

Box 266, Hawthorne, Aug. 15

Dear Cousin Emma,

Many thanks for
your kind note of yesterday.
We have so long regarded you
all with warmest affection, and
enjoyed you so many times, we
certainly can overlook something.
We are here, you have so much
sickness in the family, it cer-
tainly is hard to bear.

Whether because of being a little
dim of vision and dull of hearing,
conclusions don't come swiftly
to me, I could not think why I
was charged with illness and
privilege on Arthur's account.
No one had ever before insinuated
such a thing, and I was so sur-
prised. It had always been the

other way. It was "Was do you
know keep Arthur from working
so hard, he will certainly injure
his health, hard strain his eyes,"
etc. from those who knew. Last
summer, I remember how almost
all his evenings were spent with
me on the veranda, Arthur reading
his law books, or biographies of
American statesmen, which is in
the line of business, too. Our neighbors
on either side, said to me over and
again, they never saw such a
steady young man, so different
from others, not seeking amuse-
ments about the city, but staying
at home in the evenings. Venetia
and Mrs. Rose also, who were in the
house with us four months of
each of our two winters in Columbus,
said the very same thing times
I know the day was spent at the

office, unless business called him
out. He did not go to theaters, nor
to many parties, though he often
was invited. To be sure he did
spend some evenings out in some
houses of acquaintance where
there were girls. He has no bad
habit at all, unless it be that he
talks too much, in that only can
his privacy consist. I know he
makes light of his work, as though
it were nothing, because he was
told he overworked. He said he
wasn't doing much even when
he was getting up at three every
morning to study while it was
quiet, putting four or five hours
before breakfast. Only last sum-
mer the judge told me Arthur
was in too much hurry to do
something, and that it would
be better to spend longer time

in preparation.

Arthur is unselfish, obliging,
cannot be outdone in generosity,
as more than his mother can
testify. No one ever more sincerely
rejoices at the success of another,
or is more sympathetic in misfortune.
It did not occur to me till later
that you never had seen us
except on holidays, so I suppose
you thought it was always so.
I am now dear Cousin, I shall
tell you just what came to
me, and it was that we
had gone too many times and
too often to you, and had
made you tired, having taken
you too literally when you urged
us to come.

Arthur is not at all well,
the pain in his side has
returned, so that to-day he
finds it hard to crawl around,
but will not stay in bed while
he can move.

I am sorry dear Millie don't
get strong faster. I hope she
may do so soon.

With much love

Auntie