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Sea Bright.
May 31st.

My dearest Larry-

We have all been sitting out on the piazza telling the most horrible ghost, murder and burglar stories you ever heard. I'm quite sure my hair won't lie smoothly for a month, but you'd say it

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never could do that anyway. I know how hot my dear boy must have been all day, and sympathize accordingly. We spent the whole morning in driving to Red Bank and back, and it certainly wasn't cool. I thought of running up to New York this morning, to spend the day with Anna and several of them, but wisely concluded not to on account of the heat. Anna brought me back a box of candy and (tell your Father) a dozen of Pursell's Bath [buns?]- wasn't it good of her? My dearest little boy it's very provoking that you didn't receive my letter earlier to-morrow morning, I expect you got that one and the one your Father took charge of within about five minutes of each other poor soul, to have to wade thro' so much scuttle and "frivole"

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within such a short time! Now dear little boy don't please still believe that your cousins or any of them ever say anything disagreeable about you, they have spoken of you over and over again in the very nicest way possible- so please little boy for my sake, don't believe that they feel unkindly toward you. There dear don't think that's a lecture. It is so delightful to know

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that you are coming on Saturday, now don't get tired of my telling you that, for I do think of it so much that I can't help writing it. You have been a most tremendously busy boy since I left you, no more going to the office at three o'clock in the morning now. I guess your Mother and Father will see to that. My boy is the most faithful and best correspondant that ever was- it's very much appreciated little boy-

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Mother writes me that that unfortunate Mr. Statesbury's little boy has been assaulted and battered, isn't it funny? First the Father then the son. Bed time, so good bye. Ettie and I slept like Trojans for two whole hours this afternoon so we'll probably stay awake all night in consequence- wasn't the rain splendid? Did it cool you.

Your own loving
Daisy.

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Mr. Lawrence Lewis Jr
506 Walnut Street.
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Penna.

DK
June 2 1881
(57)

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