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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.

P. L. Young Foster
says next time
he sends a paper
he will put on
some shells so
look out for them.

July 1st 1901

These hot days the boys get away suddenly I can scarcely realize this is the 1st of July if the thermometer is above 90 are the shades at 11 o'clock. We have had some good rains & of course it is a little cooler than last week, when we were burning up. Yesterday at dinner time we had a refreshing shower, Frank Ward drove up and the sunset of it, but was only a little damp, he said he made four attempts to come, had to lie down each time, to get a little strength, was so weak he actually staggered in, you see he has turned out all the strength gained on the visit to Greensboro but would go back after sunset, and would do anything with him, his ranks increase with his age. Yesterday he was like a child talking about how he would spend the 4th. Ward says that will be a great day in Virginia, he expects to spend it in Waco, 10 miles away, the town is half in Virginia & half in the U. S., so he can say he has seen Virginia. Ben I am so glad you write to him, evidently he appreciated your confidence, he does not say much but I understand him pretty well. I had a long letter from him a few days ago. He is a regular miner, digging ore at 400 to 500 feet below the surface, it is dreadful to me to think of his working in such a place, & with such rough people, how a man could as he has been can stand it. I can't see, he says the place is considered unhealthy in summer but that he

keeps well & weighs 160 pounds, more than he usually does in summer. One month he works 10 hours at night, the next 10 hours of the day, night work is necessary to keep the five furnaces running; silver, a small portion of gold, & copper are all found.

We are still expecting every mail to hear when Bollings' family will be down. I am so glad of the rain to make the beans fill out & other vegetables grow. I thought everything would burn up before they came. Your Father gathered some peaches to put by to ripen for them, also a few very nice peaches. I wish Stevey would drop in to get a taste, the birds have left very few. He said his next letter would tell us when he would come, he was waiting to get a case off hand.

Your Father sends some papers not so much that they are new as that they are local. News is scarce with us, everything is quiet, it is so warm most people stay at home & try to keep cool, but a young lady of our acquaintance will leave the heat & be married. ~~Harvard~~ Wednesday week in the Baptist church at the delightful hour of 4 1/2 o'clock in the afternoon, Oliver Collins, to Mrs. Mc. Britchen of Shreveport, another Collins added to the S. A. colony. Willie Robinson is to be married over there too. He is in the employment of Gen. Allen (Calhoun).

Had expects to start on a tour of Institute work in North Carolina about the 17th will hardly return before Aug 1st, then they want him at our Institute in Wilmington, if he comes we may expect a short visit from him. I wrote & asked him to bring the children but

at the time did not think that he might come by our way from La. Mrs Taylor writes the date could be fixed to visit him. Mrs Taylor was so pleased with Fred, wife, & children. Fred received a second batch of letters from friends in Raleigh and giving him to let his name go up for the place but he wrote me he thought he could do more good in Auburn, that conditions there were more favorable for a happy life for all of them & that with his Advertiser work he was getting only 200 less than he was offered in Raleigh. Another thing, & it is just like Fred to think of it, he would be the best paid Prof which might excite envy & bitterness, also it would require 3 years to make his work impressive. I think him wise to remain where he is, they certainly could not be more pleasantly situated, or more appreciated than they are now.

You have not told us when you will make a move. Uncle Waver has forgotten the address, but the lady is Miss Tolson, just look at a directory & you can find it, she is a friend of Mr Waver.

Did I write you that Gertrude Pope & a Mr Craig, are keeping the Sunset Avenue House, Asbury Park, N.J.? Our old friend Mrs Waver has been very sick, Miss Mary writes me. Dinner is ready I must close, with much love

Your devoted Mother.

Dr. R. H. Duggar,
Gallatin, Ala.

Ithaca, N. Y.,

July 5, 1901

My dear Father, My last letter to Mother was carried in my pocket for a day or two, but it must be a week since that was mailed. I returned yesterday morning from the visit to Oursham. It was a very pleasant visit as well as a good rest and recreation. Mr. Parsons (Miss Marie's brother-in-law) has a delightful home, equipped with all of the town conveniences, although Oursham is really not much more of a town than Auburn. I liked Mrs. Parsons very much. She is bright, considerate and broadly sympathetic. She keeps house in the liberal southern way although surrounded by Yankee narrowness. I thought she would feed us to death with steaks, roasts, salads, rice, and other good

things. They have a fine horse and trap always anxious to take the road; and so we had many nice drives in the country around, - the trap carried four or two, according to demand. The blackish water of the river afforded fairly good bathing, and this was also well patronized.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, the parents, present two very different types. Mr. R. is a delightful old Scotch gentleman. Mrs. R. is an aristocratic southern woman who lost most of her property during the war. In some ways she reminds me of Miss Mary Storr and is quite as inveterate a talker; but she has had a broader life and has far broader sympathies and ideas.

I had intended leaving on last Monday; but Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were going through to Buffalo on Wednesday, and at Mrs. Parsons' suggestion I remain

5. VII 1901

Ithaca, N. Y.,

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ed to accompany them (as well as for my own pleasure) to accompany them to Syracuse, where I would have to change.

From things said, and from the good time had, I think that the "impression" was O.K.

I was very glad to find awaiting me Mother's letter of July 1, and your joint letter of June 25, both of which contained much news of interest. Your little tea must have been very enjoyable. Please say to Mother that secretly I think the name Miss "Pessica" was given to Miss Marie by Mr. Miller because it is the Latin for peach. Northerners seldom use the first name, as Miss Marie; and it seemed so formal there in the family to say Miss Robertson. Perhaps you will be interested to know that my own pseudonym is "Mr. O.K." I am glad to see that Prof.

Myman is the new President at Tuscaloosa.
He will tide over the interim which must
elapse before radical changes can be made
in the general work of the University.

I am sorry that Uncle Haver is not
so well again. It is too bad that he
will live so much alone. In the poor
success of his bachelor care, - for his own
health, - he reminds me of the man who
said:

I am trying to invent a way
To feed one's self on batter;
And thus go on from day to day
Growing a little fatter."

I am glad to have the news of Haver's work,
and of the excellent offers made to Fred in
N.C. Perhaps Fred is right; but it seems
to me that it would have been a step to-
wards a northern university where salary
and advantages would have been greater.

Hope that Uncle Haver had a good
time on the Fourth. My paper is full, but
I feel as if I have not answered the letters
in full. Such as is omitted will be remembered
next time. With much love to all, Yours aff. son
Ben.

JULY 4, 1901

My own darling Bunny - Bunny -
This
morning right after breakfast
I lay thinking, thinking of
home? I was in the hammock
on the piazza and the morning
was so beautiful, so fresh
and cool, the birds sang
so sweetly and all else was
so quiet and peaceful, that
I felt I must write to you
and tell you all about it

sorts of trunk contents. (Do you notice how carefully I cross my
thousand dot my eye?) After you left yesterday I moved most of
my things (and the rest had to be finished up this morning
as Addie could leave. And then - Oh I flush to write it! -
I saw a flagrant hole in part of my covering so sat down im-
mediately to mend it. And now it is the clock.

And now having thus finished my preamble, I must make
my confession. Dear Penny-Bennie I went to sleep yesterday
afternoon! I know it is dreadful but I was so worn out by grief
and heat and want of sleep that at about half past three
to save my soul I couldn't help dozing off and this creature
Morphew, so unfeeling, showing such a lack of sentiment kept
me under his influence, despite my strenuous efforts to
come to you in my dreams, until nearly six o'clock.
Charles came home to supper, very warm and tired,

and how much I wanted
you with me to enjoy it. So
upstairs I came to my own
old room and my little
desk to tell my Duckling
that his Berks books I have
always. But dear heart there
are always so many things
that must be done first, whatever
it is, we want to do. So behold
me rushing frantically from
the room I occupied while you
were here, to the room occupied
by Mamma (my old room), having
success and loss and all

JULY 4, 1901
poor fellow! There Alice, Clara
and I went out and picked
sweet peas and nasturtiums and
sent Annie over with a big bouquet
to one of the neighbors, an old, feeble
man. Lathrop and I went
over to Edgerly's and bought
fire - works, Roman candles, sky-
rockets, mines etc as you require.
The children were all as delighted!
you are such a dear, sweet,
thoughtful boy, my own darling!
Lathrop. The little tyke, wouldn't
let me or any of the children
tell to her, for fear he wouldn't

that is the way I feel it. And it would be such a relief to
talk things over with her if she only would let me! There is
too much the other way, but I would like to tell my own sister
what I feel. And I want to know what she thinks about next
December and to help me plan things and to joyful over it. I
think I shall weep so much during the summer and grow so
silent that I will turn into a salt image. I do think it would
have been better for me to go to Agnes. But then 'show up
it may not be true and if so it may be for the best.'

Alice received a letter from Douglas last morning
saying that he will spend this Sunday with her. His health
has not been very good and he must take a vacation, as he
is going up in Maine somewhere for recreation. You know he
expected to take Alice & the children with him to Minnie Spring
but found at the last minute that the landlord was suffering
paralysis and can't take them. Alice and the children

try them as much!
At half past seven, Alice
Chas and I went down to
prayer meeting. We had such
a truly cold evening. Isn't it
a shame that this glorious
cold weather has come just after
your departure! On our way
home we stopped at Edgely's
and took some ginger-ale
while Chas bought fire-wood.
Alice and I sat out on our
piazza a long time talking.
We talked only of general things.
She seems to avoid talking
of any thing personal. Perhaps
she doesn't mean to, but

JULY 4, 1901
will now stay in East Africa.

Oh my Darling I miss you
so! I don't realize that you will
stay away so long, so long!
from your own little Madras-
Padre! I want you to come
right this minute and
put your arms round her
and kiss her. My dear sweet
one, my eyes I long for
you. I want you here this
minute.

Auntie came in here a few
minutes ago and told me
that she loved me and

she told Mr. Duggan. she has "lovely opinions" of him. Enella
wants to know if Mr. Duggan isn't coming back soon. They all
wrote this morning at four o'clock and had a big time sleeping,
but have quieted down now. We shelled peas this morning. Do you
wish you had saw here to help?

Mr + Mrs Smith want us to go down bathing this afternoon
with them, but I am not going. There he has wanted us to come
here and meet Annie's friend who is a very pretty, charming
girl.

I am waiting as impatiently for your letter. I haven't thought
you would write from Boston, but I know you didn't have a moment.

Enella has just had premises of her own. she came up stairs
so proud of her tre-je-tos and before she knew it they all fell
out of her lap on the floor making the most dreadful crash and putting
the poor child as! Love my love to all the family. My own heart
desires to love you so. Oh I love you so! And do you still love
your own little lawyer? Write soonest my love to your own loving Enella.

P.M. JULY 6, 1901

My own dearest, darling,
(precious old Budy-Budy-
what do you think!

Well there was a family
concern this morning consisting
of Douglas, Alie and I, and
—— we have decided
—— to have our wedding
(Oh Ben does the thought of
it make you happy!) —

Tell her when I was going to be married, I kissed her and told her
that if she didn't run along I might even get married, my old
man would go back on me. Then she said "I would just like to see
you face to face and I would kiss you both". She has written a letter
to you and was waiting for my ink to copy it. I made one correction
which I am sorry for. She wrote "I assure" instead of "I assure".
Last night I sat out in the big swing under the tree and she came
out and we had a great long talk. She said "Aunt Mame tell me something
about Mr. Duggan". Then she went on to tell me that she calls that place
where we sat under the tree one afternoon "sacred". And she
never sits on the sofa in the blue room or goes out on the little
porch for those places are sacred too. Every place where we have been
is sacred. She says she always hoped it would come that way since
she first saw your picture and she told you so since she just
met you because you were so polite, and so honest and true".

in October! Will that be
too soon, Ben, will that
be too soon? Its seems
as sort of pre-fault for
me to tell you how happy
I am. But Oh dearest if you
were here and could just
hug my face in your dear
old shoulder, then you would
know Oh sweet do you love
me? Sweet do you love
me?

Aunty has just come and
gone with a smile saying she
knew your address, and to

JULY 6, 1901

She says her heart is divided into
two halves, a quarter gone
being given to me and the other
quarter to you. She says she torn
us with her soul, too for she
hasn't room enough in her heart.
Then she said she wished she
were my little baby girl for then
you would be her papa. "I can't
half express to you Aunt Annie,
~~what~~ I feel. Sometimes I almost
bubble over and I feel as if I
must tell people and then when
I talk to you I can pour out my
feelings and start afresh. You

it so far, and then too, there is Alice & Charles' trip South, so
nothing considered they think it best to have the wedding at East Aurora.
Oh dear I can not write it all to you, I want you here I want you.
There are so many things to talk about and place and "thinks" of the
hundreds of miles! — Biddy Biddy Biddy if you didn't want it
so soon you shouldn't have written such urgent letters to both
of my sisters. The Lord is all in your own hand! Dearest, dearest,
do you want it so soon? Where will you get back from
your trip? I think Alice wants it to be in October, ^{within three mos.} so that Agnes can
see the Pan Am at the same time. I don't mean that she thinks it
a reason but a nice coincidence.

Wendellheart Madeline Padua is a little girl. He ^{became} ~~got~~ so nervous and so that
he laid down on his bed and cried for but an hour. Then he read
Murray's Dictionary to calm himself and how he feels all better. Don't she
a foolish little Indiana? But she just loses her Biddy Biddy

weren't it afraid though & tell
me what you feel for I'm strictly
forbidden by every one in this house
not to tell. She is a cousin, but
I'm not going to fill up my whole
letter with Currie when there are
so many things I want to tell you
myself. Well now Doug and I were talking
Sunday and he told me how glad
he would be if I would get married
at his house and on on. Then
Agnes wrote that she and Jack
had given up the idea of coming
to my wedding for it was so far
and Emma and Papa think

JULY 6, 1901

more than he can ever know, for
he is only a man.

Will your father come to our
dinnering? I do hope they will.
And Ben surely have your
mama and Papa come, too,
want them. Besides, will you
make out a complete list, in your
free moments, of all the invitations
you want sent? I would like to
get that off my mind.

I received a very pleasant postal
from Mrs. Burleigh this morning. You
may possibly have seen it. The next
kind regard to Dr. D. (Because

hot. The thermometer is way up in ninety. Never mind eye doctoring
today. I wish Mrs Hale would be tidelmaiden, don't you? Do you suppose
her family will be present? I hope the Madam will.

I want to write you a hundred and fifty pages, but cannot. We
had a very hot day at the beach yesterday. The only relief was the bathing
and the water was almost too cold. I have been in bathing here
only once since you left. Just one of the family. Surely do you mean
to say that I won't see you again until the wedding? I must refuse
then. Alice has come in to see. You see I will have to hurry so, now.
What shirtwaist do I wear? You would laugh if you saw me!
Some might say we were sitting in our bones" (connecting of hair and
blue lining jacket). Don't you ex dear! Surely even if it is hot
weather and I want you so much. Write me soon and comfort
your little Madam Madred who's young & is a Madrid & Bandy Bandy
in - just three or four months! Tell me you are not angry.

July 6, 1901.

O Bernice - Bernice, why
have I so once spent my youth!
Think of all the precious time
I have wasted, when I ought have
been writing love letters! Now
when I have so much to express
I lack facility. But Oh my own
heart's dearest I love you. I adore
you Ben. And after all
that expresses every thing, but I
so want to tell you in a thousand
different ways that I may tell

Believe that this is all true. Of course I don't mean all of it - I
mean not a word of it. At least I will tell you after I see whether
I really do or not. And yet - Oh Bessy I do - I do. with all my
heart, with all my soul, my dearest 'husband.' To think my little
old garment may signify as much! How could it we have hoped
as much for ~~yourself~~! (There! see how much in — ? I am, I
can't even write the words I intend!) And now it is tried and
proved as one of the sweetest of symbols. I love it and
you love it, don't we? And now it is from secret.

Your dear sweet letter came yesterday and the little
note the day before. I simply have had to hold my hands over
mine. I wrote you Thursday morning, for they wanted as much
to write immediately and they felt as if they had as much
to say. But I held them tightly and admonished them in this

you over and over again and
now want you in the telling. My
darling I want you so that sometime
I feel as if I can not stand it any
longer! Will you ever tell if I confide
a little secret? My Benny Benny
I just tried myself to sleep last
night. I missed you so. Dear heart
you are all this world to me.
Last year I would have felt ashamed
to own even to myself that I was
so dependent on any one soul,
but now my darling I glory in
that my dependence — because
I love you, dear.

— Now Benny don't for a moment

JULY 6, 1901

wise - "Hands shame on you!"

Would you write every day and
twice a day where other hands
will write only three times a
week! Would you make more work
for other eyes that have already
too much to do! Would you write
even though impelled by most violent
impulses, where you have promised
to write only three times. Shame
again." But despite this they
struggled hard to release themselves.

Sweetest and Bert, do
you must me to go^{on} with my
journal! Thursday afternoon

and Mrs. Saunders & her little girl came over to see the fireworks.
Lottie and Nell and Sarah Pitkin also were present. The children had
a glorious time, the display lasting until half past ten.

Yesterday morning - what did I do? Oh yes I wrote, and
addressed envelopes for Charles almost all morning. Then I sewed
on some buttons for Alice and started a letter to Elizabeth.
After dinner I read to the children - first ensemble - three
chapters from Babo. Charles received a telegram from Will saying
they would come at 5.30. Alice and I hurried into the buggy
and drove to Dover for lobster and potatoes. We came back
at five and I was pretty well tired. Then we hurried into
our glad garments and went down to meet the arrivals. I
wish you had stayed - and met Carrie Parsons. She is quite pretty
and just as bright as a button. The baby too is just as cute as
it can be. (I forgot to mention in the above that three balloons

Then Ann & Alice drove me down
to call on Anne Cox and her
friends. While they went on
to the Point & were visiting
talking at the summer-house
of one of their Boston friends.
Anne's friend is very pretty and
bright and we had a good time.
Alice & Blanche also came down
and we had cake and punch.
Then my sister & brother drove
me home. After supper we three
went out on the piazza and
talked about Cornell & the Valley
the winter before when Mrs Lane

JULY 6, 1911

me all your remembrance about it!
I received a long letter from dear
old Chuck last night. I can
be read my letter ^(photo) introduction
to Mr. Katzenberger *ge. gisch*
and helped him as much as
he could, "He was all O.K."

"I want to congratulate you dearie
from the bottom of my heart on
your engagement with Ben. How
what I hear and from his
picture I like him first rate."

Ben my sweet, I want you
as much, I must chuck. I know
you will like each other

Yester evening last night!

immensely. He is such a
fine fellow. And, may I add,
is another whom I still own
as my drinking.

Loveheart I must close with
my pen utterly refused. But it
is stormy night and I have been
writing since breakfast. First, last
and always I love you, my
sweet.

Love to all the family. Don't let
Mamie tell forget the things in the book.
Alice has just brought me in some
pretty cloth & make a shirt waist
for myself. Don't she a dear!

July 6, 1901 -
failed to go up the night of the
fourth - one a dollar & a half
the three two smaller. All turned
up rain & it a shame. At six
last evening Albie came around
saying they were to have a dance,
at half past eight. Albie and
Carrie wanted to go, and I have
been so very uninteresting and
unaccommodating some because
that I felt in duty bound to
go over for a while. It was
held right next door you know
as it about half past nine
we strolled over - Albie Carrie & I.

I wore my yellow waist and my black skirt. My own seemed to be
having a very good time. My friend wouldn't ask me to dance with
him but I didn't mind that until Mr. Johnston in the course of
a short conversation about Purdue remarked that now there he didn't know
whether he should be able to ~~go~~ enough to ~~be~~ able to go abroad when
his job went back on time. He had been so pleasant and it was so sudden
and so unexpected for that it just broke me all up. I couldn't help
being miserable + I didn't dance but once or twice after that. I waited for
my sister for she wanted to stay. Mr. Johnston + Mr. Clark started to
come home with us, but I sent Mr. J. back and we came home
alone. I suppose it was rude but I don't think he had proved himself
much of a gentleman. Well anyhow Bury-Bury that is what I
to expect I suppose. But Oh I want you here so much to put your arms
around me and comfort your madie - Pader when anything like that
happens. Do you sweetheart - spiritually? I do, do, do, love you so very
penny-Bury. Cheer up! Oh my eleven more wishes!

Penney. Penney will you collect the
two dollars The College of Agriculture
owns me for one cross initial, also
the quarter Miss R. owes me & the
one Cynthia - but she has gone -
and pay Mrs Penney & the messengers,
Darling I looked at Mr Paulings receipt
and it is for \$25.50. Are you
sure dear it was only \$24.00 you
lent me? Penney Penney I must
have the whole truth about this or
I will begin to lose confidence
in you my own beloved and
Penney my dearest. There will
be nothing left in this world
for Mother & Dad. Please write

Sunday afternoon.

Ithaca July 7,
1907.

My own sweetest Madrie,

I know
that is not yet two days
since I have written to you,
but this can hardly be
mailed this afternoon any
way. Think of those happy
Sunday afternoons of late
May and early June partic-
ularly, how after dinner

Tell me if Laddy and Mimi reached Chicago
safely, please. I
am off to supper
then to bed, and
reading, sweetest.

yet separation was not needed to
tell me what separation from my Ann
would mean. Madrie, darling, you
are the dearest girl in all the world,
and I have thought it, said it to my-
self so much this morning that
I must whisper it now again, else
I might shout it aloud to the con-
sternation of other Waiters.

Since my return Thursday morn-
ing I have written an unusual num-
ber of business letters; and I have
written others about us, and about
how happy I am that in Durham
there is a Ducksea. Deanie, I wrote
to Agnes; but the letter did not
please me because I wanted to
call her Agnes and I did not
dare. I almost wish that you would
tell her that I do, though, when I
write to you. Then I wrote to tell
Miss Wagnerscheutz and Miss

and before the reading began,
I would slip away to my
room, hoping that you would
come for a minute or two to
yours, that I might have
my kiss and word of love.
It is not quite two months
since that beautiful Sun-
day of your twentieth birth-
day, my dearest, yet I wish
that it were five—September
reunited! In this absence I see
but one consolation. I shall
know too truly what sepa-
ration from you means,

JULY 7, 1901

Leach. I wish that I could
have shown you the letters,
particularly the first. With
letters to Dr. Lessor (my Ger-
man friend whose "Verlobung"
was recently announced) and
Mr. Steubig I broke off for the
present.

I am going to send
Agnes' letter back to you,
Marie, Lou, because it ^{is} so
comforting to me, — her sym-
pathy, and the openness
with which she would

I will give you. The first night I came home (Thursday) I slept in spite of the mosquitoes; but in my dreams I suffered much. Friday night it was frightful. I did everything: despite the heat, wrapped myself in the sheet; but they bit the soles of my feet and the crown^(s) of my head, or wherever else the sheet touched, and these creatures sting like bees. After thrashing around until two o'clock I dressed and went out, winding up at the laboratory at 3 A.M. Then I found myself too sleepy to work, and there upon a laboratory table, with a towel for a pillow, I slept an hour, and dreamed sweet dreams of my own Padre Padre. Last night I used extra precautions, and by going to bed very early I showed myself a good disciple of Lord Morpheus, in spite of waking several times reaching for the ammunition bottle. The heat had now been dispelled, and the cool breeze today waives the

have us enjoy our love and
forget all else, that I am
going to ask you to read it
whenever matters at Durham
would make you blue. We
read it often as you will,
and be joyful as you feel.
But Alice loves you dearly, ^{and}
soon there will be no outside
need, I trust. Do you think
anything of going to Chicago
this summer?

I was at the laboratory
all day yesterday; but I
could only attend to routine
business, and the reason

JULY 7, 1901

grass like a motile sea, and
even beside our sturdy oak.

I walked down to the
postoffice this morning, but
I could hardly expect your
letter until tonight or tomor-
row.

Miss Rogers returned
this morning from a day
in Buffalo, and Mistress
Mary goes to Thousand Is-
lands this afternoon for two
weeks, also the Madams
to Chautauque. Yesterday
afternoon I dropped in ^{at} ~~last~~
on the Madams' porch with

not quiet, Sweetheart, I am bilious, and if you were in reach you would either have to pinch me good and hard or suffer me to take you in my arms and almost devour you with kisses, my bestest, truest Madie.

A few days ago Miss Roga asked a thousand questions about you and Durham, and even opened her heart by saying many sweet things of you, my dear girl.

Do you remember how Uncle Bill used to swear about a "cackling southern girl" with a voice like a curry comb or other such instrument, who made Sage board miserable for him? Well, she is here again. She does cackle fearfully. I have heard her across the dining room. The funny part of it, however, is that she is "promised" to our friend Mr. Shirley Hulce. Wouldn't that pair congeal a monkey's testis though?

Did you know, Sweetheart, that Alice gave me that picture of you which was in my room (the one I occupied)? She said, "I can trust it to you now." I wish I were with you today. Do you ask me, need my love every hour, every minute? - Just like me my secret, my own, says Penny

Uncle Bill has not gotten after the accounts yet. Bill says you up when he does.

her the Professor, and Mr.
Kellogg waited about eight
o'clock. Even then she asked
about you and Curshaw, and
when I left she went as far
as the corner, asking en-
thusiastically how it was, and if
it were to be when we wish-
ed it. My Darling, it is sweet
to think of our marriage. I
only wish it did not seem
so far away. Had any one
wished it later than Christ-
mas time, I would have said
"Yes" in any way, but let it
be very quiet. But I am

excited. I hope I
have not tired you
with details. I must
write to the other
boys. Very kind
regards to your Mother
as that is that is
all I can do. I am
very sorry for my
own message for my
own will, with much
love from
Mother

July 11th 1901

Very little but says very best to
you some writing. July 1st but I think there
must be some mistake, however this is the
only chance I have kind to write in several
days. I am very sorry to have kept you waiting so
long but if you could have guessed in or so you
would excuse me for not having written.

I will begin at the beginning & tell you what
I have been doing. Thursday we were invited
to dine with Uncle Wm. at Pine St. Church.
Wednesday night we had a card from Rolling
saying he would bring down Mary & his
family. Friday morning to breakfast, he & Mary
would spend the day & Sunday & children stay
longer. I immediately went to work to fix for
them as much as I could that night & next
morning, here comes Mrs. Lohr -

Tuesday morning - My visitors stayed until
after sunset as I could not get any better

for this morning's mail. Will to return to my
manicure, early next morning I made cake &
pies & straightened up everything by eleven o'clock.
Just then Mrs. Stearns & Mary arrived to take
us to her home (she was afraid we could
not come & sent for us,) the rest of that day
was spent there. Friday they all came & Lucy
& children remained until yesterday evening,
my whole time had to be given up to them
could not write while they were mapping for
them. I did a good part of my house keeping.
I had to be out of their company as much
any way for my help was so poor, but they
seemed to enjoy everything as much & the
children were so happy that I was glad to
make extra effort for them. Lucy is a very
reasonable, pleasant woman & as I could not
help saying I felt more at ease with herself
& children than I did with Fanny, her children
seemed more like grand children than Fanny's.
They are very interesting & good, the little boy
is about 2 1/2 years old & full of life, never
still except when asleep but his fun & frolic
did not disturb us, he never cried, that

JULY 28, 1901

is the more that worries me. The children
rode, fished, hunted eggs, mended the kitchen
& did all sorts of things, but in the evening
buggy rides were enjoyed. Uncle Waver was
with us & took great pleasure in driving
Leadly up to his house one evening & Louise
another.

We enjoyed Uncle Waver's great friendly dinner.
Flores & Charles's wife were there. Uncle Waver
& ourselves the only guests, he did not arrive
until 2 o'clock, we fully appreciated his nice
barbecued pig & fried chicken large dishes
dispensed before us. Uncle Waver of course
took down a bottle of wine & two of champagne,
but we ladies could not drink enough to
satisfy him. He did the same thing here
Friday but the wine went begging only gone
Father would take a glass or so with him. He
seems so much better when he has good
company, the children's stories interested him
particularly.

But I have not thanked you for your
interesting letter received yesterday or day before.

I am so glad you had a pleasant visit & found
the parents & sister agreeable, of course the
"impression" you made was O.K., they couldn't
find any fault with you. Some afraid we will
not appear as well to the young lady, as her
parents did to you, but you must prepare
her that reminds me I wonder if you will be
able to bring her to see us next winter, it is a
dull time to come but it suppose she would be
afraid of a summer trip south; notwithstanding
what about Denver, are you going to that
meeting you were speaking of when at home?
I think you said it would be in August.
I think your voice quite applicable to Paula
Ward. She went home last night.

We are having as hot morning, fortunately
while Lady was here we had a constant
breeze day & night & up stairs was quite
comfortable.

The wedding party began assembling yesterday
& have been divided around among the
Collins relatives, tomorrow is the day, the bride
& groom go off alone leaving the rest of the
party to enjoy a dance tomorrow night to be

JULY 4, 1901

given by the young men at Mrs. Hatfield's,
 Wisconsin you see has not ceased her
 "maneuvers for a good time."

I can't give you any recent news from the
 boys, I wrote & asked Reuben to come down to
 see Andy but he did not. I was in hopes
 Sherry would have come up see this, day
 after tomorrow is the time Fred wrote me he
 would leave for Wisconsin.

Aunt Dubuque has gone to Truckee as I
 hear nothing from Laneville.

We had some indifferent fruit while Andy
 was with us, apples & peaches every day & how
 they did enjoy them. She hopes to find a quiet
 country place in Iowa to spend the month of
 August, she doesn't appear to be strong. Bodding
 is fatter than ever, exhausted this brother with
 Rachel this day he spent with us but that isn't
 very expensive these days.

Prezgers are prospering I think they must be deserting
 the church, I am glad my visitance is not

44 East 43rd St.

July 9th. 1901.

My precious Marie

I was so glad
"dearie" to get your dear letter
yesterday, and I know you
will be glad when I tell you
that I received a lovely letter
from "Ben" this morning. He
must be just a darling, and
I have fallen in love with his
picture, are you not afraid
that if I am at the wedding
that I will want to marry him
myself. That is what I tell
Jack. I think Ben such a
fine looking young man and

it seems as if I have seen
him somewhere before. But
I suppose not. From his letter
I just know I will think every-
thing of him, and I am so
delighted that you love such a
man, for I know he will
always make you happy. It
just seems as if I knew him
already; and have always
wished that you and he
would love each other from
the time you first wrote
about him. It is strange
I should feel that way
isn't it? But it must be
that the "Lord" meant you for
each other and told me
first. "Ben" is so anxious
to be married before Xmas.
and I would if I were you

and could get ready ^{July 9, 1901.} in time
I would not care a damn for
Whorebery. Forget you ever knew
such a person and be happy
in getting ready for the
great work. That for a girl
can only be once married and
it is such a great error to them.
I know I was just anxious to
get ready and see what I
was going to have. And I am
sure Charlie will do as much
for you as he did for me.
And you can get a very pretty
out-fit. I am making you
some things now for I am as
delighted over the idea of the
wedding as you are, and it takes
me away from my own thought.
I will send you a list of the
things I will make you so soon

and dear Alice won't plan to
get them. For I have bought
the lace and materials and
have started on them. And
it is such a pleasure for
me to sew for one I love so
dearly. I wish with all my
heart that I could give you
everything I want to. You bet
it would be a stylish, pretty
collection. But I know our
dear Alice and Charlie will
see that you have the money
to get pretty things, just as they
did for me. You are more
than welcome to my wedding
dress, veil, slippers &c. And
it will make me so happy to
see you wear them, and I
hope you will be as happy a
bride as I was and I know
you will, sweet sister mine.

I also want to give you every-
thing that you make on your
wedding day. And make the
whole under outfit with my
own hands. It will be such
a pleasure for me to always
remember that I did. And
do you know Mrs Edgington
a small dress maker, who won't
make a suit for less than
\$60.00, over Jack a bill of \$60.00
and wants to make me a suit
for the money, and as Jack
and I would like to give you
something nice in the way
of a dress, we will have Mrs E.
make you your traveling dress,
a small suit see! And when
you come to Chicago the last
of August or first of September
you can have Mrs E. plan and
talk to you about it. I think a

dark red dress trimmed with
black with a large black hat
would be a small suit, for
travelling. I only wish I had
had it instead of the green
Jack never liked that dress
for he thought it so dark.
But we shall see what you
want when you come. There
are such lovely materials these
days and they are not so very
expensive. Why don't you let
the dress maker in Dorset make
you a couple of small dresses,
the dressmaker I had. Alice knows
her. I would have one dress
some soft, black, thin material
made over some color for a
dinner or theatre dress. I got more
use out of my black and blue
dress than any other dress I
had. Those soft thin black
materials you can get so cheap

JULY 9, 1901

now in Chicago. I would ask
each of the boys to give me what
they could. They will help you &
know, and I should take all that
Will would give me. Don't feel
the way you do about it. Will
means well even if he is
foolish and lets Elizabeth rule
him. I am glad I never wrote
to Elizabeth or made any fuss
over her.

I am making you a
little cool waist to wear now
hope to get it finished this week.
Send me the waist ^{material} Alice gave
you and I can make it for
you in a day. I have a dandy
new pattern. And how to ~~say~~
wish I had nothing else to do.
How I wish I were with you and
Alice and our three devoted sisters
could plan and make pretty things.

for your wedding. I want to get
all the pleasure and fun out
of your wedding that I can
find and never could go to the
boys wedding and Alice cheated
me out of her. I do believe
that I am as tickled over the
idea of your wedding as if
I were going to get married
myself. So don't think I am
crazy. Wouldn't it be fine
if you could celebrate over
wedding anniversary, with
yours. Well I must stop talking
about the wedding and tell you
some thing else. But let me tell
you first to get a thin black dress
with a satin stripe and have
it made over yellow. It will be
grand and so becoming and
~~not too gay or dressy~~. Just right.

And never think of that affair
with Whorshy. You have ~~not~~^{done}
done nothing wrong or anything
to be ashamed of. And if anyone
speaks to you about it, don't ~~and~~
~~ever~~ or else tell them that
every woman is at liberty to
change her mind as many times
as she pleases. I am sure I am
very particular about things,
but for the life of me I can't
see that you have done any-
thing to be ashamed of. So be
happy dear in your love for
Ben, and when you are ~~mar-~~^{mar-}
ried he will do everything
to make you happy I know.
Think no more of the past
only of the bright future and
be happy in planning for
the pretty things that you think

Ben will like you to mean. That
is what I did. I always thought
first if Jack would think I
look pretty in so and so.

You must excuse my
writing in pencil but dear Papa
has the pen and ink in the
Office writing. If you can't
read this send it back.

Mama is lying down reading
and Baby is eating crackers.

It is so nice to have our dear
Parents here with us and to know

that they will never leave us
for a long time if ever. We are
a happy family. And always
talking and thinking of all our
loved ones away. We are looking
for a house and expect to
move as soon as we can.

And then you can either be
married here or in Durham

JULY 9, 1891 6
I suppose dear Doug. is in
Durham. How much I feel
for the dear Boy. Give him
a kiss for me and tell him
I will write to him soon. Love
and kisses to dear Alice, Charlie
and the children and keep a
very large share for your
precious self. From us all.
Ever your own devoted
ag^{nes}.

Mama says please send her
Mrs C. M. Stock's letter. She and
Papa are looking so well and
handsome and had such a
delightful visit in Durham.
I must close now for it is late.
I always have to write in such
a hurry. I love you dearly,
~~so often~~ mistakes

PM July 9, 1901

Dear Marie:-

I hope this corset cover
will fit you all right. I cut it
exactly by the one you sent, but
no ~~man~~ can tell how a thing is
going to fit unless you can try
it on the person. Please ~~let~~
me know at once if it is a fit
so that I can make the others
and if it isn't I will have to
buy them ready made for it
is hard to fit a person so far
away. Tell me also the size
of your drawers and if you
want them open etc. Every
stitch I put in your corset
cover is love for you, and I hope
it will be O.K. Ever your own
Agnes.

PM JULY 19, 1901

My own darling —

Here it is
four o'clock in the afternoon
and I haven't written my
letter! For why? Well this
morning I finished those Columbus
for Kate Bill and home-chemistry
for Miss Rogers and put your
drawing in the way. All this
with continual interruptions
from Carrie Parsons. Then
your last letter arrived —

just had laid on your shoulder and said 'O Benny I have missed you so!' And just then I woke up and cried some more. But of course dear Ben never going to do it any more. It was very foolish I know. Still Ben 'was a glad' to find out I really do love you that much. Do you?

Sweetheart I love your letters, I love the note, I love the paper they're written on, I just love to kiss every word, every place your hands have been, and the sweet words I know me and me again. We're becoming so foolish and sentimental that you will think now that Ben is mad. My excuse is just a mess one, dear, but sufficient is it not? I love you.

Now Ben not going to say another nice thing in his letter!

This morning after I had read your letter so many times (I must tell you how many! Sent it funny!) Alice came in and told me that now must stop she had something to show me. So she gave me some things for my wedding (Didn't it sort of make you giggle to see that word so personally?) and then we went into Carrie's room and perched ourselves on her bed and talked about making things. Carrie took all morning

dearest and sweetest that
little just makes me feel
good. My darling I love you
so! You know I'm getting to
be a regular little shaver!
I say all the day long "I thank
Godness, my Ben is not so like
men!" Will you like me just
the same?

Last night I stayed awake
until one o'clock thinking
about you and saying "Cause
I didn't leave you until finally
I did leave you and I put my

JULY 10, 1901

To write a 'roofer'. By the way
you'll have to be writing me by time
now. You dear sweet child you,
I haven't written to your father
yet or to your sweet sister and am
going to do it immediately! How
time flies and how little we
accomplish in this lonely weather!
Carrie showed me all of her
pretty things this morning and
the table - doilies napkins etc
which she brought in New York for
the beautiful new home she is to
have down in Hawthornville. She
says we must come and visit her
and we will visit her, Emily?

fellows he is simply a skeleton and all of his hair is dropping out
on account of the terrible neuralgia he has had in his head all winter.
This is the first time he has visited Alice and we were all so glad
to see the dear boy. He says I mustn't think of visiting Will and
Elizabeth. He will Alice want me to come right out to East Aurora
- the sooner the better - and stay as long as I possibly can. Do you
know I have thought so many times at odd intervals that I certainly
couldn't allow you to see the Exposition without me, but I have concluded
written every thing out that. I think it will be glorious dearest ~~for~~ see
it together and September will be just the time. Sam coming back
to Thaca all right. Mr W. will certainly come back. Of that I feel
sure. But ^{more} nothing has been said about it.

Dear little Return ~~Reed~~! He is a fine man. Please give him
my kindest regards and tell him I will be glad to see ^{my}
Frankly in the fall. To the Madam also, my love. (How sweet
thing I mean by that you my love to the Madam.) Does Miss

After dinner I read 'Kass's Hunting'
to Lathrop and Annie and
it did bring back old times. I
tried bread it as much as I
could like New Bill and
Durham faded and I have
one with me. It was so long
though that it took me till
half-past three and then I was
so tired I lay down for a little
nap (at last till five o'clock!)

Douglas came Saturday at
two o'clock. I never saw anyone
in my life look so nice, so
and "pohly" as he does! Poor

JULY 10, 1901

D. occupy my room? And
where is Mr.  a stake-down?

Lots of em. to Punctures Rasky, Miss
Rogit and Mrs. Hill, not to mention
Other members of the original family!

Do you know what my sweet
father did? Sent me "The Iron
Gate & Other poems" with Horne
Wendell Holmes inscription to Whittier
and Whittier to Dad. Sent to be
a dear? He sent it by Douglas.
Alice & Doug wanted to know what
was in the package, but I wouldn't
open it saying "Only a book Daddy

said he would send me." You see Aggie swiped it when she got married & Daddy made her brought back so it is rather a touchy subject. But he said he knew that you and I appreciated books and he wanted to give it to us. Do you like him?

Yesterday afternoon Douglas and I took a glorious drive in the Goddard and the weather was ideal. We drove down by the bay. I rest so much. The weather had been so nice while you were here and you could have seen all the pretty places and made photos! We will sometime get! Last night we had lobster, too! Six delicious tender ones! Then we sat out on the piazza singing hymn tunes and eating Skyline. I went neither to Sunday school or church yesterday morning. Thelma came today. I didn't do much of anything either. Addie went to church with Doris so I fixed Brunella for Sunday school and she did look so sweet. I wish so much it had been cool enough for her to have her curls down her back when you were here. She is so much prettier that way!

Dearest Jim writing on and on and Jim almost afraid it is too late for the mail. There is such a long wait here waiting for Sunday night here I love you my own. And I am ever your own long affectionate Redie

Thursday July 11, 1907.

My merry Madrie, Duck
of Wiltshire, how
is thee today? Are you as
loving as birds? Oh I am
sure you are that lovely.
Which skirtwaist do you wear?
What for rose in your hair?
Last night I worked at the
laboratory until nine o'clock,
and then when I reached
home the last thing which
I did before going to bed

when the five o'clock alarm warned me that it was time to cease "pounding my ear." Sweetheart, I love you so, and I am ^{as} happy as happy as — when you tell me again and repeat it on the next page that I am really a part, and in every part, of your life. Funny, is it not, that I can appreciate it so absolutely, — so perfectly? (!) No! I would shake you, if I could reach you, to make you feel that it is not funny, but real and earnest, and just what it 'had' ought to be! I cannot help it, my Madrie, I love you; but Christmas will help it so much.

This morning I wrote some manuscript before breakfast, then I was interrupted for an hour by Prof. Lockhead, one of Prof. A.'s students. It really should be afternoon when I write this letter, but

was to read again and
hold again that sweet let-
ter which came yesterday
(written I don't know when,
you scamp, my Darling, for
you persist in omitting dates).
Dated or datetess I love them
so dear; and as I was
going on to say, my Love,
I fell asleep loving you
and thinking of you and
wishing for you as usual.
Then I dreamed of you so
sweetly, and from that
same dream I awoke

JULY 11, 1901

you will forgive me, Persie, Dear.

Yesterday I was up at five, reaching the laboratory at 5:30. There were two hours of work with my notes, half an hour of breakfast, then work again until twelve thirty. After dinner I took a snooze until the ring of the mailman announced my letter. After re---re---reading that I worked again; and this time at routine matters. Now you

room. Sometimes we are quite kiddish, racing
off to bed yelling, "Last man turned in 'blows out
the lamp'", and other such remembrances of child-
hood. They are really much nicer when one does not
see them at their own table. Our board at Sage is
truly fair too: now this morning there were currants,
rites or oatmeal, and then steak and French (ed) po-
tatoes. That hate coöperation, as to food. We shall
never regret, never forget, that coöperative housekeep-
ing, though, shall we? Dishwashing, occasional sweep-
ing, and all brought us gradually means together,
and gave me the dearest thing of this and the
future life, - our immortal love. Aren't you
glad, my own Marie?
Mrs. and Mrs. Kingsbury sit at our ta-

Know the whole story of my
career of the two days so far
as the scientist sees me.
But you know much more
of my thoughts too, my own
glaring, and prominent a-
mong the gladdest of these
is,—"Eight days gone of
that interminable time
until late September."

Until the screens are
fixed in my room (and
in the absence of Mistress
Mary) I am occupying
a berth in Mrs. Bill's

JULY 11, 1901

ble now. They are as
much in love as anyone
else could seem to be, and
I like to watch them. Some
how they interest me! It
is, all told, a pleasant
table, in spite of the so-
lidity of the folk! Retsim
Riek is sometimes a little
solemn: we try to cheer him
up, of course, but he has
cause to be solemn. His father
is not well at all, and
the suicide of Ex Pres.
White's son (notice of which

she will send your ~~Horse~~ Chestnut in a day or so.

I am so glad that you are enjoying Mrs. Parsons (H.) and the chick. I'm really envious, my lovely little Lasse Lämmchen when I hear that you have been talking about our wedding. It is so funny and delightful to think of ^{it} personally; but I cannot talk of it, ^{at} all, at all, because there is no Madrie to talk to. Then you have all the fun of talking about waking things too, - another one of those many pleasures that men do not have. Never mind! I'll gloat too some day, some time.

I am so glad that Daddy sent you the Holmes-Whittier - Aristocrat - Procrastinator autograph book. It will feel like, and will be a directly inked personal association. I will write the "roofer" today, my Love. Too long already have I procrastinated. I feel better now, my Madrie, but I am terribly lonely at times, and I love your Calceolae, my 'Aunt, with the added growth of days. Kiss Gracille for 'Mr. Doggie', and the little garnet for your husband, and save up thousands for your own, your Penny.

you must have seen) at Syracuse has also worried him.

So you are working again, sweet girl, in spite of the pleasant weather! By the way Madrie, for those two big drawings (of glass cylinder over plant, and of water pump) would you rather that I send small photographs, so that they will be easier (if they will be easier)? Let me know if and when you wish anything else. Miss Roga says

Please reply
-

P.M. DURHAM, N.H.
JULY 21 1901
Friday morning

My darling -

(Monday afternoon)
Carrie and I started for
Boston at 2 P.M. and we didn't
get home until last night
at six and I haven't had
a single minute in all that
time to write to my dearest and
put old sweet heart. We roared
around from morning to night
and then went to the theatre

so didn't know who it was from. My sister Emma was willing to bet
that it was from you. "Oh, yes!" said she, "tell him not to try
and disguise his hand writing! You can't fool this chicken! I'm
perfectly willing to ban him white twice a day if he wants to." How were
up, you thought that was done so well that it would fool anyone, didn't
you? Dear, dear Louisa I would so like to pinch you - just a little!

I received such a sweet letter from dear Agnes last night too.
Mamma and Papa arrived safely and they are all very happy to-
gether. She was in a hurry so wrote in pencil, just the sweetest
letter you ever saw. Twelve pages beside a long list of the things she
is going to make for me. I send you the first page of her letter as
a sample. Isn't it strange that both Will & Douglas should also
feel that they have seen you before!

I begin to realize now that I am truly going to be married! Isn't
it funny! It's terribly exciting to plan so many things to mean
all at once! But do you know, dear heart, sometimes I am

so you may well imagine that
I was pretty nearly tired out last
night. But your dear precious
letter cheered me up wonderfully.
You dear old Craggy & send
those stamps! It was my worst
of you, but it was a terribly crazy
thing to do!!! Don't until I get
word with you! Suppose I write
you three extra letters with them!
Just wait! I opened only one
of the letters before supper last night.
The one and I didn't recognize
the handwriting of the other one.

JULY 17, 1901

almost afraid. When I think of
all it means and will mean
now and ever! And then
too, now that people know I am
going to be married so soon, they
tell me such things. But if I did
not know you so thoroughly, my
own Ben, and feel so sure that
you have more real than any
other man in all the wide, wide
world, I would be afraid to get
married. But my heart's delight
I love you and I know you and
again I love you and I am happy
in the thought of our marriage.

Bennie, I trust you so and I'll my darling, I love you so!!
Dad's I'm going to have some pretty things for my wedding but I'm
not going to tell you a word about them. I'm stuffy! silence!
I didn't get many things in Boston for I went around with Carrie
so much. Will Parsons, Douglas and Charles went down Monday morning
and Carrie wanted to join them. She wanted Alice to go with her
but Alice didn't want to, as she ^{came} said she would pay my expenses
(set em up) if I would go with her. Never knew before that my
company was worth anything! We expected to get back Tuesday
night but Will, Carrie and I missed the train so stand until
last night. Tuesday night the four of us went to see "East Lynne"
and ~~Wednesday~~ Thursday night Will took Carrie and I to the Poughkeepsie.
So despite Mr. Abner I have seen it. The train brought back
good old times in Ithaca and reminded me only of our
good times. Can you guess who? Bennie - Bennie it

O Ben my own darling I am now
so glad of last year I wish we
had known you and maybe I wish
we had married you and you
had been engaged! Are you glad
too? Tell me, sweet. I just want
you dear my eye to put your
arms tight around me, put my
head on your shoulder and put your
precious face down on my face
chuck & chuck, and stay that way
for hours! Only just kiss me softly
once in a while like the little
wave kisses the rock when the
tide comes in and gently encircles
it. I know you so well, my

JULY 12, 1901

really is scandalous — The
machines and machinery of
my thoughts of you!

I do hope you will see
Chuck. The office is 191 Maine
Street. I will write him a
little letter today.

in Permian Permian don't
go & see him. Wait for
me. Don't you want to? But
if you do as you think best.
Aren't you surely coming to
see me in September? And
then wouldn't you like to go

with me.

Thank you so much for the receipt and your kind thoughtfulness
today for Miss Rogers. Her bill is like a breath of Co-operation!
Last I have to send you half of my nice new stamps, will
call it off on the ice-cream soda, although that has been
paid a dozen times over.

Dear heart I love you so, so much!

Look you, Bernice, if I changed my mind, say about September,
about registering so you think Mr Foster would let me keep my room?
Now then I would have to pay fifty cents a week more than last year. I am paying
4 year that I will simply be paying fifty dollars extra to be in bags and out for
the work I will get. That would be a little steep, wouldn't it? And yet I consider too
back to the hills. And there isn't much of any place where I can get
boarded in the same house and be near enough to the campus. What
would you do? Sweet heart sleeping, waking, dreaming, day-dreaming,
one as the price changes round the stump she loves you! That's the sweetest
of things.

Saturday
P.M. ITHACA, N.Y.
JULY 13, 1901

10 A.M.

What can be the matter
with the letter from my
cross, my dearest Madrie?
Do you wish to know
how much, how very much,
they are of my life when
I cannot be with you and
talk and talk; when I
can no more see you;
when I cannot even knock
on the adjacent wall for

morning I was already impatient,
and when no letter came in the
afternoon I thought only of seven
o'clock and the evening mail.
Just think! After walking down
to the postoffice I was disappointed
again; but I consoled myself with
saying that my little Madrie-Padrie
did not know how dear her letters
are to me, how eagerly I await
their repeated messages of love from
day to day, and how I love them.
'Herself' does not object that I love
them so, that I am so dependent
upon them: And when herself
knows it, I am sure that she will
not let her Duck wait for them.
Shall I confess farther? This morn-
ing I since breakfast I did nothing
but chafe until the postman came;

the light response which tells
me that you are no longer
napping: My sweetheart,
I love you as I can never
never tell, but I shall not
cease to try to tell until
you are my own to leave
me no more. No, not even
then, but there it will not
be so hard because I feel
that I could make you
know. Your dear letters
had been coming every
alternate day. Yesterday

JULY 13, 1901

and then I stopped him here at the laboratory, but no; not yet. I will try not to tell you about it any more my sweetest Ernest Pessis.

Miss Rogers returned last night from two days at the Inker community of Sherwood. When asked "what for time" she took us on the drive from the station, described the wild flowers

It is strange, but purely, truly sweet,
how much of my life you are. O you
must let me love you always so, and
more! My last thoughts at night, my
dreams, and my first thoughts in
the morning are of you. So I wonder
what you are doing - what you are
thinking now, and how often of
your Ben. There does, does there not?

Thursday I worked nearly all day
with some notes for my culture book,
and when evening came I even
forgot that there was to be a water
carnival and a decorated boat pa-
rade at Fenwick; but I saw the
junior, he as I went home from the
laboratory.

Yesterday I tried to clear up
such experiments with inoculation work
as I have under way; but it proved
a big job, and that will occupy
me today. Last night I walked up from
the postoffice with Mr. Shearer, and

and insects en route, introduced us to the individuality of each person whom she had met, took ^{us} up to her room to enjoy the liquid country view, wheeled us over to the schoolhouse and pointed out which of her listeners had clothing made à la Ladies' Home Journal, and explained why she returned on a train later than she anticipated, all of which went to show that a good time was had, - all of which kept me from my bed an hour later than duckling time.

JULY 13, 1901

stopped with him at the
Town and Gown to chat on
our cool piazza, where were
assembled such citizens as
Mr. Bauntlett, ^{Mr.} Judge Almy,
and others of that type. I
thought of the delightful hour
which I have spent in
that place with you, and
almost prayed that, if it is
well, in future years when
we are married (think of
it Sweet!) we may make
such hours there again to-
gether. I am so glad that

to tell. It does not know how, nor do I know how to tell you
how much Marie is fond of her own Pen. If you like, I will send a postscript, if not

No, Sweetheart, it is deep and strong,
and that is why it will show itself
in all sorts of little ways, as well
as in the great ways of life. Would
you think it sentimental if I had five
pictures of you about, to look at you
in various moods and attitudes?

Mr. Burr has brought to our table
another of his proteges, Miss La Villa.
She is the Italian girl whom I pointed
out to you at commencement time.

I am occasionally meeting people
whom I had no idea are here for the
summer school. Miss Vadeby and her
sister came up to speak to me to-
day and ask me to come to the sum-
mer school dance tonight. Miss Vaulx,
you remember is the young lady whose
friend Miss Freedman I never called
upon, like a good boy.

Hurrah! Our water tank has turn-
ed green on us! Nyckoff got his view-
ings of the landscape on, and he saw that
the red was bad.

I am glad, dearie, you said what you
did about the Pan American. I wish so much
to see it with you.

I am writing with your pen staff,
Marie, and I feel like kissing you for your advice. I love you; but it will not tell all I want it

you took me to that little
Smith Memorial Chapel. It
was one of the truest - it
was the truest - spiritual
moments of my life and
I shall think of it and speak
of it often. I love you my
Madame in all ways, and
deeply and intensely.

Really I cannot let you
for one moment suggest
that one or the other of us
would regard our love and
our manifestations of it as
in any way sentimental.

P.M. JULY 13, 1901

My own darling Bendy - I was

so sure I would receive a
letter from you this morning
and now I am so disappointed.

If you don't write to me all
I can do is to write you little
trades trades - your little things!

Oh Bendy - Bendy think of it!
and so soon! just three months
and a half more! Ah Ben

voice saying over and over again "Sweet, I love you. Sweet I love you I love
you, Sweet." And I shall say Ditto Ditto Ditto.

I was so nervous when I wrote you on Tuesday, dear, but I am not now.
I know you are happy in The Thought and I am happy even as you. And
it will not be interfering with your work will it heart's dearest? Oh my
Darling you must write to me truthfully and tell me what you feel about
it and all your preferences concerning little things. Dearest my hope I
want so much to talk to you, to look in those dear eyes again, to feel
our lips join, our two souls, like two dewdrops run into one. If I could
tell you just a little of what I feel, I would be so happy, but alas!
I can not. To write "I love you" is so little but Oh to love you is so much!

I am so glad you like Chuck, dearie. He is a dear noble boy.
And you were so good to write me at once. Thank you Dear Heart.
Auntie has just come in, to say she can't help thinking about "Mrs
Duggan" and she's so happy, just think how young & I have a new aunt!"

JULY 13, 1901

"I'm as glad!" I do want her
so much to be at our wedding!
Thanking it, Sweet! O Blessie-Blessie!
Happy? Tell me truly.

Last night I went to sit
and talk awhile with the Ranes
and the Hammonds who are visiting
them. Prof Rane and I commenced
talking Cornell and we kept it
up all evening. Then he and Mrs
walked home with me and came
up on the porch to have ginger-ale
and Spengel-cake. You know
Mr Burkett has accepted the North
Carolina position and they will

to Louis. People are so dependent here upon one another.

Did I tell you about our trip last Saturday. We were invited to go sailing down the bay in two big sail boats. We took our supper and were to go to Goat Island. We started at about four thirty and the tide was going out fast. After we reached the boat my little of wind died out and we had to row down the river. The tide began to turn and it was a Herculean task to row those heavy boats against it. Finally we arrived at Smiths point only half the distance we intended going and there ate our supper, had a fire, sang songs and then the poor men had to pull us back again. Mr. Dickworth and Miss Hume of Worcester of the party and both congratulated me on my former engagement to my embarrassment.

Yesterday the family went in bathing, but it was so hot and I was so tired that I stayed home and slept. Douglas and Charles are busy wiring the house for electricity and Alice and I are supposed to be sewing. Alice is just as dear and sweet as she

go in September. He says that
Clinton was sure that he had it
and Prof Roberts thought so too, but when
he got to Buffalo he found that they
had written to ask him to meet
them there. Clinton offered to go for
\$200 while Burbett accepted for
\$250. There may be a possibility
of Clinton coming here as he must
know that Burbett is going, but
that is doubtful. He is such a
thickening waste old hay-seed. I
told Prof Kane that I didn't think
he would be a desirable addition
socially. Don't you think it would

JULY 13, 1901
can be. She said the other day
tho' that she supposed you would
always call her Mrs Parsons and she
would call you Mr Duggan!

Dear Ed my I love you dearly
and I await impatiently your
letter. If you write me a line
me you can't imagine what a
sweet me my next shall be.

Till then my sweetest
and God keep you my precious
dearling Ben.

Yours most
truly
Mother Parsons.



Van Domala Aug 13 1801
your pleasant surroundings
entitled you to 31 days Grace
in giving me the 12th of July letter
which 434 people of my old home
doing so much for his country
preparing to do more
I don't what you say about
the 21st but I hope to many
bring you happy results
I agree with you we ought
to climb higher - we are
all well, my 4th flag wave in
my Hall, I was invited to
a Newbern at V.D. took fight
I accepted an invitation before
to Hosa dale to a family reunion
I carried 4 Bot. wine & and
drank all the toast in 1 hour
including the Toast of 100 years
I him & absent friends
I felt better though the morning
brought pains - Charles House
called has been in bed since
all rest well. Heats 7th 11th Dugg



Sunday, July 14, 1901

SS. MANITOU.

My dear little Colonel:-

Alas! Alas! To think
that you have surrendered -
you who for so many
years have held out so
courageously against the
enemy. No doubt the
attacking force was ir-
resistible. Well, blessings
on thee, little man! ---

Seriously, I congratulate
you, and hope I may

some day have the pleasure
of meeting the future
Mrs. Duggar (doesn't that look fine?)

I was greatly shocked
to hear the sad news
regarding Mrs. Durand. Your
letter was the first intimation
I had of her death. She
was a fine woman, whose
character I admired greatly.

I congratulate you on
your new position with
Uncle Sam. No doubt the
work will be pleasant,
and Washington must
be a fine place for a home.

I am glad that I may
have a chance to
see you in Otsego this
summer. I shall probably
go to Otsego the last
week in July. From your
letter I note that you will
probably be there until Aug.
1. Work at Stanford
begins on Sept. 1, and
I shall probably start
for the west about the
middle of August.

I will say Au revoir
South Orange,
New Jersey. C. H. Rammelkamp

I thought for this evening
 writing. I have written a
 long letter, as well as
 good bye for the present.
 I wish much to see
 you. I have devoted
 P.D. nothing more for
 I have just recd. your letter
 acceptable letter of the 12th, am glad to
 know the hot weather has left you, it is as
 hard to work when it occurs. Some plans
 of sowing early & sowing the morning hours for
 work is a good one, it is the only time now
 that I can work with serena. As Mrs. Graham
 used to say, you had a time with the serena
 toes, I have heard of such little ones, & so fine,
 as to drive a man out of bed & to work at
 such an hour. We have had a few but not
 not protect us, now we are at sea. I have used
 knives in the dining well to try to keep
 them down & I think it has, don't know when
 the few stragglers come from. We had a plague
 of flies the very hot day we had. I had been
 in the back part of the house for some time
 had occasion to go in the front hall & every
 thing was covered with them, walls, ceilings,

4 even the floor, the front door had been open
4 I suppose they were driven out by the
excessive heat (108 degrees in the shade on
the porch at 4 o'clock) there were no dining
them out, they looked sick & there they stayed
until night, since then we have had very
few. The weather that day was simply terrible,
(it was the very day you wrote) the air was
burning hot, everything in the house was
hot to the touch, chairs, glass clothing &
everything was hot to our hands, how any
thing in the sun stood it I can't see, it
was a little cooler ^{yesterday} night day & ~~today~~ ^{yesterday} the
thermometer registered only 99, today about
the same, there were some clouds & I
currently prayed for rain but the sun is as
bright as ever. The corn must be much
injured & the gardens are fast burning up.
Of course you have read accounts of the hot
times in other states, in Kansas the grain
crop is said to be ruined & in Arizona the
heat has been very great, I long to hear how
Waver stands it, no letter from him in a
long time. I am sorry you will have to give

JULY 15, 1901

out the Denver trip, you spoke as if you would like as much to visit. You did not tell us if when you would be in Washington but Uncle Waver let us send you letter to him in which you mentioned it. I hope the hot times will be over before you have to go to Arkansas, I also hope you will be sent to Ala. & that we will have you for a little while any how. Yes, keep our minds the winter trip & be sure to come if you can, we will be as anxious to know how & I will try if you can come to get the boys together, more successfully than last winter I hope.

I wonder if you will move your furniture to Washington, but that you can't tell until you ^{make} are there & see what arrangements you will, I suppose, but your books, specimens &c. will be some thing to pack. I wish I could help you. I suppose Miss Pearce will not return to Ithaca this summer.

Since my last letter we have attended Oliver's wedding, the church was full & the bridal party presented quite a good appearance, the

bride & bridesmaids were "handsomely gowned"
 of course. Oliver looked very pretty & "Mr Joe"
 quite proud of her. The ceremony was performed
 by the former Rector Mrs Dickinson, seeing the
 Episcopal services. The bride changed her dress &
 left on the train, the others remained over to a
 dance at Mrs Ketchum's that night. Isabelle
 (Tenn) was one of the attendants. Mrs Holden
 came down in the evening & spent the day
 with me to be ready for the wedding. Rebecca
 G., Kate, Edwin, Harry, David & Reuben
 were there, after the ceremony adjournment to
 our house, Mrs G. & her Wm. also. The
 latter called for glasses, ice, & a qt of champagne
 he had left with me & treated the crowd.
 Mrs G., Rebecca, Kate & Edwin went home
 the others remained to supper & went to the
 dance. Reuben took Lavinia Mrs Haselden,
 does it it seem strange for Mrs Haselden
 to have so general daughters? time passes away
 as fast. The dance was given by the young men.
 The young folks would not return & spend the
 night, went home. It is now generally known
 that Oliver will be married early in October.

JULY 15, 1901

Aunt Isabelle has been on a visit to Luchama
was expected home Saturday. That terribly hot
Friday was the day Fred wrote he would
leave for La., he must have suffered travelling
in such weather.

Uncle John & twins were to leave for Norfolk
today, the girls will spend a month.

Uncle Waver did not come up yesterday, we
had the quietest kind of a day, the cook
had a holiday & we were the only persons on the
lot, did not even take a ride as most persons
do, but the dust is a great drawback to
riding now, it never stops. Miss Lane, she is on
the road every evening & sometimes in the morning
for a change, she has taken me to ride twice
lately. Mr. Hume who has been quite sick is now
able to do without the Dr., & to remain in our
room as soon as permitted.

Flem says she hopes to find you out in Washing-
ton & would like to introduce you to some of her
friends there, she spends very little time in the
city is always worrying about for her health
but the house is kept open & children are there

with Robertson letter
16 July 1901

Lock of hair
in envelope

7 M JULY 16, 1901

Dearest and Best -

Just a word or
two to tell you that I love you
best of all the world, more than life
or death or all eternity. But I love
you love you and want you
all so much!

We go to Hampton Beach in an
half hour, here to spend the day
the whole family. Douglas is still
with us and is I think growing

will write one very long & long
letter soon. I don't know why
I love you, but I do love you!

Kiss me one dear old
Buddy, just one little one
for I must hurry. I want
you to come with me, don't you?

Alma didn't show me the
maple and I'm jealous.

My mother returns
tomorrow. Everyday I realize
more that you are all small
& me. And I to you?

I am your very own
Madame Rade.

Phonetic. I have just written to
your father and mother Buddy
and I am ashamed of the letter.
It was so hard to write! And
in spite of myself affection would
creep in so that I am afraid
they will think me a quack!
"God but was quick!"

I send you my six & half shells
also a little cube of hair. Tale
of the Kangaroo.

Prof Lane is not Kappa Sigma
but belongs to Prof Bailey's frat.

I love you, love you dearly. I

I am sorry
misses Douglas
in Bulletin
says he will
write again
when "Hear"
comes a
little rally
me to my
room, my
sweet Marie

My own Darling, (you

think that I love you unrea-
sonably and that I am un-
reasonable in my love. I al-
most fear you do, or that
you will when I unburden
the thoughts which have
worried me so much dur-
ing the past week. I would
not write about it at all

and that I will be mean and envious, restless and unhappy
(almost) if any person or any circumstance is allowed
to claim what is ours. Surely, my own Sweetest and
Dearest, I want only the freely-given and the sponta-
neous, and I know how your time has been so clau-
sily occupied. But I cannot help it, it hurts me that
I have received only one letter and one note in the
last eight days. I love you, my Darling, so dearly that
I cannot stand it. It was only ~~three~~ weeks ago today (it
seems an archaic age) since we said three a
week and murmured that it was not more. My Madrie,
will you be absolutely frank with me as always? Tell
me, did I ask too much? Then I would be sorry, very
sorry, and ask you to be readjustor, ^{and} I will try to
be content. I hope there need be no readjustment. Then

if I loved you less - if
you were less than all to
me. Marie, my own, I wish
I were with you! I want to
talk to you; and to talk
as I would, could be done
only with my arms around
you and with your heart
close to my own. My precious
sweetheart, it is about my
letters, - those that you wrote
me, - about which I want
to talk. You know, Marie,
that I am jealously guard-
ful of our love's rights,

JULY 17, 1901

worth of fruit. He had sprayed
ed with something wrong,
and sent for us to show us
a 'new disease'. Prescription :-
"you hadn't oughter"!

Yesterday was what may be
called a Calif. or Texas
rock-melting bottom-hot day.
I sincerely hope that you were
more comfy, my Lämmchen,
than I. But today is a
brother-at-arms as tother.
How I would like to run
into the Bay of Dover
(not over my head) for a
plunge!

about the inquiries you make relative to it. Just
here, though, if it is so necessary to come back, would
not September and October in Ithaca simplify matters
greatly? What does that check mean? Is this to square you
up with Uncle Bill when he squares the accounts? Well,
then don't send any more, because I think that will do the
work. I have forgotten how it looks, but I'll send you a
balance sheet as soon as he will let me.

I have a nice little letter from Miss Hagenschuetz,
and I am going to send it to you to read, but don't
you leave it behind, for it will belong with ours. There
came also a jolly one from dear old Rammell (C. H.
Rammell Kamp Ph.D.) which you may read some day.
Going to treat me mean, you say? Doing things that
you will not tell me about. Aha! I'll have a secret
too, I will, and I have begun to think about it already.
I am so glad you wrote to Mother and Father sweetest. I
hope you did send some straight affection. They would

My very Own, you don't know
what a dear, sweet letter Ag-
nes wrote me. She signed
right in with "Dear Ben"
like a sweet sister, and
I love her for it. I was so
glad to have the page from
your letter too, which I
now return. How shall
I write to her next time?!!
I will not know for the
life of me.

Sweetheart, in my next
letter I am going to write
you at great length about
returning next fall, and

JULY 17, 1901

tell me, shall person or
thing rob me of my pleas-
ure? Think what it would
be if I could not depend up-
on your letters! That beau-
tiful little note last night,
postmarked Monday, tried
to cheer me up, and it
told me again, as I love
to know always, that you
love me dear. The little
lock of hair sent me off
to "Kissing Time," "Doogly
dear" and the sweet like.
I have volumes to write you
but well I know that

I told her a few more nice things and received her congratulations. Oh! after dinner Sunday! That was the time, sweetest hour, that I longed for you as the "Old Muddy" is long. You see Mr. Burr read us two yesters. One was "Baby", in the last Harper, cunningly sweet, but sad-like. You must read it. The other was Bret Harte's "Mercury of —", in the last Cosmopolitan. My but the woman in that ^{is} a terror! We sat out on the grass by Barnes Hall, and there was another laugh, another smile, another glance of the eye that was with me then: Did you realize it my Madrie sweet?

You know how I raced out to Lockport on Monday, and there I tramped in the boiling sun a whole half day almost. A poor blighted fruit grower, yet a King among his kind, had been spending some ten dollars to destroy perhaps a thousand dollars.

you would not like it, this
mood so much must be sav-
ed up." Dearest, Prof. Suggs
love you, he does, - with
all his whole big heart
and soul, he loves you.

I must tell my journal
again. Well, I did not patron-
ize the dance Saturday
night; but in some return
for Miss Vaulx's courtesy
I called Sunday evening, and
walked over with her and
her sister to get some ice-
cream soda. Miss Vaulx
had heard about you, so

JULY 17, 1901

Like it better than anything
in the world.

Wading up! Wading up and
write and write and write,
and then I can, always - every-
thing. Let me depend upon
them even though the thermom-
eter breaketh his case, and
the sun parcheth his earthly
neighbor! Let them be my
diamond-true chronometer, the
record of unscratchable time be-
tween your love and mine.

Ma mige,

"I strive to tell the love that makes
The music of my heart and soul -
O love! a holy silence breathes 'nd wakes,
and that husheth speak the whole",
and well my Penels knows, 'tis all
her own freedom.

JULY 17, 1901

No other envelope would
take it, if you
object to
poke,
Love,
'tis my excuse.

44 East-43 Street, Chicago, Ill.
July 18th 1901

My dear Marie

It seems a long time since I wrote to or heard directly from you. True it is only two weeks since your mother & myself left you at Durham, but it seems months to me & many things have happened in the days that have intervened. The weather also has been so intolerably hot in this great City. The sun has poured its hot beams on the streets & the house walls on either side day after day that the whole city is like a great oven in which we are all baking & stifling & perspiring & sleep seems impossible.

Last night - we had a severe thunder storm & it rained nearly the whole night & this morning there is a cool breeze blowing from the north west & I am taking advantage of that to write to you, before it has been too hot to read or write or do almost anything.

We arrived here safely on Saturday & on Sunday went to the South Congregational Church which was nearest & it being Communion Sabbath your mother & I presented our letters & were received as members. So you see we have already located ourselves ecclesiastically, as well as domiciled ourselves in the big city of Chicago.

Agnes does not look at all well. She frets because Jack does not seem to be doing much & she suffers from staying in the house too much. She has a beautiful child but the constant care of it added to her other responsibilities is almost too much for her. I Luine leaves the city on Monday for two months & Jack having his patients to take care of hopes to make a little money. I sincerely hope that he may do so & increase the number of his own patients as well. He hopes this Fall to be employed as a lecturer in the Medical College in addition to attending to his own practice & this will give him a wider reputation.

How is Douglas getting along. Do you see any
evidence of his health improving, & is he acting
as a dear brother should to you. I wrote to
him last week, but he is not a very good
correspondent. I am very anxious about him
I hope that he will take a good long vacation
Write to me soon & tell me all about yourself
Do not worry about the future, Trust in God
& your friends & everything will be all right.
Your sisters & your mother are doing all that
they can to assist you & I hope that your
brothers will also open their hearts & their purses
If the Lord opens the way so that I can earn
something, that you can also have.
We are trying to sell some land in South
Carolina also to help matters along.

Try to be good friends with every body & they
will all try to be good friends with you
Above all things take good care of your
health & of your eyesight. These two things are
all essential to your success & your happiness
Give my love to Ben when you write to
him.

Give my love & kisses to Alice & the children.
How much I miss them. I am always
thinking of the happy weeks I spent in Durham.
Give my love to Charlie & to Douglas & kindest
regards to Will Parsons & his wife.

Say ales to Mr Beard, to Mr Wm Raines & to
Miss Mary Smith. Tell her I find no such
kind & considerate librarian in Chicago.
& thank her for me for all her courtesy to me.
May God bless & keep you my darling is the constant
prayer of your affectionate old Daddy

P.M. JULY 18, 1901



My dear Marie,

You said no word of
the day you were to marry.
nor where. nor if it were
to a church wedding - nor
any of the things that would
so interest me. Please don't
think of me in any but the

has done much for him.
So write me again.

Most cordially
Alice Pratt Perry

Sept 4.

Please give much love
to your sister.

8:30 P.M.
Wednesday

PM JULY 18, 1901

My own sweetest, dearest
Madre Padme,

You are
an absolute and perfect
joy, a treasure of peace that
comes all the year round,
and I love you and I love
you until words are not
made to tell when nor
where nor how nor why
the whole thing came
about. If I could only

"sacred" roses of her own little weaving. "Will
the first of October be too soon?" You scamp, you
dashing trace! It is longer than it takes me to go to
East Aurora, you know, (!!!) and that is all the time
that your Penny Penny, your husband, wants.

O dashing, Dashing, are you happy, real happy that
it will be so soon? Is October so soon, so very soon?
But it will be a century until that time comes.
Yes indeed, I could "do" all of the cotton diseases
in Texas and half of the remainder of the
world in that time when ——— when ———.

I have wished and wished that Douglas would
suggest something like that - having it at his house,

throw my arms around
you. I would show you
that I can tell you how
happy, "how hap-
py, happy, — hap- — py"
I am. Our wedding in
October is what the gods
intended, sweet Lorr, and
you are the angel who
brought me the news.
Annie is our flower
girl who has already
struck the way with

P.M. JULY 1901

so that the trouble about
having it at Durham in
~~ten~~ ~~ten~~ would
vanish. Now I could
take him by the hand
and shake it until
he would think that
I had reversal of his
dynamas or such like
stood up in row.

I want to write you
volumes now, and
I want to give a short

that you don't have to bother about coming back or doing anything, but just getting ready for the wedding; - what is the only thing anyway.

O my Darling, I hope you get this letter before the one I mailed at six o'clock! In that I was cross to my own, the dearest girl in the world because she had not written to me. Don't read the first four pages. Throw them away to the furnace, because your Penny Lord you so much & he could not stand it when he did not get as many letters as he wanted.

I will write to Annie (what a dear child and what a deep feeling she has developed for our sacred love!) as soon as I can

JULY 18, 1901

But I want to tell you
once again that I love
you, love you, that
I want it in October, that
the time aforesaid is
the happiest month in
the year, and that
I, your Penny Penny
is happy as happy can be.
I will write again just
as soon as soon can be.
Cheer up! Mine, my

Love, dear girl or dear girls. I will write "to home"
to tell them they must come, to Llewellyn to tell him
he must see me through too, and do all other
things you suggest if I have any thoughts which
can be bestowed on anything but you, my Lämmchen.
Kiss Alice, dearest, because I know she helped
me to have it in October.

I found your letter at the postoffice
at 7:30. Now it is 9 P.M. and I only hope that
by taking this downtown it will "catch up" with
the six o'clock letter.

I am so glad it is not six months, I am
so very glad, my love, my sweetest.

Friday evening July 19th 61.
Hibernia Corner.
N.Y.

My darling sweet Madrie,
It is
two days ago to the hour
since I wrote to you, and
two days since the sweet
news about Octobus. Again
at the postoffice tonight
I should a dashing letter.
I know now that they
usually come at night,
and so come other day, -

how the hour of writing,
as I cannot tell about
the bearing of mail.
You, my darling
disciple, so sure as there
is heart and soul, and
that when heart meets heart
and soul meets soul
in heart-to-heart, soulful in-
touch that we love - just
as sure as I that I
love my Prædicator more as
my soul grows and expand-
ing by the explanation

of its touch with a kindred
soul. I have been so happy since
you say it shall be October rather
than the cold, distant winter. I wish
that I could see you, and in one min-
ute I could convince you better of
my joy of it than an hour of writ-
ing may. I expect to be through
with the southern trip by the
middle of September, and there
is absolutely no reason why I should
not, my Love. Then just as soon

often every day in the
week, I go down for the
mail. It is so much nicer
to have them in my own
possession, to touch them, to
breathe the atmosphere of
love which you have impart-
ed to them, rather than to
wait a whole night and
morning while they lie in
that stuff postoffice. Some-
times they reach me in the
afternoon; but you Darling,
you real scamp, you never
even give the day, much

JULY 19, 1901

as possible I want to have
my happiness complete. There
is so much to say in writing
about our wedding (the word
troubles me now) that it will
take many letters to tell
my Sweet all; but you
must write to me about it
all just as if you were
talking. What time in Oc-
tober, doesn't? Early? Tell
me right away if I may say
October to the Family and
to other of our friends;

am going to write them to do so if they possibly
can. They will want us to come south. Will we go? When
shall we go? O sweet there is so much that I want
to see you for! I am making out the list; a part of
it I must send home for some addresses I cannot
remember. Madrie, my own sweetheart, Agnes and Jack,
Daddy and Nance, and all of the family will come, will
they not? Will the Durham chicks come? By the way,
may I write to Abbie again, without waiting on
ceremony to tell her how happy I am that our wed-
ding will be sooner, nearer, hence dearer, sweeter.
My sweetest little Madrie, you have all my love,
and you cannot get away from it one minute; and
yet I know you do not wish to. As I sit here, and
sometimes shake myself because I just feel that I

tell me how many of my
very best friends I may ask
to come over, to see my
bride and the real glory
in my face on that day.

In the last letter from Mother
she sends her love to you, and
begs me to bring you down
right away in the winter (she
thinking Christmas the time)
although at that time it
would not be so pleasant
as autumn. Now that it
will be nearer to them, I
know they will want to
come so much, and I

JULY 19, 1901

there. Now if it should seem
rather soon after installation
to take a foreign tour
would it make any difference
if we postponed that
till for December, say? What does
Madame think about it all
for I want to know all of
her thoughts too? That would
give us two months after
the wedding in which to
know Washington and make
other friends before sailing.
On the other hand, if we
go earlier the sailing cli-

for her two hours and her entrance back
not that not enough of what I have set but always
I say, here's leg to my Mother, my father's leg may
mate would be better, perhaps; and, moreover, there
would be no chance of any interference whatsoever
with a field trip in earliest spring.

Tell me about East Aurora, about Douglas and
Alice, and about every thing. Are we going to have an
evening wedding? Some how that seemed more spiritual,
yet the other may be fresher or crispier (of a wedding!!!)
I believe they say; and I am sure all hours are the
best.

You are not going to make me pay \$5.00 on that Backin-
off are you, dearest, and have time. Will swear \$100.00 worth
about that freak Dutchman's "Trousers"?

I have left you nothing to do about to write that old
sweetheart of yours a book in answer to all those
questions, Darling; but don't, don't forget the songs of love.

M. de K. M. sits at our table now, and he
actually talks to the Virginia "Effect." Yes: she has returned

JULY 19, 1901

must take hold of this
great love I feel for you, I
am reminded that it is
like incense - inexhaustible
incense. It is all about
me and I breathe it and
it is a part of me, yet I
can neither measure, weigh,
nor compass it save by
the ineffable, sweet favor
which its realization brings
to me and to me alone, -
and to Madrie of like
kind in equal part.

Madrie Padrie,

like the college and its dear little social life so much, and she gives me a glowing account of the dear little home we would have. It would have been a beautiful thing to have had a year there with my Madrie, at least a year, before going elsewhere. Now Dr. Brown says the place shall remain vacant a year rather than put in a poor man or one untitled. Now the question is, should I let him think for one moment that I might consider the place at the end of a year? I am afraid you would be dubious about staying there during midsummer, should you read Sister's account of how hot it is. Shall we go down and take a little view of Auburn's matters this autumn, or sometime? About Paris, October would be the beginning of a delightful season

you do not object ^{at} all, at
all (are you sure) to try-
ing a year in Washington.
If we do not like it, socially
or otherwise, we can change
at the end of a year, it seems.
I mean, we could change to
day. Mr. Hume cannot
go ~~there~~ ^{to Auburn,} and Dr. Brown
wishes me to suggest a
man. Fred has written me
a long letter and Sister
some twenty pages. Sister
thinks "my wife" would