

Riverside, April 5th '89

My dear Emma,

I'm sure you'll be surprised to get a letter from me after this long time, are you & Lodie still in Philadelphia? if so I've a favor to ask of you as usual. Jane & I, are wanting summer dresses of some light colored or woollen material, & if it would not be asking too much of you, would you kindly select the material for us & have them made there? we quite dread the thought of having dresses made here, we could send you our measure, & it would be such a relief to have them come already

to put in, please try what you
could do at Wannamakers, we
have taken a fancy to have the
material got & made up at that
place, unless you could suit
yourself better elsewhere,

We could pay as high as
ten or twelve dollars each for
the completed dresses, would
like them made with as little
drapery as possible, & not at
all heavy, they are just for summer
dresses, now if you can under-
take to do this for us, please let
us hear from you soon, then we
give any further directions that
required, please send samples of
black for trim & a shade of brown for
trim, will enclose a bit such as
her bonnet is trimmed with,

We are all well except
Edgar, he has headaches so much,
& does not look well, he needs
a change, but business confines
him too closely at present,

James & I are enjoying our new
home, we feel more like our old
selves, than since at any time
since leaving our old home, when
will you come to Caliz, & pay us
a visit; somebody wrote us
the Judge was on his way out, on
a lecturing tour, I hope not,
until you are ready to come too,

Julie Pettit wrote us lately
of Allie Dixons death, they brought
him home only a few days before
he died; poor fellow, he felt
quite resigned to his early death,
his mother had taken rooms &
is quite comfortable, she must
feel left alone in the world—

We have had letters from Eliza lately, she is living in Lanesboro, Penna, Walter has taken a partnership in a very good business there, have bought a home for themselves, & Jylla is engaged to the penman partner & is to be married next month, Kitchen is the driver of the drive, comes & goes at his leisure, is, I think, what is termed a "street Angel"; Poor Eliza, if she could but be rid of the wretch,

We are having delightful weather, orange & other trees are loaded with blossoms, & orange perfumeing the air of the day,

Give mine to you in kindest love to you & Lizzie, & hope to hear from you soon, as I do not know your address, I'll enclose this to Millie, & believe me your loving Aunt.

S. Shelley