

No. 54 West 46th St.
N.Y. June 6th 1885.

My darling Harry,

Jule sent you a postal this afternoon telling you that I wasn't well. I told her to tell you I was better and hoped to be able to write tonight. I have been threatened with an attack like I had last Spring but you needn't worry, for I'm all right now. I have had only a light touch in my hand and in my throat. The trouble is not serious at all, but some what unpleasant. I have felt miserable for the last two weeks, and have had a little neuralgia hanging around off and on. Before mamma left I was rather seedy and she tho't I had better see the doctor, but I didn't, and she went away thinking that I was all right. I didn't feel so but was afraid to say a word for I knew if I owned up or gave her any hint at all she wouldn't go, and I felt that she must go away & have a little change, and she couldn't do any good, for I wasn't sick enough to give up. This week I have not been as well but tho't nothing of the symptoms I had, or of last Spring's performance. It was stupid of me, but I didn't dream of anything like that, tho' now I can see that I have felt very much as I did then. I was awfully nervous, and tho't that, and love sickness was all that ailed me. My throat bothered me a little now & then, and I sort of strangled, but it wouldn't last but a second or two. All of a sudden it would refuse to work, and then after the little catch would go on again. Then the last week my hand has felt peculiar, sort of cramped. It has happened a number of times but didn't last long at a time. It is funny I didn't suspect the trouble, but I didn't, and forgot it as soon as it passed off, but on Thurs. I had those dreadful drowsy spells, & they always mean something with me, and if I am so overpowered during the day I can feel pretty sure that there is something to pay. I could hardly keep awake, and couldn't keep track of anything, and finally at the Le Bruns I had to get up now & then and walk from my seat to the other end of the piano & back (and some times more than once or twice) to keep myself awake. It was horrible and I was afraid I'd go to sleep in spite of myself. The day was so close & disagreeable and that of course made me worse. That night I felt as tho' I couldn't write, but I hated to let your Sunday letter fail. I haven't failed for a long time on that and did not want to do so this time, so I made a desperate effort to keep up long enough to write, but the thing wasn't worth sending, and I tore it up. I determined not to worry you with any of this and tho't I'd write on my way home from Orange and not say anything about all this or the trash I tore up. I felt better on Friday and started off, but on the way there I felt so badly I tho't I would not be able to give my lessons but this feeling soon left me, and tho' I felt sick I was so much better when I got there I tho't I could get thro' and I did, but before I got home I had a little scare for I had that awful drawn feeling in my throat and the fearful pain, not anything like as bad as last Spring, tho' as bad or worse than the first attack I had then, and for the first time, I tho't of that, and remembered that it began that way before, entirely in my throat that time at Englewood. I felt pretty slim for awhile and wished myself home. I sat in the Hoboken waiting room for half an hour or more. I had my pen & paper but didn't feel equal to writing. I simply couldn't write, but I got home all right, and didn't tell Jule about it, tho' she knew I wasn't well, and Thurs. night she didn't know that I tried to write. She tho't I came up to bed, & she dont know now that I tried to write. Last night I came up stairs after dinner and tho't I'd write, but ~~four~~ found I wasn't able, so gave it up. This morning I commenced a letter & had another fight with my throat, and have been in pain all day. It is all over but it feels stiff and drawn & still aches. I could have written I suppose and yet I tho't it wasn't best as long as

this lasted so I have done nothing the whole day, and tonight I am more quiet and much better. I think it is all nervousness, and I think it wont amount to any thing. I'll be all right next week. A week from this moment I will be with you, and will have been with you a good many hours. The strain will then be over and my happiness will knock all this nonsense out of me. Oh how I long for next Friday. I dont know how to wait but it is less than a week to wait now. I have got to stop as this must go in the nine o'clock mail. Dont worry __ Will write tomorrow.

With unbounded love, Effie.