

123.
you have no
idea how
long this
letter will
in come -
from wife
yours -
Affectionately
yours
E.C.H.

Bristol. Secm -
Dec 24 1893

My dear friend:

On Sunday, we get our mail between
two and three o'clock and when two o'clock
came I debated whether or not I should go
to the office, or not I somehow thought I
would not hear from you, and I did not
particularly care to hear from any one else.

I said "She want write till today (Sunday) and
about Sunday I will get a letter with a
bout a million excuses for ~~the~~ not having
written soon" - And perhaps, I thought, when
her letter does come it will be cold and
guarded, for I somehow trusted you this far,
sweet, that if you did not care for me
you would not let me go on hoping that
you would. I waste you before that I had
determined not to care for you unless I had
some assurance that you might care for me.
And several times during the past week it
has come over me that I was going to love
you in spite of myself, whether you cared for

me or not. But I went to the office and my
heart gave a leap when I saw a dear fa-
miliar hand upon an envelope as the P.M.
ran over the letters. He came near doing looking
it; but I held him up and made him stand
and deliver. I read it on my way home,
stopping at the bridge. I cannot tell you
how much I enjoyed it. And I said I
would come home and tell you everything. I
love you, darling; how much I can not
hope to tell you. But better than any other wom-
an on this green earth. Let my love be my
Christmas gift; and keep it, sweet, and treasure it;
for it means a great deal to me. Life's so
bright now, and it will be brighter still for
both of us by and by - and not a very far
off by and by either I hope. You are not so
wedded to your old life are you, love, that you
could not give it up for some one who loves
you and will love you always?

I have trusted you more than you think;
to the extent of believing you true and con-
stant when once your heart went with your
promises. But let me ask you, dear; what right

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had I to assume that you might ever care for me? You loved me as a friend I believed, but that is a very different sort of love to what I have been longing for. But I trust you now; for when you wrote this last precious letter you knew that I would take your words in earnest. I have lots of plans, sweet one, for the future and now I feel that I can go ahead and work to them. For haven't I something to work for now? And Corrie Sue I am glad of one thing; that you were woman enough to send me your love when you knew that in loving me you would never advance your worldly prospects very much. You have learned to care for me in a time of adversity and do you think I won't store that fact up in my memory? And if prosperity comes, as it may or may not, you will know and I will know that you richly deserve it: you could have married into a comfortable circumstances long ago if you had so desired; but you waited, waited, waited. And for what? Until you could give your heart and hand together. And maybe "somebody" does not think that hand and heart very precious for the long waiting.

Just now the future seems bright & dory skin lies also. Early in January I am going down into

Washington County, to make a preliminary survey
for a railroad, a short one, only 12 miles in length,
which promises to lead to something better in the
future. I am too getting a good deal of work to do a-
bout Bristol. And taking all these things into con-
sideration I think it cannot be long until re-
~~the~~ til I can go and see a dear sweet woman
that lives in Hazelhurst, the sweetest and best in
this world, and I mean to bring her home with
me if she will come. I may not have much
to bring her to, but we are both young and strong
yet and we will make our way some how. I
had rather be poor with you than rich without you.
- though you are not to suppose that you and I presy-
naturally go to gether.

I think I have loved you a long while, dear. For
a good while I was hardly conscious of it, but when
the thought first came to me it was sweet and tender.
It was easy to go that road. How many times has
the day been made brighter by the reception of
a letter from you. So many times I have realized
that it would be sweeter to be with you than any
one else. And may my dream yet come true?
I can't tell you, dear, what rapture your pre-
cious letter brought me. How I loved every line
of it and every thought her fingers penned.

Now, sweetheart, This is your jumping Jack. Will

me that you do not altogether despise it? Speakin' o' jumpin' Jacks. I went with my sisters up town last night and into a toy store; I asked the clerk to show them a curiosity in the shape of a doll, that could play a tune by turning her round and round on a handle. When the clerk had bounded it out he went away to look after other customers, and ~~then~~ left me with the doll on my hands. I turned her round and round until her skirts flew out like a little girl (making hoops (just as I in-agine you used to do), and my, how she did sing. I tried to make the girls hold her but they only stood and laughed at me, and then acquaintances came in and wondered what I would with a doll. I takes the girls out as usual.

We are going to have a very quiet Christmas. Not going to give many presents and not expecting to get many. Christmas is for children anyhow and I am about grown now; so I do not greatly care. The girls are delighted with town life. They already have a good many friends and they are down stairs now with a lion apiece. Alice and Ada are with me. Another sister, Jella, will soon be at home again, having been travelling down near Knoxville. This is all I can think of now - but my "fumble". One of these days you shall see and know them for yourself.

I will send you some copies of the Brit-
ish Counties by tomorrow's mail. I wrote an
article recently on Memphis that made quite
a hit. Now if I should write one on Hazle-
hurst I would have to tell about one of the
dearest, sweetest and best women in the world,
and one that "somebody" loves. Tell me,
precious, isn't it in your nature to love
deeply? And won't you love me? You have re-
fused the love of good men before now and
I believe you must love before you consent to
give your hand away. And it is for this reason,
dear, that I feel so sure that if you once you
say you love me I may count on it for
all time to come. How soon will you write?

Will you wait another week, or until Sunday comes
again? I hope you are better of your grip. We
are threatened with small pox here and I have recently
vaccinated myself. I find I am a pretty good
physician -

It seems a long time to wait until I can
hear from you again, but I have your dear letters
to read and that will make the days go more rapidly.

Goodbye, my precious,
yours devotedly
E. C. Huffaker C.E.

Greene County Bank

DEPOSITED BY

E. C. Ruffaker

Greeneville, Tenn.

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PLEASE LIST EACH CHECK SEPARATELY

Currency

Silver

Gold

Checks as follows:

\$ 25.00

Total

SEE THAT ALL CHECKS AND DRAFTS ARE ENDORSED.

~~My dear~~
~~My dear~~
~~My dear~~
Bristol Tenn.
5th Jan. 8. 1894
My dearest Brother
Garrigue is writing
you so I will write
him and put in
word of it. We have all
missed you so much
since you left.
We are getting along
alright. Mrs. Garrigue
got crippled, but she
is on the improve.
My bad cold is
still with me but
it is a great deal
better. I am getting

done all right, with
the exception of
my cold. I am living
on figs and beefsteak
and I have an idea
I am getting fat.
I am trying to work
out laws to the benefit
of making good use
of my Indian clubs.
We are having plenty
of eat, fresh meat
good fruit good bread
and ice cream etc
We are also putting
good worm bars for

no feet in our time
sitting by it; reading
world history, writing
letters and playing

~~the game and~~

around over town till
Cousin Sam fell down
and hurt himself and
my bad cold got so

terrible. I think we
will have to cut again
soon - Cousin Frank

come down to see us
almost every day and

Mr. Kennedy come
down to play

I had a letter from
Anna yesterday.
She enjoyed your
visit very much, she
said she want to
see you very badly,
before I go to Wash.
I would like to visit
Bot a while and Charles
and stop off with
and stay with
Anna, Washington is
so far away, that it
would be to far to come
back soon, so I want
to visit them before
I go. -

Bristol - Jan -
Jan 4th 1894

My Dear friend:-

I received your letter this morn. and was not altogether surprised at its tone. Two weeks ago when you wrote you reproached me for distrusting you, and I somehow felt justified then in confiding in you to the utmost. But when you did not write the old distrust came back again, and although I mailed you a letter this morning before receiving your last, thinking you might be too sick to write, I did not have very strong faith in the sickness theory.

If I were disposed to do so Carrie Sue, I think I have good grounds for quarrelling with you. I could say to you that if you did not yourself know your own mind, you were hardly justified in reproaching me for distrusting it, and a more overbearing man than I am, the average man perhaps, would say that you deliberately set a trap for him.

But I am written disposed to quarrel not to think such unkind things of you. Even if we were engaged I would be the last man to hold you to a promise that was irksome to you. Much less would I be disposed to bind you to any forcing fancy you away home at whatever that

you could for me. For I give you credit - always for being sincere and true, so when you wrote reproaching me for any distrust I can't believe anything else but that you did not at the time think I had any ground for distrusting you.

And now you will asking for time to consider. I hardly know what to say to that. It is not necessary, Carrie Sue, that you should hurry about the matter, for fear I might miss some other chance; nor is it important that I should be kept in suspense as short a time as possible. For I tell you plainly the suspense is not going to kill me. So there would seem to be no reason why you should not take all the time you want ^{in which} to decide. But, I look at the matter this way: if you are not able at once to decide whether your feeling for me is friendship or love, the probabilities are that it is friendship. Of course I might go on and ~~say~~ persuade you that it was not friendship, or tell you that love would come later. But I would despise myself if I did anything of the sort. I will not beg any woman under the sun to love me or to marry me. If she does ~~it~~ so she will do so willingly, voluntarily and without reluctance. I have seen a good

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deal of men flooding with women to love them, as if they were slaves and their sweethearts were queens, and I know know women to accept men, and live happily with them, because they fitted them, and because they were women become a long present-ness.

Now you and I have been friends so long that I can speak plainly with you without fear of wounding your feelings. And I say it kindly, dear, that ~~will~~ mean means to try to win a woman in any such style as that. If a woman marries me she must do so because I love her and because she loves me, not because she cannot get rid of me.

I mean, dear, to keep my self respect and to merit it, whether I win you or not, and I could not keep it if I went doughting at your skirts - for the ~~rest~~ rest of my natural lifetime. So I am not much disposed to wait on you or to say anything to influence your decision. You must decide the matter for yourself.

But while you are reaching a decision I want you to rest assured that I love you. Last night I dreamed of you and lay awake a long while thinking of you; disturbing you a little perhaps (I ~~seemingly~~ ~~had~~ ~~good~~ ~~reason~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~); and thrilled with the thought of you. It was so

pleasant to think of you that I did not go to sleep for
a long while — and got up late this morning as
a consequence.

I guess, dear, a good many people, both men
and women have ^{had} your experience, and there-
fore every honest woman must stop to question
herself before marrying. The question to be solved
is one of happiness and that depends more than
anything else upon congeniality. Would you and I
be happy? Would you be happy with me? would
I be happy with you? (I am pretty sure I would). The
great mistake in marrying is a lack of congeniality.
People like each other but not each other's ways, and
while they get on well together at first they gradually drift
apart. I am tempted not to call your atten-
tion to it — you are so blind to the fact — that
in tastes, in ways, in feelings you and I are
remarkably congenial, and that, love, is the
foundation of happiness. Perhaps you might come
to be proud of me (for to my notion, sweet, there is lots
in me yet), but that amounts to nothing as to
whether you and I could sit down alone on
wintery evenings and be content with each other's
society. Would you be content with an humble sim-
ple life, with me for your companion? would that
life as you look forward to it — be sweeter
than anything you just now can think of? If
so it looks like you care something for me, if
not, the care looks suspicious. But I sup-

fore no one, not a simpleton, can yet mis-
 sion without misgivings, and if misgivings are
 all that stand in your way there is no reason
 why you should hesitate. You say it is for
 "better or for worse"; but darling, do you think mat-
 ters can get much worse with you and me? How-
 son disagreeable and tyrannical I might find
 you to be, I could always look back and say, "well,
 this is better than when I was single, bad as it is."

You seem to be troubled about my personal
~~appearance~~ appearance, though you thought the rav-
 ages of time had been playing havoc with me.
 I question if you would recognize me if you ^{by chance}
 were to meet me. I think I change a great deal.
 I often meet people who wonder and wonder if
 I can be the same man they had known a year
 ago. So what chance is there that you would recog-
 nize me after 5 years? You might marry me
 and then mistake me for somebody else's hus-
 band. But who has the best right to look
 for changes? You or I? Who fades quickest, the
 man or the woman? ² And do you suppose I
 would be altogether indifferent to good looks? If
 the Miss Redding I used to know and admire as her-
 self so fine and grand isn't grand and fine
 at all any more, but a mere faded flower, would
 I be less likely to ruin your old time form and

figure than you would mine! How do I know
you are not old and wrinkled and humpbacked and
crippled, and all out of shape generally? You
have never told me that you were not and no
one else has told me. It is true, I don't be-
lieve it, but who runs the quarter risk? As
for myself I am somewhat heavier than when you knew
me, a good deal browner, in better health, with longer
moustaches, and in disposition not ~~at all~~ very greatly
I guess. In looks I am just what you would
some or as nearly as I was five years ago, with
about as many grey hairs. You see I have
retired that long notorious route in a man's
life between so and so many which he ~~does~~
changes slowly, and surely which a woman so
often breaks so rapidly in

But how do I know you are not broken and bat-
tered beyond recognition? I do not believe you are,
Corrie Sue, and even if you were I am not ^{at all} sure
that I would not love you just as dearly as I do now.

In two hours I will be starting for Erwin. Will
get to Johnson City at midnight and stop over till morn-
ing. Tomorrow at noon I will be in the moun-
tains.

Are't you sorry you wrote me the letter
you did? Really Corrie Sue, I deserved a dif-
ferent letter. But I await quorrel. Write me

at Erwin, Tenn. - via Johnson City, Tenn. - and if you
have answered my other letter, sit down at once and answer
this one.

Till then Goodbye

E. C. Huffaker.

Bristol, Tenn.,

Jan 5. 1894.

My dear husband,

I wonder if the day is so dark and dreary with you as it is here. If so I should think you would be at work by gas or electric lights. The rain here has been coming down steadily since 3 o'clock this a.m. I awoke about that time and found the clock strike the hour & half hour up to 6 o'clock when I fell asleep, & did not wake until 8 o'clock. I don't know what made me so wakeful, I retired early enough, 10 o'clock, but I guess I got to thinking and could not sleep. One was sleeping with me and she was dead asleep & would not waken her to talk to me, but I know of somebody else I would not have hesitated to wake up. This in the kind of day I wish I had you with me, but it was

just such a day as this about two
weeks ago, only a little colder, when
you were here & preferred spending
the day out in the sleet & rain
with Hitchell. As you know dear it
will be three weeks tomorrow since
we were married. I wonder if
you will remember for it at about the
hour. We have never spent an
anniversary together yet. The first week
you were away all day, the second
& third in Washington. I wonder if
it will always be thus.

Yesterday after your letter came,
Ada & I went up town to see how
things looked. Tom called at the
College to see Cousin Frank. Found
Mr. Kennedy there too & both asked par-
ticularly about you. That is a very
pretty place up there, & the view
of Bristol is fine, even from the
lower floor. We did not go up to
Cousin Frank's room, because I was
afraid to climb the three flights of
steps. I should say trip pretty well, was

a little tired when I returned home -
 I have been busy all morning
 getting my things in shape to go
 to Roberts tomorrow morning, if it
 stops raining. I will not leave
 in the rain, that will go even if
 it is muddy - I am anxious for
 Robert to do something for me, so
 I shall have no objection in my mind
 at all after walking. It seems
 very strange for me to have anything
 the matter with me to keep me from
 going any time I wish, when I have
~~been~~ been troubled that way
 before - You will no doubt hear
 & glad to know I am improving
 since I came here. My face is
 fuller & I am not so thin looking
 as I was before - I guess the
 rest is what is doing me most
 good & that a change is usually
 good for any one -

I tried to read your former
 story to the girls yesterday, but they
 stuck their fingers in their ears

and cried, "for good was taken stop,"
That was a very cute way you spoke
of your tie, almost equal to Stuart's
& version of it. Are you glad you
are living? And how you just thought
that you had married? Wish I could
walk upon your ground and say that today -

I do not understand dear why you
failed to receive my letter Sunday
unless the box figure had a spite
against me & would not give it
to you - If you are as long getting
the letter as you were the postal, it
will be several days before you get it.

We are all getting along nicely here,
and we spend our evenings pleasantly
together. I am helping Effie with her
writing on her reports for the school - she
has about finished now, & those numerous
papers will be consigned to the flames or
somewhere else I hope - They then called me
to dinner, as will say good by & give them to
the postman when he brings me your letter -
All send love - My share to your darling is
more than I can say - Write soon dear -
Your loving wish wish - Carrie Sue

cord

Mr. E. C. Huggaker

Discol Express
Via

Johnson City

Tenn.



CITY, TENN
JAN 20 1894

ALISTO, TENN
JAN 18 1894

ERWIN, TENN
RECEIVED.
JAN 25 1894

Hayhurst
Jan 20 - 1894

My dear friend,
Yours
of 14th was somewhat
delayed in reaching
me as I did not
receive it until today, ^{and}
I shall reply at once -
I know you were a
little disappointed
when you got back
to Erwin. I found no
letter there from me,
but you see how it
was. I did not write
you a receipt of

your "diary" letter.
Because I knew you
would receive mine
just after you had
written, and besides
you said you were
going to the country
next to nowhere, and
I waited to hear from
you again. I am
not so good as
you are anyway, often
putting off things
thinking & haven't
time when if I
tried very hard that
would not be the case.
I sometimes think

I do not deserve all
the love you give me,
and these are doubts
about myself yet
that will come up
when I think real
serious about you.

Your last letter had
a funny effect on
me. It startled
me somewhat as
I read how you
appropriated me
to yourself, and when
I realized for the
first time just
what I had done.

You must not count
too heavily on me
just yet, & may get
scaared pure enough
& back out. & how
ever come right
down to thinking
of marrying anybody
before it always
seemed such a far
off matter for me
to consider as I have
with me awhile
until I grow a
little accustomed
to the thought. If I
seem cold & unfeeling
in this letter, attribute

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it to the fact that by
nature I am not
very demonstrative and
even though I am
old, very old, and
sight by a few, I
have never before
thought seriously of
marriage with any body
and I can not quite
see through it.

Please do not speak
as if you want
to come for me at
any moment next
week or next month,
that frightens me,

because even if we
are to get married it
will not be for months.

Now I know you are
saying to yourself she
is the biggest goose
imaginable and this
is one of the times I am
"trying your patience
beyond endurance"
But women are strange
creatures at times
and I suppose this
is my time to be "lunatic-
ical". (That word is my
own coinage) I did not
sleep very well last night
and I guess that has

had its effect on
 me & I am nervous.
 I have finished with
 the grip at last and I
 hope forever, but I
 am getting real
 pale of face. The
 bar next door to the
 Baptist Church, which
 by the way is a very
 handsome new brick
 building. Well, they
 have had a distracted
^{meeting}
 going on there two
 weeks or more and
 I attend regularly
 every night rain or
 shine. They will baptize

16 tonight & that many
tomorrow night & most
of them are between
the ages of 8 & 12 years.
We teach the Baptists
by telling them they
have at last reformed
by believing in ~~the~~ Just
Baptism. By the way
what ^{church} are you a member
of, if any? I hope
you are Methodist, but
I have really forgotten,
it has been such a
long time since I
saw you. I hope
you are enjoying your
trip in that rough
country. How is the

old maid? and has
 she caught on to your
 racket yet? As for
 goodness sake keep
 on the good side of
 her for she might take
 it into her head to
 prison you sometimes
 when she is doing the
 cooking, and then little
 "Johnny" might have to
 go somewhere else."

Well, I must stop
 for this time. Write
 soon. Oh yes, do all
 the packing you
 want to now & how

no objections. But if
you chew tobacco your
name is "Chewer"

Forever yours
with capital letters too.

I always said if I
were a man I would
smoke good cigars,
not cigarettes or a pipe,
but chewing is excus-
able. But remember
I am objecting to nothing
yet. If you want to
kill yourself it is
you who will do the
suffering & grieve.

But honestly how do you
do it? Chew tobacco, do
you? Tell me.

Yours
Carrie R.

Bristol. Tenn.

Feb. 11. 1894

My Dear Friend-

Your somewhat incalculable letter was received some three weeks ago and I have been somewhat slow about answering it; not being in fact in the humor to do so. How a woman can ask a man to wait for her answer in order that she may be "very sure" of herself and two weeks later write that she loves him and that she is sure of it; and still two weeks later write that she has never really considered the matter seriously, is more than I have been able to figure out. Two months ago you reproached me with not trusting you, with accusing you of being flippant, of saying things you did not mean; and I want to ask you if a letter like your last is likely to increase my confidence in you? You say I am better than you are and that you sometimes think & love you better than you deserve. I sometimes think so myself Corrie Sue. But don't you ever make the mistake of supposing that I am good. I am honest and I am true and when I am treated fairly I think I am not hard to deal with; but

but I think I can get as completely off the
handle at times as any man you ever saw. It
is true I have never had occasion to be anything
but sweet tempered when you were concerned. I
have had a trust in your fidelity and your
womanliness which I think you cannot com-
plain of. But you ought to consider that you
cannot write me letters like your last and
hope to retain that good opinion. It is all
"humour" to say you are not demonstrative.
People who really love cannot help but show
it in some way. And I confess a ^{very} little liking
for the spirit that prompts a woman to con-
ceal her feelings. And still less for that class of
women who as long as ~~as~~ they are treated
with indifference or neglect cling to a man, but
as soon as ~~that~~ he begins to treat them with res-
pect and a show of affection, want to get away from
him. When I marry I expect to love my wife and
to tell her so every day of the year - unless she should
attempt to moderate my affections, when I should
not tell her so at all, but would to any day
say that I had married her.

Now, dear, I am sometimes tempted to trust to
my own judgment and to believe ~~that~~ you
are a finer and better woman than you make
yourself out to be. I want quarrel with you.

any more. I have never liked a quarrel. I usually end one by drawing completely out of it.

I do not forget easily if at all. You mean had a friend I think that was truer than I have been or who appreciated your friendship more, and it is not altogether pleasant to have you tell me that you are incapable of any strong and deep affection. I am not likely to let one letter overshadow a hundred others, and afterwards I shall perhaps think of you as kindly as I ever did - more kindly I guess than you deserve.

We got through our work in the mountains sooner than we expected and returned to Bristol 3 weeks ago.

Since then I have been pretty busy. We had a map of the road to make and other things to look after. Then the weather got worse and work out of doors had to be suspended. There is some work in Bristol I want to do soon, and sometime during the month I want to take a trip through Wise and Scott Counties, Va. After that I have a 5000 acre survey to make in Sullivan County and a very important one. After which I hope the railroad in Virginia will be in shape for work again.

I have been doing a good deal of writing lately; partly in the way of editorial work and partly in the way of correspondence upon scientific subjects - with some of the President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who seems

to think any opinions are valuable in regard to certain matters. In addition I am writing a lecture (1½ hours long) on Napoleon Bonaparte. So in one way or another my time is pretty well occupied. I have been reading French history and fastening myself on the history of Bonaparte.

You never write me any news of Mrs. Woodworth. She surely must have sent me some message.

A few days ago I received a long letter from Carrie Fishburn. For several months we had not written regularly, but our correspondence is going again in great shape. I should like to see the little sister again and ramble through the swamps of Jackson with her. Think of it; the mocking birds are singing there and the roses will soon be blooming, the great Marshal Aid goes that we do not have her. And the magnolias will be in bloom and Guy will have one in his coat. It will be a pleasant time.

Don't forget to remember me most kindly to Mavis:— she never changes.

Yours Sincerely,
E. C. Jeffers.



Miss Carrie Redding

Hazlehurst

Mississippi

Hazlehurst
Feb. 18. 1894.

My dear friend,
Yours
of 11th inst. received last
Wednesday, or Thursday
I believe it was. On
Wednesday I wrote you
a letter, sealed and stamped
it and left it with
Mary to mail the next
day while I was at school,
but she waited until
the afternoon to do it, and
in the meantime your
letter came. I am

very glad it happened
last May, and you did
not get that letter. I was
not in a very good humor
with you. Because of your
long silence and showed
my feelings somewhat
in my letter. It has
been destroyed, and with
it some of the feeling.

I do not altogether blame
you for thinking as you
did about my last letter.

But you should not judge
me too harshly. Women are
strange creatures and I
imagine as they grow

older are more so. They
hardly ever mean exactly
what they say about
every little thing, and
you must learn that
to know me better.

Now when I wrote that
letter, I was in a strange
mood and while I hardly
remember just what I
wrote, I do remember
that after I finished
it I came very near
not sending it, feeling
that it was a letter
calculated to make you
feel a little badly. But

I did send and you
sent it and you treated
me badly about it. You
have had your fruit
arrange, now I say let
us forget that it was
ever written and begin
over again where we were
before it happened. The
next time I get "woody"
I will wait a day or
two before writing you.

I know you love me
just as much as
you did before and I
shall not say anything
about what I think

about you. don't want
to tickle your vanity
too much. I was
very glad to hear
you had finished
that trip you were on.
I was uneasy about
you during the terrible
weather you must have
had up there judging
from what we had here,
but all the time you
were safe at home
enjoying the comforts
of your own "vine and
fig tree" and hardly
giving me a thought,

or if any not in very
wild tone & imagine.

I have been quite
busy the past few
weeks, and this week
I am busy than ever with
a concert which is to
be in the school next
Friday night. It is
by my music pupils
entirely, and of course
I have it all to get
up by myself. About
7:30 Friday night you
can sit down, or stand,
and imagine you are
come on the stage with

4
the first number of the
program. and for 2 hours
I will be on pins fearing
some failure in my
papers.

Tuesday.

As usual I can not
finish a letter to you
so I shall not attempt
any further letter now,
but promise to write
again very soon. Ever
since I read your last
letter I have been on
the go as usual, and
so many duties at
school keeping me there

after school hours, have
hardly had a moment
day and night. This
letter was begun
Sunday, and I wrote
some on it yesterday
- I am ^{not} offering
them as excuses for
not-writing, though
they are what has kept
me from writing.

Try to think as kindly
of me as you can. I
am - at quite a mean
as I seem to be and
I do think lots of
you. Write soon and

5-

tell me you have for-
given me. I am
going to be better here-
after. With my best-
I am

Yours sincerely
Essie Redding

By your shorts on this, as I've not
time to read and get to the point
I am sorry for you that you have it to
read

Home, Tenn

3-4-94

V. C. Hoffaker

Dear Sir:

I would have written you imme-
diately on receipt of your kind favor but for
the fact that I was at the time engaged in
aiding a neighbor, yet poorer than myself, to
get him a house party to come in to. My
reason for wishing to make ready response to
your favor was that I did not like to have
you persist for any time in your opinion
that I was inattention to your advice on
literary matters, or that I was not accepting
that advice to the best of my ability and
in my, perhaps, peculiar way. With me the
making of a peculiar response to a serious sug-
gestion is not at all proof that I am not
being impressed by the suggestion as the suggestion
desires and has reason to expect. In such
case I simply care not the way that it
is better to laugh than cry, and that a

man has more complete command of his resources
when free and easy than when constrained.

The advice offered is of course good and can
be accepted on its face value. But you expect
too much of me when you base your ^{suggestions} ~~advice~~
on an article and then become discouraged of
me because I have not acted on the suggestions
in that article. Wise as I am and as profane
to good things I must have a little time
and a living chance. I have only for two
or three months been giving some attention
to what you call artistic writing. But my
nature in all like cases is to begin at the
bottom and build up. I find it impossible
to be content with bare facts unless I have
a substratum of reason for them, and I can
very fully appreciate ^{the} facts: and I can
apply them to specific cases without the reason.
If I can get at the fundamental principle
underlying the rules I do not have so
great difficulty in remembering and applying
the rules, but to remember and piece together
unseen rules without this process is beyond
my abilities.

2

If the Courier would allow that I
have a purpose in writing, my purpose in writing,
or my incentive rather, is perhaps in some degree
antagonistic to strictly artistic writing. My
idea of ^{what should be the main} purpose in writing is to give the reader
new, true and therefore wholesome concepts of the
subject discussed: and to do this in such a way
that will fix the concepts in the readers mind
and influence his general opinions, his sentiments
and conduct. In further words, my incentive is
to permanently influence the reader, and not
to merely to entertain him temporarily. An
artistic way might serve the artistic purpose,
yet not be altogether suited to the other purpose.
In ^{the} one case what you most need is strength:
in the other, beauty. Strength, Clearness and
a mighty deal of nice consideration is especially
necessary in presenting those difficult matters,
those transcendental subjects, in a way that
the ordinary reader will understand them and
accept as true what you say about them.
For the man who has a previous purpose

must do all this, for he does not write merely
to see himself in print nor alone to show
that he can write artistically. The previous writer
compels the readers underplanning rather than
his ^{literary} tastes. Each party, if both are possible men,
uses a the style that serves their purpose. In
very many cases of course the previous writer
would be much the better of a more strict
conformity to set rules of artistic composition:
in as many ^{other} cases, ^{however} perhaps, the productions of
the artistic writer would be immeasurably
improved by ^{the} injection of a few ideas. As
the man is generally supposed to be more import-
ant than his dress so or general principles
it might be supposed that a man of ideas is
^{the} better man to read of than the man
of mere style. But as I have said the writer
should have both style and ideas.

It is readily seen that it is much more
difficult to treat a ^{new and} difficult subject in
the artistic way than other subjects. In the
^{one} first case you have a great many things to
to all end to that you are not bothered with

in the other. You have first the ideas to get up
 for your self and to see to it that they are true;
 you have then to group them and give them
 such order of presentation as that the reader
 can take them in and will accept as conclu-
 sive the whole. After you have done that then
 you have a little spare time for style. But if
 you give too much time to style you loose
 the connection of your ideas, your inspiration
 is gone. In other difficulty, the artistic pre-
 sentation may not be just the presentation
 necessary to give the reader your ideas in
 a way to convince him. In such case
 which will you sacrifice? Again in treating
 a subject, you have your terms and
 phrases to determine on. In fact you
 are surrounded by difficulties of which the
 more artistic writer knows nothing about.
 With ordinary subjects the ideas, the words
 the phrases and the order of presentation
 are stereotyped, and the style is good as has
 been known for centuries. Every thing is spread
 out before the writer within easy reach and
 he has only to get them up as type and

artistic arrangement.

So you will see that, having risen up from the bottom, I have several things to learn before I come to the artistic, since the artistic is not my pole nor even chief concern. I am as yet down in the cellar. I hope however, if the grace of perseverance ~~which is better an uncertainty~~ is granted me, that in time you will see me coming slowly up through the pebble hole ^{into the broad light of the arched}, somewhat as a man is frayed out of purgatory. The grace of perseverance however is a very uncertain quantity with me. I have no ambition, and if the best or any thing else I should do was to bring me any manner of reputation concerning any degree of public attention on me it would be a loss, and not at all a matter of self gratification. If the world is satisfied with its beliefs I have no great disposition to attempt an interference. One is never thanked for it in life and after I am dead I don't intend bothering about it. There is nothing

martyr-like about me.

The writing of Ethicism did nothing for me in the strictly artistic ^{way}. In that I wrestled ^{with} the idea and ^{with} the order of its presentation to convince ^{people} the style was left to take care of itself the only stipulation being that it interfered not with the more substantial purpose. Having decided on the general plan of presentation Ethicism was written out as fast as the pen would go, and in a perfectly natural style, since no thought was given the style. I fail therefore utterly to see in what possible sense the style of that production is borrowed. It is my present opinion that if I had been going to borrow a style I would have borrowed a good one. Or do men who have styles to loan loan only those that are worn out or otherwise defective?

You will not conclude from my allusion to the Carrier Article that I find fault with it. I think it did a very good part by ^{the least} ~~it~~

Spine it dwell on the defects rather than the
merits; if it have any, and that in some ways
it discourages the buyer. But then it gives something
of an idea of its character and brings it into
notice. What a ^{the thing} is not criticism ^{what}
you are to expect of the Article? A Critic
who aspires to establish a new school of
criticism might have handled the book a
little differently. The Article taken in connection
with yours, which the Courrier kindly allowed,
ought to bring the book some attention and
sale; for there is nothing like ^{an} ~~attention~~ ^{curiosity}
to procure ~~attention~~ interest and desire to
see the thing about which any pungency
is manifested. To me it looks a little like
a put up job, since it serves the purpose
so well, better than a straightforward article
of commendation which would have had
the appearance of an advertisement. In
either case I of course appreciate your
kindness. Prices however are too close to
expect books to go very alarmingly
under any circumstances.

Bristol - Tenn.

Nov 9th 1894

My dear Carrie:-

You did not mail your letter until a week after it was written and then it was delayed in reaching me; so that it was not until Thursday that it reached me. This^{is} Friday afternoon and I flatter myself I am giving you a lesson in promptness which I trust you will not soon forget. But it is not as much your instruction, dear, that impels me to write as a desire to do so. from the pleasure it gives me. So it is settled at last that we love each other, and until you get to questioning yourself again, I guess we will let it stand at that. It was not altogether a desire to have my way that led^(that blot is a tear shed over your in-) me to impose the condition I did, but because I knew that if you were unwilling to marry me at any time, you did not love me as my many noble traits of character deserved.

In next Term, on the 14th I think, there is to

be a meeting of the Linnæus Gun Association at Jackson Gun - near Memphis, and I am loyiny my fious to attend it. And if I do so I think I will not let my trip stop there, but will extend it in the direction of Hazelhurst. Will somebody be glad to see me? If she isn't I mean to spend all my time talking to Marie, Marie is the unchangeable. You ought to pott-tem after your sister Carrie Sue. Take lessons under her - find out the secret of how she remains constant year after year.

But I mean to quit quarreling with you, (and this isn't much of a quarrelsome letter any way, is it?), for I believe you do as you say really and truly love me. Already I am growing anxious to begin that long life of happiness which I believe is in store for us.

And you must not mind, dear, if I seem more anxious than you for an wedding day to come. That is one difference between men and women. Men wish felt well after whatever they may desire and are near satisfied until they get it. Women count the cost

and demand time to consider, and I mean if a
woman had her way she would fast for
a marriage until she was old and grey
headed. But fortunately women can't always have
their way in this world, and I do not mean
that you shall always have yours. The best
way I think for you and me to get a long
happily as we travel over life's thorny pathway
is for you to let me lead you. For if you
don't care she shall get lost in the briars
as sure as fate; and I shall have to come
and get you out. What I should like, dear,
would be for us to go down life's stream in a
canoe, and let you paddle while I guide the
boat. or when the sailing was smooth to let you
do both while I fish.

By the way there
are some of the finest fishing grounds in the world
up here and one of these times will get us
a hook and a spool of thread and spend whole
days at a time on the river. It will be like
the song, in which you will be my Evalina.

"Evalina went a-fishing, one morning in May,
The birds they were singing, all nature 'twas gay.
Evalina caught a sturgeon, and I caught a shad,
Evalina got her feet wet and oh I was a lad."

"My own Evalina, my dear Evalina; the love for thee shall never never die."

One of the girls, Ada, has been quite-sick for 10 days,
and is just now beginning to improve. As a
consequence I have been kept at home and
unable to do any work. Though I am afraid
enforced idleness does not weigh as heavily on
my hands as it should. I work from
necessity; and am not only fond of it: and
my notion is Carrie Sue, you are about as
independent as I am. Would we make an in-
justicious pair, though? All that stands in the
way between me and happiness is a fine farm
and a bank account and a small negro to
black my boots. These conditions given, you would
find me a contented man and a perfect gen-
tleman.

How soon will you write me,
dear? I should tell you how dearly I love
your letters; so you know I actually said a
prayer for you last night - the first of the
kind, to my recollection. I look for you to be better
now. But you will hardly ever be any nearer,
to my notion. Not that I have in any wise de-
spaired of you, but because you have already reached
the superlative degree.

Tell Marie she
is no friend of mine or she would have mailed
that letter; and besides, dear, mail ~~them~~ your self -

Good bye, My love.

Ever yours

E. C. H.

Bristol. 15th Apr. 1894

My Dear Girl.

Your letter of the 11th I received an
yesterday evening, after having looked in
vain for it - for two or three days. This is
Sunday and there is no day in all the
week I enjoy so well. Partly perhaps be-
cause I have no work to do, but chiefly I
think because I have time and leisure to think
about something else besides business. I try
to read a few chapters in the Bible each Sab-
bath, which I always enjoy; Tennyson's
Poems, the newspapers, and usually
something on history or science.

When
I first read Lalla Rookh I enjoyed it greatly,
but when I recently attempted to reread it - I
found that I had in a way outgrown it - or
rather I had discovered that Moore was
hardly up to my ideal of a great poet. He
was about such a poet as Byron^{or Scott}, and
not half so great as Burns, who I think attains
to greater heights of poetry than any other ex-
cept Shakespeare and, perhaps, Tennyson. What is so
delightful as his songs? as his "So Many in Heaven".

One of the most delightful books in poetry
is Jeffrey's Criticisms on the English Poets. It is
an old work and a rare one. You ought to read it.

I have been quite-busy during the
past week and will be for some days to
come. My brother Charlie has been
helping me. He went home to spend Sunday
with his babies, but will be back this
afternoon. I may go to the moun-
tains one day this week to be absent a week
or 10 days, and if I do you may know
why I am not writing - You suggest that
when I am away and do not write I
drop you a line to let you know why.
Has it ever occurred to you sweet that I
sometimes wonder why you do not
write? You asked if I ever meet any
barefooted mountain girls and fall in love
with them? When I was in the mountains
a week ago, we had to pass a log cabin
an air way to and from work in which
there was a young married woman and
a girl about 18; both beautiful girls, like moun-
tain girls. I come near touching my head
off as I passed and finally ended by
stumbling into a mud hole while look-
ing back over, which you perhaps think
served me right. But I am not thinking
about marrying any of the mountain girls nor

very greatly interested in them, though you
surely Corie Sue do not expect me to shift
my eyes and turn my head away whenever
a pretty girl comes in sight? If you say
so I will try, but I question if I succeed
very well.

I appreciate what you say about Guy.
If you prefer Guy to me, all right; it may
hurt me, but I am not going to make
any complaint. If you feel like writing
him love letters, do so, and I do not find it
at all I will be none the worse off. What
I mean to say is that I want your love,
dear, your heart deepest and most abiding
love; that I want all or none, and that if Guy
or any one else can win you from me
I want him to do so and I am willing
for him to have every opportunity now. But
not when we are married. The contest will
be over then and while I have this much
confidence in you that you would at once
cut the acquaintance of any man who should
attempt to make love to you, I would myself be-
come so well and thoroughly acquainted with
him in a ~~short~~ little while that he would
have no heart to make love to any body any-
more. But I do not make this, in any

sure as a ~~tree~~, and am only expecting that you will
be as true and faithful to me as I shall be to you.
I think with you that we ought each to have a
regard for the other's feelings and wishes, and so
I think sweet, if you care to relieve me en-
tirely of any distrust that you think I still en-
tain, the surest way to destroy that distrust
is not to find fault with it, but to ~~conf~~ con-
vince me by your words and acts that it is
unfounded. A simple statement that you love
me will always go much further than any
reasoning that I ought to know that you do.

But I am dear beginning to believe that
you do care some thing for me.
About the 28th of this month I expect to leave
for Horryman Inn, to occupy the Chair of
Mathematics in the Tennessee University - dur-
ing Dr. Price's absence at the General Con-
ference at Memphis. I will be absent a-
bout one month.

Let me hear from you soon, dear, and
buy your picture, but send me the best and best
one. And, dear, let's spring a surprise on
Guy one of these times, as well as upon the
rest of our acquaintances by announcing an
short notice that we are to be married. Do you
get the full meaning of those words and the hap-
piness they insure "we are to be married."
Good by my dear, &c.

Bristol, Tenn.

My Dear Girl:—

April 22 1894

Your note of the 17th received on yesterday afternoon after 4 days of "wandering" to and fro for repair the rate and repaired down in it." This is the only particular however in which it at all resembled his Satanic Majesty. I was thinking of writing to know what was the matter. But as your letter was both written and mailed on the 17th I guess you are in no sense responsible for the delay.

I have been busy all week in the fields, having to divide a farm of 200 acres into 3 parts, and to lay out a part of another into town lots. I will not go to Horniman as I wrote you. I thought of doing. There are several things I want to do here during May and I think now that about the first of June they will be ready to begin building the railroad in Unicoi. And now my sweet heart I want to talk with you about certain matters. The meeting of the

The Press association is set for the 14th of
June and I think now of attending. If
I do I want to return by way of
Hazelhurst. And I want to ask you if
you can be ready to come home
with me? If I can arrange to do so sweet,
I want to have you with me during the
summer. In fact I have come to think
of you so fondly that I am grow-
ing impatient to come for you. I don't
know it may take you a little while
to get ready; you may want a new
gown or a hat but you can get those
together in a hurry, can't you? I could
get ready by tomorrow night - as for as
my trousseau is concerned, and you
could get ready I think in two months.
But here is the trouble. I cannot say
certainly that I can come in June. And
I want to know if you can arrange to
come or not according to circumstances. Can
you get your veil and gown ready and
use them "when needed?" within a month, or
perhaps sooner I think I can let you
know definitely whether I can come

in June or not. Now write me, dear,
that this arrangement will suit you. You
have already agreed to spare the time
with me, but I do not wish to in-
convenience you. Still we want wait
long. Our minds are both made up,
and we gain nothing by waiting.

I do not know certainly when the work
in Uncon will begin or that it will be-
gin at all, though the prospectors say now
they want to begin in June, about the first.
I want to be there at the beginning anyway, and
so I cannot say whether we can go to Jack-
son or not.

I think you will like this country, dear,
I want you to see it in the summer, when
the woods are green and go with me to
the mountains; and then in the autumn
when the leaves are turning to gold and
floating down the rivers, and then in
winter when the snows are falling and
drifting through the gorges, and in
the spring when the flowers are in
bloom. We will have some grand old
times if you care for those sort of things.

This is Monday morning - cold and dreary.
I think I would go out to the fields until
noon.

I want to ask you a question, dear; do
you own a fiddle dog? or a cat terrier?
If so I think I will not have you bring
it with you. You make a present of
it to Marie. You will have me, so
the loss of your fiddle will not be
so great a grief as you may
now think.

What sort of a
design are you going to adopt for
your military medal? The one I sent
you? I should like to see the girls and
Mary though it was the very thing
my brother Chorley has been with us
for a week. He is preparing to build
him a house, 10 miles from here in
Virginia. He has one of the smartest boys I
ever knew. Looks like me.

I shall look for a letter soon.

Goodbye, my dear -

James E. C. H.

BRISTOL
APR
2
1230PM
1894

Miss Carrie S. Redding

Hazelhurst

Mississippi

Hayhurst, Wis.
April 29. 1894.

My dear,
Your last letter
received Thursday. I will
explain why I have not
replied sooner. The
past week has been a
very busy one, in more
ways than one, and I
really could not write
sooner. Our Club
undertook the "getting up"
of the Decoration Day here
which was on Friday the
27th and I was on several
different committees,

to invite the speaker
on the occasion, and we
got Prof. Wm Rice Sims
of Oxford University, who
delivered a fine address.
Then the decorating com.
financial, & music com.
etc, all of which kept
us pretty busy. You
should have seen us
in the procession, putting
us much style. The
Military Co. took an
important part in it,
and they put the finest
carriage in town around
to us & the bands of Honor.
We wore our colors,
which by the way are
the colors always worn
by the Rex in the Carnival, viz-

purple, green & gold,
 rather gorgeous, but very
 pretty in our white
 dresses. The brass band
 headed the procession,
 our carriage just behind
 them, the Military following
 us. The speaker's carriage
 behind them, followed
 by the school children &
 citizens, making a
 very imposing turnout.
 This was in the afternoon
 at 5 o'clock, and in the
 evening the young ladies
 of the Club tendered a
 Reception & supper to the
 speaker, which was attended

... Four Hundred."

I will send you some
of the letters which you
had my little interest in,
but I thought it might
interest you some to know
a little of what I am
doing. I would be glad
you ^{would} tell me more of
yourself - how you are

and where you are
etc. I am not complaining
that you do not tell me those
things as dear, but say this
to let you know such things
could interest me, inasmuch
as they concern you.

And I want to talk with
you about a little matter
which you spoke of in
your last letter, and which

Bristol - Tennessee -

May 17 1894 -

Thursday P.M.

My Dear Carrie Sue:-

This evening, or afternoon, I was walking down the street under the shade of some maple trees, and something, I do not know what, brought your face to my memory more distinctly than I have seen you for a long while. In a general way I know how you look, but had you been present this evening in person I would not have caught your features any more distinctly than in that short glimpse I had of you in my fancy. I recalled every feature with the utmost distinctness, even to that peculiar little twist about the corner of your mouth, which some of your Jackson friends used to say rather spoiled your looks, but which to my mind is one of your chief charms. After that glimpse of you, dear, I found it next to

impossible to do any work, and so I am wil-
ling you tonight, although you owe me a
letter. I had the feeling that I have felt
had before, a sort of adoration for you; as if
I would like to sit down by you and tell
you over again what a grand woman you
seemed to me to be. There is a charm about
you that is all your own, and if I some-
times quarrel a little with you, and make
fun of you, you may be very sure, dear, that
at the bottom of my heart I have always the
deepest love and affection for you. Not love
only, but respect. And although you some-
times disappoint me just a little ⁱⁿ asking
me to trust you when I do not see my way
very clearly, still I have a faith in you that
at least you are one of the best and truest of
women. I should like to hear often that you
love me and not be asked to take quite so much
an trust. For the question will come up:
suppose she ceases to take an interest in me,
and comes to love me in a bitter sort
of way? And how can I be sure that she
dearly and truly loves me unless she con-
tinues to remind me of it? For although

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I believe firmly, that if we were married, you would be true from principle and from a sense of right, and that for that reason we would never be unhappy, still I would like to know that you were going to be true from inclination as well. You see, dear, it is not that I am jealous of your preference for other men, but as to whether you might not become indifferent to me as well.

You wrote me some time ago that you had met your old lover, and to tell you the truth I do not think I altogether liked your description of him and think his remarks on the occasion of his meeting you were just a little out of place - for a man has no right to come forward to his wife, by saying that she is or ever has been jealous; a sense of fairness and of justice ought to have kept his lips closed. You would not like it, dear, if when we are married ~~you~~ I should tell Cousin Willie that you were jealous of him. But there can be no question I think that you acted the part of a true woman in declining to let him speak. You were true to me and you to his wife as well as to yourself. There is a good deal I think in the old admonition in regard to the shining body appear-

ance of wil. It is certain that if we are
careful of our first steps there will be no
subsequent ones to regret. And I think
I can promise you that your fidelity to me
will not be forgotten. You asked if I had
gotten over my feeling for Cousin Willie Ripley.
I do not know whether you ought to have asked
me that or not. If a man forgets one woman
won't he forget another? It is my belief that
if a man is not discarded or otherwise mis-
treated by a woman, he will if he loves her
once, do so for all time to come. But it does
not follow from this that his thoughts are all the while
with her or that he can never love any one else.

Men can and do love more than once. I
am glad though you spoke of Cousin Willie, for
I want you to know how I feel in regard to
him. In the first place I have a supreme
contempt for his husband and there is still
an attraction lingering about him that I am
conscious of when with her. I doubt if
you will like her when you see her and she is
pretty certain to express herself as greatly pleased
with you, and at heart to dislike you. I think
think so from the fact that she never takes

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a joke about my marrying with a very good
grace, and that she still has a secret like-
up for me & argue from the way in
which she sometimes mistakes me - when
I pay her back in her own coin to the best
of my ability. I have now told you
about all these is to tell, dear. I like her still,
as you doubtless like your old lover, and as I
believe all men and women like their old sweet-
hearts.

I think I told you once of a little
occurrence at Christmas some two or three
years ago, of how she forgot herself for a
little while, and of how she took revenge upon
me by a studied coldness, which I hardly think
I deserved. But as for acting in any way dishon-
orable, or for even a moment meditating anything of the
sort, I have nothing to answer for. In all my life
I never once told her I loved her or asked
her if she loved me. Wasn't that a strange way
for lovers to act? Perhaps if I had loved her better
I might have told her so; but I never cared to flirt
with her or to ~~tell~~ ask her to love me when I did not
mean to ask her to marry me. I think my
liking for her has been as much a matter ^{family} of pride
with me as anything else. We do not exactly be-

long to the 400, but among "tokeey people" we make a pretty good show.

But you need have no fears, dear, that I ~~will~~ may be unfaithful to you. That I love you I think you already know. And even if I did not care for my wife - and you are not to think I am considering a possible supposition - I should never in any case prove unfaithful to her.

I noticed a statement today that when a man and woman live long together they come to look alike. Have you ever noticed it? I have frequently, and spoken of it; I supposed it is caused by thinking so much of the same things. What do you think of the prospect of looking like me?

Skoolbad has been in town for a day or two and has been spending a good portion of his time in my office. He wants to form a partnership and do work all over the country. I think we may possibly do so. We want to work our way over into the coal fields where there needs to be done a great quantity of work. We learned this afternoon that the railroad in Anicori is certainly to be built, and that we are to do the work.

There will be about 8 months work there I suppose, and they will want us to begin about the

4

Middle of July. I have enough work en-
gaged to keep me busy until that time.

What about our marriage, dear? I am
more concerned about that than about any
work you. Can we marry sometime in
July if I can arrange to come for you?
I wonder how it would do to marry on my
birthday which comes on the 16th of July. I do not
know on what day of the week it may
fall on Saturday, and then it wouldn't do, would it?
I would like to marry you any day, but you
might not favor Saturday yourself. Write me what
you think about the matter. I wonder if you
look forward to our marriage with half the pleasure
I do. — Will you really be glad when I am yours.

One of my sisters, Alice, is going over to
the Natural Tunnel tomorrow with the Institute
girls on an excursion. They have chartered a
car and are to take dinner and a brass band
along. On Monday next I am en-
gaged to go to the mountains to make a
survey of a portion of the Hancock Lands. Ex-
pect to return on Tuesday or Wednesday, and to
start on Thursday for the mountains again to be-
gin a survey of the Warren tract — 5000 acres. It —

will require about 10 days work. And
I think I must arrange to have you write
to me while I am away. If you are
here I should take you with me. But you will
write, won't you? and you will love me won't
you? - and you won't mind saying so will
you?

In order that I may hear from you again be-
fore leaving it will be necessary for you to
answer this at once. I will mail it an-
tomorrow without waiting to hear from you.

The town is quiet and I must close for
tonight. You will send your picture soon? It
can't possibly be ~~any~~ any sweeter than you
looked this evening; but unless you have
changed greatly it will a good one, and I
promise you somebody will love it.

Goodnight, my dear, and may God bless and keep you -

Yours devotedly

E. L. K.

Hazlehurst
May 25. 1894.

My dear, Will you be
very much surprised to
receive this when I do
not see you a letter?
The fact is, I want
to hear from you, and
as I've not had that
pleasure this week I have
decided to write - I know
what is the matter. You
write last week you would
go to the mountains this
week to do some work, and
I know dear that is why

you have not written.
Every afternoon this week
I returned from
school the first question
would be "Any mail?" and
the reply has been the
same, "Nothing today," or
at least it would mean
"nothing" to me when I
did not get a letter from
you dear. Of course I
get other letters, some
nearly every day, but they
do not count. I have
just finished a letter
to Sam, the first I have
written him in two months
and I have received about
four from him in the
meantime, but I do not
have time to keep up with

2

his letters even if I had
the inclination. I do not
care to stop writing him
altogether, or perhaps to
write occasionally.

I have not been very well
since I wrote last, and
this afternoon I came home
from school at 5 o'clock
and went to bed. But got
up for supper. I feel
much better now. Guess
I am more tired than
sick. This is Friday
night - and something
wonderful has happened.
There has been no callers
tonight & I have not seen

out anywhere - It is the
first evening in weeks
that this has happened.
There are three of us
girls in the house & if
one does not leave company
or go out somewhere another
does, but is finer the case
that we all have at the
same time - It is a
pleasure to see the parlour
dark one night, and I
am enjoying the quiet
evening. Mary is spending
the night with our Aunt
and Miss Frederick is away
from home - All in the
house are asleep while I
am writing. I wonder
where you are tonight, &
if you are thinking of

somebody down in this.

If you are not, somebody
shant love you at all.

Sunday 3 P. M.

Your letter was handed
me last night about nine
o'clock. My stepfather had
it in his pocket all the
afternoon. Forgot to give
it to me before. I was
real provoked at him
for his carelessness, but
it is just like a man
to forget letters when they
are for somebody else.

Are men as selfish as they
sometimes appear? Of course

I do not expect you to say
they are wrong should you
think so. There is one thing
in your letter which struck
me, and I have not quite
gotten over it. My age.
You must think me a
regular Matruzelah. 34 indeed!

My eldest brother is
35 years, and I am the
fourth child. I was born
Aug. 25th 1864. Now if you
are real bright you may
be able to check the calcula-
tion ^{and} you can find out my
exact age. For once in my
life I am telling the truth
about it. an unusual
thing for a woman to
do. But I take it for
granted you told me

the truth about you, and
 and turn about it fair
 play. I thought you
 had about 35 or 36, but
 am not disappointed
 that you are 37, for
 I expect that much
 difference should be,
 and I could not care
 if it were more even.
 So your years of
 experience etc, are all
 right. I am glad
 you think of going
 with the Press excursion,
 it will be a pleasant
 trip for you, but I
 am disappointed about

your coming by to see me.
I have planned several
trips to Massachusetts, but
have never in the summer,
but have always been
disappointed in going.

I like the way you
write about our photographs.
Why do you persist in
waiting for mine before
sending yours? I have
no object in waiting for
yours before sending
mine, but just do not
have the time to have
some taken, and you
say you are ready at
all days notice. Now
stop your foolishness
and send me one as
soon as you can, dear,

For I want to see how
 perfectly lovely you are,
 and the ~~sun~~ ~~face~~ will not
 show in the picture, I am
 quite sure. It may be
 too much yet before I
 can have some "stamps"
 but I will do it as soon
 as possible. You must
 not expect me to write
 very often in the next two
 weeks for I shall be
 very busy. School closes
 the 8th June and the teachers
 for the next session will
 be elected the Monday
 after. Shall I put in
 my application again?

I believe I will get back on
you & teach the balance
of my life - Would you
be afraid very much? As
you know I could not
do such a thing - In the
first place I am not
so much in love with
teaching that I could
not give it up, and in
second I am too much
in love with somebody
to give him up. How
if ^{not} that nicely put?

I went to church this
morning, we had a large
congregation & our singing
was good, I have been
feeling good ever since
since. This afternoon is
warm and I have not had

my usual Sunday nap,
 What do you think of
 bicycle riding on
 Sunday in a little town.
 It is quite the rage
 here just now, but I do
 not think it right on
 Sunday, tho' it is done
 in cities. There are about
 seven boys out now in
 bicycle suits riding
 all over town & the
 surrounding country.
 I wonder when I am
 to hear from you again -
 I think it is nice of
 Ford to write his wife
 plus, but I think well

a day would be about as much
as I could stand - Hope
you will have a pleasant
trip to the mountains & not
come up in any "ugly" character.

Write as often as you can & I
will do likewise - With love

Yours
Carrie P.

Hazlehurst High School.

PIANO FORTE RECITAL,

—TO BE GIVEN BY—

MISS MAY ELLIS,

Pupil of Miss Carrie Redding.

—ASSISTED BY—

MISS LORA HORNE, Elocutionist,

—AND THE—

Mendelssohn Quartette,

MISSES REDDING, AND

MESSRS. BRITAIN AND JONES.

Friday, June 1st, 1894,

8 O'CLOCK P. M.

LEADER PRINT, BROOKHAVEN.

PROGRAMME.

- 1 Sonata, in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1..... *Beethoven.*
Allegro and Adagio.
- 2 Marche—Orientale, Op. 92..... *Two Pianos.*
- 3 Recitation—"Searching for the SLAIN".....
- 4 Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2..... *Chopin.*
Polacca Brillante, Op. 72..... *Weber.*
- 5 Quartette—"Moonlight Will Come Again".....
..... *Thompson.*

- 6 Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 10..... *Liszt.*
- 7 Recitation—"Kentucky Philosophy".....
- 8 Menuet, Op. 14..... *Paderewski.*
Tremolo..... *Gottschalk.*
- 9 Quartette..... *Selected.*
- 10 Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14.....
..... *Mendelssohn.*
- 11 Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2..... *Liszt.*
Piano A. Misses Kate Freeman and May Ellis.
Piano B. Miss Redding (by request).



Alvares do. Briguia

June 3rd 1894

My dear gal:

Your dear letter was received un-
expectedly a day or two ago at a
Mrs. Lee Denton's where we stopped to
stay all night - and I do not think I have
enjoyed any of your letters so much
as this one. I wish you could
have seen Mrs. Denton getting supper
for us. She seemed to be weighed down
with the responsibility resting upon her
fat shoulders and the way she wad-
dled about, panting for breath, and
with her tangled hair floating around
her red face and sitting off her
snaggled teeth was a sight - calcu-
lated to make one enjoy his supper
of middling sweet and sobby biscuit.

lie Deutor him-
self has been
married twice.



Mrs. Lee Deutor.

His first-wife
was a beauty -
it is said and very smart; but in mak-
ing his second choice he seems to
have been less fortunate; the clothes
look as if they had been tied on him.

It is said that children are bright or stupid
according to the nature of their mother,
and the rule seems to hold pretty good
in his case. The children of his
first wife are remarkably bright; while
the present Mrs. Deutor's only child is
decidedly like its mother.

You can imagine the hardships
we are undergoing when I tell you
that we usually go without our din-
ner while working in the mountains,
except for ~~some~~ strawberries we can
find. There is small fox in Abingdon,
one of the jailers family having
it; and now we are in danger of

being arrested and taken to Ab-
ingdon for trial for trespass. But
I hardly think we will be; or if
we are somebody will have to
pay dearly for it. So add to an
hundred the mountains are full
of snakes; there being an un-
usual number of copperheads and
rattlesnakes. We have already
killed one of each kind. I had
brought a bottle of whiskey out
to use in case any of us were
bitten; - but the whiskey is all gone
and I don't know where we will get any
more.

I wrote you a letter, dear, the night
before I started intending to mail it
in the following morning; but in the
rush of getting off I forgot it. I
may send it to you when I re-
turn. This is Sunday and I
am at Frank Duff's; the quietest

place in the world. The river flows
by with a gentle murmur, ~~and~~
the water birds skim across its
surface and the songsters sing
in the overhanging trees. It is
such a joy and place as I
like to find.

He is at good luck of fortune
with a boy who come out with
us from Bristol. On yesterday one
of the mountaineers showed him
some wild rubeys and told him
that it made the best com. med-
icine in the world; that it would
remove warts and freckles. Every
body told the same story about it,
and poor Jo has his pockets filled
with the stuff that he is talking back
to Bristol. "No fool no fun."

You speak of the pleasure it
gives you to see the parlor dark for one
night; and I think you can look
forward to a good many such
evenings when we are married.

Boston - July 1st 1874

My own darling: -

You are the very best, dearest and sweetest girl on earth. In my letter a week ago I did not show as much confidence in you as it seems you deserved. I did I think half suspect the real reason but I thought it far more likely that you ^{were} growing fickle again, and in fact I would not allow myself to put any other construction on your letter. You may know then how glad I was to find I was mistaken. I think it is well enough that you told me the circumstances under which you are placed. While ours is in no sense to be a business marriage, yet it is of the greatest importance perhaps that we should talk over our affairs in a business way. In the first place I think your reasons for wishing to postpone a marriage are altogether satisfactory and I shall agree to postpone it until Christmas. But on one distinct misunderstanding. I should be the last man to find fault with you for having helped your family to a well furnished home when they were unfortunate; for it has been in just such ways that my own money has gone

for the ~~15~~ 15 years. That was all right - and
you acted the part of a true woman. But
your promise to me - which I had counted on -
was to marry me at such time as I might
choose, and I chose June first - and then Septem-
ber. If now I agree to postpone the time again
for 4 months, in order that you may as you
say procure the means for securing a becom-
ing trousseau, it must be with the distinct
understanding that such means are to go that
way. Not necessarily that you should spend it
all on your outfit - for as to that I am not
greatly concerned - but that what you make
during that time goes into your individual pocket-
book, and comes out again only ^{for} ~~upon~~ the
one purpose of being expended upon your-
self. This may seem selfish to you, dear, but
if my plans are all to be disarranged to ac-
commodate you, it is but fair that I should
reap such incidental advantage as may come
of it. You say you think your family will
be more fortunately situated the coming year, but
of this you must be sure. Or at least you must
be sure of yourself and your relations, without
knowing any of the circumstances, beyond the
meagre account you have given me, I feel
that you have already done your part. At my
side my clovers and your own must be con-

considered next. Of course you are not going
to stand by and see them suffer, but
it is not likely, I trust, to come to any such pass
as that. In that case circumstances would have
to govern you. In my own case, dear,
I have sometimes thought I may have made
a mistake in regard to my sisters, and that
if I could have had the heart to ding them
I might by laying something aside each year,
be able eventually to ^{do} much better by them than
I have done. Now you and I will want
to work to get us a home, and we will have
to begin almost from the foundation; we will
have to live economically - and by econom-
ically I mean only the cutting off of useless
expenses, such as dinner giving, too many oys-
ter suppers, theatres, short car rides, and the like.

There will be ways I think in which you can
add to our income, and once we get a foot-
hold, dear, if only a small farm somewhere
in a pleasant locality, I'll engage to make money
out of it. I do not mean I expect to abandon
engineering for farming, but I know there
is money in the two taken together. There would
be lots you see for you to do in that case. For if
we had a dairy farm somewhere, I could soon

put you on to the management of it (provided you do not turn out to be idiotic) and there is no question that such farming pays if one has the resources to draw upon in case of emergencies.

Now do not be alarmed, dear, at the prospect of becoming a dairy maid and making butter. Dairy farming here is a very different thing from what it would be in Mississippi. The climate itself is not more unlike than the soil and the productions of the two states. You could hardly imagine two states more unlike. You do not know (you poor misguided Mississippian) what a real meadow looks like, nor what it takes to constitute a bubbling spring. You grow some of the finest and sweetest women in Mississippi, but when it comes to ~~the~~ cows you are not in it at all with Tennessee.

So you see, my love, if instead of getting two small crossbreds (and you are to understand the "sweller" you look the better & shall like it-) you should instead buy enough to get a jersey cow - a real, line deer shaped jersey - why it might be the founding of a sud that would one day grow into a fortune. Nor would it be necessary for us to wait to get a farm to begin milking our jersey. I estimate that the feed of such a cow would be \$3 per month, and that her milk could be sold for \$18, giving a clear gain of \$15 per month, which is not to be sneezed at these perilous times. In five

months she would ³ more than pay for herself and
after that she would be an inexhaustible mine of
wealth, and we might work her up to buying us
another jersey, and so we would get richer and
richer as time went on.

And further, my precious, if the time ever comes
when we own a spot of land big enough I mean
to put out a strawberry patch, and from that time
on life will flow in easy shrouds, and between
flowery banks for us. We would have our own
strawberries and cream during the summer, and our
own strawberry preserves and cream in winter. I won't
stop now to paint for you a picture of a
cool clean party with shelves filled with rows of
rows of canned peaches, tomatoes, currants, huckleberries,
(think of huckleberries and cream!) with watermelons on
the floor and great demi-johns of wine in the corner.

When it comes to talking business and discussing
ways and means I am invariably to be relied upon.
They are always laughing at me at home for my
very provident ways. Only recently I had twelve gallons
of strawberry preserves put up - and I have my plans
laid for securing 70 gallons or more of black berries,
for wine, jellies, junks and cordials, and in the
fall my head is set on buying in vast supplies of
lard, pork, potatoes, chestnuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, and
oysters; enough to last a year almost; and they girls
laugh at me for it. You need not fear, dear, that

I want find something for us to eat ~~as~~ as long
as our money lasts. I am willing to econo-
mize in needles, coats, hats and shoes, and I am
wedy always to go without either collars or cuffs ~~if nec-~~
or "galluses" if necessary - but I will have enough
to eat.

I was to have gone to Cherokee City on yes-
terday to meet Mr. O. Chouteau and daughter from
Chicago, who are coming to visit me, but re-
ceived a telegram that this visit had been de-
ferred on account of sickness. Mr. Chouteau is
Ex. President of the American ^{Society of} Civil Engineers, and is
coming to discuss with me the points brought
out in my paper read before the World's Congress,
about which, I believe I wrote you.

It would be very pleasant to talk with some
one on the coast. It is not impossible that I
may get down to see you during the sum-
mer. It will depend somewhat upon the amount
of work I have on hand.

Will I receive a letter from you soon? The
envelope to be sure on the way now in an-
swer to my last.

Goodbye, and God bless, dear,

Yours devotedly -

H. C. Ho

Bristol - Tenn -

July 8 1894

My Dear Carrie Sue:

Why do I not hear from you any-
more? Are your mails cut off by the
strike? I judge so from the fact that
in your last you said the mail from
the north had been delayed 4 days, and I
think the Illinois Central, which I be-
lieve carries your mail has been boy-
cotted. If so, however much I may
miss your letters I cannot justly find
fault with you for not writing. Our
roads are not affected here by the strike,
but we are getting the benefit of the
strike in the west in the way of cheap
watermelons and bananas. So it's an
ill wind that blows no body good. If
I have to go without hearing from you
I can still take my fill of watermelons
and so get some good out of life
after all.

I have been working during the past week

but not very hard. Shoalwater has been
in and we have talked a good deal.
But talking is not work. We have formed
a partnership along certain lines and hope
to make some money in the near future.
I will still do all the local work in Bris-
tol and he will do the same in Eliz-
abethton; but we are looking out for some
big jobs from ^{at} a distance which we
will operate in partnership. One of these
is the final location and building su-
perintendance of the new road in Uni-
coi, - which we surveyed in last January -
and on which work will possibly be-
gin about the 1st of September - About
the same time we have the promise of
the engineering work on the ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{Donna} Ab-
ingdon and James's ^{rail} road - connecting
Abingdon with the Holston Valley - which will
necessitate a lot of work. In the mean-
time I have laid off a trip to Russell
County Virginia, starting on the 17th and re-
turning about the 23rd of the month. On
my return I want to go to Cherokee City -

for a few days to meet Charlotte - who
has been detained in Chicago on ac-
count of the strike and the illness of his
daughter. There will then be a coup-
le of weeks work here, and then I
might - perhaps slip off for a little
while to see you. This will be my last
opportunity I suppose, as I should you
will likely start for Jackson and Mill-
wood about the first of September, and
I will see you no more till Christmas.

I should have gone to Russell this week, but
have been appointed on the examining
board for the Public Schools on next Thurs-
day and Friday.

I have missed your letters, dear; and have
been more than usually impressed with
the fact that it is a long while till Christ-
mas. And I tell you now, Carrie Sue, if
you fail me this time your name is done.
Nothing will not be so unbecomingly te-
dious if I have your promise to marry
me than beyond peradventure. But I

want this arrangement to be final and
as unalterable as the laws of the Medes
and Persians. dearest, why didn't we
get married two or three years ago? We
might as easily as not, and think of how
much happiness we have lost by it?

And do you make very sure, old girl, that
you don't shipwreck our plans another
time. I never will forgive you if you
do.

When you go back to Jackson you may
have to refuse Dr. Halcombe again. Think
of it he has lost 3 wives within the last six years.

And you may have the pleasure of refusing
Guy again. Poor Guy; how happy he will
be when he hears that you are coming
back to Millwood. For three months you will
have a buggy ride every Sunday - and then
Sweet, your buggy rides with Guy will sud-
denly and finally and forever cease. And per-
haps they will never be resumed.

Write me as soon as you get this, even
though you have just written.

With my love

Love your

E. C. Parker

Ans. Monday
July 16-



Miss Carrie S. Redding

Hagleyhurst

Mississippi

Haydenhurst, Miss.
July 9. 1894.

My dear,

I guess you think I have forgotten you entirely by my silence, but you know that is not so.

I have been & am still very busy getting off on my trip to the Coast, and have not gone yet. Think I shall leave the last of this week. The weather has been so miserably warm I lost all of my energy, and did not care whether I ever left home or not. I have started three different letters to you in the last

just days, but something
would prevent me
finishing them - I can
hear Mamma calling me
now, "Carrie come on to
your sewing or you'll
never get off to the Coast."

Now you are not to under-
stand by that, I am doing
my sewing - I am only assist-
ing in my very feeble way.
You will soon see my
dear that Carrie Sue
is not energetic, and is
less industrious - so please
do not think of me ever
with my pliers rolled
up, apron on, hands
to everything else covered
with flour, nor as a

Dairy maid, or any
 thing else but please
 Carrie see doing her
 own part will at all
 times. I am never
 made to do anything,
 but occasionally I see
 where I might be of some
 valuable assistance and
 I make the sacrifice -
 My life the past eight
 years has been an indolent,
 and changeless in many
 respects. I have fallen
 into very bad habits. Now
 we could make a lovely
 couple on a farm, wouldn't
 we dear? I think you
 must give up the
 farming & Dairy maid.

idea, for it will not
be a success. I am
perfectly willing for
you to get as many
blackberries for jam, and
wine, and how ^{many} many
preserves etc, as you
can possibly ^{with} I am
very fond of all those
things myself, and
I will sit by in a cool
place & read to you,
or sit in the parlor
at the piano & sing
such songs as "Jordan
is a hard road to travel"
& "There is rest for the weary"
to comfort & cheer you
while you persevere on
your arduous task. How

does that suit you -
I think it would be
very nice for me - Well,
I did do something this
morning which surprised
all in the house, my-
self included. It was
pouring down rain, and
of course the cook could not
venture out, so mama
came to my door at 6 o'clock
with the announcement. I
got up at once & was in
the kitchen in a half hour.
I fried the chickens & did
not burn myself on the chickens,
then I set the table, fixed
the cantaloupes & tomatoes
and rang the bell for
breakfast. I was rather

Proud of my efforts,
but must ^{not} I ask not
fond of this kind of
work or would have been
forced sleeping until
7 o'clock - had my
breakfast immediately
afterward.

I ~~thank~~ ~~you~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~compliment~~ ~~you~~ ~~paid~~
me in the first part of your
last letter. You are the dearest
best man in the world. I know
I do by your patience solely
sometimes by my indecision,
etc., but when you understand
me I think you can bear
with me a little letter.

You say now you are
willing to wait until

Christmas for our wedding,
 and I say I will not be
 married on Christmas, but
 let us say some time in
 Dec. or perhaps Nov. not
 selecting any especial date
 until later on. Will that
 suit you. I think I am
 about decided on going to
 Jackson La to teach next
 session, or a part of it, and
 my vacation will be nearly
 one month shorter thereby
 as Willard goes first Monday
 in Sept. For this reason
 my visit to the Coast will be
 a little shorter. Will
 stay only ~~two~~ weeks I think
 now. Write me here on receipt
 of this & if I am gone

your letter will be forwarded
to me. I wonder if I will
receive a letter from you
this afternoon - You should
write soon if you do not
hear from me. How you
fully recovered from the
recent illness you write
in of. I hope so. I shall
expect a letter every day
until it comes. Please do
not keep me waiting very
long. With my love
I am

Your own
Carrie Sue -

Please excuse pencil -