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My Own Dear Love

I can truly say that I have never suffered so much from heat before. In the office today the thermo stands at 103 degrees and I am as limp as a wet rag. If this sort of thing does not soon end I fear that I must give up work or I shall succumb.

Your letter of Sunday came yesterday afternoon.

You must write me every day, my darling. I cannot be content with anything less. I am so sorry to hear that Tots is troubled by heat and mosquitoes but thank Heaven at any rate that you are not in this Gehenna. You know how much I want to see your dear face but do not on any account turn your face this way until this terrible, scorching, pitiless heat has gone by.

I am intensely busy and try to keep my thoughts away from my suffering by concentrating [sic] my mind on business. But concentration is a hard task at such a time.

I spent last evening at the naval asylum with Uncle Ned, Aunt Kate & Margaret. They have been home some time. Bessy

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and Katy are both still at Seabright. John Stevens (Cousin's [sic] Dot's husband) nearly killed himself again about a fortnight since in a New York Hotel. He went to bed drunk I suppose after blowing out the gas and was fortunately discovered by the [others?] coming over the transom just in time

God bless you, sweetheart. my dearest love
for both my dear ones.

Your Own Loving Husband & Father

Larry