

July 11, 16th St.

10.30 a.m.

Darling:

Well here I am. - The train was 2 hours late. - Rodie went down to meet me at the time the train was due, and one section came in, and they told her it was the Erie section - and as I had not on the ticket, a lady had not come. - She had used her last 50¢ for car fare and had to walk home in the rain, and her dress, I don't think you can imagine. - She still had hopes that I might come, however, and was looking out of the window of the parlor when I drove up. The rain was just pouring down when the train came in and as I had no rubbers out of my trunk - and my shoes were so thin I thought it good policy to take a hansom. -

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A police officer put me in the rain
and was ~~to~~ to see me.
When he got to the room, she threw
her arms my neck and cried and
sobbed as if her heart would
break. She then came down
to the station without any
breakfast; - and the disappoint-
ment and anxiety, which she
had been through - she was
completely undone. It took me
a long time to quiet her, - but
I did. She thought she could
not eat a mouthful of break-
fast, - but I made her sit down
and talked of other things until
she ate quite a breakfast, - and
looked bright and sunny now.
She said I should tell you she
had "recovered the harvest of rest,"
and that her troubles were over.
Poor child! She has had a hard
time I did not know how hard
a time she was having. But I will
stop to tell about it now. It has
stopped raining and we are

we are going down street & thought
she had better take a walk
today. It is time she had
some one to look after her,
indeed. If my letter is incoherent
it is because she has been
jabbering at me all the
time. I hope you are not
too lonely sweetheart. I will
write as often as I can.

Love to all. I hope mother
is feeling better.

Yours truly,
Emma.