

San Francisco Cal. 1. 30. 1888.

1611 Howard St.

My dear Lou,

Have been to San Jose visiting Ed. Flagg and when I returned last Friday afternoon I found your letter of the 10th and card of the 16th awaiting me. Your letter of the 21st came to hand the next afternoon. Today is another rainy day, dark and dreary with the thermometer about 60. I am indeed very sorry to learn that Dr. Davis has become overworked and is ordered away for rest. When does he intend going? Remember me to Addie - I am sorry she improves so slowly - but perhaps slow and sure. John has not written but as I have written to him shall expect an answer soon.

The removal of that old trap door which has been so many times almost a man-trap is a great improvement at the store. I hope business is good and that the boys get along pleasantly together. Josef Hoffman is indeed a wonder and I am glad you have been to hear him. Believe in his coming to San Francisco so shall hope to hear him. I think John is convinced now that it is impossible to make any radical change at present in the management of the house. Am sure he at one time thought that all our had to do was to say no and it would be so but I guess he has long since changed his mind. You seem to get along nicely with your bills. I am glad you have been able to pay them all. Regret to learn that George is disappointed

in his situation. It is so often
the case all promises and no intention
of fulfillment. I am sorry for Geo.
as I hoped he had a good place.
I do not see how your mother can
manage on so small an income.
I feel quite sure that Alice will
eventually track and never will
regret persevering in taking the
examinations. If Alice does not
track it will be because of some
unforeseen good luck. So Edith
Hobbs counts her calls at 894 by
the number of our children - there
in 5 years or our every 20 months.
It does seem as if Aunt Harriet
would sleep peacefully out of
this life into the Higher-life.
Maria seems to be of little help
and cannot be much of a loss
if she were to go. So Augustina
is again with you. I am glad

as you seem to get along nicely
when she is with you. Remember
me to her and tell her she must
be careful and not get run down as
she did before going to Lexington
Our little man was four years
old last Friday. I am glad
the children keep well. One could
make a "spec." having some money
at command to invest but without
any money - no, impossible. It
requires money to make money.
Charlie and Ed. would be glad to
see Fella and are in hopes she
will come. I am not as yet
willing to confine myself to
any position demanding long
hours; 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. I am
still undecided. You may tell
Lizzie there is no need of exclaim-
ing "God Lord!" now as I have
lost 11 lbs. You write, "Dr Driver

5
and Mrs. Driver are anxious for us
to go if it is impossible to settle
near." Do you mean that Dr. D.
thinks it would be as well for
us to settle in the vicinity of
Cambridge? It is hard to tell
what will be the decree of fate.

The demand for land in Los
Angeles has greatly decreased and
the sales are but few so I
presume Low has gone North in
search of a better field for speculation.

The little poem "Yours in haste"

suggests L. R. S. in all but the
last six lines. "Too many of us"
is sad with a good moral -

How many have found when too
late "What a place she (or he) had
always filled". Does "On the
steps" suggest Miss Frances?

"Sin too" is a most pathetic

effusion. The clipping "Chat about

Folger - Hoffman is interesting
and "ills of Sedentary Life"
contains some good hints but
the subject is a chestnut. Where
is Hastings Wright's home located?
I get the Cambridge Tribune and
Boston Weekly Transcript regularly.
Ask Albert to send me a C.
Tribune of the 14th as I missed
the one for that date. Have
been doctoring for my throat and
heart ever since I went to
San Jose and to keep in
fashion here have been vaccinated
partly because of the small-
pox scare and partly as I
presumed myself in a condition
to take disease. Since Mrs. A.
got settled I have been visiting,
sight-seeing and doctoring for
a throat and heart trouble which
seems very much better.

7.
I have no doubt John and Albert could do well here as they have money which they could invest to advantage. If I accept either of those positions mentioned it will be several months or a year before you and the children could come out here. Albert may grumble and complain but if he is really sick it seems to me he would give up all chances for a time at least. Today I am not feeling well enough to say decidedly what I intend doing for my next move. The day is dark and dreary and may be the cause of it. Two weeks ago last Saturday I dined at the Berkshire with Charlie Flagg and went to the Bush St Theatre in the evening with Charlie, Ed and wife to see

The Boston Athenaeum Co. in
a variety of entertainment. A very
pleasing entertainment of which
the "Mystery" and "Le cocoon"
were the most surprising.
Mystery. The Prof. places an
ordinary pine table to the
right at the back of stage;
on the table he places a chair
in which a young lady, the
mystery seats herself; and
over her he throws a shawl.
To the left and a few feet
from the table he sets up
a cabinet and draws the curtain
"There, presto!", the young lady
disappears from the table and
is found standing in the
cabinet. Le cocoon represents
the different stages of a
silk worm - from worm to
moth. A frame of a box

about 18 in by 30 in covered with white tissue paper is suspended by means of common white tape over the center of the stage. First stage; the worm. The Prof draws on the paper covering the box a silk worm. Second stage; the cocoon. Prick! The paper disappears and contained within the frame is a cocoon resembling a large squash. Next the frame of the box is removed and the cocoon remains suspended in the air. A large round chair like frame of gilt with an upright rod on either side is then brought and the cocoon is then lowered so that a slight projection on either side rests upon the uprights. The tape is then removed. Third and last stage; the moth.

The Prof. then makes sundry
passes over, under and around
this cocoon which seems to
become animated and sud-
denly it bursts open and from
it appears the moth - the
head and shoulder of a
young lady with wings.

The next day, Sunday Jan. 15
dined at Mrs Jewell. Monday
the 16th went home with Ed
Hagg and remained until
the 27th. Ed wishes to be
remembered to all. Will
write again in a day or two
and until then with love
to all and much love for
Mama, Lawrence, Ruth
and Frances I am

Your husband
Will