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Atlantic City.
July 12th 1880.

My dearest Larry -

I really don't feel quite sure that you will care to receive from such an exceedingly common person as I feel like- I have been playing excursionist this afternoon- about four o'clock the two begged so that I trotted over to the "Excursion House" with them to see the fun, no sooner than we had gotten inside the door than

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some man trotted up and asked me to dance, did you ever? I looked so scared that he immediately begged pardon and said he hadn't meant to frighten me, we decided he was [illegible]. After that I was foolish enough to allow myself to be persuaded to go up in one of those horrible fandangoes words can't describe my feelings after going around twice. You never saw such a crowd of people as we were in, in your life, they had all come out for a regularly splendid time and were trying to make the most of their holiday. I

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thought, after the fandangoes, we'd had enough, so, after investing in pop-corn balls, the children consented to come home- Now don't you feel ashamed of me dear? I am going to enclose you a note Howard sent me on his gorilla discovery, for of course you'll understand all the big words if I did. I tried to write to you the other day, but just couldn't- have been playing sick and getting well dosed accordingly, they sent for your beloved Dr. Penrose, but, much to my joy, a mistake was made in our address and he couldn't find the

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cottage. Don't imagine that I have been very ill, dear, it was nothing but chills I guess. How nice it would be to know exactly what you are doing with your little self this minute- but I think I do know- it's six o'clock here, so you're probably sound asleep. It seems so funny that the sun should be shining on me, while you are in darkness- I don't like the idea at all. My head feels so fandangoey that it will be a kindness to you to close this utterly inane letter, I feel so wobbly that I am not sure of anything except that I love (not like) a certain little boy very dearly. Your ever loving Daisy

P.S. Either to-morrow or Wednesday I certainly hope to hear from you

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For
Lawrence Lewis Jr. Esq.

To Robert M. Lewis Esq.
of Messrs. J.S. Morgan & Co.
22 Old Broad Street.
London E.C.

D.K. July 30 1880
(22)

[Three postmarks London Paid M 24 Jy 80; Philad'a Pa. Jul 13 Paid All; Atlantic City Jul 13 N.J.; postage stamp for 5 cents]