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1902 Pine St Phila

Friday August 8 1884

My own Precious Love

I have just completed my bi-weekly letter to the family and have time for a few little lines only before bed-time. I have had a hard-worked and tiresome day. Just in the middle of it about two o'clock came your two letters of Wednesday and Thursday together, to cheer me up. The former was delivered at the house this morning after I left and was sent by Cecilia to the office. How glorious that Tots will go to sleep without rocking. "Train a child up etc." For the residue see Capt. [Cuttle?]. I finished more work today than I had dared to think possible but there is still a long vista of weary indexing labor before me. Fortunately I have outstripped the printers so that I have not the consciousness all the time that I am keeping him waiting.

I will attend to your gloves and forward them by next basket. How I wish I could kiss the dear little hands that are going to be slipped into them -- [Kate?] has had a great time with the old woman who came to stay with her at 1732. A day or two ago the old woman was seized with an attack of acute cholera morbus which scared Kate half out of her wits. She called in Dr. Horace Williams and as soon as the patient was bolstered up a little sent her bag and baggage out of the house, fearing, she told me, that she would die on her hands. By way of excuse she says that she told the old woman that her plans were altered and that she was going to live with the "young gentleman" a while. This whacking lie she related to me with the utmost complacency as though it were a decided feather in her cap. No home news at all. I am reading last month's letters which contain abundance of good matter.

God bless you, my darling. Kiss our little daughter for me and take oceans of kisses for your charming self.

Your own most loving,

Larry

[transcribed by Laura Blanchard]