

No. 54 West 46<sup>th</sup> St.  
N.Y. June 7<sup>th</sup> 1885.

My darling darling Harry,

Well another day has almost gone and it makes me so happy to count them off. I dont think any one but ourselves has half appreciated this awful trial, and they dont give us as much credit as we deserve. Do you know I am [~~am~~] awfully put out about Aunt Jennie's visit, and think that mamma might have arranged things better, for we ought to have Sunday alone, and it is a shame that we have got to have any one here. When she found Aunt J. was coming she ought to have arranged to stay in Rochester till the first of next week. I do think she might have been thoughtful enough for this. She ought to have known that we wouldn't want company at such a time. I am really mad about it for Aunt Jennie is bound to feel that she is neglected. She comes so seldom that she will think she ought to have some attention from me, and she wont get very much, and mamma ought to know that we wont feel like giving up, and we wont give up. If she cant arrange things with a little more consideration for [~~us~~] us she must take the consequences. We have had enough of giving up, and now it is going to be changed. I am sorry it is going to happen so but I might have counted on some such luck. I did feel that some thing would turn up, and so I planned to meet you in Albany and thus be sure of something. I have had so much trouble that I begin to count on it and plan for it, and this time it is well I did. What a mess it would have been if you and mamma & Aunt Jennie had all arrived at the same time. ~~It~~ It would have been worse than meeting in a railroad depot, or becoming engaged on the Elevated R.R. Why must we have such luck. I am just furious about next Sunday, and blame mamma for not being more thoughtful. I expect some other ~~hitch~~ hitch before they get here. It would be just our luck to meet some one we know on the boat. If we do, we'll jump overboard, and get rid of them. Perhaps then we will be left alone. There isn't much chance of meeting anyone, but we seem bound to have some trouble. Last night I dreamed of your coming, and tho't that we couldn't get alone to save us. We tried every scheme we could think of, but there was always something to interfere with us, no matter where we went, or what we did, some one was always around and kept us always apart. Of course my disgust, about having anyone here next Sunday made me dream it. I hope some thing will prevent Aunt Jennie's leaving home in time to be here for Sunday. The ceiling in the parlor fell, and made an awful mess and she may be delayed, if the men dont get thro', and I hope that they will be so pokey, that she'll not be able to leave before the first of next week. There is a slight chance of that, but I supposed the luck will be in her favor and not in ours. I am so much better than I have been for several days, better even than I was this A.M. My throat seems to have come back in place, and is in working order again. Perhaps the attacks weren't anything much, but I must say I was scared and tho't I was going to have a time like I had last spring, for it seemed like a touch of it, but it has all gone now, and I am myself again, and am sorry I wrote you anything about it, for it will worry you, and by the time you hear of it there wont be a trace of it left, but I had to explain my not writing. Still I am sorry I told you what ailed me. I wonder if the Madison folks will be mad about your staying over Sunday. I am so anxious for your letter tomorrow for it will ~~prob~~ probably tell me the plans for Friday. Oh goodness how much there will be to talk about. Before we get half thro' September will be here, but we will try to keep that out of mind, & not let it haunt us, & we wont let it spoil our happy summer. Do you know I am somewhat worried about the folks at M? I fear from the way that you write, that all is not right, and that there is

some thing back that I dont know about. They have been lovely to me, but you write as tho' you fear "that things are not what they seem," and "that all is not gold that glitters," & of course you know them better than I do, and so are better able to judge, but I still hope that they are sincere and not putting on. I dont see how they can be so kind ~~and~~ and good to me if they feel hard toward me, but we'll soon find out how the thing stands. Lottie may be home this week, but we wont mind her. She will help us if necessary, and wont bother us in the least, but Aunt Jennie's visit breaks me all up, for even if we are not interfered with, it wont be as pleasant and comfortable as tho' she wasn't here. I'll just go for mamma if she ever calls my inconsiderate, for I do think she might have been thoughtful for us after this long trial. It was pure thoughtlessness but it makes it just as uncomfortable for us as tho' it was a put up job, and I am really mad about it. Monday A.M. \_\_\_\_\_ We had a big thunderstorm which put a stop to this. I am a fool about a thunderstorm but I cant help it. I believe I have more horror of lightning than anything else. Contagious diseases I dont fear & dread half a much. I get so ashamed of myself but I might as well try to stop the lightning as to overcome my fear of it. It seems to terrify me more than anything ~~el~~ else, and before it reaches its heighth I am in torture, as the flash and crash come closer together, and then when the storm comes to a head I am in agony, and it seems to make me weak, and sick all over. Well you better believe that when the thing got fairly underway last night I dropped my pen pretty lively, and I slept down stairs with Jule. I didn't get four hours sleep all told, and it was bad enough to keep Jule awake too. It lasted such a long time. This morning I rec'd your three dear precious letters, and they made me so happy. You, poor boy, rec'd a postal from Jule, and dont feel as happy as you would like. Tonight you'll receive my note, and tomorrow you will get the letter I mailed yesterday afternoon, and that will quiet your fears. I rec'd a letter from mamma this A.M. and it is about the worst misunderstanding and I am thoroughly disgusted. I will copy what she says. I wrote her about the plan of meeting you at Rochester, and tho't then you could come down as far as Herkimer with them, and Aunt Jennie needn't know but what you were coming straight thro' to New York, and needn't know a thing about my meeting you, for if they spent Friday night at Herkimer we'd get home on Sat. before they could, and every thing could have been lovely, but mama has made a perfect mess of it. I tried to work a scheme for Sunday, and urged mamma to go to Hartwick and spend Sunday, as she'd be so near & it would be such a splendid chance, and I knew they'd be glad to see Aunt Jennie, and I tho't we'd have things all our own way over Sunday, but it isn't going to work, and that isn't all. They are working every thing the worst possible way for us. After "sitting" on the Hartwick scheme she says "Our plan was to leave here on Thurs, stay over night at Herkimer, and meet Harry on Friday at Herkimer. Now that plan will conflict with yours perhaps, at least Aunt Jennie would have to be taken into the secret. I dont believe she would think anything of it." (I bet a dollar she has told her already). "We might leave here on Friday and go with Harry as far as H." (This was the very thing I suggested.) "Only it would give Aunt Jennie only Sunday in N.Y. as she expects to start for Conn. on Monday A.M." [~~++~~] We dont care what she does Monday A.M. It is the other part of this thing I object to, & I know you'll feel the same about it, but this is nothing to the next part, and the last plan mamma suggests is the worst of all, and if that had to be done, there would be no sense in my going to meet you. The object was to see you as soon as possible, & ~~to~~ & so that I could be sure of seeing you alone, and this is the lovely charming plan she suggests. "How would it be for you to go to Albany on the train?" (I never told her that I tho't

of going any other way) "You could leave N.Y. in the A.M. and meet our train about 3 o'clock I guess. There would be no trouble to be there in time. Harry would probably have his ticket thro' and you could get an excursion to Albany. We would let you have Harry all to yourself (awfully kind), as we would have had a visit before, besides I would like a kiss too. I need not tell Aunt J. I was expecting you." Now isn't that just about the worst you ever heard? Well I guess we would enjoy it as much as they would, and as it is the style to go "everyone for themselves," we'll follow the style. If Aunt J. was there, and they came down with us, I dont see what object there would be in not letting her know beforehand that I'd meet them. Oh I'm too mad for any use. That is the sickest plan I ever heard of. Come down on the train with them. What a lot of satisfaction we'd have, but forewarned is forearmed, and we'll be enough for them. They can come their way, and we'll come ours, & we'll have nothing to do with them. We'll take another road and avoid meeting them. Be sure to take the West Shore road, and I'll go up by that road at the time I told you before, & we'll meet in Albany at that depot and have no more nonsense. Aunt J. is the last one I'd want to come down with. I wont let mamma know this scheme till it is too late to do anything about it, so they wont be able to change from the Central to West Shore, and if it will bring us together sooner why every thing points to the West Shore as the route so be sure to get your ticket that way. This will reach you in time I guess. I have had as bad a time trying to get information & time tables as you have. I have got to stop but will write a letter which you'll get Thurs. A.M.

With my heart overflowing & almost bursting with love

Believe me yours forever

Effie.