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Atlantic City.
August 26th '80.

My darling blessed little boy-

I would just like to have you here for one minute to tell you that you are the very nicest, dearest little boy that ever lived- only if you were here perhaps I shouldn't tell you any such thing- I have received several letters from you dear since I last wrote to you, the last from Salzburg dated August 8th- Indeed you have been very faithful about writing to me and I want to tell you now how much

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I appreciate it- you won't let me thank you, you know. That reminds one that I haven't promised to obey you yet, and perhaps never will- I'll make you promise me instead. Some people really do that- don't you think it's a good idea? And now if that's settled I'll begin to scold right away- you mustn't you shall not call yourself hideous old names- you "lantern jawed" indeed. I won't have it for a minute- so please remember and don't forget. You say my darling that you are afraid I haven't been well this summer, and want me to tell you exactly how I have been. There has really and truly been nothing the

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matter with me except chills and fever, nothing in the very least alarming, and I hope soon to be rid of them forever. I was a foolish little witch, my darling boy, to leave that old scratched out sentence in my letter- I had forgotten it and didn't ever feel as if you would see it. I feel as if you would be home now in no time at all, only think in [undelined] less [/underlined] than a month I will be able to pull your moustache or pinch or __ give you one good [underlined] hug- [/underlined] you dear little boy- your little tableau consisting of two people, a library and a fireplace was very nice in some ways, but the positions of the actors didn't suit me at all- if this one has

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anything to say about it they will both be on the [underlined] same [/underlined] side of the fireplace- a much more sociable arrangement- I think. I gave Will Boulton your message about the Prague beer and he was delighted that you appreciated it so thoroughly- when you come home I expect you'll want all your meals to consist of roast-beef and beer. I shall certainly read Edwin Drood, and we can make up our minds together about the proper way for it to time out- or better still, you might write the rest of it and have it published- tho' I believe Wilkie Collins tried that, and with no very great success- My darling it seems very strange that when

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you receive this letter your summer will be over, and that we will be together in ten days- it's almost too nice to be true- won't you be glad not to have any more letters to write me? You will never know, dear love,

how your letters have made me feel toward you, for I wouldn't possibly tell you- You certainly have grown dreadfully blasé- are you coming back with eyes sort of droopy and will you grumble French, English and German together and talk about "we foreigners"? Because if you do I'll- words can't express what I will do, so beware. I hate to think of your being on the horrible ocean for so many

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days- but I mustn't try to frighten you, must I darling- We'll both try to remember dearest that God can take just as good care of you on the water as the land- and that He will is the loving wish and earnest prayer of

Your own

Daisy.

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[underlined] For [/underlined]
Lawrence Lewis Jr. Esq.
North Western Hotel
Lime Street Station
Liverpool. England

D.K. Sept 10 1880
(31)

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