

Saturday noon -

Dear Mamma.

Your letter and the check came a few minutes ago. I had thought I would go down town and see about the various things this morning, provided the check had come at 8 o'clock, but as it didn't and Macbeth is coming here this p.m. - we are doing some painting - so I shall not go. Perhaps it's just as well, for my stomach is on a tour. It's odd - both with standing the indiscriminate truck & ate on and after my birthday I had no trouble at all - everything was serene. and I felt so well in every way. I think I must have contracted a cold, - for a day or so ago I felt a stuffed up feeling in my chest, that departed, and the discomfort went to my stomach, though the volcano had no eruption until this morning - where upon, being prepared, I did not get so.

irritable as I sometimes do. But
just took some paragon and
kept quiet. Have you not received
my letter written in the middle
of the week, in answer to your
proposal? I thought it would
get to you in time to have a
reply before Sat. It was mailed
Wednesday at 6 p.m. If you have
not received it one time, for
I gave a list of the things I
wanted etc. Aunt Bessie's address
is 506 E. St. N.W. got a letter from
her this a.m. Sat. p.m.

Macbeth came, as I expected, and
we spent a not very valuable afternoon
pauling. I think you will admire
some of the things I have done very
much, and Aunt Millie especially
will be pleased. You see, I will
get your curiosity all well aroused
and then can satisfy it. Don't
for comparison next week we
have "the night before Xmas"

which I think is an awfully
lacked thing, but may possibly
be worked out in an original way.
I am anxiously counting the
days until the 21st. - I think I
shall enjoy the Christmas very
much. Papa will be at home.
I shall study French that two
weeks. I have a scheme which
I will divulge to you ~~later~~ for
it is lengthy and would take
so much time and strain to
write. I saw Pennie Thursday.
She is well, and wished to be
remembered when I wrote. I feel
a little better this evening
than I did in the morning. I
have a pain all the time, no
appetite and feel weak, but
think the crisis is past.
I must go to work now. Will
finish tomorrow, if I can

scare up anything more to
write. I really do not want that
old "History of Man" that Aunt
Auzie sent me. But I take it
to Leary and get some book I
do want. I think there is enough
books around on house, that we
do want, without cluttering it up
with that big lumbering thing,
that no one would look at, for it
is really more absurd than
Dalmanes. Please say yes. For
there are other books I would like
a volume of Keats, for instance.

Sunday a. m.

It is raining, and ^{that} combined with
the fact I did not feel well pre-
vented me from going to church.
So, when I woke up, and found it

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was storming I just stayed in
bed, and slept some, for I did
not pass a very quiet night,
being feverish, and hence, as
you know, a little delirious indeed
I had all sorts of horrible dreams,
as vivid, and yet I knew I was
not asleep, & dreaming, for I
could see the outlines of the
furniture and the moon light.
I dreamed about you - that was
not one of the horrible dreams at
that part, - and could see you
come in at the door, hear your
voice just as plainly as could be
and when I tried to speak ^{to you} ~~every~~
time I would faint, and how
I struggled, what torture it was,
when I wanted to throw my arms
about your neck & welcome you
not to be able to do it, but
be paralyzed - with every other,

severely alert and agonized.
As for such dreams, I have
seen harrying them for a week
or more, tantalizing me about
you, else more me. Last week
I dreamed of your death and
funeral. - the whole thing - the
coffin, the flowers ^{with} the
sickening perfume, - the dark
house - you in your challis dress,
looking like the angel you
were - yet speechless the con-
scious friends - how I hated
them, how dared they sympathize
without grief, when they were
not able to penetrate or realize
its bottomless hopelessness -
out above all - I saw ^{from} my
nervously papa's bowed and
memorable face, petrified with

speechless anguish, - and to
my rebellion against fate -
at its excess. When I ^{found} woke
after this terrible dream, the
pillow was wet for a square
foot or two, - and, though I
felt it foolish, ^{to be so} I was blue
for some time, & depressed.
But it was so vivid - and so
horrible - what is strange
you are always the center
of my dreams - every thing
every person & every circum-
stance in my life past or
to be may swirl around you
but you are the center always.
Well, to turn from fancy to
fact - I would like to give
with Mrs. Kays &

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Myrtle a Christmas present.
I think you know, is very fond
of traccets. Cant I get her
a couple of silver ones like
my gold ones? They are cheap
could get two for \$1.30. I think
and know she would like them
very much, and then I dont
imagine she will get much
of that sort of present.

There was something else I wanted
to write, but it has escaped my
memory just now. I feel better
to day, with the exception of a
headache. I hope I will get
a letter from you tomorrow
morning. I want to get my
hat. If I get one as I want - with
atoms on it - like the one Aunt
saw in the window, & we went
in and tried on - I think I
shall wear it home, as it

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would be much less apt to
muss than my hair being
packed. I am sorry Aunt
has been sick. Seems to me
the doctor ought to do some-
thing for her. Do you know,
I am gloating over the fun
I will have filling the sock-
ings this Xmas. There will be
so many, and I must
confess - that for the first time
in my life I hope Arthur
will be there - for - he'll
add another stocking. I
can give him a photo?

Aunt Bessie told she saw
that papa was to lecture in
Washington this winter. Is that
so? He can come here then

for a while, can't be.

Please tell aunt Millie to
write me what I shall get
for her, or for her to give to
any one else. and do

not forget to let me
know if you received
the letter with the youths
Companion slips in it.

That was an extremely im-
portant letter. The chamber-
maid has just been in here, &
is here now, for that matter. She
is as great a flatterer as any
one from the Barn Side of Erin
can be, and amuses me very
much, when I have the time

to listen to her.

But I will stop, as there's
the dinner bell. - and having
had no breakfast I am
hungry.

Yours affectionately
A. L. J.