

[Letterhead]

Subject:

Edward Thompson

Northport

Long Island, New York.

Northport, N.Y. Aug 6 1885

My Own Darling Love

Your precious letter of the day before yesterday is at hand. I am glad to hear of the success of the fair and ever so much more glad to get a line from you. Please when you write say how you are. You don't tell one thing about that in your letter.

Hurrah! Huzzah! Erin go Bragh!

It is just 10.20 a.m. and in five hours exactly the stage will start for the train. In five hours I shall be off and trying to forget all the miseries of this nasty hole. I shall have left the sea, these outrageously common people, these petty village squabbles about the exact line of a road which constitute the only excitement and the wretchedness of being in company with [J.?] C. who disgusts me more and more. He has taken advantage of my being under his roof to urge me to accept less pay for my work and complains that he is unable to give as much as I now get. I have refused of course but the uncertainty into which I am put in consequence as to the future is most unpleasant. Worst of all, that new piano for you on which I had set my heart looks as if it must take wings and fly away.

You were quite right, sweetheart, in your letter to [Merrill?]. I shall be at the office tomorrow and shall vigorously begin indexing work. How infinitely preferable that will be to this dawdling misery Cockcroft breakfasts at half past eight but does not go to the store until ten. At noon everything is closed up and he goes to lunch, returning to the store at 2. He then stays about two hours and the work (?) of the day is over. His housekeeper, a Miss McDonald, is an awesome personage. Fat, stumpy and swarthy with a flat nose and a pockmarked face. When she plays whist she literally slobbers over the cards like Tots when she was three months old.

I have written to Lizzie to say that I will be home tonight and directing the house to be kept open until I arrive. I shall dine in New York, will catch the 7 o'clock train and so be at home by our usual bedtime.

Glad to hear of Tot's new "[zahn?]" but don't let her progress too fast. I want to be able to recognize her when I come back. If necessary stunt her a little with gin or put a brick on her head.

Keep well, darling love, and save your strength as much as you can. God bless you again and again. I love you ever and ever and ever so much more that I can write or tell.

Your own most affectionate

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