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C.C. Willard, Prop.

The
Ebbitt

Washington, D.C., Jan. 17 1887

My Own Dear Love

I am in that very comfortable state produced by a good dinner and a pint of Burgundy. The day has been in its way very successful and satisfactory and altogether I am in a pleasing condition of mind and body.

I tried hard this morning not to disturb you when I got up and while I was dressing but, I am afraid, with very indifferent success. The morning was a wretched one to start off in, very damp, raw and muggy. Hamerton[?], however, made the journey pass off very pleasantly and I reached

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here promptly on time. My petitions are all safely filed, numbered and docketed.

The chances seem to be very strong that our cases will go through before the Judiciary Committee all right. Out of the fifteen members I am told that we can only rely upon nine. The only danger that seems to threaten is a reference to the Supreme Court of the United States. This would tie us up for two or three years but then per contra it would result in a judgment which would open to us the doors of the U.S. Treasury [?]eetey without the invention of Congress- so that it is about as broad as its long. Washington seems very full of people. The hotel is crowded. My room is [?]ido and is as cold

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and damp as a vault. I am glad I am only going to occupy it for a single night.

I shall, I trust, be at home by half past seven tomorrow. God bless you and both the dear little kids.

Your Own Loving,
L.