

No. 54 West 46th St.
N.Y. Nov. 5th 1885.

My own darling darling Harry,

Only a short letter today my Harry, but something must reach you on Saturday, even tho' I haven't time for much. Tonight I hope for time to write a long letter, & to answer that lovely letter I received yesterday, and also the dear one that came this A.M. It came at 10:20, arrived at Station G. at 7. I know now that I cant have my letter tomorrow until I return from Orange ~~insted~~ instead of before I start. Plague it! This has been interrupted twice already. It is just dreadful. I cant get a chance alone, but I'll have it tonight some how or other or die in the attempt. _____ I feel like swearing, I am so mad, another one. First I went in the basement and mamma & Jule came in, to go to their serving. Then I went in the parlor and Mr. Artz came in there. When I first went down stairs, Jule came in, and I sent her out, & told her I must write, and she had got to give me a chance. She was very good about it and went without any fuss at all, but when mamma came down I couldn't tell her to get out, but I knew I couldn't write there, so I went to the parlor, and told Jule my fix, and invited her to go down to the basement, and now Mr. Artz is the next one, and I cant get rid of him, but I guess he wont dare to open his mouth. He said "Are you busy Miss Effie?" I said "Yes, very busy. I must write this letter and have only about twenty minutes to do it in," and he wont talk very much I imagine. My darling I will write tonight, and take time for a decent letter too. I cant blame any body for this miserable letter. It isn't any one's fault. Mamma cant take her work in the parlor, and she must sit in the basement. But it is mighty hard luck. I hope you'll understand my trying position darling. I am about sick with the blues, & longing for you, and even the pleasure of writing a decent letter is denied me. It makes me bluer than ever, and makes me mad too, tho' that is useless since there is no one to blame. It cant be helped, but it makes me just sick to think that things will be just this way all winter. Some times I'll have good times, but I will always be expecting this sort of thing, so that it will make me uncomfortable all the time. I will be so glad my darling when we no longer have to depend on letters, when we can always be together. We cant either of us be happy and contented while this thing lasts. But next month will bring us ~~relife~~ relief for a short time, and it will help us wonderfully. I am glad your trouble at the Dormitory has been settled, and hope the boys will behave after this. I wouldn't worry over Miss Baker. She must be a fool, or rather I think with you, that such a display looks very suspicious, and she was probably cheating. I always suspect such people, for when they make such an awful fuss it looks very much as they were trying to act abused and they seem, to me, to try so hard, that they overdo the matter. But I wouldn't give her a second tho't. She isn't worth worrying over. Now my own precious darling Harry, You know how I would enjoy writing more, how I long to write more, but you understand that I cannot do it, but I'll write tonight, so you'll have a long letter Sunday. With unspeakable love

Your own devoted

Effie.

Jule is much better.