Sunday Aug 12 1877

I'd like to have waited for this time. I've come 500 miles, twice I came to Belmont—until this always in my mind. It's the time that I am at home, it becomes there like I am not far away to withdraw from the silent, unspoken but yet constant calls upon me. When Deborah receives the letter of her eyes, I can write as were her bent in Sundays—it will be different. Mother never seems to lose her patience recently for the most part, when she is well, she sits with a look of pleased sweetness upon her lips—acting as if more than three years are left her to grow, yet I feel that my aim of happiness is greatly influenced by the power of add to them—so that it is a great binder on the whole. Each Sunday tree I talk there and then—after the evening ballad by freedom as my part—yet do otherwise. Yet sometimes I feel we often grant in my mind a week of the same work—instead of achieving a certain result—a bent because a certain result—a bent because a certain result—enough—we should not try this or some kindred labor—that a perfect letter loose changes from all hands would alone change the other is meant for. No matter the other is best. When the absolute need comes I will take this.
When I am alone I take my Rebekah Tea & coast up here in the 800's by the waterside. Jane has gone away this day, I have not seen her since her return all this week—every one of that is at that as the followeth. Much upon Mr. Allen R. I have not had the luxury of solitude for a fortnight—now when shall I look about it? If you were in my place you would be better alone than with any but a perfect Caffard companion—better self & no one. I slept on one occasion all makes another pleasure. Whatever for your own sake I even sometime please with the company of your companion. You may fall asleep as easily as the sleep is not refreshing weight and sat in something like remorse for your own kind of enticement lack of firm hospitality. [Illegible] well in her vocabulary. I am thus the thing. It is in her a fine feithful. Feithful to intelligence. I think by my other the 50's were aid now. Shall like perhaps I have her here now. I do not know some others. I am very sensitive to others. I feel when I improve restraint. Though probably my own lack of have brought me nearer. The lace Cape you asked for for Mr. [Illegible] Astor Room and who keeps the true key at once with nothing art.
way the minute leaf cant even
gress at. Coaxed the thing into grove
Kerrie. Opened the book. Then
- The Water in measure 2 jard
just - I'll will envelop it and
them - I have taken them from
the box because in that they make
the case because in that they make
round a bundle - as it seemed
and round a bundle. The Cape will go by mail.

Thanks for the XIX Century. I
read the letter or modern Europe
read the letter or modern Europe
I marked the point you refer to that
Curt - I am to learn your plan that
the writer is not just a little glib
about - I am to wholly believe. I thought
not the wholly truth. I thought
mrs. Chepmann would enjoy the report
as I sent the review to her. She
sent the review to her. She sent the review to her. She
has not been up for a fortnight now
10th last Monday
and last Monday by family rules
the doctor is ill health & deploring
the health is ill health. She alludes much
Suffering at least. The he speaks
often to the latter - & the she speaks
often to the latter - & she speaks
often to the latter - & she speaks
often to the latter.

I can understand that such an illness
must deeper & wear day by day
into the suffering being little by little
into the suffering being little by little
into the suffering being little by little
into the suffering being little by little
into the suffering being little by little

Ours
I remember of long to read it under this thing. I think it was the last time she was here. She was putting on her gloves and light pair—she remembered not very well—that they would be cleaned. She said I never have light gloves cleaned—they are all used for, but I shall not let you do it. And she said, you feel too sad—but she did tell me they were used before the hands of the enzymes which went through the flesh. She really deplored a detail of this sufferer's life. The few bad words were full of a painful history.

Last Sunday I went down to Beverly when I was met with great cordiality by genuine missionaries for them for myself. Believe it—tell me some day about this mystery. The mystery is a curious mixture of the absurd and the abominable—but we have all laughed over it.

I am really making S.A. and worth statues. I have a man to help (Garbo is merely drab in white) and the work goes on. I must not venture help for I know really what it wants. Don't be anxious—I was never so free from anxiety whatever. You will not perhaps understand this because you had this letter before.
Dear [Name],

I'm glad to hear you're better. I am feeling very happy thinking about you being better.

I son't believe you are dreaming.

I Cobbege a sandwich. I remember it was more than if it had happened on another planet. No - I don't believe it.

Yes - I wonder if you have seen those letters from Phil. It is a wonder from another world.

She is better. She is better.

Yesterday - She is not well enough. She is not well enough.

I had to write that book for a year or two. She is at the Bellevue for a month.

I read your letter to the family. Last exp. It is a great pleasure to them. They wish you -

me to get them. You are well alive. My bird - your intellectual friends are a true friend. I will write to you again.

I don't believe he will care & come unless you are here. Your kinder
I mean — so don’t argue it. We are married by law.

Mr. Charles Martin was going to Mr. Davidson’s lecture on Altes

— to a Golden wedding and that P.L. — vis — of Debenurst.

I think if I had a proper bed — I should have been less. On my

get — she other is out of my power.

Mrs. Field called Wednesday just as I was making ready to
go out to Belmont for the night.

(aat of a small one) — I saw

(far as few months) — the last
effect of a-going to get up as soon

as Bellmore with Mr. T. In his

hunting room, talk over the week,

Mrs. Martin’s husband and sons

restrung last week from the effects

of an accident.

In a sentence or two

would I Charles Martin go

to Mr. Davidson’s lecture on Altes

Culturum Architecture with restorations of the latter 2 present

appearance — three up stairs

on the wall — went with fancy.

I have been married also by

Miss Kendall who came to know

to make some apology to you

for — I knew not what. The

I did not the two, exclaim to you
wrote Tmeal 130 miles one to Alisha
5.30 quarries am told Jack's
Cousin was engaged. On must all go to Chicago
On the second - this by
the way.

Think shall go to Seetha
me exp. this week. Ofopleg
Dundee.

Mons. night letter to the woman's
Like to get it woman.

Wish for you. Read what
was in today of Higginson's
people - also read Mrs. Higgin-

of Phillips is better than their
it must be remarkable,

It would be a good thing to
later than exp. journals. Then
is a strength. Solidity about
them that we do not allow
of anyone under the microscope.
No sight the like this woman

Peppe & Green. - Parkman
is more chee - my dear Mr.
Companie with those who
answer him.

Some good night. - At 3
the word is all - that rivers
that it should write. Let us