

Haines Falls.

29<sup>th</sup> Octo '87

Dear Anna,

It seems an awful while since I last saw you, and in fact my entire visit to B'klyn seems more like a dream than a reality. I fully intended to start for here on Sunday night but Mother said, (I'm afraid too truly) that I had hardly had a half hours talk with her, so I was induced to stay over another day. I made a couple of calls in the morning but the bulk of the day I spent at home, and "turned in" before 9, so as to be ready to leave at 1. Steve came over to the Dr. S. R. R. with me & at 3 am. I left the depot, but you may be sure the ride was not as agreeable as the certain ride over the Dr. S. two



years or so ago, I took the rear seat in the car & towards morning I fell asleep with one foot on the seat on which I was sitting & the other on the opposite seat, and you can imagine my feelings when upon waking up at Kingston, I beheld a fair Dulcinea across the aisle smiling at my inelegant tho' I must say comfortable attitude. But I didn't care much and made it all right by winking at her, but as she got off the train just then, I had to pursue the rest of my journey with somewhat of a sinking feeling about the heart. At least I thought it was my heart, but by the amount of breakfast I ate at Catskill, I guess it was something else. I had an hour & a half at Catskill before the stage left so I had a splendid

opportunity of viewing the village in repose, and a pretty little place it is, too, but as to the inhabitants I can say little, for as the sun had just arisen, I could see only the early birds (kitchen canaries &c) (but some of them were quite good looking, all except the curl papers) and as they polished up the handle they cast peculiar glances at me as much as to insinuate that I was just getting home from the club. The stage left at 9.30 & I secured the front seat with the driver, and a fine drive we had over the plain & up the mountain, but it was powerful cold, and every post office we came to, we all piled out of the stage & sat by the stove till long after the mail was ready. When we



reached the foot of the mountain,  
like the merciful man, we all  
got out & footed it up to the top,  
some 3 miles, but it was so  
cold that walking was comfortable,  
and when I reached the house  
what do you think I found them  
doing? Cutting Christmas trees,  
sure's your born, and Election day  
not past, Sort of rushing the  
season, but if I hadn't looked at  
the calendar I might have thought  
it was Xmas for I'm sure it was  
cold enough. Since then I have  
been helping Pete cut them &  
we have already over a thousand.

We have 3 turkeys fattening for Thanks  
giving, one for you, one for Belle & the  
other for me, so don't fail to come.  
& if you are not frozen out we'll  
have a good time. Excuse brevity  
of this but I'm in a rush

Sincerely yours V. V. V. V.





NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Miss. A. S. Tweed  
282 McDonough St  
Brooklyn N.Y.



Haines Falls N.Y.  
12<sup>th</sup> Octo, 87

Package rec'd in heavy  
snowstorm



J.M.



NEW YORK  
OCT  
29

Miss. A. S. Tweed  
282 M<sup>c</sup>Donough St.  
Brooklyn  
N.Y.





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Out Nov 3<sup>rd</sup> 1887