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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.

Re M. FLAHAULT

16 rue Jean des Ballons
Montpellier, France.

Feb. 1st, 1906.

My darling "Rory," (B.M. DOUGLAS)
(IN ENGLISH)

The hours since you left this morning are like centuries, but despite them we are well and happy. After you left, to console myself, I invited your daughter to come into my warm nook, but she rejected the offer with scorn. To night, however, she says she will come with me. We have just returned from Madame Flahault's. I arose before eight this morning and after washing dishes and "straightening" things, time being heavy on her hands, so Louis and I got ourselves ready to go out to dinner. We left here at eleven o'clock as I had an impression that we always took an hour. But as we sought our train immediately it took my little time to reach the Buffonni

Garden where we wandered about
at will until I thought it time
to ring the Flabault bell. It has
been a beautiful day and I was
glad to see a little more of the
garden. There are still many parts
which I have not explored - my
husband being a peasant! We had
a very nice luncheon consisting
of "Bouclier à la reine", Beefsteak
and potatoes, wurst and salad,
Mrs F.'s famous desert of mountain-
jelly which is always very nice, and
"milk-balls" little cakes, candied fruit
and dates. M. Flabault had to hurry
off as this is the afternoon of
his excursion. The dinner was a little
late, too, as after he came in, a
gentleman, his wife, and two little
children made a short call. This gentle-
man is a teacher of history in Sedan
and only stopped over a train on his
way to Marville from which place I

think they sail. He donated, I think,
the sedition hanging in the Flabault
nitude. Lucie had a fine time
playing with the children in the
little garden after "dinner" and the
madame & I had our coffee out
there. Then we adjourned to the parlor
to get warmer and the madame waited
in getting a foot-warmer for me.
The way she fixed it was this - it was
almost filled with wood ashes from previous
times, and on this bed she put some
lin. wood-coals & hot ashes. It did very
well, but of course didn't last long. Then
Madame who was really charming
today, brought down a book of pictures
of her friend Nancy which is very
interesting architecturally. She told me
how she met M. Flabault while on one
of her annual visits here "chez le directeur".
The wife of the director asked her to go
on one of M. Flabault's excursions &
presented her to him. Madame had on

that day a belt buckle with a double
design, which seeing, M. Labault
resembled "Vivez l'Alsace, Vivez la France",
and she summed up the Lorraine
motto - Who would we pick & prize, but
as there is a sense of "picotee" meaning
to tease there evidently was more spirit
in her reply than is translatable.
At least 40 years successive years after
that he asked her seven successive
times to marry him and each time
she refused but on the eighth she capitulated.
She had her father whom she
didn't want to leave, and he had
eight sons, absolutely penniless,
which he brought up & educated. Her
whole family, who lived on the frontier,
were reduced after the Prussian
war and he educated himself without
asking one sou from his mother, & really
was a gardener in Paris at 1 franc
a week or some such absurd figure.
Madame appeared to great advantage

I II 1906

Today, and I am filled with remorse. She has accepted our invitation for Sunday. She explained that the Prof. didn't want to so he refused all invitations but she insisted to him that this wasn't one of ordinary nature so that you will see them Sunday. My mind was so busy trying to understand all that was said & to find out if they were really coming that I didn't explain, as I meant to, how very simple and informal it would be. M. Flahault said that when I wrote you, I must send you his affectionate greetings. Madame gave Louis a pretty bunch of flowers one of which Louis says is for you. She is talking of you constantly and insists that you come "dold zuriick."

We didn't go to school this afternoon as I staid with the Madame

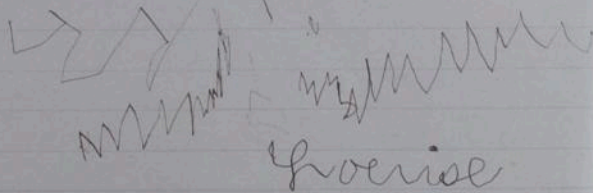
until half past two. We found
the fire burning upon our return,
and Laurie and I have "grated".

The dear little soul divided her
meat & her chocolate with you
& put them aside for you.

So far no letters have come, and
as yet I haven't commenced my
work. I have, however, put the Car-
tridges in the revolver, and nothing
happened. "Voilà tout" that
has filled our day, except the
thousand and one thoughts of
you & the deep, deep love that
fills both the hearts of your two

MARIE R. DUGAN Girls -

Laurie wants to add this Postscript.


Groerise



Hôtel & Café Chalon

CASINO DU XX^{me} SIÈCLE

Cyprien Chalon

PROPRIÉTAIRE

Sur la Place, à BEDOIN (Vaucluse)

Bedoin, le 1^{er} Feb. 1906

Ma bien aimée.

Arbitré par le sommet de Mont Ventoux, toute près de la région de la truffe, par excellence, je me trouve ce soir. Bedosias est un petit village des petits villages. Néanmoins, j'y a tel abondance des hôtels (dit- moi qu'est ce qu'un hôtel du village?) que je n'ose pas revenir à Carpentras sans en d'essayer.

Comment vont mes chéries, la grande et la petite? Il y a longtemps que je n'en ai pas eu des nouvelles; et moi, je suis tout à fait désolé que je ne puis pas embrasser toutes les deux. Mais oui, mais oui - mais oui - oui - oui - oui, ma Marie, c'est toi qui a commandé ce voyage travailable, cet absence épouvantable. Oh bien, je voir dans l'espoir - excuse me if I make the change middle side forward and begin in love on my mother tongue, for I hear but a few minutes now and must say things fast. What I started out to say was that I will be glad to get home to my sweetheart of the old days, Ma Mie of the present.

As to the day and the size thereof. Well, I saw Arignon in the hour and twenty minutes that I had to wait there for a train, arrived at Carpentras at 9:15, failed to see one of my men, saw my mechanic, got letters from him to Bedoin,

went back to see my first man and caught him,
got letters from him, lunched, took the post wagon
to Bedouin (17 Kilometers!), found one of my men,
insisted on a truffle hunt right away, drove five
km. to find some men at the business, say
the pigs do the work right under the shade
of old Ventoux, took some pictures, returned while
it was becoming deuced dark, and damned cold, warmed
up, ate all they gave me, must remain here
until the 8th of Dec tomorrow, and am now get-
ting ready for bed in a hurry. How is that for
a day's work?

Sweet Lon, I think my original plan
will have to hold. I will be in Caspertrac tomorrow for
market, and as there is no truffle hunting that
day I feel as if I must go again Saturday for fear the
pictures I took this afternoon were in light too weak.
In all of which case I will arrive, or am booked to
arrive Saturday night at 11:06, and not at 10:30.

Could'n't Mlle C- leave the door unlocked for me?
Then if you would only lock the door to the bed room I could
awaken you without knocking down the other, you see.

Love to you and to your dear little gishie - my
little sister -, and much of it Honey, and used
I go to make up for good long hours of work and draw-
ing. Here's hoping you had a good day at the
F.I.'s, and here's again to the "Medaille d'or".

Your own loving
Hubertus.

Feb 5th 1905.

My dear Son

I have been fooling around all the morning waiting for the letter to come, so that I could take it up & then sit down to my writing as it is nearly 12 o'clock & I am just excited to write. This is one of our really chilly days, a wind that makes one shiver, the sun & the clouds are having a contention, I do hope the sun will prevail & we will have some more bright days, we enjoyed the sunbathing so much last week & hoped good weather would last until after the Bishop's visit, a wash off today. A little rain would soften the roads & make the roads better to travel over but we can't regulate the weather. I think your letter came after mine was mailed & it is unopened - I was very sorry to hear Louise had been sick but as the chicken pox did not go very hard with her I think it will also be over with it, measles & whooping cough yet to come, the younger she is, the easier it will be for her to get through with those diseases that all children must have. Yes, I am sure her sweet little face was much missed at the dinner table, by this time she must be at "school".

again, enjoying herself with the children. I am pleased to hear that your friend Dr. Brown has a good appointment. I believe your father asked me to go to the Baptist church to have a Presbyterian minister who was to fill the Baptist pulpit, we went over but the preacher did not come so after a little talk with the Davis family, the only persons there, we walked on the church yard awhile & then came home to find some patients waiting for your father, Sunday is a great time for the doctors to come to the Dr.

The mail came on as I stopped to read a note from sister Sally, she enclosed notes she had received from Beanie & Lucy Briggs who was staying a while at Kenwood, they talk of home each Johnny was several nights, but next day he would have his buggy & drive around the place. Lucy thinks he is in a very bad fix, but as she says there is no telling about him. Beanie tries to have some one settle there all the time. Sister Sally thinks of going down Saturday on Theo's wagon to Farmdale & get out to Kenwood some way. Beanie has been staying there about a week, now Beanie is with Mary, one or the other of the twins stay with her most of the time, I wish she would then help with boarders, & servants hard to get, some times Mary has

wait on the table herself.

2 O'clock, Dinner is over, I must try to finish my letter you see how long it takes me to write with the interruptions I have. It looks now as if we might have snow, is turning colder, it is a fortunate thing for me I suppose if we had good weather your father would run off to Mobile to the meeting of 'Gane Savers' & I would have to ask the Boarders to take me in. Fred is looked for a speech, he spoke at Thobly last week, there was a complete meeting notice of it in one of the papers.

Paulson had made several attempts to have his hay loaded but did not succeed until last week, he went to Gallon Monday put the press in place & packed & hauled to two cabins near by, about 300 bales, finished up Friday night. I was as I can hope he would spend the night with us but he went as he had done every night to Pinettown with his men & mules & I did not see him at all. They returned through the fields to Gallon, or by the depot & Allenville through the De Boer place into the Farmdale road, did not have to pass by Pinetteville, this road is too bad.

The general stiffness of my joints is better but my right

elbow & fingers on my right hand are sore & some-
times very painful, that is why I write so badly. Sister
Sally & my self have had rheumatism so long I don't
suppose we can ever be free from it, it is an inheritance.
Grand Mother Adams had it very badly, & aunt Elizabeth
Wilson (Father's sister) died of it, we got it from both sides.
Saturday Syd came & plowed about half our new garden.
I insisted we should put in some peas, sweetened &
radishes, wanted to plant some early turneps but we
did not have time. It is a satisfaction to know some-
thing is in to spring up with the next mild spell. We
had some very nice outside today, last fall's planting, we
are very fond of "greens". Peter's boy don sent over
some jelly & syllabub, enough for yesterday & today, she
could not have suited me better in a desert.
Minnie must be getting accustomed to cold weather if she
has decided to remain in Dresden. I was thinking we
would walk down to see Mrs. Batte but I heard she had
gone to Demopolis, she can't be content at home. I wish
I had something interesting to tell you, give much love to
our girls, keep them for me, with much love for yourself.
Your devoted Mother.

Blossoms Adhered to Feb. 5th, 1906 letter



Gibburn,
Alabama

February 6, 1906

Dear grandmother,
the baby can smile
already and her name
is Dorothy.

I planted some
pumpkins last
spring and they
are living now,
but they are not
blooming.

I have started to
school and I am
in the second
grade and third
grade, and we play-

Feb 6, 1906

ed Throwing
rings and trying
to throw ^{them} in a hole.
I gave brother a
little blue quinine
bottle for a big
red ^{paper} cow about
four inches tall
not counting the
head.

your loving
grandson Ambrose

12 rue Jean du Ballon
Mantelbelles, France.
Feb. 7th, 1916.

My dear dearest Daddy -

I have "concur-ried" and have the pleasure of telling you that I received honorable mention. The prize was a gold medal won by Mademoiselle Pasje and which of course I couldn't expect to get. I tried the examination in a class of twelve all of whom had been in the course of design for three years. I entered late in the turn and moreover painted flowers while the others were designing cloaks and all sorts of things attempting only once a design & that for a silver tea-pot. I went into the examination wholly unprepared thinking it was only for one afternoon & that the subject would be flowers, but, instead, ^{it was for a week} as I told you, the subject was to design a corset of crystal & silver. My design

said previous to seeing mine that there's more to it in
green glass, and they deliberately watched how I did it -
but their colors are in just the same way. It was provoking
but laughable, too, to see that they were willing to take ideas
even from a novice in order to gain a prize! Ben says
he is going to frame my "honorable mention" but I would
rather have the design carried out!

Everyone is getting in readiness for Carnival. The shop
murders hair brothing but wigs, masks & carnival costumes
are plentiful and to-day they are putting a high wooden
fence around the "Esplanade" & erecting wooden "bleachers",
such as we have at foot-ball games, to accommodate the
spectators of the "Corso" and battle of confetti. Sunday in
spite of a cold wind lots of people were out in various
some with beautiful silk & velvet costumes. Any number
of children were in costume and others evidently of middle
age parents were allowed to mix with the heterogeneous crowd
of masqueraders. Fully half of the "Pierrots" in their clown
costume were women so could be told by their shoes & calves
and I imagine that at real carnival time all nice
people are quite content to look on. These French people
are like children - any little thing amuses them. They
crowd the streets & parks on the slightest pretext. Sunday
there must have been thousands out & suddenly twenty
or thirty masqueraders would join hands & run whirling
among them & creating greatest commotion. Every night
now there are masquerade balls & foolishness runs riot
until Ash-Wednesday. I imagine there must be a
great deal of sickness from exposure in these thin
costumes. At Larive's little kindergarten now they are
going to have a play at Carnival time.

We have seen so much of the French people this winter
that I love America & Americans more & more. We

was much more simple than any
of the others which, as seems to be found
Tartar, are overlaid with ornament.
When I saw them all spread out
ready for the jury to judge next
day I felt sore I stood no chance
at all especially when the director
said that as the school had no
glass factory nor connection with a silver
smith, but has a course in ceramics
the prize would be given to the design
which could not be carried out in faience.
So I have my proud & happy & leave
the honourable mention. But did you
ever hear of such a thing - to give
a subject in delicate glass ornamented
with silver & then give the prize to the
design which could not be carried out
in china! Another thing which was ex-
actly vice was that this wretched
prize-winner & the madame who
set me deliberately adopted my
idea of putting the design in
iridescent glass when they had

Feb. 7, 1906

laughed at Miss Munnie's sweeping
declarations that "The Germans
are disagreeable and very difficult
to understand." But now I am
quite willing to say that "The
French are vulgar & the less
you understand them the better."
Of course these are exceptions but
they only serve to prove the rule.
The Klahauelets are delightful
exceptions. Louis & I went to call.
There are morning last week to
invite them all to come & take
dinner at the hotel with us
Sunday. When the Madame
found out that Ben was going
to Arignon next day she asked
me to come to lunch with them
next day & Louis & little Maguerite
could have a fine time playing to-
gether. This we did & had a
very pleasant time. Ben left
Wednesday night or rather Thursday
morning at three o'clock for Arignon.

He had two houses there and the
greenhouse in which some he saw
the tree & then went on to Carpentras
the most important truffle market
in France. There he had letters to
some men who took him up to a
little village "Beduin", up in the
mountains & he got some fine
photographs of truffle hunting with
pigs. He had a very successful
trough reaching this having seen
the pig market day at Carpentras
the processing factory & having marked
some good "truffiers" so that if he
gets a Carnegie grant to help him out
he can come back there in June
to get the young stages of the truffle
- something very difficult to find -
as they have no odor & ^{really} dogs nor pigs
can find them. Some of Beduin's
truffles in culture are beginning
to grow so that he is very hopeful
as to his investigations. In
Algeria he hopes to get species

which are found only there.

I hear the start of a horn coming near. I had heard it every morning and the currier shrill cry of "Caillé!" "Caillé!" But had never looked out to see what it was. The other day Lucie & I were out on the balcony when this man with the horn came along the street - a picturesque figure with his short blue smock, white collar, peasant cap - felt shoes with his basket on one arm & in the other hands his shining milk pail. He has a currier's quick little walk so as not to disturb the contents of his pail which I found to be clabbers. He blows a blast on his horn, opens the door of a vestibule on one side of the street, shrills out "Caillé" then across the street & another door "Caillé" and down come the "bonnes" of all the different "stages" & "menages" bringing their white plates into which he carefully ladles out three ladles full of clabbers in exchange for a few "sous". I haven't found

out what he has in his basket yet - a few paper packages - cheese perhaps - and some long slender green things, hardly asparagus. I must ask Madame.

We had a very nice dinner at the hotel Sunday & I think the Chabaults enjoyed themselves. It was quite a concession on the Proprietor's part as he makes it a rule never to go out to dinner or déjeuner. They always have people at their home, but I suppose as he is so well known that he would be compelled to accept many invitations by courtesy if he didn't strictly follow his rule & thereby lose a great deal of time.

The Juris sail for home April 11th and on are trying to decide on July 17th sailing to Montreal. How happy I shall be to see you both my darling & dear wife and all the other dear ones too. Kiss dearest name a hundred times for me and for your precious self keep a heart full of love from
Ben & Lucie send love & kisses
Will & I have to stay too completely by myself here?
Yours own
Marie.

Feb 12th 1906.

My dear Son

Until about 11 o'clock today I was turning around like a top, getting ~~very~~ things fixed to receive the Bishop for a 1 o'clock dinner with us, when lo & behold a messenger came that he would not make his intended visit, it seems Mr Harris sent us a card ~~stating~~ ^{saying} saying he would not come, but the card is not to arrive, we could only learn anything by telephone. When my preparations came to an end I could not write because Mr Hatch was in the room & then from Father was talking around & talking he has at last started to see a patient & I am left alone to a very nice dinner, tho I did not have all I intended, a nice pot of soup & a fat duck were already on. I was going to fix the table prettily, had made my center piece, a pyramid like, byacinths (white) & green rose leaves in

the first bowl (gloves) in that I put a champagne
glass, under spreading, with violet & violet leaves, it
looks so pretty, on each plate I intended having a
little bunch of violets, buttonholes for the gentlemen.
We buried our selves very much giving notice of
absence for 3 o'clock this evening. Walked around to the
"Bot Woods", also to send Daves to let them know the
teachers went to school ^{this morning} on Monday dear, that she
might having through lessons & go to church, the children
all wanted to go as there was disappointment all
around. We saw by the paper that the Bishop was in
Tuscaloosa yesterday instead of Birmingham, still we
thought he would be with us today. It is all very well
if he will come at a better season. People are just
beginning to go from here to Gallien in buggies, & not
many would have turned out on a week day to church.
I was very glad to have your letter last week, after
mine had gone to you. I think Maria had a right
difficult subject, hope she was able to get through with
it to her satisfaction, it was unfortunate for her that

Louise could not go to school just at that time.
I suppose she is all right now. I am afraid you are
getting a little hazy in your geography, Oklahoma &
N. Wisconsin separate territories, the I believe now
Okla & Indian Territory form a state, & N. Mexico &
Arizona a state. There has been in N. Mexico about
two years. I think we spoke of it when you were here. I
am not surprised at your forgetting, the wonder to
me is that you remember so much, any one who goes
about so much, sees so much & studies so much can't
remember every thing, but you remember Fanny
Robinson I reckon, she is on a visit to her Mother
Mies down & I intended walking up to see her some
day evening but Miss Lou had company to spend
the day I sent to know if we could make the
visit this evening but she replied she could not
leave her Mother, she has a sore finger, a quinsy.
Spoked it & it appears to be rising. I must go over
this evening to see her. I am sorry you have to

change lodgings again, you might not be so
conveniently situated to the Kindergarten, I wonder if
Louise will like the pension as well, not so much
freedom for her I should think as in your apartments.
I am afraid you will miss around so much that you
will not be satisfied in our place any more.
We are to ship Peck as soon as possible a peck of our
peas to plant in his bottom land near Habsburg,
I think they are the best flavored sorts I ever ate, I
wish you & Maria had some to try. Peck went to the
horticultural meeting at Thoresby, it is a colony,
between Montgomery & Birmingham, he was entertain-
ed in a family of highly educated Dames, found
them very interesting, only fruits & vegetables are raised
in the colony, he said he was in a house where
2000 bushels of potatoes were stored. He visited some
trying to get persons to make some experiments for
him, spent nearly a week. They have at least a
week but a very uncertain one he said, often rich, &

not heard from your Uncle John for some days,
suppose he is no worse. Saturday sister Sally expect-
ed to go down in a wagon to spend some days
with him. I hope she was able to go. Please Ben
excuse this badly written letter, as many mistakes, the
few will make letters I don't intend to make. I have
not seen Ruben in a long time, suppose he is well. I
wrote asking him to come down today but I did not
think he would. Tom Rafter has not returned, would
write me in love to you all if he were here, kiss
my dear little girl for me, bless her heart. How I do
want to see her.

Yours devoted
Mother.

Read Hall
Columbia, Missouri

Feb. 13, 1906.

My dear Mrs. Duggar:

First let me explain that this is the only thin paper in the house and I hope that you will excuse its "official" leading.

I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciated your words of greeting and congratulation. I sent your letter to Mr. Greene at once, and I think that he has been more prompt than I, but he did not have over eighty-five notes to acknowledge as I do; neither does he have 375 university girls to call on, or make - or rather direct the making of a trancheau. However, if he had had all of these to do, he probably would have done them - for he is never "found waiting" when weighed in the balance.

This is a great day today. Besides its being eight months since our engagement, it is the day set apart for the commencement of our home - which, you know, is to be just across from you. Mr. Fildes is to build the house for Mr. Greene. Perhaps you would be interested to know that the oak tree on Mr. Greene's lot which Mrs. Spaulding said made you all feel as if you had the "D.T.'s" is chopped down and will be buried in our fire-places. It is the only one of the five which had to be sacrificed and was not so beautiful a tree as the one Mr. Babb had to cut down in the middle of his lot.

Last night Arthur and I were talking over our domestic future and I told him that I understood you were going to bring a French maid home with you and that you would

not have a competent friend who would like
to come along to live with us as our cook. I think
I should have very little trouble with the French and
Arthur could make himself understood. We had
expected Mrs. Mass's French "Cannille" to get us one
and it is not definitely settled that she cannot,
but if you and we could have friends, they could
keep each other happy. We plan to pay \$12.00 a month
and the passage (steerage) ^{I suppose}. I want a girl who can cook
well, do dining-room work, general house-work
(and if possible, iron). Is it true that you are going
to bring one? Would you in any case be willing
to allow a girl for us to "look" on the steamer as
your personal servant? The laws on both sides
of the water are now very exacting, I believe vs.
"contracting" for labor. I do hope that you can and
will be willing to do this for us. Arthur said to tell
you that he would re-emburse you or send on her
passage money, whichever Dr. Duggar preferred.
Are you planning to bring a Parisian? Or someone
from Montpellier - and is that French like the Parisian
or a patois? When do you expect to land in N.Y.
- We hope to be back here by Aug. first.

The wedding is to be a home one in the last
half of June. I have worked very hard and have
most of my things finished. My gowns are to be
made in the second week in April in N.C.

Hoping that you are all well and that we
may hear from you favorably and soon, I am
with greetings to you all,

Very sincerely yours,
Mary Ann Abbott Lewis.

To: Mrs. G. L. Moore
Wash. D. C.

12 rue Jean de Belle
Montpelier France.
Feb. 15th, 1916.

Dearest Lady,

The lovely picture
arrived a few days ago, and
I can't thank you enough
for it. In itself it is very
attractive and adds a charm
to our petite appartement, beside
being the sweet face of my
dear friend and her darling
little Harriet. Prof. and

Mrs. de la Harpe took
dinner with us the day
after it arrived and I took
great pride in showing it
to them and in their
admiration.

We are still having beautiful
sunny weather and, except for
a cough which has remained
with Marie Louise since chicken
pox, we are all well and busy.
Lucie I must say, I think I have
received honorable mention in
design in the "concours" for the

"medaille d'or" at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.
Except for this and a few rumfurs on the
inventory. Taking in the churches on these
little repetitions - not even a fine mine
on have been here. In the church troubles
most of the old women of the town take
part often sleeping in the churches on night
and trying to barricade the doors. Monday,
several of the students at the Ecole took
part and a few were killed.

King Carnival has arrived in town
and "Coros" take place almost every
night in the Esplanade. We haven't
seen much of them as we are keeping
our enthusiasm for the last few days
before Ash Wednesday. We saw, however,
the procession of soldiers, their officers, and
military band, lighted by I don't know
how many Japanese lanterns, go down
to meet "The King" at the depot, and then
escort him with his merry marshes
through the streets of the city. Can you
imagine American army officers enjoying
such a task? They seem to use the
military for any old thing in France.

Feb 15, 1906

This afternoon Marie Louise
and I went over to the Esplanade
to hear the military band (60
instruments) give the music from
Parsifal. As usual there were
crowds of people, and any
number of children, many of
things were in costume & masque.

One can always get a seat
in the parks here because of the
great stacks of chairs which are
rented out at 2 cents each.

Marie Louise sends you
and little "Famiet" sweetest
hello. How she is growing!

She with some cease to be "Baby
Carriet" and insist upon
being called a girl as does
Indie Louise!

With very, very much love
and many thanks, I am

Ever lovingly yours

Maria R. Duggan.

when I saw they had the wanted to come to see them but another came in, she never wanted
to see her any more, but this other
child, begged her to come to see
her, saying that she wanted
to see her, but was not at all interested in
the matter, he is not much thought
of, or looking for only 6 or 7 years
more, it is a good thing when
I think I don't know what is
the matter with this girl, then
she says they are just well
when I hear from him.
We with I like a pack of
papers to find on the
confronted part of his last
name appears of all sorts
with I have a number
of them, I have done for me
with I have done for me
all, have done for me
with I have done for me

I enjoyed your last letter very
much, must try to answer it before some
interruption comes up, come how I feel as if
Fanny Allen will be here this morning, I have
Mrs Allen came for her yesterday, & they will
leave Wednesday for home. Last Tuesday evening
your Father & myself walked up to see for
to allow to see her, it looked as much like rain
that I was rather afraid to go but your Father
said we would have no rain, we had not been
there half an hour when it began to sprinkle,
we started off at a double quick, hoping the
sprinkle would soon be over but instead the
rain came harder & we walked all the way
home in it, fortunately I took my parcel, sorry

is only my shirt over coat, the path became
so slippery I could scarcely keep from falling, but
we reached home safely with a plenty of mud on
shirts & shoes. Harry has two fine children, a
boy & girl, the girl is very pretty, much like her parent.
Harry is losing his good looks. Dan came from
Michigan (with his ^{& five children} & family) to spend a few days
before returning to Japan. Mr. Van Cullen's health is
not much better but he is going away now.

Today is a lovely day, the sun is bright & warm,
we are having remarkably good weather for Feb. I
would like to walk down this evening to see Mrs
Katake, we could get there in the buggy, but it is so
terribly rough, I would rather walk. Yesterday was a
lovely day too, Ruben came down & spent the day
is looking very well, as fast his clothes are all too
tight for him, he always fattens in winter on hog,
& sweet potatoes, I tried to keep him all night but

he said he must be home to be about planting
some corn, says he is rather backward in plowing
the ground was so wet. The swamp road was not yet
passable for a cart even, as it will be a week or so
days yet before we can go to Lanesville. I think I
will go to Fannedale Thursday, go out to Kenwood,
return with you Saturday afternoon when he
comes back from Selma, he speaks of attending the
Fannies Institute then Friday & Saturday. I have not
heard lately how Johnny is.

There are wonderful things in the Old World as the
natives! The idea of hunting truffles with pigs! Poor
things they have to practice a great deal of self-
denial, I know they want to eat them - how are
they kept from it? I suppose it is right feeding
sport, more is than shooting game, always favorite
sport, he keeps 3 bird dogs although he can't spare much
time to hunt. I see in the American a mention
of the little town going up near Fairford, a good

many emigrants have settled there, will garden &
grow fruits. These northern people are cutting down all
our forests. Letter from Fanny last week reported all
well, the children doing nicely at school. (Andrew goes
now) & on Saturday made themselves very useful helping
to clean the house. I will put in Andrew's letter, he wrote
without any assistance Fanny said. The children all
have a remarkable turn for Arithmetic, stand high
in their classes. I have not had a letter from Sam
since the one I enclosed you, I have been so anxious
about him, for I know how severe the weather has
been out there. I am as glad the winter is nearly
over & every month that paper brings you that much
near home. I will think of Louise on her birth day.
I wish she could spend it with us, it is hard to
realize she will be three years old. One of our country
school girls was married not long ago. Louise McFadden,
she had been spending the winter at Judge Houlden's,
one morning early started, nicely & went down town, met
her father & they went to the Methodist parsonage &
were married, her family knew nothing of it until she
telegraphed them after the ceremony. They were terribly distressed.

I have been enjoying the weather
immensely as we have had
the sitting room heated by
stove. Consequently no other
look or smoke. I feel
like a lady once more. I would
be to unhinder you a heart
if you could spare me this
summer. I have just sent
you an unhindered spirit.

afforded. - Mr "Papa" never
had such high ideas, &
I will think it very valuable
for Encores. Well &c.

I think of you hourly my
Darling & wonder how you
feel: Do you suffer from
nausea or indigestion?

Bromide of Potash is good
for that. also may vomica.
I used to give Alice Robalon
the latter. Do you expect to
be confined in the Hospital?
& is Aggie going to visit you
in March or April? Kiss

& material for a quilt; it is
of silk & lace or something
like it. Mr. Land lady looks
most a person. Looks very
mildly & we enjoy everything
she puts on table. She was
once a housekeeper for a wealth
y family in Kentucky, &
her house is kept scrupulously
clean & neat. Very different
from Mrs. Dyer. As she is
sick & old, & depends on for
whole help. But I love Mrs.
Dyer very much & was happy

in her home. She is going
next week to Hot Springs
for her health. I hope we
will be able to go there too. So
that I can be cured forever
of my neuralgia. Mrs. Dyer
will see that we get comfortable
board. As she was board
in a poor family.
Willie has not written her
father yet what they expect
to do here in regard to the hotel.
^{James} They wanted to enlarge a
fortune out of it & were dis

to a friend, whom
I have, when
Walter, painted in
the hospital this
evening, and then
my father, with
me as usual
love to you all &
a kiss to Anne
Henderson
Mother.

Feb. 26th 1902

My father this morning have been so
winded, & the pleasurable quiet of having been a
little while that I feel almost too contented to write
but this is your day for a letter & I know you will
excuse imperfections, it is strange how even pleasure
affects me now, but I know it is old age, & I have
lived such a quiet monotonous life of later years.
Now Father went to Helena Friday to a Hanna's Institute.
I went as far as Hannadale, telephoned to Howard & the
carriage was sent right out for me. I heard at P. that
Uncle John had one of his bad spells, when I concluded
then the worst of it was over, but he was in bed all day.
The trained nurse they have is very efficient, she used
the remedies she thought suitable & a good effect was
soon perceptible, the family was much alarmed & I do
not know what they would have done without her. Dr.
Groom was telephoned for, he left home Saturday morning &
should have been there to dinner but was left at Maria's
invitation as he could not reach Howard until Saturday
night, so the carriage was sent to the mid day train. He

carriage brought me a card from your Father saying
Fred would come over with him Saturday night. I
intended staying in ~~some~~ until Monday but of course
wanted to see Fred & as the carriage had to go in
again for Dr Carson I went in it, & such a ride as I
had. We had had a terrible rain all morning & evening
& hole was full of water, the driver thought we were
late, & he drove as hard as he could, slipping with an
ounce into holes & ruts, but on he went & I was very
glad of it. I rushed into the depot to hear the train was
an hour or more late. Uncle Ben caught a glimpse of us in
an "mad dash" as Miss Ann used to say down the
street for the depot. He came down & asked me to go to
their room & wait instead of at the depot. I walked
up on the muddy, slippery plankings & sat until the
hour was nearly out, after reaching the depot we had to
wait nearly another hour before the train came. I saw Father
& Fred came on & we reached Father's safely. ~~How can~~ & how
has been left there the day before, we lived a horse for Fred
& I had another bad ride, you can hardly imagine the
water that was in the coach & we had only star light
to travel by. I certainly was glad to be put out at our
gate on the grass. The next thing for me was to come in

the house, finish mantles, light lamps & fire, & then
hunt up something for supper, about a bed for Fred
& so on. It was eleven o'clock before we thought of going to
bed. I telephoned from Kenwood to the store, to send
Rueben word to come down Sunday, his soon happened
to be there & he came, so we had a pleasant day together,
only Fred left at 4 o'clock said he would spend the
night in Cambridge & go to visit John today. I was
sorry to give up that much of his time, still, I was
glad for him to make Johnny's visit. I expected to
say Johnny was up Saturday morning & that evening
took a ride in his buggy. Jessie went with him.
I wish him to go back some time to finish my visit.
Fred is looking well & happy in spite of much work &
that he has children to care for, he is planning already
for a trip this summer. I hope he will have it.
We were very glad to have your letter to your Father, &
to hear that Annie came out so well in the contest, I
think she did wonders. To get even the second prize.
Lorimer is developing only the talent for writing, it
must be quite an amusement to her. I wish she had
some of my old magazines to cut out the pictures, and

a pair of sound pointed scissors she could not hurt
herself. I think you had a fine dinner for the Shabazz.
We are having your winter over & we have had very
pleasant weather, with the exception of the rain the other
day, however the sun came out that evening & yesterday
was bright & almost mild enough to do without fire, even
morning (I could not write much before dinner) it has blown
up & there is a high cold wind blowing strong and fast.
Benjamin went to Wichita this morning to get up some of
his hogs that were out & annoying Davis Collins. I hope he
will be back here tonight. The Mc Collins family leave today
for Japan, he is as thin as a rail, looks as if this wind
might blow him away, the Dr advises him not to return
but he will go. No letter from Wren yet, & my young Dr
overlooked me last week, you are the only one I now
count on for a letter regularly once a week, & it is such a
pleasure to have your letters. I read Uncle John about the
gray truffle hunt, he seemed much interested. Chadwick
& his wife (Lilly) live at Newwood, S. - helps about his
Hortens business. We had an invitation to the marriage of
Walter Collins to Corie Killelt of No 4, she attended to