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My Own Dear Love

I do not feel quite well today owing partly to the weather and partly to hard work so I will probably not write again tonight. Yours as of yesterday has arrived. How glad I am to hear that you are well - except your breasts. Oh, my Fuzzy Darling, I do wish so with all my heart that you could get over that trouble. The basket will go back to you tomorrow with the clothes, the brown dress, the undressed kid gloves and the letter paper. I believe that is all you asked for. You shall have the [letters?] also and the new punch.

Work is progressing very well with me but a most unfortunate thing has happened. Our printer in N.Y. has failed with liabilities amounting to more than \$200,000. We may have to change to another firm and in that case will have to pay "spot cash" for all work now on hand. Owing to this I am afraid that Cockcroft will not for some time send me more than the usual weekly remittances. Hughes-Haclett's letter has at last arrived. My reply worked a good effort as the tone of his epistle is decidedly apologetic.

I cannot possibly get to you, my dearest love, until the end of this week. I plan now to leave on Saturday, go up in the [Sconnington?] Beat and be with you Sunday a.m. Perhaps your father will come up at same time.

God bless you, sweetheart. I send my very dearest love. Kiss Tots for me.

Ever your own most loving

Larry