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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.

August first. 1911.
Nine fifteen P.M.

O my Darling what
a beautiful, coolest winter!
It has been such a glorious
day, cool and perfect in every
way. It reminds me of the
beautiful October days just
before Agnes' wedding! There
was has been, before or since,
I think, such delightful weather
as we found in dear old

loving in return. There I am your equal, my Best, my Dearest and
Hobbit of Mine! And I love you with all my heart and soul.

No you know Bessie that I never cared much for candy except
the pleasure of getting it and giving it away. (A cheap way of popularity!)
But today several times I have stolen up to my room to eat one
of the candies my Ben sent me! And they were so sweet—as were
my thoughts. It is so fresh and so beautifully done up! Just like you?
And I dipped into the little tins and there were so many
pistachios you dear dear boy! Oh I do love you!

And then at eleven o'clock there was a nice long letter
from Mother Madrig saying how she thought you 'one of the very
finest in the land', 'and she didn't speak without due
consideration either.'! And now to night there is such a

Galeton. This morning we were
packing our trunks, Annie,
Louisa and I (by the way we packed
our thirty two quarts!) when Chase
brought such a delectable, delicious
token of my Darling's thoughtfulness.
Dearest, dearest, what can I say!

If I could but put my arms
about you, could but make you
feel how you overpowered me, how
unworthy I am of all this great
love can only in my power of

AUG. 1, 1901

letter for Madrie Cadron from
her husband! Dearest dear
let me say it over and over
again, I love you, I love you.

Oh, yes, that I had a hundred
tongues that they might say
continuously I love you, I love you
my Ben, yes even unto infinity.

Maud brought the dear
letter to me while I was still
at table and before I had
a chance to read it Ma

Tonight for Mr Buckett as he leaves tomorrow. We got back a little
after half past eight which was good time and left the girls
and Mr J. at the Hall. Then Mr Clark and I came home & found
Mr Buckett on the piazza waiting for the family. They all went
over together. I didn't care to go and so - Behold! With the music
^{happening in my ears!}
This afternoon I read and then played with little Marion while
Doug and Alice went swimming. About half past four Alice
came over and stayed the rest of the afternoon. So there you
have my day, and such a nice one!

Thank you sweetheart for the pictures. They are such
nice reminders of that pleasant trip. Which is never that one or one
first Taughannock (how do you spell it?) trip? I shall never forget
either. It seems so good to see the Madame dear face

Clark was announced, so I
hied me quickly up the stairs
and into my room and there
I stayed until I had read it
through and once again. It made
me so happy. Mr Clark and
Mr Johnston came for me then
with Ben and Anne. Cor after
Miss Hise of Dore, a very sweet
attractive girl to whom Mr J. is quite
devoted. She is one of Kentucky's
first families' and is very popular
one here. There is a dance going

AUG. 11, 1901

Tramming forth, Do well the
others. But your dear face
is so sadly looking, my
Puckey Waddles. Why haven't
you seen it.

I am not going to write you
any longer for I want to write
my usual one to-morrow.

There are a thousand things I
want to tell you, but most and
best of all is of the ever-present
our flowing, infinite love for ^{Bendie}
Bendie, which possesses the soul
of his mother Bendie.

Albaca, N.Y.

11 AM. Friday, July 2, '91

Did you ever feel uncon-
sciously impelled to do a thing, sweet
and good and joyous for your-
self and which you felt
would give another equal
pleasure to, and yet you felt
it almost necessary to wait
to do it until some inter-
minable hours passed? Yes,
yes, you dear, dear old Sweet
heart of mine, I know
that you have felt so. Yes-
terday afternoon. Remember and

low. It had been one of the most beautiful days of the year,
the temperature perfect, and the breeze sweet and reminiscient in
its fragrance. Across the Hill there arose the reddest, fullest,
grandest moon that I ever saw. I could not help it, - the peace-
ful beauty of everything about me, the whispering, constant
and true, of my Madeline's soul-thoughts were so spiritual,
so pervading, - I bowed my head in thanks for a scene
^{and feeling} so like the mellow radiance of our love - of the love that
will always be ours.

The Willen came out, Mrs. Gilbert called, and we
chatted a while. Then - yes, I could resist it no longer: I
went to my room on a petty excuse, and I read my darling
Lover's letter again and once again. I wanted her presence,
and it would have been a pain to have wanted it more,
my sweet. He had promised to meet Rameau down town
at 9:30. He wanted to have some German reminiscences in
German style, so we went into a little upstairs dining room

I walked down to the post-office. There I found the dearest and sweetest of letters. I could just feel my Phadine's beautiful soul in every word and every letter, and I read it with perfect delight. my Joy.

Mr. Larsson joined us on the way up the hill, and he and I attempted to hear a lecture on liquefied air. The lecture room was overcrowded and many persons were standing in the hall, so we continued the stroll to my own doorstep and bunga-

JULY 2, 1901

at Zink's and there in the
quiet over a glass of beer
and some Schweizer sandwiches
we recalled some of the pleas-
ures and trials of the old times
in Germany and Italy. Wish
my darling Loozy, that you
could have heard everything.
As I walked home at 11:30 in
the beautiful moonlight my
mind ran over the beautiful
times when I had walked across
the old campus with my own
dearest Marie, and my soul
dwelt joyously upon the growth

some in what I said about Mrs Will Parsons' dress. Vain-
gloriness in you I did not, could not think of, my Love. I only
want for you to see that I love simple beauty in dress as well as
fine beauty, - that I also love your soul and heart in your face, ^{and}
that no adornment could detract from this. Your darling Sweetheart
of artistic temperament! I know you love pretty things and pretty
environments, and you know that I want you to love them, ^{and}
I will love them with you, so far as I am developed - in nature
and in art. There are and there will always be pretty things
about us, and there are so many things of whose beauty so few
are aware. Your old Pease! You would hardly let ^{me} tell you
how beautiful I think you; but you know too that I love beauty
of soul and heart that shines through a face more than the beauty
of a face. The former a profane world is constantly seeking to pro-
fane, and the latter it can scarcely attain to with its pro-
fanations. Sweetheart do one thing for your Peasey, one thing
more, in addition to those you do every day, every hour: - Don't

and upon the present wholesome
yet delicate vigor of that love.
I long to write thee dear, dear
little kind of mine always,
but since last evening it has
been as well-nigh irresistible
as ever anything was to me - even
(almost) as throwing my arms
about you and kissing you that
first happy time. I promised my-
self that I would have self con-
trol that I would ^(silently) wait and write
"just before dinner tomorrow"

My own sweetest darling, I
wish that this could go to you
with light-like rapidity, for I
am afraid that I hurt my Madrie

JULY 2, 1901

think that he is too literal an
old Sealarway, and that when
he expresses his own feelings
^{about his own desires}
^{think things right}
that he is implying any manner of
failure in others. He has made
so many mistakes in this direc-
tion that his Madrie knows how
culpably neglectful he is of limit-
ing his application so as to
seem "of himself alone", as in-
tended. Don't you, Sweet think
that she will have quite a
bit of training on her hands in
this same. Bandy Bandy? But
he likes to be trained, chained
bound by love.

to have been with you as you were bathing and caring for little Marion. Oh Madeline Padric I just love you so much, and there are so many things that I want to write you about and just can't find words or ways.

Think of it! Two more Cornell students drowned this summer! One of them was drowned in this lake while bathing, and the other was with the geological party on Lake Champlain. I am awfully glad that you can swim. Can your boat Henry Penn already?

Yesterday I sent away my ^(new) boxes to Washington; eighteen boxes of them, and they made a big load I can tell you. What fun we will have out of some of those boxes in the times, the happy times which are to come! No, Sir! I am not discouraged about those wedding presents for the museum. I think that they are delightfully given, and how much fun I shall get out of 'which find this came from', 'who made that', and all about them, - you just cannot half realize, ma Mye, my Own. Oh I could catch you up and carry you across the room right now - those extra five

No, no, sweet Lorr, it stands
\$63.26, and you know it very
well. If you can subtract no-
bitter, I shall never again give
you a "rec" for a school - as
teacher of art, drawing, history, and
calisthenics!

Yes, darling, I think I could
write and tell Miss Roget just
what you expect to charge, \$200
or \$300 or what not; but you
know best what is the plan
which members of your profession-
al school follow towards us rever-
ently - ahem - bowing scientists.
"Is she of the latter class Jack,
this tree-scribe Heron?" (!) (!)
I would have given lots

JULY 2, 1901

possible notwithstanding!

Do you know, with the present plan we are writing on the same day, and perhaps we will often be reading each others letters at the same time! Isn't that delightful. Often wonder what you are doing this very minute.

I shall certainly remember to get me those pens at the Co-op.

I have been trying for two or three days to be left alone at the table after meals with Miss Hale, but Mistress Madry has interrupted every time. You see I want to talk to her about edibles effect, and about you, and I

would rather not call. Mother and Father write that they cannot possibly come to East Aurora. Father says the "Fair One" and not the Poor Ann. Fair would attract them if they could come. Then, too, he sensibly tells me about matters of life, how much he has my and our happiness in mind, and gives at last some practical suggestions.

Sweetheart, don't you be sending me any other checks besides the MacMillan one, or I won't I'll reimburse them to you personally and in such way that you will have to collect it yourself, your Scamp.

Oma says, I run toward those two (the) lips, I touch them,

press them with my own truest delight because they are my love, and they tell me that the soul loves, and that all is sweetly mine, as I am thine.

For that letter of beautiful penmanship and noblest, sweetest, purest thoughts I give thee a soul-kiss my Queen. Ben.

Dearest I
have not
a chance
to tell you
how much
I love you
how much
I love you
how much
I love you
but I'll
do my
best

PM 1901

Friday Aug 2nd
Three thirty

My own Darling -

Again I

wrote to you and so gladly!
All day Carrie has been sitting
in my room and children come
one to come playing here, but
now they have all gone swimming
and I have a chance to
tell my Dearest that his
Percie is his Percie. To love

Flowers! It will let me finish it. You know how hard it
is for me to mix with any one around and get in this large
family with so much company I can not find an isolated
spot and take possession of it but what it is received by at least
even. So do ask all my kind friends to be with me. Tell Miss
Rogers especially that I am doing the work for her and will try my
best to hurry it along.

And right here may I tell you a little gossip? Well Mrs
Janni was married yesterday. She married the San Francisco "gentleman
friend" of whom I wrote you - a young looking fellow ^{man} with a fat face
as we knew about it until last night when Mr Burdett spoke
the news. He was the confidant and says that Miss Mc Mendall
proposed to Mrs J. when she was seventeen and has

and to hold, bring him as
gladly, so entirely, so soulfully.

This morning I have finished
up some drawings for Mistress
Mady and will send them
all on as soon as I get the
right post one finished. Please
tell her so for me. Don't think
I am neglecting your work my
Love for I am not. I am going
to send them all on together. I
have only one more to do for you
but I can't tell how soon there

Aug 2, 1901

repeated it one hundred times
since then. "Hard Luck" as the
Clark says. It may be a true-
love affair, but I may be wrong.
It is rather disgusting when
you know that her divorce was
obtained only a few months ago.

Alie has been making up
at Chas' table with him, all day.
She sent Alie and Doug here
& home with Star (and the
baby) this morning and left me
to entertain Carrie. Carrie has
said several times how much

the chalk mark once in a while. And then too I know I'll have
to toe the mark always when I'm in a dired!!

Lathrop went yesterday with his Grandfather to broken house
to stay until he gets ready to come home. Mrs Leonora leaves the first
of next week for Buffalo and the Panama, with Douglas and
Alice. She is to stay with them until Sept when she will return
with Chuck. Carrie also thinks of going with them to the Exposition
leaving her children to the care of their Grandmother who will arrive
next week. And so they go and come! Lucy and I are going
away on a little jaunt next week also. So stay with Mrs Kane a day
or so in her cottage at Hampton Beach. It will be pretty lonely
around here with all the crowd gone.

John is yelling and I am so afraid the baby is going to make
up and I will have to delay my letter. I don't even want to see

she wants us to meet her when
she gets into her new house.
She has presented me with a very
beautiful 'part of my Troussseau'.

Hart and see if it suits!!!

By the way didn't you
like my penmanship the other
day? how ever you think it
the handsomest thing ever! I
tried to shade like you do!
This letter is a back-slide
but you know dearest its as much
more interesting & wondrous off

Aug 21, 1901

any more children! They are
worse than the very old bad
man!

Descent from Mauna's letter
of last night I quote you this
'Pelle says Tom Parker will be
in Boston by Oct 1st, he has left
the Philippines by the way of the
Sithurus of Suez & Bermuda Islands'.
Wouldn't it be nice if he ^{also} could
be present at the event!

Hurray for "Guns"! Certainly he
must have an invitation. I have
also thought of Cynthia. What

Ben. It is the only not nice side.

If Alie were Master of Honor (as usual it is my sweet Agass's suggestion) Aggie and Alie & would simply have to look on & imagine. They must mind. You see it is Alie's place for excellence.

Dearest I don't dislike Mr Durand. I don't know him well enough to say that. I dislike little things I heard about him. But you who know him so well are surely better able to judge than I. And Heaven forbid that I should come between you and your friends with my little prejudices founded upon other people's tales. Dearest I want you to keep all your new friends. I have always said I wouldn't marry a man who had no new friends. There is usually something the matter with them, something unpleasant about them. So dearest if you want Octave to bring all that it will bring in any case, keep your friends And by all means

say you.'
'Aunt we made Mr Rasmunkamp
stay for our d' wedding.' Did you
tell him how 'bout it, and
what did he say?

I received the money order safely
and thank you. And does it
really give you pleasure my dear
& pay my own money to my own
order? How will it be when you
pay your own money to my own
order? O Repentance cometh
with the Dawning! But I
don't like to think about that

AUG 21 1901

let us have K. M. at our wedding
and we must have Retain both
also Prof Bowler, Auden and the
Warrant. For this last you know
I have the greatest sympathy.
So much so that I had some
forgotten that I didn't use
I like him. how we do!

And let us urge the family.
I want them to come and so
do you.

Sweetheart I sawed Charles
Parsons last night right at

the table before the crowd! And it was it laughing "saw"
either such as people will take laughingly but ugly saw. There
was a lull in the conversation and ~~some~~ spoke up clearly asking me
if I were going & how my name David Gause on my wedding invitation
I said 'yes' and then Chas fetched in and said several things
jocularly sneeringly "I suppose you think Marie Marie a pretty pretty
name. It sounds like a little paper-bell name" etc. etc. I ~~looked~~
looked him in the eye and said "So long as it suits me that
is all that is necessary." It was sort of a case of the room turning
and every body looked at me astonished. ~~At any other time I would have~~
went out weeping and left the room but last night I calmly finished
my supper and haven't wept yet. Now you ~~know~~ that was ugly! And
I'm right & is ashamed, but I am not. Chas is too dogmatic and he
becomes ridiculous when he takes on that sneering tone. He doesn't like
me any more for it though. Any how you will like me still a little

in the morning, before I know I'm not yet sure. I know I'm not yet sure.

AUG 4, 1901

Dear, my own, own
Love, it is very late, and
I have written you one letter
today; but this is no letter,
at least not epistolary,
merely a desire to tell you
in just two pages my feelings
my inward feelings.

O I want to separate my-
self from all things else
thus once to tell, mine own

Soul's Sweetest, how I do love you. Heartily, soulfully and passionately I love thee. I want you, to look into those sparkling and earnest eyes to see a soul's joy and feel the deepest of human passions. I want to hold your hand in mine, to touch with my finger tips my arms. I want to clasp you to my arms and to hold you so tightly that you must know my depth of love and feeling from the very vibrations of my heart. For such a day as your birthday - that sweet, beautiful memory which yet lives so lifelike, or for such a day as that last one or any one of those at Durham I would give — — (fortunately their value is too great to be set). I love you, my dearest, I love you as no words can tell. I feel too often that worried with work and the thousand petty little things of this daily life my letters must be poor, must be less soulful than I would desire. You are not here for me to show you by look, by action, by living words

that I love, love, love my Bride to be.
chide me, scold me, do anything
when I am cross, my Sweet, but tell
me only how deeply you love, neverthe-
less; and I will go look into the eyes
of those two pictures there and the men-
tal one ever with me, and I will be
so near to you in love that distance shall
away, and asleep or awake you will
reach out involuntarily to clasp your
loving Ben.

11:30 P.M. Sunday
Aug. 4.

Dr. L. L. Duggar,
Physician and Surgeon.

Fairford, Ala., Aug. 4 1901.

Miss Marie L. Robertson

Durham, N. C.

My dear Miss Marie,

A few days ago there came to me a letter from one of my bachelor brothers. It breathed an unusual tone, one to which I was unaccustomed from him. In fact it was extolling the rare charms and personal attractiveness of a dear young lady of his acquaintance. It is needless to say how long he lingered upon the idea that respectably life was so much more worth living; that nature - the spring, the summer, and all seasons seemed brighter, indeed he so impressed me that I wondered if there could be such happiness in *etern* for me some day.

In short, he informed me that some time in October you were going to become a member of the Deepwater Club.

Dr. L. L. Duggar,
Physician and Surgeon.

AUG 4, 1901

K2

Fairford, Ill., _____ 190

I am confident that I tell you of the feelings
of all when I gladly welcome such a mem-
ber, and I am thoroughly prepared to
take to my heart this perspective and
altogether charming sister.

I am very appreciative of the honor you and
Ben have bestowed upon me of participating
in that interesting function as best
man. Now, I am a long way from the scene
of action but have written Ben promising to
try to show matter, to the end that it may
be with you upon that occasion, to which
I look forward with so much pleasure.

By this time you should know one of
the Duggars, who is quite a favorite with
us, well enough to decide how much
of a "crack" he is; the remainder in
whom you are not quite so much inter-
ested just now, are said to be quite
"crackey", but hope you may not find
them too much so for tolerance.

I wish that I could meet you;

I am already sorely tempted to come
on at once, but will have to postpone
this until the final week. Meanwhile
hoping this may be the happiest
epoch in your lives. I am, already,

Affectionately,
Llewellyn L. Duggor.

'natural as life she was.' Dear
Heart I do love them one and
all, and each new one makes
me know it better and love
deeper, if that be possible. Just
as I finished it once I met Mrs.
Andrews, and he said he would
walk up with me and
visit for a while at the Town
and Bawn. She had a nice chat
together, and I told him all a-
bout our divedding. He did not
even know that our engagement
(how natural now it sounds!) was
announced to our friends. He
says he will certainly try to

come, and if college duties
are not too onerous on the
happy day, he will be there.
Is not that nice of him?

He has invited me to come
down to his cottage a number
of times, also to come and go
to a Glenwood dance (which he
has not yet attended). I wish
I could have visited him, but
he understands why I have
not had time for it.

Further to dispense with
invitations, let me say that
I was invited to, dinn with
a party to Watkins yesterday,
but of course I did not go, in

I am glad that the Hughes
reached you in good condition,
and that you loved it for
the very reason that you did
love it. Aren't you glad that it
is the very first time I ever
sent such sweets? The letter
also brought me the glad news
that one of its dear 'regular' is-
terings would be on in the
evening. I went down to the
office to ^{see} her the very best greet-
ing that a soul full of love
can give; and sure enough,
there she was! A full fifteen
pages long, and as broad and

AUG 4, 1901

spite of the beautiful weather.
Think of it my Sweet! Tomorrow
evening Prof. Atkinson invites
Miss Ferguson, Mr. Gager, and
me to dine with him in a
"farewell supper" way down at
the Ithaca Hotel.

My own dearest, dearest
Madie, it seems to me that
there is a lot to tell you about
ordinary happenings, and so
to tell you how much I love
you and how much I want
you all the while. I am going
to fill out every unfilled corner.
It will be the cement which

summer I had told her about October and ~~everything~~ nice. She
just caught me by the hand and said it was fine and that
she was glad it was to be soon. Will she come? There again?
Yes, the Dear Madam says she will if they do not swamp
her in work at that time. Oh! Madrie Padrie aren't we nice lov-
yers and soon to be divedders! Then, I was after the first
fifteen minutes, we went down on the rocks where sat the
Professor, and he gave me a hearty welcome with "Hello Boy!"
The news was told over to him, and we chatted away until doctor.
I lunched with them and then hurried off to catch a boat from
Frontenac at one o'clock, for I had promised Mistress Madry to be
here for the last session of the remnant of the 88 Waiters tonight. But be-
fore I leave the Countess's: - Maybe they are going to buy the
cottage, and how nice it would be to visit them there some
of these summers, joyous summers after we are married! The
Madam and the Professor I bid adieu with a deeping feeling
of the loss we will have in not possessing such friends in
Washington. I hope that you will write to her some time.

binds the structure together,
and it just has to penetrate
all parts of everything I do: it
is inexorable.

Do you want my report of
this beautiful day till now, my
Love? I am sure you do. Well,

since ^{for the 6:15 A.M. train} the old alarm clock failed
out ^{at} nine, and I had to see the
Madam and the Professor before
leaving. I found a way to reach
them after all. I took an 8 A.M.
boat, reached Bailiwick at 9:30,
bid a ten-second goodbye to
Mrs. Bailey and Miss Fox (apl?),
and then "footed it" for the four
miles over to Roodleheim.

I found the Madam "lazing"
on the porch; and in fifteen

Aug. 4, 1901

Madame, my darling, you have not yet told me where you are going to East Aurora. Do you still anticipate going there about Sept. 1? I hope you will have a day of quiet and of rest when you go to Mrs. Parver's cottage at Hampton Beach.

I delivered all of your messages about the progress of work to Miss Poget and Mistress Madry, and they received them with ecstacy, my Sweet.

I am already anxious to see that part of the *trousseau* presented by Mrs. Will Parsons. If you just

and that you remained at home and wrote to him.

Do you mind if this is very chatty: I like to chat in a letter, and to answer questions or ask questions. My Madrie's last was real chatty, and I loved that.

I do not intend to give up my new-friends. It is not because of the thought that "When a man does people think something is wrong". No: my Love, I have no friends of whom I am ashamed to for you. All of them have their limitations; but most of them I know are noble and true in their own ways. My aunt, my dearest, dearest Madrie don't you want me to be able, too, to speak of them just as I feel towards them, to be as free and as informal towards them when you are about as otherwise? Then, my Maye, can I not speak of H. M., of Rameel, of Andrew, of Willie (Quarand), of Colonel (Robins), of Robbie (Easton) and all of them without causing you to drop the "Mrs"? You know, my Own, that I cannot bear to hear you do so, or have you do so in writing, and if my speaking of them so has a tendency to cause you to, then I will never drop it: I cannot, my Own, my Love. You would not like it, and I would not

Keep on telling me just enough
of little secrets to get my curi-
osity aroused, and if I find a
not-empty pocket book in a
buffalo track, why, I'll just walk
into the back door (which is :) some
day and see some of these things
before you can put him out."

Do: Lov, I resent the implication
most emphatically. I did not like
that penmanship because it was
like mine! I will shake you if
you say so. I liked it because it
was clearer, and it was careful
and nice, and you know it. Now!
Ma says you know how
your d' husband appreciates it
that you did not go the dance,

Aug. 4, 1901

want you to like it, if I spoke
of Misses Foy and Pettie and
Cox and others as you speak of
them, that is, without the Miss,
now honestly would you, my
Heart's Own Forest?

O yes! K. M. says that he
thinks he can come, and now
I must see Petreus Rook this
very night. I will write to
Parker and tell him all about
it, and he surely must come
if he is in the land. Good!
Cynthia should not be forgotten,
and I am glad you remem-
bered her.

Now my dear little Madrie
Pardie you know that your Bessie

never think you wrong in any "sass" he has ever heard. I agree with you thoroughly, and you know a whole half dozen⁽¹⁾ times when you have said or "cut" some people I was just as glad because you gave them their deserts and because they would have to realize that you were thirty nobles and stronger (and if they do not something is wrong with them which deserves no toleration), and because I felt that it helped you, so glad that I just wanted to take you to my arms and tell you right there, my Sweet. I am glad you sided Charles for what he said, Dearie, and I don't want my Madrie ever to assume that in such things I do not sympathize with her and agree with her, my Beatest and Truest.

Do you know I had the sweetest dream last night? I thought we were sitting among the faculty people of the Miss. College and that you became sleepy. You simply leaned your head on my shoulder, I threw my arm around you, rested my hand on your forehead, and then you slept. Was it not fine? A few mornings ago I awoke murmuring to myself "Kiss me once, now before you go to sleep, my Love, and when I was awake I found I had folded my arms about my breast as if I were going to give you a long good Kiss, and I do - with all, all my love I give it to you my Madrie, as you know.

Dr. L. L. Duggar,
Physician and Surgeon.

Fairford, Ala., Aug. 4, 1901,

Dear Ben,

A short time ago there came a letter to me from you dated June 10th and which bore the original address of Spaulding. Two days later yours of the 27th was received. They brought practically the same news and were evidently the creation of a very ardent lover. Yes, I had already learned somewhat of the matter contained in them but was glad to have details, description, natural history, and especially, personal intrusion.

Still, let me preface what remarks I may make by saying that it was somewhat of a surprise, for I was led to believe, from some news chiefly, that they had become reconciled to the fate, and resigned you to bachelorhood. Together with some of the balance of the Duggars. It is never too late to do the

Dr. L. L. Duggar,
Physician and Surgeon.

AUG. 4, 1901

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Fairfax, Ala.

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right thing, so I congratulate you upon
your prospects. You know I have been
beginning to think, that from the standpoint
of seniority, it was about time some
of you fellows were getting that kind
of a more womanly touch to give the
younger fellows a chance. Now, you
need not think that I have yet any
like anticipations in view, but then
it is well to have an open field.

I am already thoroughly prepared to
welcome ^{the} young lady as your sister
and don't see how you could well have
done otherwise from all accounts. I am
glad, too, that this prospective charming
member of the Duggar family is of
daughter of the South.

I am very grateful that Miss Marie and
yourself have thought me a proper party
to do the honors as best man upon that
occasion, and in recognition of that will
certainly try to arrange matters that I may

be present upon that ^{time} occasion. I know
 it is quite early to make plans and
 promises, but they can best be made
 now and means shaped to that end.
 Yes, I have been here constantly for
 nearly two years and a bird-diection
 would be heartily welcomed. Now, upon
 first thought I have an idea like this -
 while making that trip and residing in
 a function so interesting, together with
 taking in the Pan-American, why can't
 I rush over to New York and spend about
 a month in brushing up on medical
 matters and quickening an ambition that
 I fear must become sluggish from too
 constant sojourn among the southern
 pine! I shall have to investigate as to whether
 or not that had better be done before or after
 your part of the program. The fall is
 my busiest season, but I may well have
 at that time with such prospects in
 view, and I need some such incentive
 to move me up.

So, you have it that I expect to come;
 I will have to investigate matters fully, and
 you must give me what particulars you

can at your earliest convenient date.
For matters of local description and
relation I must put you off until a
more appropriate time.

I shall take pleasure in writing to
Miss Maria at an early date.
Yours of Dr.
Levil

My dear Son,
the well sent-
one by Miss Lou,
they are very nice
- by that way.
Miss Jones this
morning the pen is
as bad, with much
Love Your devoted
Mother.

Aug 5th 1906

I wrote you a card this morning
thinking there would be no time for a letter,
that we would go visiting, but while I was
writing the card your Father went out to
feed, and took to snow corns hay & came
in too tired to do any thing more, so may
take as notice to go tomorrow as I will write
any how. This would have been a fine day
for driving, such a nice breeze, it is not often
he takes a notion to go any where & I am
sorry he could not enjoy it out. We were
going to Miss Wilkins' to inquire about
honey for Bolling & perhaps on to Hamedale
to make some calls.

It was very kind of you to send the photo,
I intended asking you if you had one to
spare to let us have it, but had neglected
to do so. I will keep the one you think best
as I know you must have a good one, we

think for a fine looking girl, while looking
at the photos with Reuben we had quite a
discussion as to her size. R. & I. think
her a good sized girl, your Father says "no,
she is small," you will know to say who is
right. I imagine she is about the height &
figure of Miss Melville, but you did not
see her when at home. Reuben said he
would have written to you but "did not have
paper nice enough to write on to Ben."
I am so troubled about his sight but he
will not follow the Dr's prescriptions & what
ever a body do, will not even wear the
colored glasses he was told to wear & lives
in the sun. He expects to make only a third
of a crop of corn & his cotton is poor in parts
of the place. Sunday he will be 81 years old.
I asked him to come down, bring Oliver, &
I would give him some fresh ice cream.
Now I must answer your letter which we
were very glad to have. I urged Henry to
try & be with you, he is the only one of the
family that I think could go, with such a

Aug-5, 1901

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about crops. Perkin does not think he could
go & that will be a big time with him as to
getting in his crops, but talks of leaving
another place but I would not be surprised
if he remains where he is.

It is indeed queer that way Waver acts;
the drawing for those lands is over, & now
we may I suppose ^{hope} to hear some thing from
him, and think he must have gone there.
I will send his address where I get it.
I will tell your relatives of your plans as little
later I think.

You had not told us of the examinations
& I had not thought of its being required. I
don't think they were lenient with you but
that you secured all the good grades they
could give. I do hope Washington will be a
pleasant home for you & your work such as
you will like.

I don't think I have written since we attended
the Wotton wedding at Barrington Hall, it
was a real old fashioned country wedding,

the guests assembled in the parlor ransying
 themselves as near the walls as possible,
 4 girls came stretching it in 2 together,
 the groom with the bride on his arm followed
 at the same part, 'bro Abernathy' (Melbourne)
 stood off at half the length of the room &
 performed the ceremony, no ring, after
 pronouncing them man & wife he shook
 hands with them & in a very flattery & quite
 lengthy little speech gave them his good
 wishes. The couple were perfectly unembarrassed,
 looked as if it might have been an every day
 occurrence. We were soon invited into the dining
 room to take ice cream & cake, all stood
 around a long table & some smaller ones.
 The bride changed her dress & came soon off to
 the depot, when the shower of rice began to
 fall on the boardwalk, he called out to the
 spectators to know if they were going to marry
 off every body in the country? Two brides in
 so short a time. I think that ends the list
 here for awhile. Gloria's will be the next, I
 want to go to see them & find out how

Plans. Reuben says it will be a daytime wedding at home, they will take the train at Newbern between 5 & 6 o'clock in the evening unless the schedule changes.

We have heard nothing more from Fred about his throat, we asked him to write if only a postal card to let us know how he was. Uncle Waver did not come up yesterday. I suppose I had better send this to Washington & the plants a day or two later when you will certainly be there.

Tuesday morning

It was very pretty yesterday evening as instead of going to King's we went quite late to the hay field, New Hottel is cutting the grass at Fredericktown, the first cutting will amount to about 600 bales, he gives your Father a third, he pays New H- 10^{cts} a bale, to bale it & New H- delivers it. He was looking yesterday evening, the first time I have seen the process. We went to the office but no more from the boys, clouds were heavy when we reached home & some times in the night we had a good wind as of course we don't

PH. DURHAM, N.H.
AUG. 5, 1901

Sunday evening.
About seven thirty

My letter is the dearest and
testest letter that ever was written!
I may have read it O so many
many times! There is a real
possibility, I love you so dearest
Dearest, that if I get many
more such letters, and love
you, as I must, as much more
on the receipt of each one,
Darling what will happen
to your Madrie - Sadrie?

the little one in bed and the family down stairs I am
selfishly doing what I love so well to do— writing to my
own Budy - Penny. Yesterday morning I drew. In the afternoon
The two Alice drove to Dover and so I took charge of little Marion.
She was as content and good lying on my bed by me and finally
going to sleep with her little head on my arm. Louisa woke
her up at about five, bustling into my room with my letter.
Then she tried to tease me by keeping the letter and holding it
tautallyingly near. She does make me so cross sometimes. — And
bores me the rest of the time! — I try so hard to see something
attractive in her, and, as always, fail utterly. Last night The
Pettus, Mr & Mrs with Alice, called and stayed sometime. Night
before last The Big House had a reunion upon one lawn and

But do not because of the
question cease writing. Not
that I pray you. We make
them one whit, one word, The
less dear the less loving sweet-
heart I long for them, wait
for them, think of nothing else
between times.

To night Alice has taken
Alice to 2 to call on the
Misses F. Frost, her cousins. I
have just put little Marion
to sleep and now with all

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later the Keiths called, "especially"
to see me! Last night we
carefully waited till the Petter
tribe had done their disappearing
specialty and then the merry
Anglo box ~~what~~ its jocular
rounds.

This morning I dutifully went to
church and heard O such music!
When Miss Smart rose to give
forth to the bounding atmosphere
"Hear ye hear ye", Cassie rolling her
eyes, said "I should think he would."
And when she went on further,

started out to explore parts unknown New to seek violet-pods.
We ended up at the Pettie house. Then I went with Mr & Mrs Pettie
& Allie, all over the Kappa Sigma house (which they own) and, - if
you'll never tell! - even into the hall itself wherein they secretly do
things! Then we went on Doughnut Hill, Barton's Leap, Vale
of Ragwort etc where I used to play as a child and which I had
not seen since I was thirteen. My what good times Blanche
and I used to have exploring and playing in there. We walked
all over Mr Pettie's domain and back to her house, Allie
showed me all the new dresses and things, I borrowed some
from journals and hurried home - the evil hour of 6.15 being
upon me. How late I was it late enough to make my sister
cross. I must tell you that in our rambles I came upon

"He told me still" some one
inquired "Why doesn't she keep
still, then?" In any case
she did pretty well for her,
and the sermon was good, too.
After which I valiantly marched
into the Sunday school & take
charge of my small lady kin.
Did I tell you, Dearest, that
I have taught the class these
last three Sundays? Well, you
know at it like a little man!
This afternoon Lathrop and I

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such a pretty mushroom. One
sort of yellowish with little white
things on it. You know. Like the
picture in the book. I couldn't
remember whether it was poison
or not, so brought it home to
try.

Alice said this evening that
tomorrow night she is going to
invite some people in and
announce our engagement.
Now isn't that a cloud-burst
from a clear sky? I turned
pale in the gills, as Chuck

would be apt to say, and immediately began to grow weak
in the knees. Oh my dear if you were only to be with me! But
if they are sort of horrid you could put your arms around me
(of course when they had went!) and I wouldn't care for anything
in all the world but just to be there, how I manage all things
which might happen, but in all probability not. I will write Sunday
morning and tell you all.

Alice and Douglas both Emma and Marion leave Sunday.
I hate to have them go for I like 'em a whole lot, "I sure does like
'em a heap" as John says.

I mustn't try to answer the dearest of letters to-night.
That shall be at another time. For this time — I love you and
am yours utterly. Sure as the vine twines round the stump so
"I love you, that old sweetheart" of Thine. Think of me always as
your very own.

Sage Cottage
August 5.

P.M. ITHACA
AUG. 6, 1901

My dear Marie — only I don't
like that name! You
might just as well be
named Mabel. Why did
we let them do us this
way? People always did
take advantage of the
weak; nicht wahr? Now
it was up to me to
say that I'm Greek &
not my forgotten German.

soul. What wouldn't I give if I could do it! But a three hundred dollar debt lessens the cinchiness of that cinch & I dare not ask new people to let me off two weeks after school opens. It's hard luck, isn't it? Sometimes being poor is hard luck all around. But you are a dear child to want me & I do wish I could be there.

I wonder which one of you I shall enjoy most while I am wishing all good things for you with all my heart.

I enjoy glimpses of Mr. Duggan at the table. We have a nice table, though I am getting a bit self-conscious & hatched. A run-into-the-ground joke or two consumes enough of the conversation to baffle the table & yet I don't seem to have tact enough to stop them - & as the jokes

but forgot this morning to
ask my tutor how.

My dear, she costs
a dollar + a quarter
an hour, that tutor, +
getting ready for her
consumes all my time.
The two hour effect, as you
frivolously style it, is
sadly neglected.

And now let me say
you are a dear child.
A combination of seeing
you through + seeing
through East Aurora
would simply delight my

are on me it's up ^{Aug 6, 1901} to me.
I wish I had you here
to tell me if this is
the reason Mrs. Miller
so distinctly disapproves
of me. I didn't need
to think she did. But
you needn't mention
that.

Of course Mr. Duggan
wrote you that I
delivered your message
to Mr. Wiegand! You
see, jokes must be
labeled if you
would have me recognize

girls here. I am crazy on
the subject + I do wish you
could know them. We southern
folks are just O.K., aren't we?
If I don't get to North
Carolina soon I'll die.

Miss Johnson's address is
care W. J. Huey, Lick Observatory,
Mt. Hamilton, California. The
Club will miss you, but
I am glad you will be
happy in a different line.

Much success to the
troussan! If I only could
be there! Good-bye little
lady, + please write to
me again. Give my love to
Mr. Dugger when you write!
Write much for you.
Fondly yours,
Mabel Stark.

them. A man told me
once that when I would
be funny, I was elephantine.
And as I adored him,
you may imagine
my state of soul.
Friday night, I
betook myself, hatless
& toothbrushless, to Lang-
hamock. I had one
long good time, knowing
that every Greek book was
out of reach in Ithaca.

My dear, there are
two perfectly lovely Virginia

P. M. DURHAM, N. H.
AUG. 7, 1901

Mine, two such sweet letters!
How could I resist them even
so long! Truth to tell it
was only the force of circumstances
they came this morning at eleven
— there was a big disappointment
for some body — and I wanted
to answer them immediately
but with half of the family
packing and getting ready to

go off there was not much
chance for selfishness, and you
know it would have been selfish
to do what I have so much to do
instead of being "naughty"! They
left at two, Lorraine, Carrie,
Douglas, Alice and Little Marion.
That makes a big hole in our
family with Annie also gone.
She left Sunday morning for
Hampton Beach and a more
tubed child you never saw.

After the train left this afternoon I came up to my room, read over my dear letters for the — The time (O, I am not going to tell you, Mr. Cousin!) and took out my pen and ink and paper. But the Morphine caused so hard a struggle that I simply had to try and see if the mattress was as soft as ever, and before I knew it, I was fast asleep. You see you must hold to account, my dissipation of last evening, being awakened early this morning and not being able to sleep again and there my hard morning with the babe. It is the most nerve-wearing job taken steady than people have any conception. I hate it.

Maud has just brought me up four vanilla wafers, slipped down and told her I was hungry there a bar so she gave me a

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just big piece of cake. Nothing
like being on the right side
of the cook.

6:00 P.M.

Dearest Annie has been
here almost all afternoon and
so I haven't had a chance
to finish my letter. How disgusted
you must get with my piece-
meal scraps. There are so many
interruptions! How the supper-
bell!

8:10 P.M.

O my Biddy I thought to

sent my letter this evening at
seven, but this time you will
forgive? After supper in came
Mrs Keith and quickly following
her Allie Petter who stayed until
this minute. Meantime Mrs Scott
also paid a formal call and
congratulated me and wished me
all happiness. My sister said
"I think she will be happy Mrs
Scott. We, certainly, are very happy
over it." Allie looked glum. This
afternoon Fannie said that

people down town were all talking about the regular correspondence
going on between Allie and Mr. Housley. They write almost every other
day! Now wouldn't that make you angry! All this time she has
been making such great pretensions of friendship toward me and
never was any friend of his, until now when I suppose she thinks she
gives as hope, faith and charity! We haven't been friends this summer
you know. She has tried her best to pump me but she failed utterly.
Last night I let her up on her correspondence and the talk it was making
and just grinned to myself to see how uncomfortable it made her.
Now you know I'm getting vicious, but I just enjoyed it. Susan Denig's
last night after it was announced, you know, she made some
slighting remarks about trying first one man and then another
or something worse. Douglas heard it and he gave it to her.

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Now you know that was a correct
thing to say at an announcement
party!

Talking about announcement
parties reminds me that I haven't
told you about last night. I will
stop showing you how ugly and
horrid I am. Oh Dearest you
had better think well before
it is too late! Sometimes I
am almost afraid that you
may not be happy with me now.
You will have to put up with
a great deal. But I mustn't

I am almost nine years younger
and I will try as hard to change
before I catch up with you. And
Darling I will remember about Mr
Wegand hereafter and I am
very sorry. I love you utterly my
own and am yours entirely
and want to please you in every
way. And don't ever think
you need to be so familiar with
your old friends on my account.

9.00 A. M.

Bennie Bennie I love
you so dearly. This is my last
thought at night as my first

in the morning. Such sweet, sweet thoughts and dreams of my Darling! This morning I was dreaming so sweetly of you when Paul knocked at the door and so I went on until Alice came in and asked me to attend to breakfast for her as she wasn't feeling well. So down I hurried and helped all my children and got them off on the early train. How quiet and lonely the house is now! I am trying my best to keep them quiet now and have been. I have read them the "Child's Primer" forward and back from one corner to the other. And told them stories and talked about "Uncle Ben". Lucy and Priscilla say they will kiss you when we are married and you really are their Uncle.

Monday night, Dearest. Alice and Mrs Petter, Blandie, Fannie, Margaret etc, Mrs Arnold, Mr Bland, Mr Clark & Prof Wood came

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to play games. Carrie's suggestion
as to games were carried out as
she doesn't play cards. He had
gone to the bank and progressed. Prof
posed and Allie Pethe cheated
like any thing and he had
got the prize. He went out
into the dining room where
Mrs Pethe and Alice made
Rabbits and Chas proposed as
a toast (to be gettrunde in gaisie
all!) The happiness of "me & you"
whose engagement he took great
pleasure in announcing. There

was a dead silence and I
swallowed and Carrie swallowed
and Alice swallowed and the
rest said nothing and 'sint'
said nothin' yet.⁴ Then when
we went from the dining room
Morgan⁵ took me off into the
pink parlor to congratulate me
and ask me all about it. Then
Blanche dragged me off on to the
front porch and there came Allie
and Wannie. Blanche proposed
that I send you the box of the
Big House filled through yours

to keep' so as to make it acceptable. And congratulated you
on being a happy a man et cetera, When they went home they
all gave me their best wishes and Mr Clark me to extend his
congratulations to you as a most fortunate man etc. Prof Wood said
"Good night Miss R. Am so glad to see you back again" Wouldn't it that
front you! Miss Keith rushed up yesterday morning at about eight o'clock
to congratulate me, having heard it down town. Prof Kane came unexpectedly
too and heartily congratulated us both. He says you are a fine young
man. What he said of me — modesty forbid my mention of such
flattery! —

My darling I love you so dearly and want to see you so
much. Dearest did you dream the hope of seeing you before
our wedding day? O hope so!! Yes I will leave about the first of Sept.
Darling Darling "I love you devotedly" and am your own
Maxwell Palmer.

P.M. AUG. 8 1901

Two horrid letters were my
last ones to my true-Love!
I am so ashamed of them
my Ben, and your letters
as usual are beautiful and
sweet, as ever. My Dearest
what would I do without
them! Little bits of my
Bendie's soul laid open

before me every other day. Would
that it were every day. 'Every
minute of every hour of every
day.' My Darling soon it
will be almost that! And
I will be Oh! so happy.
Will you? As though there
were need for the question!
And yet I would give so
much to hear the dear
words again!

And preparations for The

great event are really coming to a focus. Next week we go down to Boston and if I might tell you I would hint of small dressmakers, lingerie, empty empty camp. However don't let your expectations rise too high. To-day we expected a seamstress, but alas she disappointed us. And Ben, my Ben, I must tell you what a great mathematician I am becoming!

Last night, Dear Heart, I held a little announcement party on at Mrs Waterhouse's with Alice for sole guest and I wish you could have been there. She was just as sweet and lovely as she could be. She is a plain, middle-aged, sweet little woman whose husband died this last year. They were devoted to each other and so happy. She told us all about her life and her happiness and said so many sweet, dear things to me. She

Aug. 2, 1901

could wish me no greater happiness
than that which they had known
and hoped that our life would
be like their wedding day, as indeed
their life had been. The week
before it had rained all the
time and even that morning
it drizzled until they took the
train when it began to get
clearer and brighter, and brighter
still. They arrived at their
destination just at six o'clock
with a most wonderfully glorious
sunset and that night (in

October there was a full
moon shedding on all the
world its beautiful radiance.
If I only had the power
to make you see her and
hear her!

Did I tell you that last
night "Grandma Parsons" came
and it was after she went to
bed (at about eight thirty) that
we shipped off and stayed
until nearly eleven. She is to
take the children to Dorset

Back tomorrow on a picnic.

Auntie came back from Hampton with Mrs Lane, this morning. She is as brown as a berry. Lucy and I start Saturday morning and come back Monday afternoon. So we get three days of bathing. I do so love the surf! To go way out to the farthest breakers and ride them or maybe ^{let them} break over you filling your eyes and mouth and ears! Bessie you never will love the water as I love it! But someday I shall force upon you (may not force but just make you take it!) some of my unbounded enthusiasm!

I received a long letter from Mabel Hale yesterday - a very nice one of herself. She bemoans her fate that she "can not see me through" and then flies into poverty a bit. She "wonders which one of you two I shall envy most while I am wishing all good things for you with all my heart." And she wishes I

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me there to tell her the
reason Mrs Miller so distinctly
disapproves of her. "I didn't use
to think she did. But you
needn't mention that." She
thinks that if North Carolina
doesn't draw nigh, soon, she'll
die. "No southern folks are just
O.K. aren't we?" And winds
up asking me to give her love
to Mr Duggan when I write.

Here! That's a lengthy extract
and you have the gist of the

whole.

This morning I went up to see if Mr Wood had a baggy. Taking Lucy and Pissilla with me. We found only Mr Inradie who knew very little about the collections and so I came home minus instead of plus. Then I made a great drawing all for my husband. If it were not for this old tiresome business I would have sent them baggy ago. Which would you rather have the

A wedding in October or the drawings tomorrow? That sounds
like Lucy. By the way I enclose a bit of Lucy's manufacturing
which she says she is willing, you were anxious to supplement as
soon as she receives an answer. Here is one advantage (can you
be cruel enough to call it disadvantage!) of entering a large family.

Dearest I thank you for the picture. How vividly it brings
back that dear day. How don't you know I told you even
then, but I would only half own it to myself? And now I rest
least with all my heart, my soul, my life I am yours. And after
October, until death do us part, in the body, unless it be your
will. And such a thing I cannot not realize. I would not want
to leave you for a day, but you shall thank it best sometime.
Not I, I am wholly irrevocably yours. Will you, do you, Take

me, even when I write such
poor letters?

You poor lonesome boy! How
hard that last, last day must
have been. So much harder for
you than my last day in dear
Ithaca with you there to love
me and to help me and the
thought of being there together
again in October. Someday we
will go to Ithaca in October
and hunt mushrooms and
take walks and do all the
dear dear things! Will

you take me my d' husband?

And you to talk of meanness
and covensers! They are not
recruited in my mind and
heart with the One I love
above all others in this world
And I must let you see such
words in connection with that
One. So!

Just two months and eight
days (or so it seems!) before
Ye Day!

Hurray for Mr Gage! And

get again for Miss T! You see how you misjudged them!

I wanted to send that Aug Mc'Clure's story but will not send it
some winter morning!! And our little party of friends!

Dearest, Dearest how I love you. I love you so much
that I am always on the point of tearing the mail and
you will think if you don't get your letter one
time, that I love you too. Please believe that Bessie
dear. With or without I love you as ever.

I have just received two pages of them from Alice
who declared she would read them. She wants to condense them
with Elizabeth Barrett's! She says you need not expect any
more letters from me for a while. And she knows!

What I say you may turn in my next. Until then think of
your loving & devoted friend.

Sunday eve
Aug 11, 1901

Dear Ray (Cousin),

The Reverend Somebody is giving a lecture on the life of Christ with lantern slides. The slides are not colored, because the Rev. S. thinks color would be 'blasphemous' for such a subject.

We invite you and Persica to attend a Laurel Party here next year. It will probably be the last week of June or first of July. This is the most wonderful place for *Kalmia* ^{and for} *Rhododendron maximum* that I ^{ever} heard of. The lake is fringed with it. The bushes are very old and tall. On the famous Laurel Walk, the bushes meet over your head.

I want to write a little word to you soon after your arrival in Washington. Hope you had a fair journey and that the baggage proposition is less troublesome at the Washington end. Had a bully letter from Studsy a few days ago, which I will forward to you if you will remind me of it.

This is the best place we ever struck. We like it better every minute. It is a mountain-lake resort of the cleanest and most wholesome type. The lake is only a mile and a half long, but there

are six hotels. Several of them are kept by friends, notably the Crestmont, \$20 a week & upwards, and no dancing. Only one hotel has a bar and that is a roadside inn quite a ways back from the lake. It doesn't count, being filled by summer folk only when everything else is full.

Perfect bathing.

" boating.

Fine mountain scenery.

Fine walks & drives ^{both} on the level & otherwise.

Fungi without end.

A very distinct, luxuriant, and varied flora.

Nice, clean, honest, interesting folks

Ideal system for preserving natural beauties

We wish you were here. Russula emetica is very abundant. I also saw the green Russula, 4 species of Boletus, several wonderful discomycetes & about 25 species of basidios this morning. The Chautauque feature serves to scare away the Bowny tuffs &c. & of course there is no drinking ~~to speak of~~ ~~or~~ ~~organizing~~. The proportion of eligible young men is higher than at any summer resort I ever saw. They have had psychology & all sorts of things here but they have settled down to courses in nature study, forestry

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THE CHAUTAUQUA INN,
EAGLES MERE CHAUTAUQUA, PA.
EDGAR H. KISS, MANAGER.

and all out door and scientific subjects that fit in with the spirit of the place. There is a lovely little art building and Mr. Little must be a splendid teacher in his line - water colors. I never saw better work or a nicer fellow. Mr. F has the photographic classes. His studio is simply perfect & his students devoted.

Table board \$6.00 per week. Room \$2.00 a week and upwards. There is no merry go round or anything objectionable except one smoke stack & pumping house at the other end of the lake. Primeval forest right close at hand. Water clear as crystal and beach pure sand and perfectly graded. This exists only at one end of lake. Everywhere else very sheer. The foliage rolls out over the water and ~~forming~~ the favorite stunt is to tie your boat to a tree on the shore & not work at anything else. All the hotels

are on one side and an unbroken
mass of forest on t'other. You
never saw such density of Laurel
growth in your life. Unfortunately
the people don't come here when
it's in bloom. The hotel folks
want to make it fashionable
to come here then, and will offer
inducements to first party.

Mr F is getting up the Laurel
Party. He plans to have the
Doubledays, Mabel Dagood Wright
& husband, Mary Rogers Miller &
Unc. Bill, Bailey Warren &
Manning, Fernus, Craigs, Miss
Doe, and a lot of other folks
who like nature. including Kay Kook
and Susan. Will you come? Will
try to have Julia and Stuby and
Clara Miller and all Papa and Mama Rogers.
The papers will have editorials
about the Eaglesmere conference. There
is a special r. rate. We paid \$2.00
Ithaca to E.M. & return.

Comm bon! Will you?

Uncle Bill
Uncle B. couldn't tell it all but he said
enough for this time. He will later
Misses Madry.

P. M. HAMPTON BEACH, N. H.
AUG. 17, 1901

My dearest and best of Lagers.

Here

am I away down at Hampton and
you are — where? I so much
expected a letter from you last
night and this morning I was
fortunate I should have one telling
of your safe arrival in Our City.

We left in the ten minutes of
mine and started for the depot
just as Chase set out for the P. O.
He said tomorrow he must get
down to the depot before the train

left if there was one from you.
He didn't come and I do hope
that there was a letter from you
while he was away, for one ~~from~~
or another, to May.

May and I came as hardly
as you please, and nothing either
wonderful or exciting happened to
us on the way. The Ranes were
delighted to see us as was also
"Grandma Bā" (Mrs R's mother)
whom I hadn't seen in two years.
We talked until about eleven
when we all went to seek the
embraces of old Neptune. You
know there is a line or two of

Johnny Moore's about making "love to the fishes that are near". All
help I was pretty well hit as lovely as ever. I swam quite a little
long, but it is such a much more fun to row out and
meet the big breakers and ride them or let them dash over you.
We stayed in about half an hour and after getting dressed it was time
for dinner. Appetites! Well I guess! Steaks and new potatoes, tomatoes
and radishes. Then watermelon. We didn't leave a thing on the table.
Then we talked a long while and lounged around in the hammock
and then I came up and have had not a body ache, here
in sight and hearing of the famous old ocean. If you ever
read this you will know the salt air has made me so lazy
that I am writing from my bed. (Alas! its harder than
hicks!) But I'm not too lazy to love you — not yet!
Mrs Lane has just been in saying "Hi! Writing already! Well
you love my love and I wish I could dance to her wedding." Sweet

dearest love much love & send
soon you cannot know, I send
you as much as I have already
given you mine own darling
husband. Oh Dolly won't
we have fun all the day long
when we are married! If you
are only here! I don't dare to go
down and watch the vans for
I shall get so homesick. One can
not yet realize all the beauty
and Beauty and glory of things
of God and of the world and the
infinite universe until one's own
little life seems such an

how much for fear that
you should come even of the
full pocket book in the buffalo-
tracks didn't materialize.

I sent you eight drawings ~~about~~
with the other but I sent in the
book make mine, I made out
a bill not forgot to send it.

(The amt was seventeen dollars

\$17.00, that's pretty bad and
I can't feel quite right about taking
anything from you! 'Yank! Anyway
I want it for my - bills that I have
to meet! Did you ever send that
drawing on to be printed - that

inconsequential specks on the sea of existence. That we shrink
from it all and turn to find The true soul, to love and be
loved in return and in the greatness of that love and the happiness
seek to remember only that which makes us glad that we live
and have spheres of usefulness all to ourselves no matter how
small and seemingly helpless we are outside of that sphere.
I haven't time to put what I feel into the right words even if
I could find them, for this letter must go to the Post, but your
my O'husband my understanding half will know it all. Oh
wonderful how well I can have said, have thought that I was
happy without you! You are my life my love, my own sweetheart
in you my very joy is.

Yesterday Alice and I drove to Dover and there bought
bunnies! Oh don't I am counting on seeing you in September
when you return from your trip. I must let you know

Aug 12, 1901

one of the cultures in the dish?
It was done in crayon you
remember and of course unless
it came out well as a zinc etching
or if you haven't sent it and
would like a pen & ink drawing
of it + will send it on — all
abandon that. If you will send
it on I will do it, if it came
out well I will send in a bill
for it. If it didn't and you
aren't suited anyway I won't
take a red cent. Please if any
of the drawings are unsatisfactory
send them back. I shall not

Take a red cloth for them, Don't make out anything
but the truth. This coat would hurt me to the soul.
It is too bad, Ben. It's the only thing I don't trust you
implicitly in. And I do in this if you say so.

So now my darling love me as I love you and
write to me often. I will write again Monday from old
Durham where I'll hope to find two letters from my
Darling. I kiss you with all my soul, And with
this kiss send those you and keep you, Ever Dearest.

Yours
Madame Radini.

This photo is fixed
up to send the
first good chance,
do excuse the
dreadful writing.

August 13th 1901

My dear Son

I wish I was sure that you
are enjoying such a cool breeze this morning
as we are having, this seems to me the best
breeze delightful. I am ^{hope} much closer proximity
to an electric fan that you will keep cool
& next month I suppose cooler weather may
be expected, at any rate I hope so. We have
your cards of the 6th & 8th & no doubt your
letter is at Gallatin, we have not had the
mail since Sunday morning. I persuaded
your Father to drive down for it this morning
as there is a man working here who could
hitch up the horse. How said he might go
on to New Down to see Uncle Waver. He
dined with us Sunday, seemed quite weak
on arrival, but better after a hearty dinner.
Reuben came to spend his birth day with us,
we all enjoyed the french ice cream & wished
for the absent ones to join us. Uncle Waver

exposed himself early, that is about 4 o'clock
 & went to take a second dinner with Mrs
 Dr. Bore, that is why I think your Father
 wanted to look after him today.

We heard from Frank a few days ago that his
 throat & voice were no better, he & Fanny
 are going to Buffalo this week. I do hope he
 will.

I am very glad to learn from Henry's last
 letter that he has an idea of being with
 you the last of October but I reckon he
 has written you his letter to me and sent
 about by a call. I wish he could spend a
 month in N. Y. or Chicago, brushing up as
 he says our Medical matters. Your Father
 has an idea that if he would make a
 specialty of the ear eye & throat & settle
 in Jacksonville he would do well. I don't
 think there is a specialist there at all.
 Did you know you addressed your letter to
 Mrs. J. H. Duggan, Galien? You must have
 been thinking of us. I forwarded it, I don't
 wonder at your making mistakes with so

Aug 13, 1901

3

much on your mind.

After dinner - Your Father has not returned yet, but your conversation letter was handed me just in time to read before I went to my lonely supper, on such occasions I have very little appetite & am soon through - I enjoyed your letter very much, but feel much disappointed that there is no little chance of a visit after the wedding, we earnestly hoped to become acquainted with the new members of our family this fall, & that is such a nice time to visit our country, but of course you must do what seems best to you, & for your good hereafter. It is your duty to do everything that may get developed a way for us to meet this fall. I understand how you feel about your first year in this work must not press you to do anything that would be to your disadvantage. The idea of a European trip surprises me, I did not know about the much some cell time. Of course Miss Maria will like the trip? It is useless to say we will be delighted to have even a small

Aug 13, 1901

part of your time on the Texas trip.
When I know definitely of Edwin's plans I will
write you, I know she would be delighted to
meet Miss Maria if possible, is she now
at Ansonia? So I was right about her age,
she is not much lower than yourself is she?
I suppose West can't leave College work after the
session begins or would have proposed his
trip to meet you, I am right glad Miss Maria
will not meet Harry she might form ~~an~~
idea of ^{our} family by her.
Not a word have we heard from Wm, one
month tomorrow since he wrote the card out
leaving Beebe, sometimes I am so miserable
about him & imagine all sorts of things that
might have happened to him, & there is no
way to find out anything, no mention of any
expected return to Beebe, nor any hint of
where he was going, his name does not appear
among those who drew valuable lots Oklahoma.
I must not write for your Father but finish
my letter & get it off this evening if I can, with
much love & hoping you will be able to give even call
Your devoted Mother

P.M. AUG 13, 1901

Dearest - just a word here
in the Exeter station with
the train leaving in nine
minutes and they are tired!
I love you so dearly my
own, we are on our way
to Durham and it is now
5.08. Will write tomorrow.
They has just asked "writing
to your best man?" & the

delight of bystanders.

I hope so that Chas will
forward your letter for I am
sure me, some Saturday,
now I shall have a happy
home coming with your
letter to greet me so am
not disappointed. It has
now cold today. Despite
the climate I stayed in
the surf a long time and
my hair seems!
My train comes. as soon
as you own.

P. M. DURHAM, N. H.
AUG. 13, 1901

Dearest - This afternoon
I promised myself to write
you a long letter tonight.
But Alas! Fate - is it Fate?
is so mean, that again
I can write only a word.
And that word shall be
that with all my heart

I love you and that the two
dear letters have brought joy
upon joy to my heart. Did
I not tell you of the beautiful
— already affectionate letter
of Mr. Lewis which I received
last Friday night? I wanted
to sit down immediately and
answer it. How shall I answer
it! I don't want him to lose
the strong impression of me

I don't want him to think I am a giddy impulsive young thing
(My the disillusionment when he met me!) and I don't want
him to know me a cold forbidding Yankee school main.
your mother is a dear. What about Father's letter with the
practical advice in it? You know I am waiting for you to find
it — just as it is without me plea.

And my own George was lonely and wanted his George?
Will he shall just have her soon. Two months from day after
to-morrow! Dearest and Best my heart is all your
own. There is something Robert Browning says —
"you were right to bid me never again wish my poor flowers were
"daisies" — you could not, I think, speak so to my heart of

Aug. 13, 1901

any diamonds, God knows
my life is for you to take
just as you take flowers:—

Here last please you, serve
you best when plucked - and
'my life's rose', you have but
to stoop for it."

With all my heart I long
to be with you and will
be the happiest girl in the
world when I ~~take~~ ^{take} down
Life's pathway hand in hand

with my Benoni.

Tomorrow morning I must get up at five as we
take the early train to Boston - Alice and I - shopping
for the day. Its "Off again, On again" -

kisses my return and my letter which will reach me
Wednesday - God bless you - Best and Dearest
My heart brims over with love for you and I am
so happy in your love for me.

Goodnight Goodnight my Sweet heart.

Percie.

N.B. Si può sottoscrivere dalla presente al scrive soltanto l'indirizzo.

Cartolina Postale Italiana

(CARTI POSTALI D'ITALIA)



Mrs. M. Robertson,

Walt Avenue (Cornell Heights)

St. Durham



N.Y.C. N.Y.

R. D'Adda, Firenze.



Firenze. Spedale degli Innocenti. Un bambino (Abita della Repubblica).

Island of Coppi, Aug. 4. 1911. ^{Remains of the child}
 my dear Miss Alice. I tried to send you this packet
 from Florence, but we could not find a letter, so
 I am sending it by the next train for writing.
 We are having a glorious summer, but I wish you were
 with us. I still in possession of the many beautiful objects
 so precious and the art treasures so fine. We have a
 little book yesterday from Florence to Firenze, where we
 visited during the day of Naples in a small boat & took
 a change of view from the sea & the city. I am
 sending you the sight of the shore in the little
 boat, with the water & the sea & the sky.

Washg. D.C.
Aug 17, 1871.
Aug 5 P.M.

As you may well imagine,
my Lover, I am somewhat dis-
gusted with getting my mail
through the Office, - for just
listen: - Usually I get my
Madame's letters in the after-
noon, and this afternoon I
am sure that there is a
dear letter awaiting an anx-
ious heart and an anxious
eye, - a dear letter lounging
in some of these Washington
postoffices. The branch post

office of the Agl. Dept. receives
no mail after noon on Satur-
day, and no mail at all on
Sunday; so here I must wait
until Monday morning just
before I leave. Don't you sym-
pathize with your Ben, dar-
ling? I am just a little
afraid, too, that dear little Eneth
may still be sick or something,
and Monday seems a long
time away.

Now you must not laugh
at your "Little Boy Blue",
because you know how abso-
lutely and devotedly he

long; and there is consolation, comfort, and joy in those
dear, dear Midday missives. Just Think! The last one
I have was written Wednesday afternoon! And here it is
Saturday! Do you blame me?

This has been a very busy day, for a great many
little matters had to receive attention in view of the trip
Monday. First I had to get all sorts of culture apparatus
ready, since our "Aid" is sick. Then I had to try
a new camera, wind off a lot of red tape with
the Office Secretary, and finally have some conferen-
ces with other men in the work. O yes, I forgot also,
the plotting out of a soil ^(not siled) map of Texas. In that last
I did want some of your water color paints so bad!

I promised to give you a brief outline of my
trip, I dare, and here it is. I go through on the South

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from Railway to Gadsden, Ala.,
remaining at home one or
two days, then passing on
to northern Louisiana, prob-
ably doing some work in the
vicinity of Monroe. From
there I go to Houston, Tex.;
and perhaps a week will
be spent in the vicinity of
that city and College Sta-
tion. Then it is southwest
to San Antonio, northward
to Waco, westward almost
to the plains, northeast
to Dallas, and a final

windup at Paris in the
north. Here you have in a
general way my itinerary
without dates. I hope that
I can supply the latter in a
general way when I hear Gel-
lion. Of course, mine own
whenever you are in doubt
you can send your letters to
the Office here, and they will
forward. I will also leave
directions for forwarding from
every point at which I stop.
As soon as you know when
you go to Buffalo, let me
hear, please, because it takes
so long for letters to reach

me that I may send one or two to Lusham after you are gone.

Sweetheart, you were so good to care for Luey. The dear child, I shall try to write her a little note tomorrow. Imagine me trying to write to little ones - I have had so much experience! Madrie, dear, you know that I had no doubt whatever that your heart and thoughts and loveest feelings are all mine; but you know too that I like to hear you say so, and repeat it often. And you know, too, that the trust and confidence of my whole soul is yours and in you. It is eternal trust and love, my Maye. By that same love measure me, my Sweetest and Best, for I am in everything always thine.

Yesterday afternoon Townsend and I called to see one of our men who is sick in the hospital with typhoid fever. Poor Boy! He has a very mild case, and merely needs to lie abed; but he had such plans for work

PM. 1901
Anniston, Ala.
Aug. 20, 11 A.M.

Mattie, Darling, I have nearly an hour to wait at this station for the train that will take me home, just in time for "tea". May I not chat half an hour with thee, Love? Indeed, I have been communicating with you continuously during these last twenty-four hours. Both asleep and awake you have filled my mind with thoughts of you so dear that it seemed as if you must be near. Have you heard me say so

Often, "Minnie, I love thee?"
It must be that you have for the
words have been so much upon
my lips.

As a writing desk I am
using our Wake Robin, which
as Wake Robin also gave me
pleasure for an hour or two
today. How jovially, sympathet-
ically Burroughs writes of the
birds and their haunts. It
was just in keeping with my
feelings on this cool fresh
morning.

My Doodling, yesterday afternoon
when I had sent to you that poor

d' note I did so much wish that I had it back, and that instead I could have thrown my arms around my madre and have told her once again how much I do love her, and how much she is to me. She will know something of it in less than two months, and then as the years go by she will know more, - always more.

After four o'clock yesterday afternoon it was very cool and beautiful. I sat by my window in the sleeper from that time until nearly eight

o'clock and it was as fragrant as a day in spring. Recent rains made the foliage fresh and green. The shrubbery was overhung and festooned with rattan, mikania, and foxglove; and the golden rod hung its blossoms under a weight of moisture, but wonderfully bright in the cloud-filtered sunshine. I took my eyes occasionally from the window to indulge in "Dram Life", but they always sought the landscape again. I do not mean that there is any grand landscape along this route. No.

Aug. 29, 1901

I was reflective, and the thoughts of my love and my happiness were very, very real. At such times how every breath of pure simple nature and life may seem a song! And so this landscape lay in idyllic peacefulness around me; and my happiness and its tranquillity were attuned in quiet joy. There are times, Sweetheart, when I want to tell you of my love with laughter and with teasing. There are times again when I want to tell it with soulful telepathy, hardly un-

broken save by a subdued whisper, - the overflowing of a heart that must join her quota to the beautiful story of eternal love. Well, my sweetest and my Dearest, I wished for you intensely, and thus I shall wish for you many times until that joyous October day actually arrives.

I turned in at nine, and numerous times I awakened to find always that my dreams were sweetly occupied with my Lover. Finally at 5:00 they called me in Atlanta. There I left the main line, breakfasted

hastily, and boarded a slower train. In fifteen minutes I will be off again, and it is perhaps rather rougher and dustier traveling until 6 P.M.

I do hope I shall hear tomorrow that little Onez is quite well again, and that my Madrie is joyous and happy. This place is veritably swarming with dusky human beings; and from their cast and mien I judge that the mines and the foundations are granting a holiday today. Luckily the excursion goes to

Birmingham and not my way.

Every day that I go west, means a day farther away from mine Lämmchen, and so I send a little note anyway, that the days may not pass and she fail to hear. I wish that I could follow this to its dear destination. Will it get what is "sweeter than nectar and more savory than a berry"; will it get a loving kiss? Yea, sweetheart the very soul of your Own longs for one from his Penia.

Gallion, Ala.
Aug. 21, 1907.
Wednesday P. M.

Your dear, dear Old Sweetheart
of mine, Madrie, at last
I have ~~now~~ succeeded
in persuading them that I
have everything on earth
I wish in the way of
pen, ink, paper, and the
like, and that the one
thing remaining to com-
plete my happiness under
the circumstances is to be

given an opportunity to use
these. Not in so many words
have I said so (an innovator
!); but at any rate they
understand, and here I am
at home waiting to my lot.

The old place is the
same that it has always
been "ramshacklier" than
ever perhaps, but the same.
How everything has been
arranged that I am to
use as in the old times
when my mother knew my

tastes, and some tastes are
very lasting! There was meat
for supper last night; the bal-
ster was gone from my bed,
and only the smallest and
softest pillows were there;
some 'dressed' honey suppli-
mented the breakfast; and
a particular kind of pickle
was upon the dinner table.

I cannot help feeling that
they somehow make company
of me, and I do my best in
every way to prevent it.

Mother and Father are

just the same as us-
ual, and it seems so fun-
ny how they forget that I
am "grown up." I drop into
the old ways as quickly
as I can, and already I
hope that I am their Little
Boy all over, - if it gives
them pleasure so to have it
for these brief two days.

Alright, yes, I will. -

that was in answer to Mother's
instructions as she just passed
saying, "Give her my love and
tell her that we are enjoying

Aug 21, 1901

you, and that we wish she
were here too, and I know
then that we would all en-
joy ourselves better." There it
is, Sweetest, you have actually
stirred up sentiment in my
dear Mother already. May it ever
prosper!

We have talked about you,
Oscar, and the car that means
sweet things must have burn-
ed last night like wild fire.
I love my dear little bird so
much, so much. When she
is my lovely bride, when

she is mine d'you dive,
and through the years dear,
and dears, will not that
old sweetheart of mine al-
ways remain my little girl:
Do you want me to play
a joyous, merry, ~~com~~plemental
part: You will not let me
ever become an old abstract
grandpa, will you, Dear
Maie let's always have time
to play together, and let's love
each other even in the pres-
ence of other folk. Yes, I know
we shall. How I want to

shrink away from the company where married folks sit
at each other and deprecate! O that I could show you one
old couple in this region! I love my Madrie, my dearest
sweetest Marie, and I love the many ways in which she
differs from the meanness of humanity. No, not Pharisai-
cal, - I do, I do; and I shall always love and admire.

This morning early Reuben came up on horseback
to spend the day with us. He must first look at some
land a few miles away which he contemplated renting, so
I saddled "Annie" and rode over with him. Here I
understand well, and we talked about kinds of soil, a-
bout varieties of cotton, and about all of his farming in-
terests. Poor Boy! His eyes are troubling him just now,
and the work in these hot sunny days must be trying.

My Mother is almost sixty - two, I can see the age

Aug. 21, 1901

in some ways, but he has
has not one tint of gray.

Will you have some peas,
beans, here are nice mellow
Bartlett, and beautiful
LaComtes, and Seekels?

Well, I reached home last
night in time for a late sup-
per, and after having experi-
enced en route one of the
severest storms of the season.

It poured down so volumi-
nously that the train must
stop, the engineer not being
able to keep a lookout for
switches. At the depot in

Below the water was an
inch or more over the back.
Trees were uprooted along the
way, and the lightning play-
ed about as on ship.

I have been doing my
utmost again to see if it can
not be arranged to have Father
get away from this section
in which the aristocracy has
decayed or fallen away and
the mass that is left is rem-
iniscence and remains.
I want him to go to Tuska-
loose. There I think in time
Levie will locate, and Rev-

AUG 21, 1901

I think it would be well,
Dearest, to continue sending
my mail to College Station from
the date I gave you ^(Aug. 24) until Aug.
28 inclusive, and then send to
Waco, Texas, from Aug 29-31 inclusive.
Occasionally please tell me the dates
of sending to certain places so that I
can be sure I have received all.
You might put your return address
in the corner if you wish. 'Now
sure enough, anyway, My Love

how might be glad ^{also} to go.

Now I wish that you were here with me, my Sweet, although the heavy rains have made the roads bad, and it is not a good time to see the country but! I am much afraid that I cannot visit Farnsdale and Laveille to see other relatives; in fact I know that I cannot, for tomorrow afternoon I shall go on to Meridian, Miss., and thence to Quorum, La.

Berlin and I will drive down to the Station this afternoon, I hoping for my dear mother's words of love and joy in a letter - a longer for letters. I shall devour it when it comes, I know. What a world there is in a letter - such a letter!

I wish, Darling, that I could for even just one little minute, touch even the tip of one little finger, feel the sweet life of two little lips hardly touched with ^{the} joyous tremor of mine own, and then happier than now would be your own,
Your Bern.

L. H. BAILEY, Chief.
JNO. W. SPENCER, Deputy.
JOHN DRAID, Supervisor of
Farmers' Reading-Course.
MARY ROGERS MILLER,
Lecturer in Nature-Study.

PRESUMABLY MARY ROGERS MILLER
CORNELL UNIVERSITY, COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

BUREAU OF NATURE-STUDY AND FARMERS' READING-COURSE.

Ithaca, N. Y., Aug 21, 1901

Dear Persica,

I am at the ~~Office~~ today for the first time in two weeks and was ready to receive the postman when he brought the package of drawings from you. I am very much pleased with them. I think them the best work you have done for me - and yet I am sending two of them back for some additions. The spiders' nests look hollow to me - Ah, wait a minute. I have studied the drawing more carefully and see that they are intended to look hollow, in fact they are hollow and their little caps lie beside them torn off by Brer Crow. All right - but I want them just a bit more realistic. Will you give the one in the upper right hand corner ^{under my x} a cover and have it still clinging to the case by tangled strands of silk  So! and some tiny round eggs (yellowish they were) scroo straying round as if Brer Crow had not made a clean sweep. These additions will make it perfect and Jones will pay the extra freight.

The wild ginger needs a few more leaves both in the background and foreground. The stuff grows in clumps and the picture should be clumpier. The flower is blue.

Twice ask Mr. McFarland to send you a picture
he has which gives the idea. You may not need it at
all but won't do no harm.

I send also the bill to be added to, and I
guess you'd better ~~take~~ ^{make} both the paid and
the unpaid bills ~~back~~ out in business form
as the Doubledays have to settle them. I enclose
a form for you to fill out. I leave the blanks
for you to fill out after you put in the
extra strokes. Send em along back soon.
You kin. I've a batch ready for the engraver
and will send you proofs when they come.

We have a new "Emma" who is a fine
dish washer but lacks self confidence. She
is on trial. The Kears take meals with us for
the week.

We are all excitement and enthusiasm just
now for that we've just had a letter from Papa
and Mama Rogers saying that they are really coming
to Ithaca in September. Also Papr. Bailey is at home
and full of tick, also the new girl and Mary
Nichols ~~at~~ and her John coming next ^{wk}. Do you wonder
that I can spare no time to tell you how glad
it is to hear from you about the coming winter.

Very affectionately
your

Mother Mary

Monroe, La., ^{10.}
Saturday 2 P.M. Aug. 24

My dearest little girl, ma
maje, I have finally fired
two reporters, and now I
trust that I may have
an uninterrupted hour or
two for my Lov. If you
knew how sweetly I dream-
ed of your last night 'camp-
ing' in the summer cabin
of a big farmer way down
in 'Louisiana' where there is

nothing but land, bayous,
and niggers, you would
reach out your arms again
the night after receiving this,
or you would come to
mine, - which seek you so
often, to hold you close and
tell you how much, how
dearly I love you.

I am so glad that
you are going to have a nice
little visit with Agnes, be-
cause I know that if she
had not come (to E. Aurora)

until just a short time before our divorcing you would not have had much of an opportunity to see her.

Perhaps you did tell me about the dress suit, L.E.D., etc. once; but my impression was, 'Madrig', that there were some ifs. But you are an old 'Curiosity', you know you are! Have you not lots of secrets about what you get in Boston, and what you are sewing upon, and all? You have not even told me whether you are going to be a travelling edith in red or ~~one~~ in yellow! Now suppose I should be a travelling moorg in green? Well, old make-me-tell, Sweetheart, I will have to disappoint you (even if you "won't marry me!!!" - Ahem! - oh - - well), because you see I had no secret; and Alice must have thought that that one particular page was so exceptionally poor, she

AUG. 24, 1901

would not chagrin you
with the reading of it.
I cannot imagine which
page it was. What did she
read to you? I wrote her
about how much I cared
about the happiness of her
dear little sister, that I
meant to succeed in mak-
ing her happy (Darling, that
is not Pharisaical, not at all!).
Then I wrote a little about
Washington and our trips,
and finally asked if I
might some time ask her

a very sisterly question, which
might become a temporary
secret, - see!

Do you want a whole
long ~~signarole~~ about how
the time has passed since
I crossed the Rubicon, or
left my paternal perch, ^{Madras}
Madras? Several of the other
folk of my native hamlet
called ^{Thurs.} Wednesday (having seen
in the N.O. paper that I was
stopping at home!). Then
Uncle Warr came, and after
packing my grip I barely
had time to catch the even-

ing train. "Col. E. L. Robin, my old chum and school-mate met me in Meridian; and after supper, 9:30 P.M., he insisted on my calling upon ^{his} a friend." To my great surprise we called upon his sister. The twins were married three weeks since, and the fellow is J. H. Ledyard, also an old friend. We talked over old times until eleven, just four hours before the Vicksburg and Shreveport train. Think of my condition next morning for that hard, long day! There was the dusty ride to Monroe, then a search through broiling sunshine to find men, and finally a drive through cotton fields from one till five P.M. I met some interesting old characters, and some time I will tell you about these southern planters. Well, after supper, mine Lammchen, you know how it was, - no: you don't know all. I wrote you

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a letter of four pages, very
sweet; and as I reached for
more paper, I upset the ink
(losing no Sunday-school words!)
on that which I had writ-
ten. There was no time in
which to repeat it, ^(the letter) and I
sent you a miserable line
or two.

But last night was the time
of the serio-comic. I left Monro
merely knowing that Ex. Senator
Davis was on his plantation
somewhere near Cory. I reached
Cory at 8 P. M., and I give you
my word that Cory connected

merely of a platform with a
superimposed knot of poor
white trash and another of neg-
gers. Fortunately, I found a
negro with a spare horse, and
he gave (I mean sold) me a
seat to Mr. Davis's planta-
tion. Mr. D. - was a great
fat hard-breathing deep-smok-
ing giant who was really cordial
and approachable. He chin-
ned me until I thought
he must be related to the owls;
but finally there was oppor-
tunity to mention "not keep-

ring him up later", and I was escorted at eleven to my mosquito-filled division of the Bungalow. They (the mosq.) bit me into wakefulness and a realization of a frightful night, but I soon out-fought them this once. I simply had to sleep in my trousers and half dressed, plus a sheet tied about my head in such a way that I could breathe through a semicircular path. With the perspiration rolling off of me, and besieged by cringing hordes of *Mm. Culex* and *Anopheles* (I beg pardon, it should be Amazonian *Momes Cu. & An.*) Morpheus claimed his returning Prodigal. I have told you, my own Dearest One, how I dreamed of you as the battlesaged. We breakfasted at six. Now will you have some clabber, - nice hard clabber that chews like molasses candy? And bacon, I mean pork, do try it; it is so fat and strengthening? How about coffee, - before which Cortes' Raven sits like ink pales like chalk? After break-

AUG 24, 1901

fast we rode and drove over
some 1000 acres of Mr.
Davis's endless plantations.
Nevertheless, this has been a
profitable trip for me, and
I have some notes worth the
savings, I think. The wilt
disease was abundant. Now
I promise you one thing,
dearest, without the asking:
your Benny will never
allow such hard days to
come oftener than once a
month if he can avoid
it. It has taken me two

house to get "cleaned up"
and feel me myself again
get aldreedy.

Ahead for this afternoon I
must write up my notes and
make some cultures; then
I am off for Houston, which
I should reach tomorrow morn-
ing. O those letters! Sweet!

Robins says he is awfully
sorry to hear that you have
no unmarried sisters!

So you think we will have
the time of our lives "if we
take that 9:30 train! Don't you
feel like saying, "I think I

night, but hang that 7:30 train. I wish that I knew the country better, - but there's another way, - will see, ya?

Why sure! Prof. ~~Wm.~~ Wilson Farlow is Prof. of Cryptogamic Botany at Harvard, and he has no equal in this day and time. Thaxter and Goodale and Robinson are also there. I really did intend to write "Charles"; but how? I thought he might think "Order of election" or something.

I hope that you had a good day in Boston, Love. My Dearest and Dearest, I almost feel mean, for here I have written you 'steep pages'; and just last time you said you did not need to take so much in order to tell me how dearly you love me. No, I don't. I know how you intended it, Ido, Madrie Padrie, because "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not draw the half of - the love of your Ben. You only know what I give you with each kiss, and I give it all to my Lover once again now, as ever.

Aug 2nd 1911

My dear Son

I wanted to write to you yesterday but most of my time was taken up trying to amuse Marion, she did not care to go to Baptist services & the day must have been long & tiresome to her without some little companions, we intended giving her a ride in the afternoon but an evening shower put a stop to that. The little Davies girls came over to see her & Saturday we were around there. I invited Maggie to spend today with her but she has not come yet. Tom Hather has just come in from the store says three women were walking together when the rain came up, the lightning killed one, knocked the other two down, tore off the shoes of one & did not kill her, was - it that strange!

Well! how have you been getting on? I hope you have not encountered very hot weather. I received a letter from Durham to you &

College Station it was Friday or Saturday evening. I suppose you have it by this time, this I will send to Waco, even if it waits for you there. I should think three days would be long enough time for a letter to reach you almost any where in Texas. I have no news for you, no letters from any of the family since you left. We hope to spend a day with sister Sally very soon, then I hope to learn of Gloria's movements. Marcus goes home tomorrow morning.

Since you left I have thought of so many things I wanted to talk to you about.

Of course you have heard nothing news from Henry.

Saturday after dinner your Father thought he would hide around the store & watch for chicken rogues, he had not long to wait, a man walked up to a rack in the stable, looked carefully all around, seeing no one he went in & was knocking down a chicken when your Father came in on him, first dealt the fatal blow, then was the stick & chicken, he did not quite kill the chicken

Aug 26, 1901

so he & the stick are preserved for the
trial. I hope his being caught will stop that
kind of business for a while.

Now Mrs. Cornick's little son has brought
up 2 water melons & some cantelopes to
exchange for pears I wish they had
come when you were here; we are glad
to send off some pears they are disap-
=ing every night.

This is a very short letter but there is
nothing of interest to write, give us your
address as far ahead as possible & let
us know of any change in your plans
for the fall, especially about that
European trip. Maggie has come & ~~she~~
Marian is entertaining her, with much
love from your Father & myself

Yours devoted

Mother.



The Plaza Hotel.

— P. M. AUG.

Built and Furnished New Throughout.

R. H. WALKER,
PROPRIETOR.

C. D. MEYERS,
MANAGER.



ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
Rooms with and without Bath.
Free Single Rooms.
Centrally Located.
Up-to-Date.

Gonzales, Texas,

Tuesday, ^{6 P. M.} 27, 1901.

Madame, Love, Tomorrow and
until Thursday at noon I
shall be twenty-five miles away
from a railroad, so I write a
little now; and my letter
will go from Houston Thurs-
day night. How is this for
true Texas style? In half
an hour I leave with a Mex-
ican driver and two fine mules
for a drive of twenty-five miles
to visit a big ranch near
Leesville. It is the owner's,
Mr. Wells, private team and
hastles in whose care I go,
Mr. Wells being already at
the ranch. I expect to find

some interesting cotton conditions,
and a disease of Tobacco pep-
pers on his place.

Mamie, my Daddling, your
dear, sweet letter came this morn-
ing, and it was certainly joyfully
received. Each one helps me to
accomplish more, and on the days
where they come they cheer me
up and help me in every way.
I found it at the office on
my way to the depot. How many
times did I read it ^{on} the
train during those six long
hours from Houston to this
town. Sweet, I will write to



Aug 27, 1901
The Plaza Hotel.

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Free Sample Rooms,
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Up-to-Date.

Gonzales, Texas,

190

Priscilla at my next long stop,
if possible; the little darling.
I did not once think that she
would fancy a slight.

So Charles has gone to Den-
ver. Some of these days we
will be attending the A. A. A.
S., and what nice little par-
ties we can get up among
our friends going!

Yes, yes, Franie, Love, let's
go to Eaglesmere and see
the Waiters again, and how
much happier we can meet
them! Why do you for one mo-
ment hesitate to ask if there

can be any "drawback to our
happiness", Dear? Is it not supreme
and immortal love between us?
The little things which may
tend to make life seem prosaic,
we will not let trouble us;
and very, very often we can
turn these into real pleasures
through love. And there is so
much that is beautiful and that
will always be beautiful to
souls that will retain and
cultivate their responsiveness to
feelings. Madrie, you know you
have a soul; and don't you
think your Berdie has one
akin? How I love you, Dearie!



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PROPRIETOR.
C. D. MEYERS,
MANAGER.



ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
Rooms with and without Bath.
Free Laundry Rooms.
Centrally Located.
Up-to-Date.

Gonzales, Texas,

190

It's werry hot today, and
it seems hot and it looks better
to have heavily bouzed Mexicans
parading about in their variegated
sombrosas, and some of them
wending hot tamales, Mexican
ponies (!) and the like.

What do I think when I see
the car scene of edib and
moory, etc. which you picture?
Well, Madrie at just seems a
thousand things. Sometimes I
feel as if I must go to her
now, because I want those
scenes of love, and close as-
sociation, and trust absolute,

and gorgeous comfort. O Madrie,
I love you, I love you, and I would
tell you lots more I think, and
lots more I know; but there is my
team, and my supper is ready.
Goodbye, my Heart's Own Sweetest
Love, and a kiss with Heaven's
sweetest blessing to my Madrie.
Pen.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY,
B. T. GALLOWAY, CHIEF.

PM. AUG. 27, 1901

Vegetable Pathological and Physiological Investigations—
Alfred F. Wigg, Pathologist and Physiologist.
Botanical, Entomological and Experimental—F. V.
Cottrell, Entomologist.
Glass and Forest Plant Investigations—F. L. Wadsworth, Entomologist.
Plant Diseases—H. B. Galloway, Entomologist.

OFFICE OF THE PATHOLOGIST
AND PHYSIOLOGIST.

Washington D. C.

Monroe, La., Friday Afternoon.

My Madrie, dearest Love, it is now six o'clock
and my train leaves in thirty minutes. It
really protests and hurts me that I cannot write
my letter now, Darling, I love you so. I have not
had one moment's respite since the early hours of
3 A. M. Today, and I shall arrange not to
have another such day. Tonight I go down the
road to a little station where I have a cor-
respondent, and I return tomorrow A. M. Then
I have a wait of several hours, and I can
write and tell you better of these two busy
days. Then ~~then~~, I am really off for Texas.
Today I found cotton diseases abundant.
My Own, wa me, I love thee, I love thee, and tell tomorrow
take this as the single message, the one thought, of
this little note.

Give my love to your ~~sister~~ sisters and to
Chuck. Your dear little letters reached me at Chal-
lison, and will be answered tomorrow.
Your very, very Own.

Friday Aug 28th 1901
My dear Son,

Your Father has been saying for several days that he would write to you as I will have a short note ready to slip in when he does write. Going by your dates of arrival at the different points I addressed my letter of the 25th to Waco, allowing three days for the trip, since you have changed the dates it has not yet been received & you may think I am a long time writing to you. I hope the Post-Office will hold it some days, not that it is so valuable but that you may hear from us. We were very glad to have you from Houston, you must have had a tiresome time riding over 1000 acres of cotton land, hot too. I hope so much exposure to the sun will not make you sick, I would try to take the cool of the day for such trips as much as possible. It is pleasant enough here in the shade but the sun is hot.

Wednesday evening your Father was called to Mrs. Morris' to see a sick negro, he started at

4 o'clock & returned by seven, found the road
terribly rough, had to feed on getting home
as he was well worn out by that time he came
in the house. The relatives understood how it
was you could not visit them tho I know
they wish you could have done so. I don't know
when the road will be smooth enough for one
to go to Lac Seul. Mr Garber hauled an ext
weather, all the heavy machinery for his journey
over that road.

When you asked me about relatives to be
invited I entirely forgot Cousin Jerry Field,
& she would never forgive you if you overlooked
her, you know she is always looking for
slights, I will get her address from Mrs Barwick
& send in this letter. I believe you had Mrs
Gobbs name down.

Bob Collins gave a Goshaw party Wednesday
night, sent Mr John Richards up to bring
Fanny Briggs down to spend a week with a
Miss Stivers from Marion who is staying
there. Miss Lox says the house is beautifully
fitted up, every thing new. Lizzie Collins
spent 2 weeks at her Father's & I did not

Aug 28, 1901

know of her being there until this evening
before she left, would have called to see her
had I known it.

There is nothing interesting to write, no
letters from any of the boys. The little Mc-
Cormick boy came again today to exchange
cantaloupes for pears, he gets the best of the
bargain two of his apples were unfit for
use, but I am glad for him to have the
pears, for his looks he has a hard time in
this life, so many in family & so poor.
I forgot to say I am reading Ebenezer Holden
what did you think of it? I must close,
with much love

Yours devoted

Mother.

Sunday night has come & the promised letter
not written so I will add a post script & if
he doesn't write tomorrow send by the evening
train. We had quite an unexpected visitor
today, Uncle Ben spent the day with us,
Uncle Waver also. I mentioned it was your
birth day & Uncle Waver said "we must drink

Benn's health" so we drunk to many returns,
 your success &c &c. Mrs. Murphy takes charge
 of Benny's house the middle of Sept &
 he leaves immediately after for St Louis.
 Lucy will stay around some time longer
 & then go to Mrs Carter in Texas. Her
 address will be care Mayewell & Sonnets,
 Route 100, ~~St Louis~~ East St Louis, Ill.
 He told me sister Sally will give Edwin &
 bridal party, as tea the night before the
 wedding, Lucy brings will help her fix for it.
 Miss Collins proposes a luncheon party at her
 house tomorrow night, ice cream to be sold
 to begin a fund for a new organ, if that
 is the way it is to be raised we will have
 to eat a vast deal of ice cream. I have
 made my cake & will furnish a freezer of
 Sherbet.

Corine's Jenny's address is Mrs Virginia K Child
 5 Ave, above Coys store. Benny leaves.
 I had a letter from Henry yesterday he said
 he wanted to write to you but did not
 know your address, if I get any from you
 before writing him will give them to him, he

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said he wants to know if his evening suit
will be needed. I will write him it will, he
thinks now he will go right to Buffalo, meet
you there & then to New York to attend the
Polyclinics for about six weeks ^{on} returns ~~by~~
make us a visit. I showed Uncle Ben his
pictures he admired it very much. Sales
told him you regretted not being able to visit
him while at home.

How do you & the mosquitoes get on? the
next time you go to Texas I think you will
have to take along a small net & some
contrivance for putting it over your head &
hands, the creatures are biting me until I
~~can scarcely write a new note just now I~~
think. It is time I was saying good night,
with much love

Yours devoted

Mother.

AUG. 29, 1901

THE ELMS,
DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

My dear Brother Ben:-

There have
been such busy days
that I could not answer
your much appreciated
letter sooner although
I have wanted to write
many times.

This morning we
are having a visit from
the dear mother and as
she is to come again tomorrow

I am taking advantage
of today to write to my
about-northeast and
to you dear brother C. K.

I hear that you will
soon have a birthday
and I hope it will be
a pleasant one and that
you will live to spend
many happy ones each
one to be happier than
the one before. If you were
here I would make you
a big cake with candles
and other things and you
would have to eat the

birthday punches etc. &c.
you can not be with us
in all and you love o
best wishes.

Mamie went to Dover
this morning on the
train to do some shopping
and Lulu is just
starting out in the buggy
to meet her and bring
bundles etc. home. It is
very nice for the two
youngest members of our
family to be together and
they are enjoying it very
much. We have
Robinsons are having

a good, happy time
generally these days &
night for it has been
many years since we
have been together and
it may be many more
before we three sisters
meet again as we are
making the most of our
time. I wish you could
have seen us about ten
o'clock last night - sitting
watermelon in that
kitchen and laughing so
that we would nearly
choke at every mouthful.
Agnes is a great tease

AUG 29, 1901

THE ELMS,
DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

and Marie is getting
her full share of it now.

I do hope that it is
as hot as cool in Texas
as it is here for you would
be very comfortable there.

I must be very busy
although I do not know
or hear very much about
it for your letters are
too sacred to share. I did
not share your last to
me and I was, I feared

but today soon, and and
you at few samples as that
you can have the pleasure
of guessing what-thing
appeared?

While we are in the
transcend business don't
you want-one to get you
for you? It is great fun
seeing the nice new things
accumulate.

How-it-be nice if you can
sell corn after the wedding?
And October is such a
beautiful month for a trip.

You will have to make
brave dress warmly though
for she won't listen to us

AUG. 29, 1901

THE ELMS,
DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

when we advise flannel
etc. From what I have heard
the hotels abroad are not
always well heated so you
will have your hands
full making your little
wife take care of herself.

I said you had lots
of questions to ask me in
your next or please
send it along and I
will do my best to answer
them closely.

Marie, Agnes and I are

all three Grasswidows at-
present-but-expect-Charles
back next Wednesday. I know
that he is enjoying this trip
and will have a good time
with the Chemists and
I wish I could have gone
with him as we had
planned several months
ago.

Just-a-little over one
month and your troubles
will begin, are you getting
frightened?

Well, Agnes is calling
me up stairs and it is time
I was settling down to work

for the day.

The longest I like is traveling
for the time that has passed since I
your name.

With love from all the family
Yours affectionately

Will

August-the 29th 1911

JULY or AUG 1901?

On Sleeper, Boston
Wednesday 6:15 P.M.

It is only a word, Sweet Love,
for the train goes in five min-
utes. It is a word slipped
in with this bath-house
key, which I was so forgetful
as to run away with: the
words are the old ones
Dearest, - I love you. We have
conquered our grief so far
as it is possible, as to out-
ward expression; and things have
gone smoothly with Nance and
'Daddy'. That "au revoir" cost me
in feeling what I never dreamed -
but cheer up, "Old Boy", say I, she
loves you too; and the time of up-
nation will some day pass. ~~It~~

is hard, though, to leave one's
heart's own. Love to all, tons for Ma-
die, dear. Even an revoir, Ben.

HOTEL BROEZELE

JOHN E. BOLDT

ONE BLOCK FROM PRINCIPAL
R.R. STATIONS

JULY - AUG. 1901

J.P.M.

BUFFALO, N.Y. Monday, 1901

My Love, Ma Mie, I want to write you a long loving letter today; but I must throw up my hands to the call of the fates, for it is only half an hour until my train clears. Even through the busiest day, and through all the days and all the factions thereof, I feel the deep love which I have for my Madrie; and whenever there is a moment to spare I want to write and tell her of it. Yet I know she knows, and I love her for knowing, I love her. And please, my Sweet, if you are ever away again for four days almost, don't let me have the suspense of not a line, not a word from you. I am

sure Mrs. Parsons would
have let you take just two
minutes, if no more, to assure
me that you were alright, and
to tell me too of your love.

Your letter came Satur-
day night, and it was a joy-
ous one which weighed tons
in the spirit. I cannot air-
saver it now, but when you
get my next you shall have
the journal of a week, and
the love of a whole ten months.
Don't say "You conceited!" for I
know you want it! Now re-
serve some eyesight, and don't
work, or sew, or think too
much meanwhile.

My own Darling, I was so
disappointed that nearly my
whole day was occupied at
Lockport, and when I reached
190 Main St., Buffalo, it was
only a few minutes before close-

HOTEL BROEZEL

JOHN F. BOLDT

ONE BLOCK FROM PRINCIPAL
N.Y. STATIONS.

BUFFALO, N.Y. 1901

ing time. I was so glad to meet both Will and Chuck, even for a few minutes. They were as nice as could be to me, and they recognized their Bro. law without introduction. Somehow I did not expect to find Will there, and seeing him broke up the nice little plan I had thought of to see a little of Chuck. You see my train leaves a few minutes after seven, and I was going to see if he would sleep with me somewhere. I could not put two and two together, however, to see that it would be alright to take him along anyway, since Will is a Benedict. This did not occur to this small soul until the store

was closed, and Chuck lost
to me. He is a dear Boy, and
I am wholly captivated. I like
your big Bud too, ever so much.
More anon.

My little lassie Lammchen,
you are all this world to
me; and I have lots to
* tell you about a letter from
Agnes, about returning in
Sept., and about us.

I have seen nothing of
the exposition at less
than one mile.
A reservoir, and miles
of loam to the Sweet Marie
from Thine.