

Brooklyn
4th Aug. 87

Dear Anna,

Don't you wish
you were here! Peaches
& icecream for dinner!
& the thermometer away
down below 80. I am
now sitting in my
room, with the gentle
breeze percolating thro'
the cherry tree, & the dis-
tant hum of voices soft-
ly lulling me into a
state of "insoucious disquietude",
for today mother has called

in the relations & is having a big time. One observing dame, Aunt Charlotte by name, is quietly doing some knitting, while Aunt Eunice is doing no less a homely task, than darning socks. Just think of it, in this enlightened age, bringing socks to darn while out visiting, and socks retailing, too, at 19¢. A third is doing some fancy work, but at any rate there they all sit on the front stoop & piazza, working & talking

real affectionate people who thoroughly enjoy a moonlight stroll, and, clinging to one another interchange expressions of unalloyed bliss. Many such I noticed, as we live near quite a lovers retreat, and not only were the young folks indulging, for when I arose at about 2. a.m. & cast open my blinds to catch more of the fragrant ozone, I noticed a stealthy "Thomas" seated upon our shed, and silently im-

bubbling from the refulgent moon, the inspiration to peculiar to his kind.

I joined him in his reveries, but at the same time fruitlessly sought for some specimen of the stone age, at last my eager hand met something cold & clammy, it was the ice water pitcher, so considerately brought for my use by an ever solicitous mother. And while Thomas was reaching the climax of his observations about a "watery moon" - the rains descended

& the F-C- & if I mistake not, he will reach Ocean Beach at 4.38 today. He struck a bee line for your house & as he is slender & of a yellowish complexion, you will recognise him, surname "Kibbe", gray whiskers, & quite handsome.

Stevens preparations for a trip to the White Mts, are about completed & he is now trying to determine if it will be absolutely necessary for him to pay tribute to rep-

ture, while on the Portland
boat. I somewhat envy
him the trip, but I will
make up in quantity for
his gain in quality, & any-
how the Catskills are not
so bad. There is nothing
new in the neighborhood,
except that Grace More has
been quite ill for several
days. I will not inflict
any more of this upon you,
so hoping you are having
a royal time, & will come
back weighing, let me see
about 135 will do.

Remain
Sincerely, Mumukshu

and apparently having
a way-up time. Before
lunch, I left the animated
group, & seeking the se-
clusion of the second
story back, dived deeply
into the autobiography
of Anthony Trollope. It
is a very interesting
work & especially when
he criticises the English
novellists. I repeat, I
was deeply interested,
when I was rudely
awakened by the dinner-bell.
I don't know how it hap-
pened, but first the idea

of an Almoner's meeting,
& then the hum of distant
machinery, became so
interwoven with my book,
that finally morpheus
claimed me bag & baggage
& I awoke with the idea
of buckwheat cakes & coffee.
Nevertheless, I am awake
now, & if the afternoon
keeps fine, I shall be sorely
tempted to go & see a man.

I think last night, at
the beach, must have been
perfect, for a finer night
I never saw. The streets
were crowded with people

Miss. A. S. Tweed
Yemassee Cottage
Ocean Beach
N. J.

