



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

My dear Mr. [unclear] I began writing a day or so to see if I could buy
 20 axes, you know your father
 has got off so good that is small
 lots. "Barns cuts" as the dachis
 say. Uncle Warr has made us
 only the one visit since
 his return, he can't come in
 his suit & is I suppose unable to
 ride here back so far, or may be
 to much interested in the [unclear]
 more wants. After days of no bad
 a letter from sister Sally & brother
 a more hopeful letter than I thought
 he could write. I have made them a
 little visit. Now I will see [unclear]
 Sunday at New Canaan, the other
 boys have not been heard from
 since my last letter to you, but
 they may be in the office
 we have not had this visit for
 several days. Your father is
 out or might have some
 success. How much this per-
 letter. I will send love to
 Mamma & yourself
 Love sister
 1902
 Mother.

We have had things very much upset in the house since my last
 writing & it is a hard matter to get straight. Richard Collins came
 Friday & Saturday to work on the walls in chamber & nursery, every
 thing was taken out, a bed put in the dining room & we slept there
 until nursery walls were dry enough to move back, but we have not
 the use of chamber yet, I painted over all the wood work but the
 window sash (your father did that) finished my job yesterday & am
 waiting to get a woman to scrub the floor before moving back. As usual
 I did not get the color I selected but had to see what comes, but

there is some satisfaction in knowing it is clean. The roads are terrible it is almost impossible to get any thing from Danvers or Gallows as we must use what is sent or do without. You may imagine I see very few persons & hear no news if there is any. Saturday your Father was sent for to see Fred Mrs. Cox, had just unshod his horses when a messenger came for him to go to see "Mrs. Bob Wood" so he was into the night getting through, they have not needed attention since.

Mrs. Lou Boarder was over Monday afternoon, brought us a book to read, The Right of Way by Gilbert Parker. I enjoyed the book you sent very much.

So you had a sight of Paines Ferry. They made a great deal over him did it they, & spent so much money uselessly! Americans are so foolish I think. I read a long account of the dinner at the White House. I would have enjoyed seeing the decorations more than the Paines. Three horses running away must have been a frightful thing to the crowd. I hope Maria & yourself enjoyed hearing the great pianist, that would have been a treat to me.

I see by the paper that they have begun boring a well at the Beebe Works factory Danvers. Chadwick is there superintending the work. I also read a description of the cement factory, that is on a grand scale & said to make the best Portland cement, to think of the old white bluff turning out to be so valuable! Perhaps you know it is owned by an English syndicate & managed by a brother-in-law of mine. It is said Livingston will have a cement factory, there is a plenty of white rock in Orange & Scraper counties to be worked.

Dear Mrs. Duggar. - We, are
sending you a long
delayed token of our
sincere wishes for
you and Mrs. Duggar's
happiness. We have
thought of you often,
both during and since
your trip abroad.

I hope that some day
you and Mrs. Barnard
may meet each other.
Perhaps the opportunity may
come next Commencement
for I trust you are still

Faithful to N. H. and Durham
Friends.

By the way, Mrs Barnard and
I intend to be present at
the Gata Ball next Friday.

It will be Mrs Barnard's
first trip to Durham. I
know she will have an en-
joyable time, and only wish
she might meet the "Big 4"
in all their glory. - as we
know them.

With kindest regards from
us both -

Sincerely,

H. A. Barnard

64 No. State St.
Concord, N. H.

March sixteenth,
Nineteen hundred two.



To H. Good with
Easter Greeting
from Percie.

P. M. Concord, N. H.
MAR 17, 1902

Gallion, Alabama.

March 19th 1912.

My darling little L'Husband -
How many souls have elapsed since five o'clock yesterday! I am very happy, though, and having a good time. After Father drove you off, Mother and I sat by the fire and talked in the twilight for a long time. I told you that she would tell me lots of things

little while, then I practised two hours. It was so cold at the piano that I could only stay there two minutes at a time.

Father brought in some of his treasures to show me while "Ma-Lee" was busy about other parts of the house. One was the little daughter-type (so that the way to spell it, Dr. Duggan?) of mother. He doesn't know that he has it, and Father says he takes it with him in his satchel, wherever he goes. I love them both so much, Ben & Janet, I hope we will be as happy and loving when we grow old. We will, won't we, my little sweetheart?

Father and I took a little walk around the yard trying to find eggs. We found only one or three, and perhaps more, had been crushed by a cat, rat or other animal. Father is off on horseback, visiting

which she couldn't think of
telling you. When Father came
home we had supper, after which
we again sat around the fire
in the parlor. I showed Mother
and Father my face, and my
bracelet, etc. Father told me all
about his counting, and then Mother
told me her hide, and it was
after ten o'clock before we knew it.

This morning Mother and I had
breakfast together, talked a

MAR 18 1902
the sick. He has had two patients
already this morning.

Mrs. Hatch and her daughter,
who was Miss Kimmi, have just
been here, dressed in their best
suits and turbans. They are very
pleasant and I like them both.
How is it you didn't fall in
love with Miss Kimmi? She pressed
you up to the skies. They all do
that, though, I guess they think
that I may not appreciate you.

It is a beautiful, bright day, but very cold. Mother says that I must tell you that the roads are dug up and we will soon be able to go all about. She says, too, that I must send her love to you.

Did Mother tell you that Louise had been quite sick? She is better now.

I didn't think that I would be able to go to sleep at all last night without my own little husband, but, all shame to me, I went to sleep and didn't wake up once. I love you, dear, though, and think of you all the time.

Mother wants to know if you have recovered from the shivers yet.

Last time I wrote to you I was only your sweetheart, and now, with a heart & soul full of truest love, I am your devoted little wife.
I long to hear from you.

Shelton, Alabama,
Thursday, Feb. 20th, '02.

My dearest Louisa and Sweetheart—
What
are you doing this beautiful day
way off from your little d-wiper?
It is warm and sunny here, and
we are having a good time. Father
told me last night that he loved
me, and Mother says she does, too.
Granddaddy will not let me stay here
too long but they change their

my sun-burnt was on. William Brown was here and it tickled him mightily. He said he came to see Mr. Ben and Mr. Ben's wife and she she was mighty nice-looking. "

Mother and I have been hemstitching this morning. I am going to have lots of new things while you are away.

Mother received a letter from Lewis last night, he says that he is very sorry but he can not come up while we are here. It is an extremely busy season of the year with him. I am sorry, for I should have liked to see him, and I know you would.

Mother told me about Fannie yesterday. She certainly is a queer body. Mother says she would love to visit us, you and me, when we get settled next year. Won't that be splendid?

I found under my plate at dinner to-day a gilded wish-bone

minute. Mother says I must tell
you she is sitting in here with
me to keep me from getting bore-
some.

Last night we sat around the
fire in the parlor. I showed Father
the Rembrandt looks, and he showed
me some of his old looks. This morning
I practiced over two hours.

Father was showing me his
pet chickens this morning, and
one flew right on top of my
head. I was mighty glad that

MAR 20, 1902

which Father had evidently put
there for me. Father had to ride
off to visit a patient just before
dinner, so Mother and I dined
alone again.

Last night I woke up so many
times and thought of my dear
dear Love who is so far away from
me. While asleep I lay dreaming all
night of you. Oh Ben I love you.
more and more every hour, I think.
We are the happiest and most

To BMO in Part, Tex
Gallioi, Alabama.

Mich. 21st, 1912. 10.30 A.M.

Any longer, here I am close beside
you. Don't you know it? Can't
you feel my hand as it smooths
your dear, soft hair? Can't you
realize it when I put my
arms around your neck,
and kiss you, my own, true
Husband? I am with you in

of my loving bride-groom. I love you more, and more, ever minute,
Dolly dear. I thought I realized it while you were with me, but
now that you are away from me it is my one thought.

Yesterday was a very exciting one. Father came home in the
afternoon, and drove me around, and around, the play-ground in
the bridge. It was great fun. Later Mother took me over to the church,
(which I think is very pretty) and through the church yard. A funny-
looking old negro woman came to the fence asking if I were Mr. Ben's wife.
"She sho' an mighty smart-looking" is becoming familiar to my ears. I shall
soon be very vain. This old darkey was a case. She switched, and rolled
her eyes, and felt mighty proud of herself, I can tell you. I think

spirit all the time. You have
only to shut your eyes, and I
will be with you materially, also.

When your letter came yesterday
afternoon, sweet Love, I had to
cry, it made me so happy.

I read it for the fourth time
by the firelight just before I
jumped into bed, then slept with
it under my pillow all night.

It gave me such sweet dreams

Mother called her Frances. 21 III 1902

I received my first letter from
you, and also a short note
from Daddy. After supper Father
told me about that train robber
who stayed here. It was past
ten before we realized it.

Daddy says Aunt Anne is
still suffering with her throat.
She has been sick three weeks,
and her throat is so in-
flamed that she can swallow

Oh, Daddling, don't ever write me any but love letters. I can't
help loving you even more when you tell me that you love me.
Do you know, sweet one, I feel as though we were waiting for
the sixteenth! I can't realize that we are really married already.
For me it is the most sacred thing in all the world;
isn't it? And the sweetest.

Don't think for a moment of sending me an extra twenty.
I have more than I shall ever need already. In case of an emergency
Father will be glad to supply me.

I am so glad the New Orleans route was quicker than that
via Shreveport. You must tell me where to send my letters after
the twenty-fourth. It was cruel, dear, for you to have to spend

only with the greatest difficulty.
I am so worried about her.

"Life" sent back my contribution.
"Tusco" and I are becoming great
friends. He is a tremendous
old fellow. Father has a new
dog - a very pretty white and yellow
setter.

I haven't any more pairs,
old Smectress, and I am feeling
perfectly well. If you were only
here I would be perfectly happy.

21 III 1902

The night stretched across two
uncomfortable seats when I have
such a large, sweet, comfortable
bed to share with my own husband!

Mother and Father send you
much love. I am very happy
with them here in your old home.

I love you so much, Sweetheart, that
I love everything associated with you.
Mother showed me the little chair that
you used to sit in, and I did want to
kiss it so badly!

With a thousand kisses for my
Bennie, I am ever
his wife ^{W. Pick} Sweetheart, too.

Hallsville, Alabama.

Saturday, Feb. 2nd
1912.

My dear Fortune.

I waited to
write until afternoon hoping
to receive a letter, but alas!
I am too grasping. I should be
(and am only) I want a little
chat with you every day) satisfied
with the beautiful letter which
came to me yesterday after-

me some flames from the woods, and the mail which consists of
a letter from Mr. Stubbs and a letter from the Dept. I will enclose
Mr. S's letter and send the other one unread, although I want to know
what is in it, nightly.

By the way, what is Mabel Hale's address?
This morning I finished the little turn-over collar for Sammi. It
is very pretty. Mother and I are making great chums our new
sewing. We are going to call on Miss Lou Browder this afternoon.
Miss Lou. sent me a large bunch of beautiful hyacinths, snow-drops,
etc. this morning.

The weather is so good that Mother expects Reuben to come and
spend Sunday. I hope that he will come for I want to meet him.

more. You are the dearest, sweetest,
husband in all the universe.
Do you know I went to sleep with
your arms around me last night,
and this morning when Harry
called me I hurried all about
for you. Didn't you feel me
kissing you Oh! so sweetly just
before I arrived at Hush-a-ye Land?
You don't know what a comfort
my pillow - you is.
Father has just come in bringing

MAY 22, 1934

Almost all of the little chickens
are hatched. I fed them at
dinner-time. They are such cute,
pretty, little things.

I know you will be glad to
hear that the cow has a
calf. It was born at dinner-
time.

Yesterday afternoon Father took
me out in the garden and
showed me how to bud and
graft. Last night I showed

Father and Brother my drawings, also the "Primer of Natural History" and "Sharp eye". They were very much interested and pleased. Father says he wants to copy that one about the chimpanzee.

Mother has been showing me all of her jewelry. She has some lovely old things, hasn't she? Her cameo set is lovely, and that carved ivory brooch, also.

You never saw any one eat as much as I do! Everything tastes so good that I can't resist them although I'm ashamed of my appetite. Mother says she is so glad I don't sit and pick out the insides of the *fricuits* as Trannie used to do!

Surely I will write to the Madam.

Darling I love you with all my heart and soul and life. I miss you every minute and long for you to come back to your own little wife.

Mother, Father
and Ben
and you
much love.

Palmer, Alabama,
March 23rd, 1912.

Ducky - daddles, your precious
letter came last night at
supper-time, and filled your
Weibchen's heart with joy. We
had returned, only a short
time before, from Miss Broadwin's
- Ben, Mother and I. You must
excuse yesterday's letter, dearest,
for I was in a great hurry to

They passed around some very nice Florida oranges, and afterwards
figs, pears and apples. (We didn't eat the latter.)

I think you must be living too high. Did you eat some of
each thing mentioned in your letter? Don't come home too fat and
"sassy", for it won't do for me to grow too much alike!

Renton is a fine-looking fellow: isn't he? I don't think he is as
handsome as Lewis, — or as another fellow whom I will not mention —
and is of an entirely different type. He showed off his hand before
coming to meet his new sister. His sight is very poor. He says that
after the planting is finished he will have his eyes attended to.

I was so sleepy last night that I began nodding in the parlor.
In the middle of the night I ^(awakened) woke up, and heard the dog

got dressed in time to go with
mother & Jay's call, and not
to keep her waiting. I was just
putting on my glove when Reuben
dressed up, so we took him with
us. In some way The Brownes
knew we were coming, and had
very thing fixed up for us.

Reuben said the parlor was so
dark, though, that he couldn't
find a chair. Mrs. Browder and
Miss Lou were both at home, and
we had a very pleasant call.

MAR 29, 1904
howling. I struggled up closer to you,
(didn't you feel me?) and went
back to sleep peacefully.

I told you a fib, unwittingly,
about the calf. The calf was ~~not~~
here yesterday, and doesn't belong
in the place at all. I thought
John said it was born at dinner-
time, as I knew that one is due
sometime soon!

Mother is so smart and thoughtful.
She says she would dearly love

many ages crowded into one
mile as have been put into this
past one. Do you think you will
be home Easter Sunday?

I know I can't expect you as
soon as that, but Oh! I want
you. I love you too much to ever
let you go from me again. Your
letters, dearest, are my sweet, but
they are not you.

My Lover, my own true Lover, I am
your lougest wife Percia.

to visit us in our own home
next year. What do you think of
that?

I have on my red waist and
blue skirt and have a Black bow
in my hair. Yesterday morning and
this morning I wore my pink jacket
& breakfast. What dress are you wearing?

When do you think you will
be home. Percia looking? She stays
me so long, and I miss you
continually. There were ~~more~~ 20

March 25th 1907.

My dear Son

I have intended to post you a few lines in Maria's letter for several days, just to let you see I think of you for of course Maria and her daily letters tells you every thing I think we are getting on finely together considering the depressing weather, but the sun is out today & I do hope it will stay, so the roads can dry off some before you come. We were just thinking of being able to get out in the buggy when we had more rain Sunday night. It was with Ruben left Sunday evening tho it sprinkled a little, next morning was so sloppy. This is a real spring day, no frost needed except early this morning, the birds are showing their appreciation by their sweet songs. Maria & my self after her practice hour

spends the morning sewing, she practices very
diligently. Tomorrow I think your Father will try to
take her to return Mrs. Hatch's visit, they were so
punctilious in calling. We have seemed so cold &
I try to get Maria to take some milk every night
to fatten her. I must tell you she feels enough
at home to ask for water, when I forget it, as
I sometimes do, especially when your Father is
receiving our foolishness & pretending to pay nice
compliments, I wish he would give up so much
nonsense. Our P.O. Fairville, goes into operation
the 1st of April.

If you can, let us know some days ahead of
good weather continues & I think any one can
come, I want to ask the relatives to meet you &
would like to make some preparations before you
come, bake cake &c. so I could see more of you.
But if more rain comes & the roads keep bad

there would be no use trying to leave them, even in
the day time. I will never cease to regret the bad weather
this spring, but Maria will have to try it again at
some other season. I expect her letter is finished & I
must be bringing mine to a close, we have had letters
from Waver & Henry since you left, nothing recent from
Paul. I am glad you keep well & find the country looking
spring like, every one is tired of winter - with much
love.

Yours devotedly
Mother

Ballou, Alabama,
Tuesday, 2 P.M.
Feb 25, '02

Another letter has come from
Louzelle, and Bessie feels so
happy she don't know what to
do. How smart you are to
write so many letters, and
accomplish so much. I do think
it agrees with you to a single.
I'm going to take my dishes and
go home, so! You mustn't work

little recreation poor though it is.

How I would like to be with you driving about the country. I am with you in spirit, and enjoy the beautiful spring and the new country so much. The roads, here, are still bad. As now as they have a little better, a rain comes and makes them worse than before.

How often I awake at night, and in the early morning with my arms about you, and talking aloud to you! It is only a week to-day since you left, but to me it seems ages upon ages of solitary time long, long drawn out.

I still practice two hours a day, but don't seem to get on very wonderfully. Mother and I hemstitch and sew a little every day.

Take some pictures of the Preprians for me, won't you? I mean of course if at some future ^{date} ~~time~~ you should have time and plates

too hard, Dearest. It is a
shame that they (Mrs. F. & Co.) didn't
send the frankes etc. to the proper
place. Such mistakes are so
exasperating. I hope by this time
things are all straightened out,
and that your work is going
swimmingly.

Do you want to the Theatre!
Wait till I get you back in
Washington, and you shall pay
for it! I am very glad you went
though, sweet, and had some

MAR 25, 1907

to spare.

Another says I must leave my
letter for a little note from
her. Father is a curio and makes
me laugh all the time. Another
gels. The happy reminder in my
after, too!

You don't know how I enjoy
being rushed with letters from
my Lora! It's the nicest thing in
the world next to being with Lora.
I shall now let you go, away

from me again, though, I couldn't stand it.

Mother thinks we may spend Easter Sunday "out of town". She says 'you must let her know, at least three or four days ahead, what time you will return. But thinks I smell a secret!

As sure as I'm writing with a rusty pen,
There's no one in the world like my duckling Ben.

As sure as water in the boiler gets hot,
I love him better than any I ever met.

Je t'adore mon petit marie

As sure as a cat can climb a tree,

Bigger than most birds you've seen in your life,

Is your own once small but loving wife.

If you don't hurry up & come back soon

She won't be anything but a saving loan.

~~and~~ (Her mark).



MAR 25, 1904

Suling, Texas. 190

Ranch, I had an opportunity to see the herd of a thousand goats (Angora) being sheared.

Mr. Wells has a variety of interests, but he seems to succeed with most of them. The cowboys are certainly a curious lot at home. Monday evening there were three or four about, and it seemed to me that their whole object in life, outside of herding cattle, is to trade their horses, or "bunch" of cattle, or induce a neighbor to trade his.

The weather has been very pleasant thus far. Clouds have prevailed today, but as yet there has been only mist. I hope that the

roads have so much improved
as to make ~~it~~ driving possible,
and that you and Persia
find enough to make the time
go enjoyably. I much wish that
I could be there with you. How-
ever, I guess I would only be
in the way where hermititching
etc. were the amusement.

I can't say much about the
date of my return until I get to
Paris. It is just one week,
almost to the minute, since
I left. Somehow I feel a little
more lonesome when I make
trips alone these days!

With much love to all (even
though I send it under separate cover
to your youngest daughter), I am,
Affectionately your son,
D. B. B.



6 P.M.

Suling, Texas. Mar. 25, 1902

Dear Mother,

I left Gonzales this afternoon on a branch road for this little junction town. Here I have to remain until ten o'clock tonight; and then I catch a train which takes me via Waco and Dallas to Paris. Of course I will get a sleeper, but I must change from that at Dallas.

The long ride (in a buggy) from the Wells Ranch, about twenty eight miles, has probably put me in condition to sleep well on the train tonight.

It is a long trip, to do the work with Mr. Wells, but they (he and his managers) are

expected to leave a few days ago, and hope to hear from him at Paris.

nice people, and they always
treat me to the best they have,
rough though that may be. I had
a hard day's work yesterday, but
finished up the experiments satis-
factorily. For the first time I had
the direction of Mexican labor.

Only a few of these Mexicans
speak English, although most of
them understand fairly well.
They have a mixed Spanish job-
ber, which most of the mana-
gers learn to use to some extent.
The Mexicans, as laborers, seem
to me slow and only able to do
just what you have shown them.
If anything goes wrong they are
lost. During this visit at the

Durham, N. H.
Mar. 25, 1902.

My dear Aunt Marie;

You ought to be up here with us at this time of year. We are having splendid days but rather muddy roads.

Next week is our first week of vacation and we are going to have two.

Uncle Charlie is having his vacation now and his is to last ten days. He is going to teach me how to play chess this week.

Over to school we have got a pair of jumping poles and I can jump three feet high.

Leonora and Sarah went to walk last Sunday, also Annie and Bernice, and James and ~~I~~ ~~are~~ ~~going~~ I got quite a bunch of Mayflowers pretty near open. The Zaters had a ball the other

night and Mr. and Mrs. Barnard staid
over night and next day with us and also
Miss Coon, Uncle Charles & girl

I tapped 3 anetrees down by Mr.
Dunham's house last week and his kids
dumped all of my sap.

Last Sunday was Papa's birth day and
he got a lot of presents. Tomorrow is Inez's
birth day and I expect she will get a lot
of presents. Give my love to Uncle Ben and
keep lots your self

Your loving Nephew,

Lathrop.

Gallatin, Alabama,
Mch. 26th, 1912.

Dear Sweetheart—

Don't ever come
to me in such a dream again!
I won't have it, sub. I thought
last night that you were leaving
me to go to some town in which
resided the fair Mary Jane.
I begged you not to go to see
her, but you would give me no
^(no answer)
satisfaction. We both got cross

your return.

Darling little duckling down, your true love misses you so much. When will you be home? Tell me the day so that I can at least have the consolation of counting the hours till then. I am hungry for you. If you were to come back this minute I would eat you up, pin-feathers and all. Your little girls love you more than you can ever dream. I love you past, present, and future. Mother has told me so much about your boyhood that I can see you now as a little fellow, and love you. When I look at Mother and Father, I divide the sum by two, and imagine you as an old gentleman, and love you. As you are now this minute, you know I love, love, love you, my sweetheart and husband.

and you must off without kissing
your own d'wipes good-bye. Think
of that! I woke up all most crying.
By morning I was dreaming that
you and Napoleon.

Yesterday afternoon, Tomkins,
Mrs. Joe Collins and Mrs. Wright came
to call. Father wanted me to show
them my drawings, so I did. I also
let them "have a look" at my
Phillips' note. Mrs. Joe is a
whopper, isn't she? She says
she is coming to see you when

MAR 26, 1932

Father has taken me out just
few moments ago to see a pea-cod
and pea-bun. We set Dante on
him, and had quite a chase.
Mother is sitting in her sewing.
We have moved the machine into
my room. Mother says I must send
you her love, and tell you we all think
of you constantly. Mother made me
such a pretty little turn over collar.
Darling I take back all my love for
just one moment to give it you again
multiplied by a thousand, and with it
I give again the heart & soul & life of your ever
mauve.

St. George Hotel.
CHARLIE HODGES,
PROPRIETOR.
EUROPEAN PLAN.

REMODELED AND REFURNISHED
THROUGHOUT
STEAM HEAT ARTESIAN WATER
THE FINEST CAFE
IN THE STATE

Dallas, Texas.

2 P.M.

Mar 26, 1902

My loving Divie,
Things have not
'happened' rapidly since this
hour yesterday, and in conse-
quence it has seemed a long,
long time since I was talk-
ing to my Dolly, and inciden-
tally (!) telling her a little
secret or two.

I reached Luling about
five o'clock, and was due
to leave at ten that night. Before
supper I wrote a letter to
Mother; and after supper, one
to Dr. Erwin F. Smith. Then I
worked at the old job of writing
up expenses, and concluded
with reading the daily paper.
I was very tired, and, longing

for the "Katy" Flyer to put
in her appearance. Alas! When
I went over to the station, I found
her to be ^{one} and a half hours late.
It was nearly twelve when
she came, and I had to tum-
ble into an upper for Dallas.
The "Katy" must have had her
sleeves clipped, for when I
finally dressed at eight, I
found that instead of alighting
in Dallas at 7:30 A.M., we
would be four hours late.
Of course the train which
I was to take at 9 A.M. for Paris
was gone when we reached
Dallas at noon. Consequently
I am here until four o'clock
(at least) this afternoon. I
came straight to the hotel,

St. George Hotel.
CHARLIE HODGES
PROPRIETOR
EUROPEAN PLAN.
Dallas, Texas.

REMODELED AND REFURNISHED
THROUGHOUT.
STEAM HEAT. ARTESIAN WATER.
THE FINEST CAFE
IN THE STATE.

1901

and, as it seemed early for
dinner, wrote a little note
to Agnes. The dearest note was
saved for the longer time, and
now I forget all of these "wait-
ings in the sweetest pleasure
that I have when my Persis
is away off in my old Ala-
bama home across three
states. I was so anxious,
though, to get to Paris this
noon, for then I could have
seen my man this after-
noon, and perhaps have
completed the work on Thurs-
day. As it is, I will surely
have to be there on Friday.
I guess Agnes will think
that I am terribly homesick

to have left my Lorgnet behind.
I am, but you must not
think so, Daddling, and you
must not be half so lonesome
as I am. But you have the
advantage of me in every
way; and I hope that you can
get your letters more regularly.
Just think, with this running
around I have not had a
word of love, except some sweet
little whispering messages, since
Saturday afternoon, - Satur-
day - Wednesday. No Sir! I
guess I can't leave my
Doddle any more. I am so
glad that I brought with me

St. George Hotel.
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REMODELED AND REFURNISHED
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THE FINEST CAFE
IN THE STATE

26 III 1902

Dallas, Texas.

1901

a dear little garnet ring be-
longing to her. It helps to feel
even more acutely than my
thoughts alone could what
a sweet life it has been since
that day in the blue room
where the garnet became so
much to us. Don't think
that I once forget June, May,
and all that previous year
at Ithaca, ma mye. That
was beautiful, too, beyond com-
pare.

What are you doing these
long afternoons; and when
the beautiful full moon
comes up so bright and
clear, do you remember that
your loving husband looks

at it and wonders if, with
her great power of radiating
light, she can also radiate
love, - his love, - which he
would send to you, though,
more constantly than ^{light of} sun
moon or stars could con-
vey ?

I did want to write to
Alice too - a short note, at
least, - but perhaps I will
postpone that until I get to
Paris. I cut out the visit to
College Station, as it would
have been an extra day,
and largely only out of cour-
tesy to the Director of the
Experiment Station. I will try

26 III 1902
REMODELED AND REFURNISHED
THROUGHOUT
STEAM HEAT ARTESIAN WATER
THE FINEST CAFE
IN THE STATE

St. George Hotel.
CHARLIE HODGES
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EUROPEAN PLAN.
Dallas, Texas.

to make up those courtesies in
the summer, when I will
have to 'loaf around' more.

I wonder if Reuben was at
home last Sunday! Perhaps there
were also others of the Kith
and Kin.

I am pretty sleepy,
Pens, Love, for I did not have
a good night on the sleeper; ^{and}
I will go out for a walk to re-
freshen me for the trip to
Paris.

Adieu, with sweet kisses and
the best of your love,
D. Hubbard.

BMD IN LOUISIANA

Galhavi, Alabama.
Thursday, Feb 27th,
1902

Dear Heart—

Two letters have
just come from you, one
written at Willow Creek Farm
and one from Gonzales. Mother
has just heard from you, too.
I am so glad, darling, that
you are well, and that
the work progresses. I hope

low-lands are flooded and the farmers exasperated.

Isn't it too bad about the seed of the resistant cotton. I know you must have been greatly disappointed. Can Mr. Wells do anything about it at this date?

Where shall I write you on Saturday, near Licham, or will to-morrow see the last of my Epistles? Oh! Bonj, when will you reach Galloni? I am growing so impatient to have a look at you and see if I still know you. I think you will have to make love to me all over again. Will you like that? I shall be so afraid of you, and shy, when you return, that I shall run away and hide. You will see me

that the good weather in
Texas continues. We had a
tremendous storm last night -
thunder and lightning in
quantity, and a very high
wind. I lay awake hours
listening to the storm, and
thinking about, and wishing
for my husband - my dear
and dear husband. All
day we have had showers. The

only after persistent, wave-like
washing.

My Duck, your Persica's finger
is ached to pinch you - just
once, to pull your hair, to
look at you, as the books say,
just to know that you are
alive and real. I will bite
a nice, little, round chunk
from your fat cheek. just see
if I don't, your wife's gonna

mind at all.

I forward by this mail a letter to you from Atlanta. I also enclose something from your Uncle Bill. I received a letter this afternoon from Agnes and one from Miss Hatch. Mamma is better, Agnes says. She has been very sick since last I heard. I won't send the letters as I will need to answer them, but if you are good I will let you read them when you come back to your own dominion. Miss Hatch says they discovered my postals and letter on the desk and sent them on. I am afraid Miss Hale will never get here as it is addressed to her simply at Baltimore. Forgive me a thousand

pois is daily increasing. You
never saw anything like it.
May and Henry think I am
a huge joke. This morning
May seemed better, so I went
out to see how 'twas done, and
if you will bless me those
black hands' had to wipe their
forehead from me, and smother
their giggles with both hands!
Mother feels so badly
about the roads, but I don't

bank note This morning. It
is of a different name from
yours. He has a dollar and
a half's worth. I don't father
hide things in the funniest
places. I love Father and
Mother as much.

Most of anything in all
the world. Though, I love
my precious things, and am
his devoted sweetheart for-
ever and for aye.

I long to be with you Easter, but I know that I cannot. How would
it do let me now, to give any new directions about letters, and I will let
the old itinerary wait for suddenly cut make the roots of a "gee".
Then I'll go out more and must say good night with a
heavy head so I found a
wonderful loss for my Dolly.
Please pardon mistakes, but
this must go in the mail today.
MAY 1907
HOTEL ALEXANDER BONHAM TEX.
TOP OF WALL BONDING TEX.
BY DAVID & SON PROPRIETORS.

Paris, Texas Mar. 27, 1902

My own little Lory,

I was the
happiest ^{Bonny} today that I have been
since I was with you; and
do you know why Bonnie &
Shell, since you are my
own divine, sweetness and
sweetheart in one, I'll tell
you! First of all I woke ^{sorry}. No,
that is not why. Then I ate
breakfast. (Not yet.) Finally I
went to the post office (now I'm
getting hot) and when I came
back with three whole warm
love letters from my Dolly
next to my heart I was
walk off de pavement, I step
so proud! I sat down by

myself and had the finest time
that I have had on this
trip, by a long way. Next
to having a loving divie and
being with her, this is the
funniest and sweetest
thing in the world to have
love letters from her. It
makes me feel all-happy,
so far as I can be away
from her, and still the
next minute I just feel as
if I am bound to have
her right here with me
today. I have read and
reread your dear letters
through three times already,
and this was my busy
morning too. You are a dar-
ling Persie, and ever dearer.
I am glad that you sent
this letter from Mr. Stobie.
We must write asking him



W. Y. DAVIS & S. N.
PROPRIETORS.

Paris, Texas

190

to stop 'with us' while in Washington, n'est-ce pas? He has had 'bad' plain luck, surely. How funny for Persie and A. Cook to be able to ask a 'Waite' to visit them!

And mother, too, has already promised to visit us. You are a worrier surely, but this goes without saying. Truly, though, I am so glad that you can feel satisfied with our old village home. More than all, I am happy to feel that it is Mother and Father and Daughter, as well as Mother and Father and my loving Devie who

are there together.

I regret so much to know of the trouble which Nance has had with her throat. I wish that we could offer ^{her} a change, by having her spend the spring in Washington with us. It is hard to lack. I wish now that I had sent my last Chicago letter to her. I did not find time to write Alice, but I will soon.

On referring to "our" book, I find Miss Hale's address given as 148 N. Langvale St. Did you ever ascertain if the letter to her was mailed after we left? The other letter forwarded from Washington was from Mrs. Ostrom, telling me that Jackson's limbless cotton seed could not be had from the grower, and that he would have

27 III 1902

W. Y. DAVIS & SON
PROPRIETORS.

Paris, Texas.

190

seed sent to me from another party.

Besides that letter, I found others from Drs. Woods, von Schenk, and Webber, and Bee-see, a mushroom letter or two; and a note from Mrs. Faly inclosing a letter for some lady by the name of Mrs. B. McDuggar. These last two I am forwarding to you, my Love, and they will explain themselves. I am anxious to know, too, who sends the souvenir spoon. Dr. von Schenk's letter gives me ^{more} trouble than all the others. He incloses a "pass" over the

"Katy" to St. Louis, and is
anxious to have me come
up there for a day or two.
I have lost so much time that
I hardly see how I can, with
my heart aching to see my
sweet Persis, yet it is an
opportunity to look over the
grounds of the Exposition to
see what is possible in the way
of a canal, and perhaps to
visit those canals at Pacific
Mo., which I will not
soon have again. However,
I cannot say that I will go
until I see Mr. Crooks (the
man upon whose place I
shall make the experiments)
about the prospect for
planting tomorrow.

As soon as I had read
and re-read my Doddling's
letter this morning, I drove
out to Mr. Crooks' place, - six

29 III 1902

W. Y. DAVIS & SONS
PROPRIETORS

Paris, Texas

190

miles distant. It was then threatening rain, and the fields were not yet dry from a heavy rain last Sunday. He thought then that we could not do the work until Saturday morning. If it continues so bright, he may change his mind. I expect to see him in town this afternoon.

Paris is a little town of about 5000 inhabitants, I suspect, and the surrounding country is a rich black prairie. The roads are just about what they were at Gallion when we arrived. I don't see why my letters

have not come one each day,
Sweetie. I wrote a little oftener
than once a day as I went
west; and since that, regularly
once a day. They will all come
home at last and bring their
tates behind them. Madrie
Padrie, your letters are as
sweet and beautiful as they
can be, and I love my little
bird very, very dear.

I like to have you smuggle
up closer to me, Sweetheart;
and I seem to feel your lov-
ing arms and your sweet
kisses every evening - every night;
and I dream so sweetly of
you. Without all of these, I would
have to give up "specimens"
entirely, for I would be too much
not to feel my Dolly near, and
I would go right home to her,
although I knew she would re-
prove me for not working as I should.

Dalhousie, Alabama.

Friday, Mch. 28, 1912.

My dear Louisa -

How are you this
wild, stormy day picknick little
duckling? The wind is having
great fun here, and it is Oh!

so warm.

Brother is sitting by me sewing
as usual, and Father is waiting
to take my letter to the store. I
hope some one will carry it to

you on your return. She says you have heard so much good music
that you would like to hear her play! Think of that.

This will only be a little note as Father is in such a hurry. Besides,
I haven't any news, although I didn't tell you yesterday that we will
find Lydia on our return, and submit on something more substantial
than compliments!

I love you very true, dear husband and long for you infinitely.
How happy I shall be this time next week when you are
with me. It is my candid opinion (of course this is just between
you and me and the sheet of paper) that you are the finest,
dearest, kindest, nicest, all-around - long in crest longer in all

the depot and that there a train
will come through which will bar
it on to my route. No trains
have been through to-day, as there
has been a wash out or something
on the road.

I forgot to put back Bill's little
yoke in my yesterday's spatter.
Lunch on it to-day.

Mother and I had such a
nice time last night playing darts.
I have been trying to persuade
her that she must play for

MAR. 20, 1925 ✓

creation, and by grace I like
you!

Mother made such nice tea-
cakes this morning. Come and
have some.

I sent Prof Burr, Miss Johnson,
Miss Shing, Alice R., Alice P., & Hanna,
Ester cards, and have one for Father.
Also I sent Agnes a handkerchief,
have a handkerchief for Mother,
(they are wedding presents!) and
sent Hanna and Fannie each
a pin-on collar, and Papa

the pack of cards. 'Wasn't that -
doing well for the small sum -
of twenty-cents?'

I know of some small surprises,
but - I'm not going to tell.

"I know" "I know" "!!!!!!"

Good-bye my darling, which is
said to with you.

Come soon to your loving
L'Amour.

Altino's
Mar 28, 1902
On train from Paris to Bell's

Mar. 28, 1902, 12:30 P.M.

Persia, my Darling.

I was sorely depressed last night, if even a boy was. There were little showers in the afternoon, and I hoped that would be all. Instead of that, it rained down streams half the night, and I awoke telling the spirit of my own loving d'wife how home-sick it made me. I had just determined that if I could get the cotton planting

not then feel so deeply
what a day or two more
would mean to my feel-
ings. I shall know in fu-
ture, sweet Lov. As it is, I
shall spend a part of the aft-
ernoon at Belle, visiting some
alfalfa fields, if the weather
permits. Then, if I don't
change my mind, I will
take an afternoon or an early
morning train to St. Louis,
which is about twenty-four
hours distant. My plan
is to "attend mass" Easter
in St. Louis, and visit the

exposition grounds in the
afternoon. Early next morn-
ing I will visit the Shaw-
Botanic Gardens, then the
mushroom caves at Pacific,
starting for Paris again that
afternoon. This is all
plan, Sweetness, but I
think it will go through.
If it is still raining when
I return to Paris, I can't do
anything but leave the work
to Mr. Crooks, with very mi-
nute directions which I have
written out. I would dis-
like to do that, ^{but} it would
be the best I could do. I

done Friday (today) afternoon,
I would not go to St. Louis,
as, after all, it seemed better
to lose so much time
for; and then I would soon
be at home with my Dolly
Sweet Dumpling. Since the
cotton planting, however, could
not now be done until Monday
there seemed no reason why
I should not go. It makes
me tired that I arranged
the possibility of the trip.
In the first place, I did not
think that von Schrenk
would send the pass; and
in the second place, I did

28 III 1902

have bought all the chemicals, planned the plate and everything.

Persis, my own true divine Lover I wish I could see you, could have the satisfaction of drawing you close in my arms, and I would kiss you many, many times, and not let you go for a week.

Yesterday afternoon I found a nice fat letter at the post office. In it were two days of the sweet journal which my Darling is keep-

make me want her more.
I am so sorry that Leewie
cannot come to see us.
I will write Warr to try
to meet me at a junction
station, but I have no
idea that he will get
the letter in time, - off
from the railroad as he
is.

Next Friday morning
I shall be at home, and
only my Glover knows
how I long for that time

to come.

It is like waiting for
the 16th, Deane, isn't it?
Whoever thought I should
have to wait again! And
yet it is very sweet to look
forward to it with such
anticipation.

I must mail my
letter at Bonham, which
is the next station, I think.
With all my love, sweet
Littya Divinie I am
Your loving Husband

ing for me, and I heard
every word of them. Mother's
letter, too, was there, telling
me that she was having
a nice time with her new
sweet-daughter, in spite
of bad roads and little
doing.

It will be an age of
ages till I get a letter a-
gain; but it is my own
fault, and that is why
I am ill content. I love
my little Duckessa, and
every day away from her

2. Wallis, Alabama.
Monday, P.M.

My dear I' Husband -

I miss you so
and want you so much to - night.
Don't you feel ^{up} near you, sweetheart?
I have so longed for you all
day. To - night two dear letters
came from ma nix and
made the little wife so happy.
It has rained here all day

and I haven't been able to send any letter to the post-office since
yesterday's letter sent early this morning.

You must excuse this little note, dear heart. I am so sleepy, but
I don't want the day to pass without having told my own husband how
his Paris love him.

We are all very happy here. I am sitting before the fire in
my slippers - robe. Come and kiss me.

I will write you a long letter tomorrow. Good night, dear son.

Dream of your own, dear
Mama.

Further and further send a great deal of love.