

Nantucket, July 2, 1882.

My dear Carrie,

Three duty letters have now been written, so I can devote myself to pleasure (in the character of your charming self) with an easy conscience.

I am momentarily expecting a call from Mr. Fox. I wrote him last evening & he asked if I received Sunday calls for he leaves town tomorrow and wanted to call before he went, so imagine me all dressed and extremely nervous.

On my postal I said I was having a rousing good time. Well I was and no mistake. My

indefinite-kind-of-a-relation-call-him-cousin Wallace has been here from San Francisco. I had not seen him for twenty one years and though just at first I was a little bashful, that soon passed off and we are capital friends. We have been going all the week, Surf Side and the Cliff being the principal sources of attraction. I fear you will think I am mistaken, but it is a solemn fact that last Wednesday I [rose?] at 4.30 A. M. for the express purpose of having a morning walk with him. He explained the [...th?] Show well, went to all the summer cottages on the

Bluff and also to the oldest house on the island. One afternoon we went up to Mrs. McClean's Museum and as we were coming away she said "Are you two going to make a match? I've been thinking ever since you came in how nice it would be if you did." If we had been [lovers?] it might have been slightly embarrassing, but being firstly, cousins, and secondly he being a married man - in fact has his second wife we saw only the ridiculous side and have had many a laugh over it.

[Clemie?] and Bessie were expected yesterday but Uncle had a letter that Bessie was sick and that they

consequently could not come at present. Sylvester is not coming for the Fourth, the first time within my recollection that he has failed to do so.

It is as cold as Greenland today and a fire would not be uncomfortable, but unfortunately all our stoves are sent away for the summer except the cooking stove, so we have to keep warm by pride.

Last evening the "[Cunningham?] Rifles" came down from Boston to spend the Fourth; they fairly bristle in the streets and make the town appear in a state of siege. Four of them have just passed the window. They are not a particularly

aristocratic looking crowd.

Have you heard of Mrs. Backus' death. Helen sent me a postal last evening saying she had died and was buried on Friday. Of course it is very improper but I was just wicked enough to wonder what the dénouement would be now as regards H. [C.?] [Heiscock?]. If he should marry some one else now, I wonder where she will hide her diminished head, and really I don't think he'll ever marry her in the world. I shall wait anxiously for further developments in the case.

Well, Brother Fox has just made his call, and I am positive I gave his

sensitive organization shocks from which it will not recover immediately.

Carrie, my dear, I was so sorry to hear that your Mother is so ill and hope that before now she is much better. It's too bad to

begin in a tangle but I've no doubt you will shortly straighten [the...?] all the knots out and have just what you deserve, a restful happy summer. How I wish you could spend it here with me, but that at present is impossible on account of the state of my Mother's health. She is not willing to own that she is any less well than she was last summer but after an

absence of months I can see clearly how much feebler she is than ever before.

Don't you think it is strange that I haven't yet heard any thing from Dr. Caldwell about a school!

Did I promise to write to Ella [Mumson?] If I was rash enough to do so, I suppose I intended at the time to fulfil it, but now be a dear good girl and let her know just a little bit of this and save my brain, I wrote to Frances this afternoon and sent her a Commencement programme as I promised her, but do you know I had terribly hard work to

fill a small sheet written very coarse.

Last evening I had the nicest letter from Miss Drake, just as [chummy?] as can be.

Leedom Sharp is now an Uncle, but perhaps you are not interested in Ben. No one here knows any thing of Leed and I can't find out whether he is coming this summer or not.

Now Carrie, do I implore you have some pictures taken as soon as possible and send me one immediately. I quite pine for a sight of you.

Write when you can to your
loving
Flo.

