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My Own Dear Love

I am hard at work today on half a dozen matters trying to catch up loose ends. It is as hot as blazes and as I have been forced to fly around a good deal I have suffered proportionately.

Enclosed is a letter for you from Ettie. It arrived in company with two others, one from Father and one from Anna. I do not forward them as they are merely full of ecstasies over Mt. Riffel and the [corner?] [Gratt?] and Ettie's epistle no doubt covers the same ground.

I am afraid you will be a little troubled about servants when you get home. Cecilia wants to leave at once as soon as the new cook arrives for a change of air at Atlantic City. Can you suggest any way in which I can [decline?] a stop gap for a few days if so, write me at once

[Gippo?] is much better, less fat and more [illegible]. He subsists entirely upon bread and [mick?] and is rushing after and looking at the cats continually.

A bill has come in for the Rental of the [crib?] at Narragansett. Shall I pay it?

I have no news for you which is stunning.

The new Graphics, Littells & Punches I will keep. God bless you, my dear love

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Kiss the little one for me

Your Own Loving  
Larry