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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Aug. 29, 1894.

My Dear Mrs. Tourgee:-

Your letter of the 27th reached me quite promptly, because of my stopping at Jack's office yesterday (the day it arrived) on my way home from the country, where I had been spending a week with my folks---my 82-year-old mother, my 18-months old little Dorothy Carrington, and my nice little wife, age not stated.

At the first, I am at some loss to place your Dr. Aimee, without her last name to go by----the H.J. Raymonds are only remotely our Raymonds, and, except Joe's professional relations with the Governor, we have not known them. I thought I had a clue this morning, when I called on my college friend, Dr. Lewis, who was in college in the class next after

the brother, Henry W. Raymond, and that fact, together with his being a physician, would be likely to have caused him to keep track of the sister. But Dr. L. is out of town until October. However, I will see what I can learn for you, and will advise you at once of any success.

My absence has rolled so many arrears for me to attend to, that I cannot now write you much about myself. I have "had it in the neck" pretty constantly of late, as to business, but maintain a cheerful exterior and have a good time, and keep plenty of pluck and dig on hand. I should be glad to see you and the Judge, to whom my love, and hope you will let me know some time when you are accessible in this part of the world.

Faithfully Yours,

*H W R Howard*