

No. 54 West 46th St.
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My darling Harry,

This letter wont reach you till Monday P.M. but you said you wouldn't complain if I sometimes failed to get it to you in the A.M. if I'd only write every day. This has been one of the days when it has seemed an utter impossibility to do it but now I am bound to do something. I have had company every minute since I got up this A.M. Before I begin to write about the events of yesterday & today, I must tell you that your letter from Lafayette has just been rec'd. I cant tell you how very welcome it was, but you can easily imagine my feelings. I am so thankful to know that you have reached L. It is a comfort to know that you have come to a stand still, and are not continually rushing farther away from me. I like to be able to place you, and would rather have you at Lafayette than on the road. Of ~~course~~ course you know I mean on the road towards L. # If it was on the homeward road I wouldn't say any such thing. Your danger would be just as great but ___ well, it would be "different" you know. But if you must be away from me till Xmas, I would rather be able to think of you as settled. When you are on the move, every thing is so very indefinite, and I cant place you at all. My poor darling how awful it must have been for you when I went to New Orleans. You didn't know any thing at all about me for a week, while I have had some idea of your whereabouts, and have had six letters since Tuesday. Oh darling I blame myself very much for all I made you suffer then, but I was so nearly crazy I wasn't responsible, but my blessed boy it will never happen again, you may depend. Oh I am so glad to have your long journey ended, and so very thankful for your precious note. It was short but it told me what I wanted most to know, and I am so thankful for it. You were so driven on Thurs. that it was awfully good of you to write even that much, and I can tell you I appreciate it, & consider it quite a long letter under the circumstances, tho' I do [###] hope for a longer one tomorrow, when I go to the Post Office. I have arranged with the post man, and he will see that I get my mail all right. I am so delighted to be able to get it tomorrow instead of being obliged to wait till Monday. Now I must trot along, for it is nearly dinner time. This letter wont be very long, but so far I have not missed a day, and the one you'll have tomorrow is pretty long, and on Tuesday you'll get a very long one, if the mails go as usual tomorrow, for I'm going to write lots tomorrow. Yesterday I went to Brooklyn, and I guess it didn't agree with me, for I suffered very much all evening and had a dreadful night, and this A.M. was so exhausted from incessant coughing thro' the night, that I did not get up till about ten o'clock. I had my breakfast in bed, and also your letter. I rec'd that, then ate my breakfast and then dozed off again for a half hour or so, and finally got up enough spunk to get up & dress. Before I had finished dressing Cousin May & Jule came. Half an hour later Ada came. She didn't care to stay in the parlor so she went upstairs, and I stayed down with Cousin M. & J. (I'll tell you about their call and about my Brooklyn trip in my letter tomorrow.) Before they left, Annie Wisner came. She could only spend the day as she was obliged to go home on acc't of engagements. Her coming started the others. I didn't take Annie right upstairs for she wanted to visit alone a little. We haven't seen each other since last winter, for I didn't find her in yesterday. While we were sitting in the parlor the bell rang and I heard some one ask for Miss Loag. It proved to be Mr. Underwood. He of course came to see Ada, but didn't know whether she'd arrived yet, and as she was visiting me he asked for me. I arranged a way for them to be alone and then went back to Annie. Mr. Underwood looks dreadfully, so thin & pale

& sad. I feel so sorry for him, & but refrained from telling him so, for one in trouble is obliged to listen to so much of that sort of thing. It keeps it fresh and harrows one up all the time, and I consider it a mistaken kindness in some cases, and I knew he'd appreciate my silence more than any thing I could say, & he knew by the way I acted that I felt it. Annie was here [~~##~~] till nearly four o'clock. Mamma went out at the same time, and Jule went for the pictures. I was going to ask Ada to excuse me, so that I could write but Mrs. Van Valkenburg came and I had to see her. She is visiting friends on Staten Island, but wants to come in next week. She made quite a long call, but didn't mention the towels. Poor mamma hasn't any respect left for her. She cant get over it, and still insists that "it was stealing." That towel business reminds me of Lena. The poor thing was here yesterday. You know she was sick. She kept growing worse & finally went to the doctor. He says she has consumption. She is going home to Germany next week. Poor thing! It is very hard but we find she has enough to take care of her, and will not be in want. She owns a little place at home, besides this has some money, so she is better off than most girls would be, but it is very very hard and I feel so sorry about it, for she was an unusually nice girl. Annie was very much disappointed about my not going home with her but didn't blame me when she saw me. This has been rather a trying day, about the worst since I came home from Madison. Annie was very sincere in her invitation to bring you to Warwick, and expresses much regret at not seeing you, and thinks ~~we~~ we might have arranged to ~~come~~ go for a few days at least, but ~~home~~ hopes we'll make up for it sometime. Wouldn't I like to take you by surprise this afternoon, and walk in upon you. Oh Harry dear you dont know how I long to see you. No, I'll take that back. I meant I couldn't tell you how great my longing is, but you know without being told, for you know how it is yourself & can judge my feelings by your own, for I suppose it is impossible for me to feel any deeper than you do, and I know that you cant feel any more than I do, so we will always have something to measure by, and if I cant express the depth & strength of my feelings & longings you will always know without being told, so I [~~##~~] am not so ~~help~~ helpless, after all, when I ~~cant~~ can tell you to measure everything according to your own feelings. We will miss each other more this year than we did last. We cant help it. Last year we couldn't appreciate fully what we were losing, tho' we did find it dreadful to be separated, but now we know all about it, and it is dreadful to be so far apart, but we understand each other so much better and we cant suffer in the same way we did last year, and wont make ourselves extra trouble by misunderstandings. Last year we had so much that we wont have this year, and tho' the separation will, in itself, be harder, yet I believe we will be happier than we were last year, for we know now so much that we only believed last year without knowing in the way we do ~~not~~ now. We believed in each other but had never been together in this new relation & we simply couldn't understand each others love as we do now and I dont dread this separation as I should have dreaded one more ~~not~~ month of the one last year, for the last part of it nearly killed us both. I feel sure that nothing of that sort is in store for us this year, and so I can face these hard months with courage, and feel than we have far more than we had last year this time. # It is such a help & comfort to think over our happy summer, and I find myself doing it all the time, so that I act kind of dazed sometimes when people are talking to me. I try to be decent, but I have so many things of far deeper interest to think about, that just now I am more fond of my own society than I ought to be. Ada is a help, & it is so lovely to have her here. She sympathizes with me as no one else does and she is the

only one I can feel like talking to with any freedom. She dont think any thing silly, and understands me perfectly.

Now darling that is another thing I want to write about tomorrow but there isn't time for more now. I was interrupted by the dinner bell, and this last sheet and nearly a half has been written since dinner. I must stop now, so that you can get something on Monday & tomorrow darling I'll make you twice glad, or rather you'll be made so on Tuesday, tho' I'll do my part tomorrow. With fondest love and deepest devotion

Yours forever

Effie.

The pictures are splendid. Lottie spent last night here. Will tell you about it some other time.