

Nantucket, Aug. 10, 1882.

My dear Girl,

I am really so ashamed of that scrawl I sent you on Tuesday that I am going to endeavor to efface the memory of it by the present erudite epistle!

[Leedorn?] has actually arrived here, and rushed around to see me the first thing, making a call of only an hour and during the course of it invited me to go to the Cliff Bathing [Show?] with him any morning during the month and to go out to [Cliff?]Side last evening to a dance. He was just as nice as possible and humbly

apologized for his abominable conduct at [...]. However he hadn't the ghost of an excuse to offer so I just walked right in and expressed my mind fully. He calmly replied that he was coming up this fall whether I invited him or not - I told him it would have to be without an invitation then - so if you wish you can take care of him if he should come. I asked him if he remembered your sister. He said he did and that she was

very pretty [...]. This morning I went [...] to the Cliff with him in his sail boat. He was his own Captain and did very well indeed. He went in bathing but I preferred to be among the aristocracy upon the beach. While we were sitting there Mrs. [Lin...ton?] Sargent, Miss Laura [G...?] and Rupert Sargent passed along but Laura did not recognize (!) me - probably she didn't see me. [Cora?] looked very handsome and as usual Laura was completely eclipsed by her,

although she did have [...] huge sun-flowers at her waist. Tomorrow Leed is going to take a party [out?] fishing but I don't think I shall go - To tell the truth I am afraid of being seasick in going through Great [Pruit?] Rip and I am not anxious for him to be a witness of any such performance. He has a Mr. Fox here with him who is very agreeable and quiet - a decided contrast to his host. The rest of the family are

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farms and [gardens?] were in a dreadful state.

There are quantities of strangers here now and about two hundred land every day, about half of whom leave the next day because they cannot find accommodations, for there is not a single hotel on the Island, all the buildings used as such having been originally dwelling-houses and then altered.

I saw by today's paper that the district school at [Sunset?] was in want of a teacher salary \$200. I think of applying if I do not hear from Dr. Caldwell.

Last Sunday evening I actually went to church. The attraction was a Mr. [Poole?]

who has preached here several times. I had heard so much praise bestowed upon him that possibly I expected too much but however it was I was very much disappointed. His hands are certainly very shapely and white and his seal ring very handsome, all which [...] I think he surely realizes as he kept both hands in constant motion but I did not like his sermon at all, and he will not be sufficient to attract me again.

Wednesday afternoon.

I hadn't the vaguest idea that this letter still [...ed?]

in my writing desk but that is not so very strange as there has been something going all the time and I have scarcely had time to eat and sleep.

And I write you that Miss Abbot '87 was here in town! I met her in a store a week ago today and meant to have called upon her but it has been impossible so far. Professor Mitchell came two days ago and I never called on her until Monday evening, and she [needs?] to leave Tuesday.

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still in Europe and [...] asked me if I would go to Europe with him to see his mother. I said I was ready to start at once which slightly quenched his ardor. But enough of him although I could [...] [wh...?] with what he has said and done since Wednesday night - the time of his arrival.

Last night we had a very heavy rain for about an hour - the first that we have had since Fourth of July - Every where was so dusty that it was no pleasure to ride or walk any where, and all the

Then after all my haste in coming in from rowing and changing my clothes, she was not at home.

I heard through Jessie Whalen that Nellie had been up in [Glo...ville?] visiting. her aunt but I ^have had nothing but a postal from her.

Laura [Glum?] called on me Sunday and came this morning to borrow a Cicero for a friend of hers who plans to enter Vassar next month, and to see if I would tutor her in it if she decided to prepare here instead of at home.

There is a Miss Bessie Summers here from Brooklyn upon whom [...nnie?] and Ellen have called &c. &c. Sylvester comes on Saturday and I shall be wide awake to discover if she is the one. She is a perfect blonde but not pretty, rather piquante, but still babyish, she is only about eighteen or nineteen. It is raining now quite hard and the sky is very dark so I [imagine?] a thunder storm will entertain us before we see the sun again.

I am just about used up with the head ache, I think being on the water these hot days with all the glow of the sun has caused it. A great many are quite sick from that cause but I hope to ward off any illness by care and force of will for [our?] physician - the only homeopath on the Island - is ill himself and I think a cure by old school [medicine?] would do more than the disease itself.

I am disgusted to find that

do not [tan?] readily. How after all my [endeavors?] I am nearly a light mulatto color while Mabel is nearly mahogany color.

Received your postal and am waiting for the letter.

Mother and Mabel send their love -

Affectionately
Flora Easton.