.
Dear papa

May love's sweet music
Fill thy heart

With Peace and joy

Is the wish of

Your Daughter

Lula.

What shall the harvest be?

Every one is sowing, both by word & deed,
All mankind are growing either wheat or
Thoughtless ones are throwing any kind
Serious ones are seeking seed ^(of) & seed.
Many eyes are weeping now the crop is grown
Think upon the reaping - each one reaps
(his own)

South Wabash Ind.

Feb. 2, 1901.

Dear papa;

Oh! in your heart
Let there be
One little corner
Left for me.

Lila.

Ground
Tug
Day.

Dear Albert

While sailing down the
Stream of life in your
Little bark canoe I

Hope you will have a
Jolly time and just
Room enough for two

Alice

October 18th 1883.

Albert

Albert Deal.

Wabash Ind.

Friend-ship is but a link
Which binds true ~~friends~~ ^{hearts} together
And if we do not break this ~~link~~
We will be friends for ever.

N.B.

Brother Gilbert

March 18, 1874.

The sun may rise the sun
may set but you I never will
forget

Never trouble trouble till trouble
troubles you

Your sister Maria
B. Inn

dear papa

March 2nd 1886

Round is a ring that
has no end, so is my
love for your dear
papa.

From your loving daughter,
Kora Hale

Albert,

Once in a while in this world so strange,
(To lighten our sad regrets)
We find a heart, that is true for a while
A heart we think will never forget.
But rare as a rose in December
(Or a bird in an Arctic clime)
Is the heart that will ever remember,
Through sorrow, change, and time.

Your wife- Jessie.

March, 2. 1886.

T A, W I F C O T T, J T A.

Twas you I loved when first we meet
Twas you I loved and love you yet
Twas you I loved and will forever
You may change but I will never

L L V V D L.

Dear Friend -

Don't look at the writing
For in writing I'm doke up
My name being Klein (cur) confiding
I'm neither a dog nor a pup!!

Jessie Klein



