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C.C. Willard, Prop.

The Ebbitt:

Washington, D.C., May 16 1884

My own dear girl

After the very disturbed night which you had passed and was unwilling to wake you this a.m when I was ready to go and so got away as quietly as possible. I breakfasted very well at Broad St. and slipped a Vienna [acts?] into my bag which I discussed with much satisfaction about the time Harve de Grace was reached. The ham was on time and court opened about two minutes after and I entered the room. Wilson has been maundering on all day in a dejected, confused sort of style which is most annoying. If a square question is put to him he will never answer it but will fence it and dodge it and back all around it and above it and

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below it for a quarter of an hour. We have all resolved accordingly to hold our tongues and not stir him up. Here is a view of me and the court room table today so that you may fancy me and the company and in -

[hand drawn illustration of a dining room table with seven humans drawn around it labeled Grey, Judge Landen, Gen Bonterell? LL Earle, Russell, Wilson addressing the court.]

Tomorrow the argument continues and when it will be concluded at the present rate of progress Heaven only knows.

Having received no telegram from you today I am afraid the [Montrose?] letter did not arrive. Let me know as soon as it does. Dont forget also to let me know what you found out as to the house. One workman was already there as I passed this morning and I peeped in. From the way

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members have been said to support the stanway I fear that it will not be practicable to extend the [closet?] as proposed. Hawley was not on hand when I was there nor could I find anyone sufficiently intelligent to give me an answer about it.

I shall try very hard while down here to get me court to agree to hear a few more of my cases. I think I can manage it and if so will certainly have had good occasion for my trip. It is barely possible that I may reply to Wilson tomorrow but I think not. His argument is so poor as scarcely to merit notice.

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| God bless you, dear love. Take good care of yourself and don't undertake to enter into a walking match or do anything else wild.

Ever your own loving,

L

| P. S. Only to think that we have been married four years today.

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