

Hampstead May 29/63

Darling Leander,

I am now at home and I hope I shall feel more like writing. I came home last night and found two letters waiting for me from my pricious husband. I wanted to answer them as soon as I read them but could not the children were so uneasy

Last evening was a beautiful evening. ~~was a beautiful~~ just such an one as you and I used to enjoy so much together. The girls around here were as glad to see me when I got home as though I had been gone a year. If you had seen me last night ^amongst them you would have thought they considered me about sixteen or eighteen years old.

I enjoy it so well I don't know but I am growing childish. I feel just like writing you a great long letter to night and like writing everything that comes into my mind. When you tell about writing nonsense your letters are always more interesting so I want you to always write nonsense. I liked your last letter because you wrote nonsense. I wonder if it is so with mine.

We are having dry, hot weather here now, and not a week ago it was almost as cold as winter.

Your "flowering almond" was looking beautifully till then, but now the buds are all killed and there will be but few blossoms on it, but your snow ball "is blooming nicely

And your "province rose" looks splendidly

I don't want you to send me so much blank paper, write longer letters as you used to do.

I woke up the other morning when I was at Clara's and the thought came in to my mind that you would never come back, and I don't know what made it, it seemed as though the pain could not have been sharper if a knife had been thrust into my heart. It was nothing I could avoid, for it was the first thing I knew after I awoke, the first thought I had, I beleive I should die if it were so.

I can't realize a possibility of your coming home this Summer. But Josie tells everybody that asks about you that "you think it is posible you may get a chance to come home this Summer."

I must answer Mr. Haynes' letter before long. I shan't tell you how he praised you in his letter I am afraid it will make you proud

Have I written to you since Grandmother Eastman died. She was buried a fortnight ago - today

Mrs B. seemes to have no one to care for now. Mary is marriad and Ettie is gone. Mrs Bachelder and her mother were going to move just as she was taken sick.

I tell you Julia and I had a grand time when I was with her

Oh she is ^worth all the rest of the sisters we have got, and that is saying a good deal. Margaret and I used to be great friends you know, but I don't think she cares anything at all for me now. But it don't worry me a might

To tell the truth I am not grand enough for her and I think she is ashamed of me when I call to see her at the shop. The last time I was ...

[fragment letter ends here]