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1902 Pine St Phila
Monday Aug. 11 1884

My Own Darling Love

Your Sunday letter lies before me it was a most unexpected pleasure to find it waiting when I got home. Poor, dear little love, I am so sorry that I couldn't write you exactly when I will be back to you. I see it threw you off your balance so that you spell "disappointed" with two s'es instead of one.

Please don't talk of Old Orchard to me, my love. I can say, like Ettie did of Anna, "Her's been. Her's learned" I have been there and I know. It would be hurrying out of Scylla into Charybdis to go there. A more awful place never was gotten up. I have a plan in my head which if I can only manage to work it out will adjust the summer arrangements like a charm. I am not going to tell my love what it is for if it should miscarry, as it may, I am afraid she would be dis-s-s-s-s appointed with Heaven knows how many s'es so I shall just keep quiet about it until I can talk the whole matter over with my own darling in propria persona and see if we can accomplish it.

Dear little Tots. It is lovely that she is well and good. I want to see her ever so much -- next after her precious little mamma. When is that going to be? My darling love, I cannot say even yet.

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I have accomplished an enormous mass of work but the printer has consumed so much copy that I must positively get more ready before I dare go away. Meantime I get no return to my letters to Northport and that keeps me on tenter-hooks. I am afraid in short that I cannot get off until the very end of the week. If I can manage it by hook or by crook you know how gladly I will do it.

Becky has been at work all day and accomplished I am told about three times Mrs Laufer's "stent" I was trotted out to look at ~~them~~ the result and they certainly look beautiful and clean, as to the rest I cannot judge.

Everybody is talking today about the earthquake. One man up at the club was dozing after his lunch at which he had imbibed pretty freely. He was startled out of his nap but said nothing about it and ~~was~~ being subsequently asked for his experience and told it was an earthquake replied "Well, I'm mighty glad you told me, for I thought I had 'em bad again" Bert Rolins tells me that two or three pots in his kitchen were knocked down kicking up the devil of a din. Our janitor at 737 had some crockery broken etc etc.

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God bless you, my dear little love. I am more lonely that I know how to tell I send oceans and oceans of love

Your own True Love
Larry