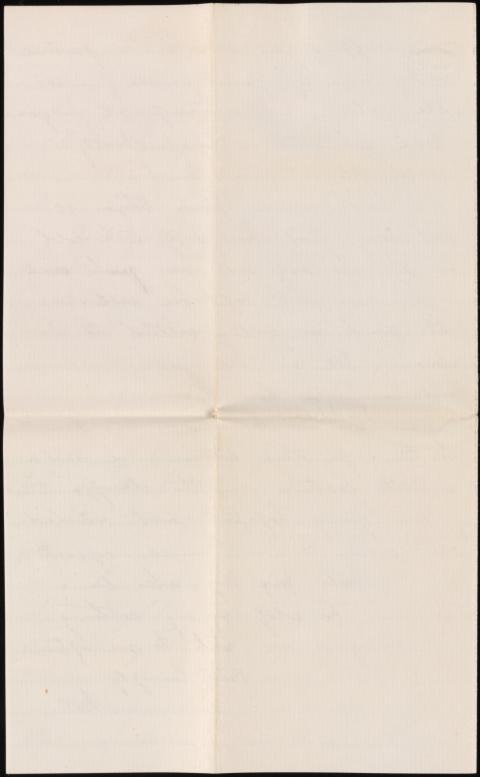
Lunday p.m. Feb. 18th 166 Does at occur to go you visit to Normany to attend Sausy's medding? I grand, written in my last came today" executed one home from the Office Comorrow will be the day that augusta once debrote, In order to do that she has with her - her health wouldn't permit I much excetement you know. I boiln't much faith that you

eard you would a year ago, but thought perhaps it would be more although I am out suppring from proper for you to do so first ony disoppointment on that a occount, The second letter & hoped to here I much every thing had formed you to the week did not come so I'm mo made your word good. Whi im getting to day, - except the three words some To be a very sugarh gul i - a letter one onho emdently had been getted, days every day would not betisfay one - nothing any woman will write in every line but suring you face to face wir of a system paged letter and think with my settlers impetimen. Bow in in the end that she haen't soil The world your mother has let got atoy it at all. If course my letter owney as long purples one. Why is contain nothing of the eart! It's you mere my very own, as gow one keer, only morning onto one in love that you should never stay from me many make such only repetitions. months I know. Hony, do you suppose. This is a very lovely day - a you mother would go to overeda with aligh side would not be out of us? I think not, but it would do place, anded I think it would no how to ask her. Her punts be beneficial to my had. The home is no slout pleasant, but get thurch did not prem to be just a home onthe her children would seem The place to were it, as I am a lettle more like a seal home than at home. Don't smagine I am sich ony boarding place con. I have crowted for it is only on allach of ony to mention the subject to her, but old head sche duesse - Line frem los

Them. The Doctor her left me some medicine which will make it see I ent of hote to have the child go may - it is so fleatent to pain in remarked yesterday, at month be long before I sort of love this little town outher ite quit worm herted, home spour people, and of I did not love Rome mon the thought of leaving all would On very better. On it is I after wish. I could take every spot and every ferson I love with me, then the thought of the drobl corgo They moved make omuse me and I laugh of easing regula,

Later Love has just light me. The made quite a call, during melodrous word accompanied by The hair in various ways I dressed his and nearly fut her into a tronce your smit alky looks? The do with pleasure and consonit the mistake of offering one again the but of monish for I shall aurely take it. By the may - I arppose that man a specimen of your thology the night afen leaving Normay, when you asked ne to comp your have in the I you nother end the mile to

Suffice you send me a picture nochily. Oh! its been a must of some of your puole french ungain gome throughout, Indeed dre De geture it or keep of for you held no trump conde at all, - to bus Johnson, or hips Beetly's which were filed up against me. The news from Eliza is Don't flatter your oil That you did not very god. Her Boby took cold much in wenning that gome! on the joining and man quite sich I'me ow downt but that you have The remont left his with are non, and thrown any hearter by the the work of jetting " gettled" to do dayen, to which that of the unsophistic alone, he are all feeling on sion cated gil "away doarn in main", browled and sorry for her. bear no lost of a composition. I you mother tell me she here't the my huntle opinion that the menter. for this steomer. I need ken tack sout her being you "first love" a little becture on the disappointment man are monthing, or some requirey of her young hopful but it did a lettle becture on the desoffourtment I sum to here much effect? Lac did not go & Condoner as hele, my box, its time she thought of doing. The traveling for one to stop saying nothing. was not good and for hillett man Be good and write & me often Erer lovingly chellie Hony, how much down The etyle of ladier dress deffer out there



The Mansion. Sunday p.m. Feb. 18th / 66

My Dear Harry --

Does it occur to you today that this is the anniversary of your visit to Norway to attend "Gussy's" wedding? I found, written in my last years diary under this date, "Harry Mighels came today" -- escorted me home from the Office".

Tomorrow will be the day that Augusta will celebrate. In order to do that she has invited the Majors family to take tea with her -- her health wouldn't permit so much excitement you know.

I hadn't much faith that you would be here at this time when you

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said you would a year ago, but (although I am not suffering from any disappointment on that account) I wish every thing had favored you to that extent that you might have made your word good. Oh! I'm getting to be a very selfish girl! -- A letter every day would not satisfy me -- nothing but seeing you face to face will settle my restless impatience. How in the world your mother has let you stay away so long puzzles me. Why if you were my very own, as you are hers, you should never stay from me many months I know. Harry, do you suppose your mother would go to Nevada with us? I think not, but it would do no harm to ask her. Her present home is no doubt pleasant, but yet a home with her children would seem a little more like a real home than any boarding place can. I have wanted to mention the subject to her, but

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thought perhaps it would be more proper for you to do so first.

The second letter I hoped to have

this week did not come so I've no letter to answer, and nothing of importance to say, -- except the three words some one who evidently had been jilted, says any woman will write in every line of a sixteen paged letter and think in the end that she hasn't said it at all. Of course my letter contains nothing of the sort! It's only women who are in love that make such silly repetitions.

This is a very lovely day -- a sleigh ride would not be out of place. Indeed I think it would be beneficial to my head. The Church did not seem to be just the place to cure it, so I am at home. Don't imagine I am sick for it is only an attack of my old headache disease -- I've been too

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careless thinking I had "outgrown" them. The Doctor has left me some medicine which will make it all right in a day or two.

Mr Favor has been quite ill for the past few days but he is on the convalescent list today.

Add is coming for Flora this week. I sort of hate to have the child go away -- it is so pleasant to run in and say "how do you do" every day or two, and then as Miss Smith very truthfully remarked yesterday, "it won't be long before the Rocky Mountains will divide you."

I sort of love this little town with its quiet warm-hearted, home spun people, and if I did not "love Rome more" the thought of leaving all would be very bitter. As it is I often wish I could take every spot and every person I love with me, then the thought of the droll cargo they would make amuses me and I laugh off any regrets.

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Later -- Lue has just left

me. She made quite a call, during which I entertained her with my melodious voice accompanied by the melodeon, then to detain her longer I dressed her hair in various ways and nearly put her into a trance -- say, don't you want me to comb your sweet silky locks? I'll do it with pleasure but be careful and not commit the mistake of offering me again the "bit of monish" for I shall surely take it.

By the way -- I suppose that was a specimen of your strategy the night after leaving Norway when you asked me to comb your hair in the presence of your mother and the Milletts family. Of course you knew I wouldn't refuse and yet it conveyed the impression that we were on quite

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intimate terms when I complied so readily. Oh! it's been a most unfair game throughout! Indeed I've held no trump cards at all, -- to say nothing of the years of experience which were piled up against me.

Don't flatter yourself that you did much in winning that game!

I've no doubt but that you have won, and thrown away hearts by the dozen, to which that of the unsophisticated girl "away doawn in Maine," would bear no sort of a comparison.

It's my humble opinion that the talk about her being your "first love" was all moonshine, or something equally filmy.

Lue did not go to Condover as she thought of doing. The travelling was not good and Mr Millett was too unwell -- two good reasons.

Harry, how much does the style of ladies dress differ out there?

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Suppose you send me a picture of some of your female friends. I'll return it, or keep it for you. Mrs Johnsons, or Miss Beatty's would please me best.

The news from Eliza is not very good. Her baby took cold on the journey and was quite sick.

The servants left her with all the work of getting "settled" to do alone. We are all feeling anxious and sorry for her.

Your mother tells me she hasn't written for this steamer. I read her a little lecture on the disappointment of her young hopeful but it did not seem to have much effect.

Well, my boy, it's time for me to stop saying nothing.

Be good and write to me often.

Ever lovingly Nellie --

[page 8: blank]