Dear friend:

I was delighted to get your bit of a note about my friend. The other morning I was more because I did not deserve it. I write you more letters through I assume you it is not that I do not wish it, but the larger part of my life just now is given to attempting to systematize the whole auditing the fees in Boston. We have a frightful population in our large cities, the hot bed of vice and every trouble which people who know better would look off of as a little: so with my little hammer I am chiping away at the great stone of modern indifference and in the remains to be seen whether the great disposer will let me or the stone crumble first.

Yours, Alice Fields.
At the same time I do not forget the Centennial. I am glad Bashi is in town however late and you shall have as good a place as possible. We saw the model of the town among a crowd of Indians. One in clay, the larger number of which were so bad that the scene was perfect. Undertaking was a light among them. Emma Stedman went with knowing years. As yours. picked it out at once as the best. She has been talking with you and this is my reason. I have delayed my note but she is utterly absorbed by ships and these. They are at the Park House and C. C. is very ill. She is helpless still, especially as a young physician Dr. Thorne has come upon the scene in them. She has great faith. But this frightful disease holds her in its clutches. 

I should like the three years of ship building and her master mountain couture. I had no idea he was still at it. matted bill, I have always felt if I were an artist, should make a bee line for that grand old fellow. Hunt still lives alone and I have been reading...