

The latter letter contained a description of her residence by means of which I could find the same without inquiry. I immediately started off, in the direction pointed out, and throwing my head back & twirling my cane in my fingers walked along until my name was called, and the prettiest hand extended to me that I ever saw, by the veritable Florence herself who declared that I was no one but Luffey & she should have known me in Boston. Believe me I was never so disappointed in my life instead of the Hump Backed cross eye girl that I had made up my mind to love - for herself I greeted a lovely Angel with fairy form & features and eyes such as I never saw before. I would not have you see them for - all the wealth of Ind for I love you too well to get into a quarrel which we certainly should do if you once caught their expression of sympathy and feeling.

Oh Dore I will say to thee since thou art my friend and adviser, that I felt to bless my Guardian Angel for keeping my heart - that I might have it at this period of life to tender tender to one who won it without a struggle - Dore I believe I do love I have thought I never should - you have told me the same - But a pretty down Easter can do anything - from working on the farm to breaking hearts. And Florence our pride and Angel can do more than all the rest combined