

BRISTOL
JUL
23
12 00 PM
1894

Miss Carrie S. Redding

Hazlehurst

Mississippi

Bristol Tenn

Sunday, 22 July 94

My dearest

I returned today from a long trip to Russell County Virginia to make a survey of some coal lands and to examine and report upon some other lands. Shoobred was with me and we had some lively experiences. We passed through some of the most delightful farming districts I have yet seen, where grass grew everywhere and the whole country was one expanse of green, with high hills and quiet cooves and cattle browsing in the rich pasture lands. It is as much richer country, agriculturally, than this. After passing through the farming districts of Russell County and the Church Mountain, we come to

The coal fields of the Cumberland
loud table lands. You may have
sometimes fancied, when you con-
sidered the enormous quantities of
coal consumed daily throughout the
country that the supply would soon
be exhausted. But unless you
have been in the coal fields you
can form but little conception of
the untold treasures that lie hid
in the mountains. Whole counties
are underlain by it - in beds
superimposed one above another,
and varying from 3 to 15 feet in
thickness. A single mountain
range will often contain coal
sufficient to last the entire world
twenty five years, and it is esti-
mated that the coal in a sin-
gle acre of ground, which now
sells for \$10, if mined would be
worth \$500,000.

So I think dear that I will

try and purchase an acre of coal
lands, and afterwards we may be
worth 50 thousand dollars.

I found a dear letter from you
awaiting me on my return. It was
written a week ago, or at least a
beginning had been made on it.
And you were already growing im-
patient to hear from me, and by this
time you must be thinking that
something serious is the matter.

In fact this makes the second letter
I have received from you since
writing. The first one I did not
answer for a few days after re-
ceiving it. Thinking I would pay
you back for your delay in an-
swering mine. But I had no
thought of waiting so long. When
a few days had elapsed I found
myself appointed on the exam-
ining board of the city schools
with a dozen young ladies to
examine for positions in the city.

schools, and this kept me employed
night and day until last Wednesday
when I set out without an hour's
rest for Russell County, with no
opportunity for writing until my
return.

Now, my precious I hope you
will learn a lesson from this ex-
perience and not delay to an-
swering my letters any more. If
you had answered promptly, I
would I, and so you see your
wrong doing always rests at last
upon your own head.

In your letter 10 days ago you
said I was never to think of your
doing any work, or as having your
sleeves rolled up and your arms
covered with flour. But, dear, that
is precisely the way I am go-
ing to think of you. If we
can hope to lay by enough money
to build a home of our own

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we must do so by the most rigid economy. We must stop all the leaks. And while I think it is extremely pleasant to have a pretty cook to get breakfast and keep the house in order, yet I know as well as I know my own name, that it costs more to feed and keep a cook than to furnish the table for a family of six persons. and while it is a very easy matter to keep out of debt and keep a good table without a cook it is next to impossible for a man to do so and make money with one.

So I am not counting, dear, on am keeping a cook, and I feel very sure that we will both be better satisfied without one than with one. The fact that you have much more household work does not possess any great terrors for me. You will do your best and that best will be as good, dear, as any body's best. I am not disposed to keep everybody busy around me, and

I am rather disposed to like people
who are just a bit lazy. These
girls have pretty much their own
way here; they read and sleep, and
work and rest, and stroll and so
on, pretty much as they choose. Next
when there is work to be done they do
it, and do it pretty well. I think
they have a sort of division of
labor which I have never altogether
understood. But one I think must
get breakfast for a week while the
others sleep and in turn get dinner
& supper, and these first are given
place to a second at the end of
the week and the second one first
one sleeps till breakfast.

Now as I say I do not think
I am fully into the facts and mer-
its of their scheme, but I think, dear
it is going to be best for you to
make it a religious duty to fall
in with it and take your turn with
the others. 1st Because it is anti-
gayous for a bride to come
into a household and set out

in part the arrangements of the whole
family (which they invariably do, and
which leads me to the conviction
that that the most ill-treated woman
and a sister is the despised mother-
in-law, the daughter-in-law's way
may be best, but honestly, isn't it
a little rude and selfish and does
it not savor of ^{self} importance for her to
throw the old lady unceremoniously
aside?) 2nd Because your future
peace and happiness depend large-
ly upon it. For while I think the
girls are the best girls in the world,
the most docile and tractable when
rightly treated, and ready to do anything
for others, yet they draw the line when
it comes to be imposed upon. So while
I think they would see that your
part of the work was very light, they
would also see that you did it.
3rd Because "spae dixit" which is
Latin for, "now therefore, I, Edward C.
Huffaker, do hereby affirm, declare,
deem and establish that it shall
be so in my household."

Now you will not I am sure mis-
understand me in what I have said.
I think we love each other well enough
to make sacrifices and if necessary
to make excuses; but you do not
want me to make excuses for you and
for my part I have more confi-
dence in you than you seem to have
in yourself.

I liked your last letter very much
and especially what you said ab-
out Guy. No I do not object
to your going with him as often
as you wish. If you go back to
Wellesford. I know of course your
heart is right and that you will be
careful to give no occasion for
talk. I think, dearest, we often
mean so near each other as when
we are considerate of each others
wishes. And although I may seem
disposed to have my own way in
most matters, still I think I am
not going to be the lordist man
in the world to get an wife.

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the worst husband, whatever you may think
or say to the contrary. For in the first
place I love you - do you know
how much sweet! - and in the
second place I have a very ex-
alted idea of your mental resources
and a great deal of respect for your
thinking apparatus, as well as for the
goodness of your nature, and a grow-
ing belief that you love me. So I
think we will get on and that you
will have the finest old man in
the South.

It was nice of you to say
what you did about Cora. And
I will say now and once for
all that if I seldom speak of
her you will have to put your
own interpretation upon my si-
lence. I do not think you will
ever doubt, nor did she ever
doubt that I loved her. And
while I do not mean to put
my own mind to grow con-

parisons between you, except in a generous spirit, yet
it is but fair to you to say that in some respects you
and I are more congenial than she and I were. Our
natures are less ethereal, less spiritual than hers was.
There was an elegance about her and a degree of re-
finement that had an especial charm for me; and yet
I doubt if in these respects I can come up to
her ideal. While on the other hand she appreciated cer-
tain traits in my character which are I fancy well
nigh lost on you. But on the other hand I can make
fun of you and joke with you in a way that I could
never do with her. She took things too much in earnest
for that. I remember her surprise as never more than once
occasion when you and I said such hard things of

each other. There are some things, dear, about which I have
hesitated to speak to you, for fear I might mislead you, and
because I have felt that not being able to tell you everything
I should not perhaps tell you anything. But speaking ac-
tually of you now, and telling you only that part which con-
cerns yourself, I may tell you that it was when I
first met you at Millwood, toward the close of the first
year I was at Jackson, that I first realized how I might
love you and how sweet it would be to have you love
me. And the feeling I have for you now is very much a-
kin to that I experienced then. So much I think I owe
it to you to say, and I feel that I can say as much
without any reflection on Cora's memory. But if I
do not then speak of her I want you always to speak freely

of her whenever you are so disposed.

Last week I received a long letter from Rose Seaman, the first in many months, and which I must answer at once.

I have had one objection to urge against your return to Willowood. Cora wrote me that there had been a good deal of fever about Jackson, and I would you be sure it has disappeared entirely before venturing down. In fact I have never thought Jackson a healthy locality - especially in autumn. If you decide to remain at home or go to a healthier spot I shall not be disappointed.

Write me without a day's delay, and say you have missed my letters.

With my best love

Yours Always -

Ed. Buffaker

Hayhurst, Miss.
July 25. 1894.

My dear,
You've received
yesterday after I had
looked for it for
more than a week. I
had an idea you were
away from home, as
you spoke of being
away about that time
in your last letter,
but I looked for
and missed your
letter all the same.

I am off for the
Coast tonight and you
can imagine me posted
in the middle of the

Close my trunk
open & the things all
scattered around
ready to be packed.
I am half dead, but
keeping up my spirits
until I get off. I am
going away to see a
child, but will come
to return in ten days
for the wedding. I
will write again when
I get down there, and
tell you how I enjoyed
parts of your last
letter. I don't what I
think of the other
parts. In any way
when I finished
reading your letter

I felt more like I
had been with you
talking, and now I
do wish it had been
so. It will not be
always thus I guess.
You did not speak
coming down this
summer, now please
do not disappoint
me. My address
will be Mississippi
City, Miss. Care of Mrs.

Mr. H. Burnley, and
you are to write me there
the day you receive this,
as you hear? You will
hear from me again in a
day or so. With my love
Yours
Carrie Redding

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Mr E. C. Huffaker
Bristol
Tenn



JUL
1894
3:30 PM
NEW YORK

July 27. 1874.

My dear,

You will find enclosed a note which explains its self partly.

I did really expect to go to the coast Wednesday night and up to 12 o'clock that night thought I would go, but Mama succeeded in persuading me to wait until after that wedding on the 8th Aug. when I can go down & play longer than a week or ten days. I was ashamed for people to see me on the street yesterday, after bidding them good by the night. I fore sat the Concert. But I think it is better

I did not go now under
the circumstances. When
I will go down just after
the wedding. I have just
written a letter to Carra Fishburn
telling her I would go to
Wilmington at Sept. The firm
in Jackson has confined
almost exclusively to this
Catholic school. I do not
fear anything at Wilmington.
My last safe never letter
before it was the three years
I spent there. However
I appreciate your interest
and in the matter & will
investigate thoroughly before
going down. Thank you
for what you said about
me going with Guy when
I am down there. You
know I could not well get
out of going with him
sometimes when he has

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always been such a good
friend of mine. When
we have decided fully,
without doubt etc, that
we are to be married on
a certain day, I shall
tell Guy as he will under-
stand matters exactly.

Let you know, I shall
be glad very glad when
three next three or four
months have passed, for
my dear notwithstanding
your six ideas about what
Dr. Edward C. Tuffaker as
affirm, declare & draw etc.
about your household (which of
course will work to) I look
forward to it with much
pleasure, & believe the change

will add greatly to my
future happiness. I
regret sometimes that
I said no to September,
but that part is settled
now. I want to pay right
here. I understand you
in regard to what you said
about me in connection with
Cora, and I appreciate it,
I hope we will find our
views as congenial as
you think we are. I
think I understand you
as well as any body could
at this distance and
considering the lapse of
time since we used to
say such hard things
to each other. in a

joking way - I think we
 have kept that up all
 these years to, how we
 not? By the way, how
 about your great talent,
 you have given up art,
 it seems. I have not
 had a picture in some
 time. Speaking of pictures
 make me think. I had
 planned to have my
 picture taken in N.C. &
 send you one as a
 surprise, but did not go.
 I think you will have to
 wait & see the original
 when you come down
 next month. You are
 coming, are you not dear?
 How would you like to come
 down in Sept. & visit Jackson

to! Just as you like
better, as you come.

When shall I hear
from you again. You
will not wait several
days to answer this
time I know. Remember
you are the author
letter anyway. Mary sends
her love. He is a great
friend of yours.
With very best
Yours
Carrie Lee.

Hayhurst, Mass.

Aug. 19. 1894

My dearest Jay,

I had just mailed a letter to you the other day when yours came that afternoon, or I would have answered this a little earlier.

I find that unless I answer a letter the very day it is received it is always several days, or a week, before it is

done - & hereafter
my dear, I think
I shall make it
a point to write you
the night of the very
day I receive your
letters, & perhaps we
can hear from you
each other a letter
further.

Well, I
must tell you first
what I have done.

I have disappointed
Miss McCalmont again
and will not go to
Millwood to teach - but
remain at home as
long as you will let

me. I wrote Miss H.C. a few days ago, & of course had to let her into the secret a little so she would understand why I treated her so. I told her that I expected to be married some time in the next four or five months, and it would be useless for me to start her with her for about a time.

I did not tell her who the fortunate man was, and asked her to consider this

in strict confidence.
The reason I did this
was, after I told my
mother what I intended
doing, she would not
listen to me leaving
her before Dec.

I had never told her
anything definite
about what was going
on between us until
the first of last week.
She said she did
not know how she
was going to give
me up, etc. But
she approved, there
was no use in her
raising objections, since

I am old enough
to decide such matters
for myself. She
talked to me very
nicely, but sadly about
it, and said she
would rather know
and see something
of you before the
important event.

Wouldn't you possibly
come down for a
few days soon? I
think you could.

Mama has heard
Mary & I speak of
you so often, and your
connection with Jackson

La. etc. she feels like she knows
you very well now. It was after
you left there I believe that
she made me a visit. There
are some things I regret about
not going to Jackson to teach, but
for some reason I am glad
not to go. What do you think of
my decision. + x x x

I was interrupted here by some
callers a young man & young lady
the man lives here & the lady is
his girl, visiting friends here.
They were very kind in love, are
to be married in Nov. I believe.
They went on to make other calls
this afternoon, and asked me to go
with them. But I prefer remaining
at home Sunday afternoon, & wanted
to finish my letter & get it off
to-day so I did not go. Mary went
with them. You made some good
suggestions about my trip to the Coast.
In the way of collecting a lot of
skulls etc. for you, and should I

ever get there I would
do so with pleasure.

After I decided to go
to Jackson La. I gave
up my trip to the
Coast, on account of

the short time I
would have to play
at home. Then after

I decided not to go
to Jackson thought

again I would go to
the Coast but afraid

I am to be disappointed
again. The father of

the cousin I expect
to visit down there
is here, very ill, and

she may have to come
to town at any time

so you see for the
present I could
not go - It is four
weeks until school
opens & I may go
down during that
time if my uncle
is well enough -

I have not cared
much to leave here
this summer as it
may be the last
one I will spend
here for some time.

I find that my
mind dwells on
this a good deal now
and it is with a

feeling of pleasure
& sadness mixed.
The changing of my
name changes every
thing else some times
for the better, some
times otherwise. But
we know dear it is
for better for us
inasmuch as our
happiness is concerned.
For you are going
to God & true to
us always, and
I shall try to do
my part.

I hope I shall
get a letter from

you tomorrow. I looked
for me today -
With my love -
your own
Carrie Sue -

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MURST
3
20
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Mr E. C. Huffaker

Bristol

Conn

Hay Church, Miss.
21-Aug-1874

My dear,

I was down
at my aunts last
evening to spend the
night, and after tea
Mary and Mr Mc-Master,
(our step father) came
down for a few moments
to bring your letter to
me. I had quite a
time with it. The
girls know you as
"Cousin Carrie's
Jellow", and all
declared they would

take it from me
and read it. There
was quite a scramble,
but I at last
succeeded in getting
away from them, &
ran up stairs, where
I locked the door
and read my letter
in peace. I do not
know when I have
enjoyed a letter

from you very dear
as I did this one.
It was so like you,
jolly, good, & wise.
I read it twice before
going down stairs to
join that merry crowd

of children. You will
like this family of
my numerous relations
very much, first
because I love them
all & they think a
great deal of me.
Then they are a very
interesting family.
There are twelve in
the house - ten children
& father & mother - all
numerical, full of
life, and full of
in this world's goods.
I spend about one
night out each week
with them & am
down there every few

days - They, some of
them, are with us
quite as often.

Enough of my family
for this time, however.

We must have been
writing each other
about the same
hour Sunday evening
and I received yours
Sunday afternoon a
right letter. I think
I deserve credit for
this prompt reply.
It goes to prove how
much I love some-
body. I won't say who.

I must say your
ideas about weddings
show some thought

young man came
here the night before
to ask me how he
in some skulls here,
and just after break-
fast he walked out
on the front gallery,
seemingly well, but
he fell very suddenly
to the floor in a
convulsion, and in two
hours he was dead.
His father was dispatched
for & came up on the
noon train, the only
member of his family
in the South. They were
Northern people. He was
buried here this morning.

It must be sad to die
among strangers -

I hope you & your
man from Chicago
will finally meet. It
seems to me he has
disappointed you
several times, about
getting to see you -

Speaking of seeing you,
Am I ever to get that
photo? I am tired of
this foolishness, and
you must send me
one - I am going
to a reunion tonight
at a ~~ferns~~ house - Big
thing - dancing, eating,

and drinking wine &
Champagne. I promise
you now before I go,
I will not drink too
much. These jests are
vice people, & are one
of the families we
mingle with - I
shall think of you
my dear, while I
am having a nice
time - Are you going
with Mr Massengill
show you may visit
when you come home,
as he is one of my
best friends among
the younger young

men. I had a
short letter from
Guy Tomk yesterday
telling me he had heard
I was not going to
Jackson & how he
regretted it, etc.,

Well I guess I have
written as much as
you will bear. The
wind is bad though
as you are so busy.
Hope to hear from you
tomorrow. With my
love & best wishes

I am

Your son

Carrie Sue

Aug 25. '94.

Bristol - Tenn -

Oct 9 1894

My Dear:-

I think now I will leave Bristol on next Friday at 1 P.M. - 12th inst. which if nothing happens will put me in Hazlehurst on Saturday at 3 P.M. It is hardly a safe time to go as railroad wrecks are becoming unflinchingly numerous. For some unknown cause wrecks seem to be epidemic at times; four years ago we had 30 wrecks on the East. & 90 rods inside of 30 days. On Sunday last we had a fearful wreck just 3 miles west of town, of which you may have seen an account in the newspapers. It was the awfullest sight I ever beheld; how anybody got out alive is a mystery. With the exception of one sleeper the entire train was burned to ashes. The loss in cars alone was \$75,000. No one was killed outright; but the engineer died this morning. Two or three others are not yet out of danger. The wreck was probably caused by a child loyering the

the head of a ball on the track.

Our Chicago friends did not come. School-bred was soon and we learned that there had been a mistake as to the time they intended returning. They say now they will be here about the last of the week, but I think I can very safely make my visit to you and get back before I am needed here.

I have at last come into possession of the information necessary to complete my map of the Holston Conference, and will do some work on it today and tomorrow. A Mr. Barker was ^{around} to see me this morning to about making a map of 10000 acres of land in North Carolina, which he wants right away. I would like to get it done before leaving, so you had best I think not look too strongly for me on Saturday. If I do not leave on Friday I will not leave before Monday, which would throw me in Hozelhurst on Tuesday.

I was sorry to learn that you were not well, but hope you are well by this time. We are having stormy weather, cold, damp and disagreeable, with

occasional, ^{light} gusts of snow. Don't and
have a good fire going in our stove
and are very comfortably situated, not-
withstanding the inclement weather out-
side. I can hardly realize that I am
to see you soon. I wonder if you have
changed much? In personal appearance
you may, though I look to find you
the same delightful Carrie Sue I first
met 8 years ago. It was after ser-
vices at the Methodist Church - Sunday
school I think and you were sitting
at the organ. Do you know 8 years
is a long time? I wonder what an-
other eight-years will have in store for
you and me? If you could would
you lift a corner of the veil and look
so far into the future? Faces that are
now very familiar to us would, many
of them, have disappeared. Will we
be estranged still and look back to
the past when we trusted each other and
thought we would have no more mis-
understandings? I think we will not-
boise the Cartain. Only one thing is cer-
tain about the future - if we live so long, we

will be each eight-years older - and not much wiser. I don't think I have gained much in wisdom in 8 years - that is in some lines. In others I have. I have learned to be kinder and gentler, and while I have still much to learn - along that line I am not as bad as I once was. After my father died and the girls were left to my charge. A great change came over my life and my disposition. Whatever else I may have failed in I have been faithful to that charge. And my thoughts of them and my care for them has served to relieve money an hour that would otherwise have been very lonely.

I wish that I could come to see you as a most cordial invitation and with more assurance that I would be welcome. But I suppose I am somewhat too sensitive about such matters. I like your plan of changing my name. Perhaps I will do better with a new name. So instead of Edward C.H. it will be H.C. Edwards, of Atlanta, Ga. If that does not throw people off the track I do not know what will. I think I will be Dr. Edwards. Give my love to Marie.

Yours,
E.C. Huffaker.

Money - 47

Holston Valley

at 22

My account

I am writing a little long
and restles this evening. One
age I arrived at this place, a
little bird was a brooding, which was
fully incubated near by. I
Bristol about 1800 and I
house for the evening. I
and I arrived to my
was blind, and I
over look into a
I did not keep a
all that a very good
is a young lady
Rosenbaum, who is not
ing. But there are

and hanging them up on poles to
dry and as a consequence ~~they~~
the girl and her mother haven't
much opportunity for conversa-
tion. They have been choosing
a frying sized chicken for some
time, with what final success
I don't know. (But
I hope they caught it. I thought
about getting out and helping,
but concluded it might not
show very good manners on
my part. I am satisfied from
all I can gather that we are go-
ing to have "frutkin" for supper
and it certainly has a de-
licious odor. If you were
here I would make a bet with
you as to what we would
have for supper - I should say
"frutkin", chicken, coffee, milk, be-
er, corn bread and cold beer.

think I am in fine condition
to do such a supper just
So he's near could eat the
country cooking and was sick
half his time when we were
out together, should be too come
necessitating as the result of
the fare we had up in An-
coi "Country", but I always
come up smiling at meal time.
I am as hungry as a bear to day,
speaking of bears, a ~~Bosonim~~ was
killed about 1 1/2 miles from here
last week by a country friend of
mine. The mosquitoes are full
of them and they are said to be
in fine condition. How would
you like to make a meal off
of bear meat? How would you
like for the bear to make a meal
off of you? It is owing to
which gets the supper hand of the
other as to who does the eating.

the woods are full of ~~about~~
pheasants. I have heard them
drumming all around me
since I began writing. Do
you fond of game? There is
no meat any better than the
pheasant. It is three times
the size of the partridge and
has a much finer flavor.

There is an abundance of wild tur-
key in the mountains across
the Holstein river. Later on they
will fly across in great droves
into the hills and ridges. Spar-
rels, rabbit, opossums, raccoons
are very numerous. From which
you may gather that this is
a wild and woolly section
of the country.

This house has two rooms
and a porch and perhaps a
garret in addition. The

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are hung with "yorks", strings
of acid paper and orna-
mented with newspapers
and pictures taken from ab-
monass. Over in the
hills a cow bell is ringing and
a pig he is making strong
efforts to get into the kitchen. I
hope he won't get an "unction".

I will probably get through out here
on tomorrow or on Wednesday at far-
thest. On Thursday I will go to
Abuigdan attend conference and
remain there as long as I
am needed. My father having been
a minister two of my sisters are
entitled to a claim upon the
fund for widows and orphans. But
it is such a mixed up and bod-
dy managed affair usually that
unless one's interests are looked
after personally they are likely to
be neglected.

when Conference is over, or when
my part of it is, I can think
of nothing the more that can keep
me away much longer from
Hogleturst. I will not say
just when you may look for
me, but I am counting the days
until I can see you again. You
seem to have a fear that when I
see you I may find you so
changed that I may not come
like you. Of course I still think
of you as when I last saw you,
but unless you have changed in
more ways than one I don't think
I will have much difficulty in ad-
apting myself to any changes I
may find in you. The fact that
you are there will make very little dif-
ference with me. I am there too
just now, but my health is good
enough. I wonder if I

shall get a letter from you
on Wednesday. I mailed one
to you on yesterday morning
which ought to have reached
you by this time. If you write
this evening I will get it Wednesday -
otherwise I won't.

I have been writing slowly.
The sun has gone down and it
will soon be dark. The umbrageous
shades of evening are fast envelo-
ping into the obscurity of night, as
a gentleman once began a letter
to my aunt - They afterwards suc-
ceeded, and you may consider if you
please that this letter speaks well for it.
It is a lucky sentence. That is the
style of letter writing that used to be in
vogue when my aunts were girls. Of
all the romances and heart break-
ing love affairs we have had
them in our family. My grand-
parents on my father's side made

It was their business to look after the
love affairs of their children and
to break them up now and then.
It would make you cry if I were
to tell you some of the fine
results they accomplished in
this way, and the wretched lives
that some innocent people were
forced to lead on account of
it. But there was a state-
liness about their letter writing
in those days, a quiet digni-
ty and earnestness that I like to
think of. They wrote on pale blue paper
and sealed their envelopes with red seal-
ing wax. When I return to Paris
I mean to hunt up some of that old
style paper if I can find it. Their
letters in those days were full
of religious experiences, talks a-
bout slaves and a hundred in-
teresting subjects. We have

a few of those old letters yet -
 which we prize very highly.
 There used to be hundreds of
 them, tied in blue and pink
 ribbons, which I remember
 seeing when I was a boy. Some
 of them from brothers and lovers
 who were away in the war. It
 must have been fine to have
 a lover in the war; to be in
 constant dread of hearing that he
 had been killed and to be always
 thinking how brave and good
 he was. I am afraid
 Carrie since that your lover,
 - or one of them at least, - is not
 built like those old lovers of
 50 years ago. If a war
 should arise I don't think
 you would have any cause
 for anxiety - about his life;
 he would look out for that.

They were stern people in
those times and did things which
I think I could not do. One
I remember distinctly. My un-
cle Robert Huffer, the youngest
of a family of 10 children - 7 girls -
went early into the war and three
years later came home on a
furlough. It was evident
to everybody that the war was
virtually set over and the South
defeated; my uncle fell - I -
and when his furlough had
about expired I think he would
have been glad to remain at
home. But his father and my
father, who was an older brother
did not encourage him to do
so, and he set out early for
the army when his furlough
& expired. It cost him his
life. They never saw him a-
live again. A brother-in-law

who had come home with him
proposed to him after they had
started to him back, but my
uncle refused - that night - his
brother - in - law deserted - and is
still alive. I think my
father afterwards regretted that he
did not keep my uncle at
home - it - would have killed me
to think that I had let my brother
go away to die when I might
have saved him. But my
father's sense of honor was so
high, and that of his father,
and I think of all his sisters,
that they would have died them-
selves rather than do a dishonor-
able thing, and they felt they
would rather see my uncle die
to have him branded as a de-
serter. I think some of my
sisters have the same feel-
ing, and if a war should

come up, ~~the~~ I don't think I would
get much encouragement from
them to stay at home - but then
I wouldn't need much - a very
little would go a long way
with me.

After supper: we had chicken
- soup, cornbread, biscuits, coffee,
sweet milk, clabber, bread,
"junkin" butter and "junkin" pie.
- and Neolases. I sat beside
Miss Rosenbamm. We had a
little lamp that gave out a
great deal of smoke and a
very little light. Miss Rosen-
bamm did not talk much but
she showed her kindness by
passing me the "junkin" ev-
ery few minutes. At one
time I thought we were
going to get up a con-
versation about burning

HAZLEBURG
NOV
14
1894

Mr E. C. Huffaker
Bristol
Tenn

Tuesday
5 P.M.

Kay Lumbert, Miss.
Nov. 13 - 1894

My Dear

I wrote you a long letter to the address you gave me, but you have not received it, probably will not for several days and if you are like I am when I do not hear from you as often as I would like to, you are growing a little impatient, so I shall write you a short letter to Bristol and perhaps it will catch you there.

I received your good long letter this morning just as I was starting to

school and as I was
a little late, had to
wait two whole, long
hours before I could
read it! It would not
do to read a "long letter"
before an of our pupils
for. Now and I "love".
I will say of from
my good friends a
week. Just yesterday we
had electric bells put
in the school building,
and they make the
changes so quickly that
before we finish, however
the room another is
there ready for a lesson.
I will teach four weeks
longer, than I will have

we wish to rest before
 starting on "our" trip -
 Just speak of the
 old weather, snow & ice
 you are having. It has
 been a little cold here,
 but this evening it is
 warmer & packing - I
 know I shall like you
 with friends dear, and
 my health will be very
 much better there. I
 know I will regain my
 lost flesh & good looks.
 I do not look as well
 now as I did when you
 were here, but I am going
 to try a tonic & retire earlier
 every night to see if that
 will do me good. No doubt

"Dr Edwards" makes a very
fine Dr. for his sister Ada,
but I will tell you how
my dear old Mother was,
when I am here to need
a physician. I'll take
none of your medicine,
nor take any suggestions
there. How is that
for the virago? You
say I would be willing
to do anything you said
or take anything you
give, well before I
know you are so good
to prescribe bad medicine
to your patients -

Ida Belle (Frank's wife) came
to see me yesterday evening
and I told her all about

3
you & our affair - She
regrets my much not
knowing how you &
wishes that Mr. G. by
Memphis, says she
is quite sure Frank
will not get off from
his residence in the 10th,
and she will leave
in some next week
I think he will go
by Memphis if it suits
you but you say you
leave the arrangements
all to me - will perhaps
you would like for me
to go around & engage
the preacher, but I will
do nothing of the kind
Edward C. as you understand?

Mr Bailey is the minister
name, and when we are
married he will be the
one to perform the ceremony.
But I think your course
since ^{at Haymarket} is present course
is confined to Carrie.
- Later on you can
consult the preacher - I
talked with Mr Taylor
today & we decided that
the resignation must
go in the last of next
week, to give church time
to receive my successor
that sounds mighty
like my time is short
here. Don't wake John
tomorrow! I will decide
about the bridesmaids &

4
promises in a few
days & let them know.
Let your know
if your plans are
any as things are decided.
You must get yourself
up in great shape, on
the table will be the
best looking, which
should be a good call
for you. I hope to visit
the whole thing over
and we were finally at
home together. I am
looking forward to some
very pleasant evenings
with you when we can
read or talk & will
not have to go anywhere
unless we care to. Perhaps

9 P.M. same day!

When I finished my letter
this evening it was dark, too
late to get in the P.O. so it will
not get off until tomorrow. How
sorry for wanted you to get this
before you left for the country,
but it is just possible you
will not get off this week. You
are not a man of your word.
Edward C. when it ~~you~~ comes
to going to places, especially
to suit your best girl, how
are you? But you did come
didn't you & took your girl
all up too - made her as just
as you wanted her to. Well it
just happened that she wanted

to too, so if you did get away
with her & Critie, she is
gone with you - How you
thought - much over our
first meeting? In front
of the Court-house - I have
a good many times &
laughed over it too - You
certainly saw me first -
just as I was - I had
no thought of time &
looked down on my hat
& was just as I came
from school, thinking
all the while you were at
the hotel resting in your
room as you should have
been, you old sinner!
When to my amazement
we met on the street - I

2
had planned how I would
meet you - I was to dress
up as beautifully^(?) as
I could, & walk in very
stately to the parlor &
say "how nice do Mr. Huffer,
am charmed to see you"
in words to that effect, but
my I do not remember
anything I said but how
I felt - I guess when you
come down again you will
not give me a chance to
put you off until 7 o'clock.
Any day Carrie Sue thinks
she will not let you wait
that long after the train
arrives. - Will you be very
glad to see me - you need not
answer that question

for I know the answer
already. Sunday night
while at church the preacher,
(who by the way was not Mr. Bailey,
but Pres. of Whitworth College)
said some beautiful things
about people marrying. I
thought of you at once of
course. He said that he
had observed that where a
man really & truly loved
a woman, & a woman really
& truly loved a man & chose
to marry, that as the
years moved on they
came to look alike,
think alike, their voices
sounded alike, and
that when they grew
very old & one died

the other one lingered
 only a little while before
 he or she joined the
 other on the other side.
 He said it in such
 beautiful language it
 made it very well pressing.
 I wonder if we will be
 this way. Do you know
 I hope we will ^{to} know
~~an idea~~ that we shall
~~be~~ the thing that
 trouble me for little
 however is which one
 of us will look like
 the other. You would not
 be satisfied to give up
 your identity & look like
 me & I am sure I would
 not feel flattered if people

thought I looked like
you - but enough of
this foolishness -

I hope your plans with
Shoobred, Heland & others
will work out all right
& you will have plenty
of work to keep you busy.
There is nothing that
makes a man craver
& ugly quicker than
to be idle, & you are
dear & are not to be
idle - How you written
any more on that great
lecture for Slack?

Remember you promised
to put that through, & you
must do it. I am
ashamed of Tom. to elect

a republican Gov. It is
pretty bad in you -
I am glad you are not
a Republican, but Ada
says she is - Well, we
will not fight over
politics, Ada & I -

Did I tell you I went
to the Club last night &
was escorted by Mr
H. - but in all
and all I will
myself to one of the
grooms men or washers - so
you may remember his
name from this on -
Kate & Paul were at the
Club, & we will meet at
their home next Monday
night - I will only attend

about three more meetings.

I am thinking of having
Mr Caldwell, the Unitarian
minister see one of
our men - you remember
him at the hotel. There
was that suit your
cousin? My Cousin,
Mr Jim Birdson will be
another - he is a young
man, smart - how long
will you be in the
of affairs for you - a
capacity of "best man" for
the occasion, though he will
not be called that - as you
will know us best man -

I am talking very hard
about things, but Jim will
know what you all
are at the church rehearsing

For the next day I will
 again feel a little "quarrel"
 and be scared to do it
 the next day. No, I shan't
 either, for I do not get
 scared in public
 occasions unless I
 attempt a speech &
 the preacher will be the
 only one to do much
 at this day.

— going to town
 this day for you do
 not Edward C. I
 feel that you will, &
 that matter of me need
 not be feared in that
 case — you have said
 to me several times that
 you believe whenever I

really hard any body it
could be very sickly. You
do not think so now
as you are well, but I
know you do & may soon
you are not ^{to} ^{be} ^{well}
However, the night is
going fast, so I will see
to get the picture, you
never to again ^{but} say good
bye & wish.

say your prayers
about night - you will do
religiously but inward, I
do not tell you to do it. If
you feel like it you will
do it & if not you will not do it.
Good night.
& may God bless you & yours.
With my love,
Your own - Carrie Lee.

Bristol Tenn -

Nov 17 1894

My Dear:-

This P.M. I returned from the woods, with my beard a week old, my shoes covered with mud, my clothes ^{bristling} with spanish needles and presenting so dilapidated a condition that had she seen me my own sweetheart would not have known me. I rode in with Mahlen Cowan in a covered buggy through the rain and fog and reached town about 5 P.M. We first drove around to my office where I left my trouseil and then home where I found Effie and Alice, Ada being out in town.

I am afraid, Carrie saw, I showed up in a very bad light. I lost all pretense of indifference and about the 3rd question I asked was

if there was any mail for me. Alice was
in the kitchen and Effie said there were
three letters for me. I began at once
rummaging in a bureau drawer
and found one from my little nephew,
Ed Garland Babcock, written by his
mother, which I deliberately stuck
in my pocket and went on hunt-
ing for the other two. I could not
find them - nor could Effie find them
~~any~~ anywhere. I lost patience and
found fault with these girls and said
ugly things. Effie went down
to see Alice but Ada had put the
letters away and there was noth-
ing for me but to wait. I tried to
read poor little Garland's letter and
couldnt. I put on my overcoat
and set out for the post office. I asked
the post master if he could let me
intercept-mail on its way to Ruth-
ton. He said it was forbidden. Then
I asked if he would look through the
Ruthon mail and see if there was anything ^{for me.}

2

He looked and said there was
one from Mississippi for E. C.
Huffman, that it was mailed on
the 12th (Monday) and received here
on yesterday evening - and that I
could not get it until it had gone
to Ruthton and back - on Monday P.M.

Now, my dear, are you surprised that
a man in his senses should give him-
self up so entirely to the thought of get-
ting a letter from his girl? Let
me give you a brief history of myself
for the past few days and let you de-
cide. I left here on last Wednes-
day with Stephen Cowen to make the
~~Carroll~~ & Selway survey. We passed
Ruthton on our way where I ex-
pected to find a letter from you. I
found the mail had already come out
and I calculated that if you had
mailed a letter home as late as Mon-
day I ought to have received it. I
was sorely disappointed and as we
rode on I thought - how hard it would
be to wait until Friday to hear from
you. But there was no help for it.

Our own survey was. Dr. W^m DeLoney -
a fat old fellow, with lots of jokes
and old stories to tell, and with whom
I slept on Wednesday night. Or it
would be more proper to say with whom
I went to bed on Wednesday night. After
a half hour's talk the doctor went to
sleep and at once set up such a snore
as I hope I may never hear again.
I think during the night I dug him
in the ribs with my elbow 500 times.

To make matters worse in the room
below me two old ladies, the Dr.'s
sisters, Mrs. Burkhart and Mrs. Bir-
lman talked the line long night. At
four o'clock they were still talk-
ing - and the chickens were crowing
for day. Finally the doctor got up
and I caught a little sleep just be-
fore they called me to breakfast. So
I had the night to myself and my
reflections. And a lovely night it
was, dearest, with no letter from
you. It was not simply the fault-

3. ^{that}
we to hear from you troubled me. But
I was beset with doubts and dis-
trust. You had changed your mind
so frequently and so unexpectedly to
me that the question would come back
and haunt me, so what I would to
reassure myself that perhaps your
mind had changed again. I trust,
my darling, that neither you nor
I may ever endure such fits
of doubt again.

At Berk had
they kept a great fire roaring and there
were old rocking chairs and rock
hearth and tall stoves and good
hearted, kind, goodhumored people, and
the doctor told lots of jokes - but I
hardly knew what was being said.

On the next day we met with Rosenbaum,
and took dinner with Aunt "Micajok"
Goodson, ~~and~~ an old, old woman, ~~at~~ in
a little log cabin. We had turkeys and
spare ribs, and pickles and egg custard and
coffee and ginger cakes and sweet
potatoes - a slap up good dinner - with
Mabel Corven and Harry Delaney and

the doctor. After dinner we sat by
the fire and the three told old war
stories for my especial entertainment.
I listened with a face as grim and
sad and silent as you can imag-
ine - hardly knowing what they were
talking about. Once though the doc-
tor told a story so fine that I gave
way and fairly shrieked with laugh-
ing. I think it did me good. But
I think it ~~was~~ I must have looked a
little melancholy, from the mome-
nt in which every body treated me. Af-
terwards we set out for work again and
I come near getting into a row with
old Rosenboim. Thursday night
we spent at Mr. John King's, a rich
young farmer whose wife (Mohl's cou-
sin) fed us ^{one of} the best supper and
breakfasts I ever sat down to.

The truth is, Corie Sue, I had grown
hungry. I had done lots of work and
had not had much appetite before.

But I could not talk - except spor-
adically, when I was rather con-
tentious I think. At last we went

4
to bed and I slept with Mahlen
Coom. I was sleepy. But Mah-
len gave me a full history of the
recent election in Bristol and then
of his trials as executor of his broth-
er-in-law's estate, and finally a
resumé of the war. By the time
he had finished I was wide awake
and it was midnight. But I
shall always love Mahlen because he
didn't once snore, and I had a refresh-
ing night's rest and a tremendous ap-
petite for breakfast. On yesterday we
set out again for another long round
through the hills. I don't think Rosen-
baum ever had the remotest idea
what we were doing. He told us dur-
ing the day he spelt his name Rosen-
baum - which tickled us a little as
he doesn't know his letters, and has
signed away half his property
by writing John ^{his} Rosenbaum. We ate
dinner with ^{Mark} Aunt Cajo and I made
a social call upon Mrs. and Miss
Rosenbaum.

Hurry Delaney was one of our
chairmen. a pompous, ~~po~~ precise,
fious domineering sort of man,
with a large brow and hollow
cheeks and eyes and with a
strange fancy for turning his red-
dish brown beard mustaches close
at the corners and covering them to
feet project underneath his nose,
giving while showing the upper part
of his cheeks, thus giving him the
appearance of having a bill. He
was always going crooked and when
I told him I meant to get a wood-
en chairman in his place he
looked so sour and dignified that I
was on the point of running down
the knobs to ~~get~~ get out of his way.

Now when a man calls you a wooden
woman, Carrisue, you don't resent
it at ~~all~~ all - which goes to show that
you are a woman of very little spirit.

This morning when we awoke it was
raining - I had a good night's rest
at Ben's charts, where I asked them

5-
to give me a room to myself, ^{and} as far a-
way from the doctor as possible - and we
had a half day's disagreeable work in
the room after which, to the infinite-dis-
gust of Rosenbarn we quit work
and come home.

I did not stay for dinner, but taking
my trussel - on my shoulder I walked
a mile and a half through the rain
to Ruthton, where I was to wait for
the others. I counted the steps that sep-
arated me from the post office. How
that do you suppose that Messrs post-
master said to me? No letter!!! Sig-
nificantly speaking, I fell all in a heap.
I collapsed - gave up completely. There
was nothing for me now but to do with-
out my dinner and wait for Mahlen. It
was while I was waiting - 3 hours - for
Mahlen that I began to doubt upon me
that my fears were altogether groundless,
but I meant to know before I built
any air castles - and was impatient to
start when Mahlen finally appeared with
his buggy. And now, my precious,
if you are not unusually stupid you

will understand why I so com-
pletely lost control of myself when
I at last came within reach of your
letter. And come in and to-
gether ~~she~~ we went down to the parlor
after your ^{letter} - there was another
one, but I forget who it was from.

It is ten o'clock and I will close.
I shall sleep well tonight - dearest. You
asked if I say my prayers for you
every night - Indeed I do and never
so ~~so~~ earnestly I think as within
these last few days of doubt and
despair. And somehow, dearest, I felt
that my prayers would be answered,
and before I ~~of~~ even knew that you
had written my old trust in you had
returned - forgive me dear one for dis-
trusting you - it has been in no wise
your fault - and I promise you it shall
not happen again. Good night and
God bless you.

With my best love and prayers
I am yours
Edward C.

Sunday - 10:30 A.M.

I have decided to forego my custom of going to Church this morning and write to you. It has been so long since I wrote that there is no telling where I will end. I want to stay at home any way with Ada who is suffering with a tooth.

I gathered you some wild flowers, or shrubs rather, for the flowers are all gone, while I was in the mountains and which I may send you as tomorrow if they are not too much wilted. They may be very common with you. The mountain tea, the one with the small leaf and red berry the girls are very fond of chewing. The heart leaf gives out a very pleasant odor when pressed or crushed. The wild ratsbane or Pipsissaway I guess you are familiar

with. They most used to be fond of it,
though it is rather bitter to my taste.

The maiden hair fern, the one with
the roots about the roots, is for Maria,
which I hope you will plant in
a box or pot for her and tell her it
is from me. It should be kept in a
shaded spot and watered occasionally. It
grows upon the cliffs where the sun over-
ly strikes it. It will likely die down
during the winter, but it will spring up
during the spring. When spring
comes how would you like to plant out
a fernery? Ada has a plot and
enjoys looking after it. The girls
were discussing the subject last night
and saying what they were going to
do when you came.

I must take you with me to the
mountains when spring comes. You
can have no idea how many wild
flowers there are, lilies of the valley,
trailing arbutus, orchids, crimson pink,
and hundreds that I do not know the

7
names of. I passed through a re-
gion over in the Iron Mountain where
the grey slopes were covered with
great patches of purple and blue
violets, the grey and violet mingles
giving in the most charming
way. We will go fishing, Carrie
and I - a fishing in the brook - of a
Sunday - when the dogwoods are in bloom
and the streams are clear and bright.

Do you know, dear, I was glad to hear
you say that you loved flowers? Some
flowers I am very fond of - for instance
those which you give me and which
you pin on my coat with your love.
Your love does go with those flowers -
doesn't it? I would not care so much
for them if it did not.

I think if it suits your Majesty
we will lay our plans to come home
by way of Memphis. You can
decide how long we are to remain
there. We will be married on Wed-
nesday afternoon and Christmas
comes on the following Tuesday. So

we will have a week to go on which
we can cut short or lengthen as you
may think best. Temple has some
advantages, & admit, over Grand Junction.

Still Grand Junction is not to be hooded at.

You may add the following names
to your list of invitations - R. L. Toohet; A. C.
Smith; Robert Burton; Paul Jones;
Mr. & Mrs. Eli Warren; Miss Belle
Whitaker; ~~Mr.~~ Mr. & Mrs. Henry Delaney;
Mr. & Mrs. Mahlen Cowan - all of Bristol
- and Mr. & Mrs. Horace Frost, Bristol.
Gen. and Mrs. J. D. Imboden, Damascus, Va.
I will add some others later on.

You should get this on tomorrow
P.M. Monday - though it may be Tues-
day before it reaches you. Hope you
thought the time long ~~the~~ in which
you have not heard from me? After
4 more weeks, such one, time
will never seem long again to
us. I will write regularly as
long as I am in Bristol - & do not know
yet how my business stands. Goodbye, my
precious - Yours Devotly
E. L.

-103.

I want to make a suggestion which I do not think you will likely heed - so if you do not choose to follow it, you may know. I never expected you to do so. But it is this: do not attend any more club meetings or accompany any more young men to church and choir practices. The only reason for suggesting this is that you may obtain some needed rest. If it will help you to follow this suggestion I will say that I would feel easier if I knew you were resting more and returning early -
Good by, dear old girlie -
E. C.

...ce Society,
JOHN W. McM... Lt. - Special Agent.
HAZLEHURST, MISS.



Mr E. C. Huffaker
Bristol
Tenn.

Bristol, Tenn -

Nov. 20 1894

My Dearest:-

My fire is almost out and the girls are asleep, but I ^{want to} remain up a few minutes ~~to~~ longer in order to say a few things to you before retiring. I can hardly realize that ^{there} was ever a time when we heard from each other but once a week and were contented with it. Now we must hear every day or we grow impatient - the time has come Corrie sure for us to worry. When people come to love each other as we do, when every letter is looked for and read over, it is no longer the thing to hesitate or delay.

It is not correct however to say that the time has come for us to worry - it has not come yet by 4 long weeks from tomorrow. You were right when you said in your last letter, "By

Always of course I mean until after
the 19th. That is always; it is in
fact the very best definition of al-
ways I have ever heard. I mean to
make a dictionary and put that in as
a definition of always. I said your
last letter, it was the last I have received,
but not the last you have written. It is
your Ruthton letter, which turned up
very promptly after I had waited a whole
week for it. It went every where on
the face of the earth except to me - I'll see
that it never gets away from me now.

I had a dream about you this morn-
ing before day. I thought we were mar-
ried and you were sitting in a rock-
ing chair and I was on a stool at
your feet. You had made a pair of
slippers that I was examining and won-
dering that you could do so well - they
were not very fine slippers - and you
were looking through an essay that
I had written for you and which you
were to read at the close of some school.
We talked about what would be a good nom-
de plume, and I suggested Red, and

²
insisted that it should be spelled ~~traps~~, ~~And~~.
U-e-y-d, bed. You could not dream
as rational a dream as that in a
week Carrie Sue. I have since thought
how appropriate it was for you
to do the manual labor while I did
the intellectual work - you to make
the slippers for me while I wrote es-
says for you. Then I dreamed
that I was not married, but that I soon
would be to a widow with four children.
I thought the children were so abomi-
nably ugly that I would have to
apologize to all my friends for marrying
their mother. But then I dreamed I loved
the widow and that was sufficient. It
wasn't any widow in particular, I had
never seen her before, I do not know now
who she was, but as I say I loved her
and I meant to marry her.

How strange dreams are. Suppose I
had really met and loved a widow, then
where would you have been? It was
a relief to awake and find that the wid-
ow and her kids had vanished and
that I was to marry, not a widow, but

the very finest and dearest girl
in this world. Do you remem-
ber writing me once that you had
no notion of being a mother to
Mrs. Hilscomb's children? I used
sometimes to wonder if you were not
a little mercenary - you made out
that you were. - But if so, how is it
dearest that you are marrying me?
and how is it that you have laid a-
side all your dreams of a staid, quiet-
signified life as the wife of some rich
man that you did not love but only
respected? of carriages, fine horses, balls,
swells, dinners, grand concerts and
all that, for a man that has not a
thing in the world to offer you except
his love - the very thing you al-
ways laughed at? How does it happen
sweet one, that you have allowed your-
self to get caught in such a net as
mine? Suppose I do love you better
than my own life? better than any one
ever loved you before, and better than
any one else will ever love you a-

gain? Love ³ doesn't make fine con-
trivies, nor give good entertainments.

Besides Carrie Sue, how do you re-
concile your professions and your
actions? You said you had no
sentiment, no heart, no love for any
body better than your love for Carrie Sue.
And here you are ready to sacrifice your-
self on the altar of love; to give your
"heart, your ~~life~~ love, your very self" to
a man that you fancy you love?

Don't you think Carrie Sue you are
a hypocrite? - the dearest, best, sweetest
grounded hypocrite that ever blest a fool.
How could her love? I don't mind
your hypocrisy. I am a hypocrite - my-
self. I have allowed you to think I
was indifferent when my very soul
was aching for you. I am glad,
dear, that our marriage is so near. There
are so many things to say and even
by writing every day we can not say
them all. But I shall talk you to
death after we are married - but
that leads me to say a thing about
nothing. I do not know that I care

greatly whether we talk much or little.

The most congenial companions are often silent companions. I should like for us to talk when we feel so inclined; but isn't it sweet to sit and say nothing and yet each each know how entirely we possess the other's love?

That was a pretty story you told me of congenial people growing more and more alike as they grow older. I will show you such a pair here in Bristol. I

think my grandfather on my mother's side must have been very fond of his wife. He was tall and stately, a brilliant man and full of humor, and his wife was very small - weighing only about 90 lbs. She died first, and I have heard my mother say that from the day of her death he was never the same again.

It is almost midnight. Goodnight - my dear. May God bless you -

Ever yours lovingly
Edward C.

7 Bristol Place
Nov. 22. 1894

My dearest:-

Why do I not hear from you?
You know we were to write every
other day at the very least and
your last letter was received on
last Sunday. Have you gone
to counting letters with me?
And when you failed to hear from
me for a whole week, did your
trust and confidence fail you a
little? I wrote you an last Sat-
urday night, mailing the letter on
Sunday. but the train was $2\frac{1}{2}$
hours late and I doubt if you
received it before Tuesday morn-
ing. Had you written on Tues-
day I should have received it
this evening. Perhaps I shall
hear from you in the morning.

I hope so for I am growing very impatient des for another of your good letters. I do not think hard of you for not writing when you failed to hear from me for so long. You could not know that I was away in the woods and not in a situation to write. But for all that I miss your letters, des and hope how soon I may hear from you. Fortunately I have written to you pretty regularly and when once I get you to writing again there is no reason why you should ever stop - until the 19th which means now.

Do you know it is less than four weeks now until we are to be married? Only three weeks from tomorrow until I shall leave for Hazelhurst. But the time seems endlessly long. I have thought of you many times today. I think you are constantly in my mind.

2.

I have sometimes wondered if when
the novelty of having you love
me wears off I should still think
of you as before. But I see no
difference at all. You are just as
much a delight to me now as
when I was with you in Hoglehurst.

I think there are times in the lives of
most men when they are not sure
that they love their wives or sweet-
hearts, at least when they are not
conscious of any affectionate regard
for them. And there are times perhaps
when a feeling of dislike is experienced.

But I do not remember experiencing
such a feeling in regard to you but
once. That was one day a good
while ago when I ^{was} looking at your
picture - the one you gave Cora, when
it occurred to me you were perhaps
a different sort of a woman to what
I had pictured you. I have been
angry with - with you; hurt at
your unkindness; rebellious and
defiant; but never I think in -

different. But if it was so when
I was separated from you, not hav-
ing seen you for years. What do
you think my feelings were when
I was with you in your little par-
lor in Hoyle hunt? Do know I can
almost say I learned to love you
there? Not that I had not loved you
before; but there was such a saf-
ety in seeing you and in hear-
ing you talk that it seemed like
courting you over again. You
said some very sweet things about
me, in some of your recent letters,
which you may be sure I appre-
ciated.

Rev. J. H. Kennedy is spending
the evening with us; he and Ada
are playing chess, a game of
^{which} she is very fond. Do you like
the game? Or do you play it? If
not I mean to teach you. We
used to have combination games at
Chuckey City, in which Ada and I

3

and one or two others played against Robert Jo, Alico and some of the neighbors. Robert is an excellent player; one of the best I know.

On tomorrow I will begin work on the Cemetery which will occupy me some days perhaps, as I have engaged to superintend the grading in addition to the engineering.

I met with an old Canadian engineer this afternoon who was out of work and who will be with me in my layout of the new Cemetery. I was glad to be able to give him a job.

On next Monday however I am summoned to attend Court at Blountsville as a witness in a suit of "P. W. Schofer et al vs. John Baker et al," for trespass. I shall have to kill time there for two or three days. Which I mean to do very pleasantly by writing to you. I shall write you every day, dearest long letters with postscripts and A.B.'s, and pictures in them that reminds me that it has been a

long while since I sent you any
of my effusions. I'll tell you

Carrie Sue

What will do.

You and I will sit down in our
room one of these times and paint a
great picture. I will draw and paint
and you will look on and inspire
me. It is not worth my while to be-
gin until I have you with me.
-But when we are settled I will get
some canvases and a few brushes and
paints and we will spend woe a
quill-evening together. Do you
know, dear, that the greatest of all
painters, Michael Angelo, the great
Italian sculptor and architect, derived
his inspiration from a lady that he
loved from his boyhood? His was an
unhappy love, but he had her
in mind in all his great creations.
Don't you believe dear, that artists love
more deeply than other people? I know
two that are very fond of each other; don't you

Slack and I ⁴ may be said to have made
friends, as you will doubtless be very
glad to hear. He sent me a ticket the
other evening to go to the "Black
Cloak" but I preferred to write to
you (on last Saturday evening on my
return from Ross's.) And on yester-
day he did me a very great fa-
vor, unsolicited. ~~So~~ I do not cher-
ish any malice against him now,
and I doubt if he was in earnest
in what he said to me on the e-
vening of our difficulty. I have
been having a very serious dif-
ficulty with another man - and it
was by putting me on to some of
his movements that Slack showed
me so much kindness. I think
now I have showed the man my
dors. I will tell you about the affair
after I see you again. It was this
affair that prevented my writing you
on yesterday as I had intended.
I was coming home to begin a letter
to you when I met Slack in the
street. What he told me put writing

out of the question until I had
attended to the gentleman. I have
spent the day on his trail and
I think I have him checked.
If not I shall do him up in the
Courier and "blow us all to hell to-
gether."

I mean to write something for the
Courier in a few days - perhaps
for the Sunday's issue - which you
may look for and identify if you
can. I will try and write again
from Blountville. I appreciated Stella's
~~poor~~ praise of my Hoylehurst ar-
ticle, as I deem her an altogether
competent critic.

When shall I hear from you,
dear? The time seems very long
since you last wrote. Let's make
another bargain, Carrie sweet - you and
I are always bargaining, and I am
always getting left on my bargain.
You promised me a lock of your
hair - and where is it? - But from

5

How our letters would - at least every other day, even your letters are necessarily short. You said in one of your recent letters that you sometimes wondered if my love for you was as strong as I thought it was and if I would always be the same. You can count certainly that it will be, my precious; I can't say so full as sure that you will be, for I cannot know your heart as I do my own. But my doubts as to your constancy have well nigh vanished. I am beginning to realize that so long as I love you I may safely count on your love in return.

You need never fear that you may have spoken too freely or showed me your heart too unreservedly. Our danger, I imagine, lies in the other direction - in saying too little. I have thought that one cause of our misunderstandings has been a feeling on the part of each

that our love might not be fully appreciated. But when we come to realize not only how much love each of us has to give, but how much the other needs that love, we will not be slow to express what we feel. Is it not so, my dear?

The feeling has often come over me that perhaps you may tire of hearing so often of how I think of you. And yet I feel very sure that I shall never tire of yours, telling the same story. I think I shall trust you anyway. You say you are going to love deeply and if you do your heart must demand a great deal of love in return - but not so much by half as there is in mine to give you.

Goodnight and God bless you, my ever precious Carrie Sue. With my love for you and kind regards for all -

Yours devotedly
Edward C.

Equitable Life Assurance Society,

JOHN W. McMASTER, - Special Agent.

HAZLEHURST, MISS.



Mr. E. C. Huff
Brentwood



BRISTOL, TENN.
NOV 29
5 30 PM
RECD.

11:30 P.M.

Hayden, Miss.
Nov. 29. 1894.

My dear Edward C.

It is nearly
12 o'clock and I am a little
tired but I believe it will not
me to write a short letter
to you, as I shall do so, &
tell you why I did not
write today as I intended.

This is Thanksgiving day as
you no doubt have observed,
& I hope in the right way,
by going to church as you
should. I attended church
this morning & just afterward
received a note from Mr
Covington asking me to go
to a concert with ~~Miss~~ Kate
Ellis & myself, knowing
that Kate could not go further
I did I guess. Well, after

some reflection I decided
to accept his invitation as
I am a little bit fond
of good music, (for this
certainly was a treat) and
we went down at 3 P.M.

Babe & May with Lance ~~messengers~~
went with us & we were a
jolly party. When we reached
there the young ^{man} got a
carriage & it took in the
town on wheels, visiting
some friends there also.
Then came to the Hotel
where we had supper, &
then went to the Concert.

The only thing that marred
my pleasure dear was
the change of the letter
I had not written you
today, and too, I thought

how much more pleasant
it would have been to have
had you there with me. But
after the next two or three
weeks that thought will
not trouble either of us
for we will be together
always, wait in, dear!

By the way I must
inform you that the
schedule for this road
will change Sunday, &
the Cannon ball going
north that now leaves
here at 4 P.M. will go
up about 12:00 or 1 o'clock
P.M. & we will have to be
started about two hours
earlier than expected - say
"High Noon" - How are that
fit you? It may be that
this train will go on through

to Memphis, or make close
connection at Granda or
Billy Springs, & will be
able to reach Memphis
that same night in the
early part, or 9 o'clock
perhaps. That would
be good I think, don't
you? As you know
I was awfully disappointed
tonight when I came home
and found no letter from
you. I thought sure we
could have come down on
the same train I left on
the 1st, and I guess it
would have, if you had
written it. I looked every
where in my room for
it, before removing my
hat case, & when I could
not find my letter, I went
to Maria's to see if it was

in. sure - I hope I shall
not be disappointed
tomorrow. I do not think
I would be writing you,
but if I do not it would
be another day before you
could hear from me, as
I would be in school to
day & write tomorrow, &
I do not want us to have
any more misunderstandings
about anything now, dear
Jo. I think Peter's time
has passed for that,
and you. If I do not
hear from you when I
think I should, it will
occur to me now that
you do not want to write,
but that there is something
to prevent & you will write
just as soon as you
possibly can. I hope you

~~will~~ think the same way
about me. The thing I
most enjoy now is to
receive a good long
letter from you, with
next greatest pleasure is
to write you. These days I
am deprived of ~~most~~^{both} of
those pleasures, is a very
long one to me. What will
I do when I will have to
write to you or hear from
you? Well, I guess I will
have to put up with seeing
a little more of you. When
you get real tired of me
my dear, you can put me
on the train coming south
and I will try to find home
& mamma. But on the other
hand, when I get tired of
you, where can I send
you? I guess I shall
send you to Raccoon Mountain.

in your where else in the
mountains, where they ask,
"did you ever see such redder?"
Kate & Bob say that is
just where your name is
mentioned. They think it
very funny -

I was very glad to learn
you & Mr. Slack had "made
up" as it were, and I hope
the next time he is drinking
he will have nothing to
say to you - but do not notice
anything he says next time
please - I can not but
feel a little uneasy about
the little trouble you spoke
of, I hope the matter has
been settled by this time
you need somebody to keep
you out of scrapes - my
dear Edward C. and I think
I must undertake it.
I think we both need looking
after and the sooner the

about Jul 19th rolled around
the letter for us both.

Mary will be home tomorrow
to spend a day or two - I
shall certainly be glad to
see her. She had been away
too long. If I don't stop
to go to bed I will not be
able to teach tomorrow.

I will write again Sat.
or Sunday - Give my love
to Ada, if you think the
other girls will not notice
it. I am afraid I will
never have an opportunity
to answer her letter & I
do want to try much.

So write as often as you
can dear, I do love to get
your letters - With my
love and pray God bless
you I am

your own
Carrie Sue

as possible on account
of the 19th coming in that
month. Well, now my
dear you can not "crawl
fish" now. Our cards
will be out by the time
you receive, and that
will be a clincher.

No dear I do not think
anything of the kind, I
know you are as glad for
that day to roll around as
some body else will be - sorry (?)
sorry for only one reason,
and that is, leaving home,
mother, & friends, but even
that does not make me
unhappy, for I know
some body else loves me
and will make me happier
than I have ever been before.

We had a very time last night

addressing our invitations.

Kate & Geo. Corning, and Miss
Kearney came over to help me,
and Geo. Wright, some candy
along & arranged us with, as
he termed it, "the furniture"
the "luxuries" or "refinements"
were then so arranged.

I thought to finish them up.
Now, if you were only here,
how nice it would be for
me to direct them all
"done, say ourselves".

How sad you suppose we
will feel at this time, to
make from today? It is
now 12:30. The time we
we will be married. I would
like for the day to be as this
one is. The ... has come

on it - to the city - ² or rather to get an option if
if possible. So I shall ride out in the morn-
ing and spend the day with him, or such part
as may be necessary. If I succeed in se-
curing the option, I am authorized to proceed at
once to make a survey of the property and run
a line of levels into town, and locate a site
for a reservoir. This will occupy me until close
within the time I have set to come after you.
I am glad of it; for a rainy day like this hangs
heavily on my hands, whereas when I am at
work it passes very quickly. I wish I could
postpone this work until after Christmas so that
I could be working close home, when I could
be with you every evening. You need not fear
being left alone long, dear. If I am to be away
long at any time I mean to take you with me. And
I look forward to such trips with you with great
pleasure. It is nice to know new people, especially
when they are nice, and there are some excellent
people in the country here. I think I will have
you send invitations to a number of my coun-
try friends - who will appreciate the kindness and
remember it: Send to: Mr. & Mrs. Will Peters, Fishdam, Seem.
Sullivan County. Daniel Odell, Hemlock, Seem. Will
Mr. & Mrs. Will Carries, Hemlock. Mr. & Mrs. John Heuble,
Hemlock. ~~Mr. & Mrs. Jos. Riley~~ & family, Hemlock (please
forward); Mrs. & Mrs. Hoffman Blewies, Fishdam. Seem.
Mr. Samuel Mock, Damascus, Va. Mrs. E. E. Wiley, Emory, Va.

Rev & Mrs. Vance Price, Bristol; Mr. & Mrs. Jack Winston,
Bristol; Col. & Mrs. N. M. Taylor, Bristol; Mr. James Cox,
(City police), Bristol; Geo Loolfe, Bristol; Prof. & Mrs. Alson
Hutton, Bristol; ~~Mr.~~ ^{Dr.} & Mrs. Jere Bunting, Bristol; Mr.
& Mrs. J. Owens; ^{Mr.} Mr. & Mrs. Jas Owen; ^{Dr.} Captain Honey
Miss Nellie Honey; Dr. John Aikin & family; Dr. Mrs
Mrs. Harriet Garman, Rural Retreat, Va. Col &
Mrs. C. P. Jonez, Elizabethton, Tenn. Callie Remine,
Chucky City, Tenn; Ed Ripley, C.C.; Nicholas Earnest, C.C.; Mr.
& Mrs. Dockery, C.C. ^{Mr.} Henry Earnest, C.C. Some of these
I may have sent you several times over. I wrote
to Louis Leoy, but I think your best plan would
be to direct to Jackson, with "please forward" on the
envelope, sealing and stamping with a 2 cent stamp.

I wrote you last night that we might possibly have
to abandon our trip by way of Memphis, and that
in that case we might accept George's invitation
to take supper with the bridal party at Jackson,
coming home on the following day (starting at 2 P.M.,
perhaps, for Meridian and Chotomoya), and reaching our
home, dearest, on Friday evening. But I think it
will be well to decide nothing definitely in regard to
our route until I come down and have a talk with
you.

Do not fail to send an invitation to Mr. Jas. Cox, (City
police), Bristol, Tenn. He is an old sweetheart of Effie's
and I learned from the girls this evening that years
ago he asked her to marry him. He is very nice
and from a good many things that have happened

recently, I think he has never forgotten her. He is very attentive to the other girls, and quite nice to me. But Effie is so peculiar that he can hardly get to speak to her. She is so much afraid of being forward that she treats him rudely. But when you come I mean to have him call and see us if he wishes to do so, and then she can't well avoid seeing him. She has refused a half a dozen good offers of marriage - why I don't know. It seems to me that every one ought to marry sometime. There is not one girl in a thousand that has not had a chance to marry. Many times they refuse and afterwards live to regret it.

I have not heard from any of the Fishbams since Mr. Fishbam wrote; not a word yet from Carra. It might be well for you to write to her, but do as you think best dearest. I want here to say to you what I said in my letter to Mr. Fishbam: that I meant to be faithful to Cora's memory; but on the other hand I did not mean to forget that you ^{too} had claims upon me. I think I can be true to all parties. Mr. Fishbam wrote a very moving letter. Men are so sensible about such matters.

We talk of you a good deal of the time, here; that is at home. Not a half dozen persons in town know any thing of our intentions yet - you see how well I can keep a secret. Doris told me today he believed I was "chuck" on that girl in Mississippi.

We were talking of the habit among women of su-

discussing their letters, and I mentioned that for four or five years I had been corresponding with a girl in Mississippi and that all told I did not think you had underscored a dozen words.

Had you ever noticed that peculiarity of yours? I like you for it. I has never seemed to me that the habit of underscoring ~~the~~ every other word added any force to a letter. There are times when words need strong emphasis and when italics are in place - But an earnest letter, ^{usually} supplies its own emphasis. I might say I love you, dear, but the depth of my emotion can be better determined by the connection there by all the italics in the world. Don't you think so, sweet?

I don't think I like this idea, Corrie Sue, of being fushed aside for other people. (How italics do help!) You say if you do not write regularly or long letters I may know it is because you are too busy. I see only too plainly that from now on until the 19th I am hardly to be noticed.

I thank you for the flowers - The very first, dear, you were enclosed in one of your letters. You are to write to me regularly and long letters, all right, on up to next Friday week. I ain't any wooden man to be stood up in a corner until you are ready for me.

Write as often as you can - from now on I think our best plan will be to write every day instead of every other day.

Goodnight, my own,
Yours devotedly
Edward C.

Wednesday morning.

I have some good news for you, Darling.
Last night after writing your letter I was preparing
to retire when as I thought a long envelope
fell out of my pocket to the floor. I thought
it was probably a deed from Maggie Newson to A.
C. Smith, which I had had the day before. On
picking it up the handwriting seemed to be the
same and I was about putting it in my
pocket without further inspection. Then I no-
ticed that it was from the Smithsonian Institution
Washington D.C. and laid it on the table.

It was sealed. I took enough interest in it
to tear it open and examine it. What do you
suppose I found? A letter from Prof. Langley, &
Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, saying that
he remembered some the intelligent interest I
had once shown in aerodynamics and being in
need of an assistant in making some phys-
ical experiments he had thought of me, and
concluded by offering me the position at a
salary of \$1200 per year, work to begin Jan 1st 1895.

How does that strike your majesty? Would it

be Delightful Dear, living in Washington? The
very place above all others that I have wanted
to live in, and now to live there with you
on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, sure
money, and not a great deal to do. God is very
good to us, my dear. Think what times we
will have on the streets at night and how much
there will be to see at the Navy yard and at the
Cannon foundry and at the Capital. I will
be very busy now and see more than ever in-
terest for the 14th to the 15th round. There are a
few of them of them of them about
And it -
as we

and I will
write to the Minister as well -
Goodbye my precious. With my best
love -
Yours Fondly
Edward C.

Sunday 10:30 P.M.

My dearest:-

Boston. June -

Do you consider it any wrong when Dec 2 1894
a man is going down to be married for him to
write two letters to his girl in one day? If it is wrong
I trust you will forgive me, for my inclinations lead
me that way and I shall sleep better after I have
written to you. I have just written a long letter
to Louis Levy asking him to send me his address
as you wanted to invite him to your wedding.
I wrote him that you were to be married sometime in
December, about the 19th I thought, and that as I
had about decided to go down myself and be pres-
ent on that occasion I thought it would be
very pleasant if "we three" old friends should meet
again and talk over old times, and strongly urging
him to be present. I wonder what he will think when
he finds who the bridegroom is to be? You are
not to find fault with me dear, because I have
not written to Louis earlier, as you requested. All my
spare time has been taken up in writing to somebody in
Mississippi and it is a shame the way I have
been compelled to neglect other people. After we are
married dear, I do not mean to write to anybody. I
mean to get rid of this feeling that I ought to write

a letter to some one or other. As long as I
make a pretence writing I will carry a guilty
Conscience around with me, which I do not like to do.

I have an impression that there is a letter
in the office for me, and I wish very much
I had it. But by a slight misunderstanding
none of us were at the office this evening. I
know it a precious letter for you write us the
sort to me.

Your little theory Carrie Sue, that
you are only beautiful to me because I love
you, will not bear investigation. It is true
that I would be disposed to look very leniently upon
any faults you might have; but that would not
prevent my seeing them, nor prevent my loving you
either. So if your hands were large and coarse,
or if your eyes were crossed, or if you wore had
a bidge like mine, or if your laugh was loud and
disagreeable, dont you know my pretty one, that
I would I ~~would~~ be the first to see those defects?

You dont suppose that because I think of you
right- and say that I cant see your mistakes
in Grammos, do you? You do not make money
dear, and so long as you make yourself intelligible
I do not care how many you make. But I men-
tion this to show you that I am not blind to your
defects and that you are not so correct in attrib-
uting by my lack of taste (as you would put it) to
my regard for you. You have the coat en-
tirely before the horse, Carrie Sue. You imagine

I think you are beautiful because I love you,
Whereas I love you because I think you are
beautiful. I do not mean beautiful in
face and form only. But beautiful in dis-
position, in your character and in your manners.
Do you suppose, dearest, that when I came to
see you a month ago I went with my eyes bou-
daged? You had led me to believe that you were
possibly no longer good looking and I was pre-
pared to expect changes. But when I looked into your
dear blue eyes and heard you talk and held you
round in mine I saw how gloriously you had
ruined me. If you had been cold and distant and
unapproachable I should have decided quickly enough
that your disposition was not as beautiful as
I could have wished it. But when you opened
your heart to me and allowed me to read what
was written ^{on its beautiful pages} there, and when I began to perceive
an earnestness and depth and truthfulness about
your nature that I had hardly suspected I realized
how hard it would be to give you up. Before
I knew what ^{my} decision would be, I knew that the
struggle would be very bitter if I should have to give
you up. At any rate, my precious, we are
sufficient for each other. Each is satisfied of the
other's love and with the other's confidence and gen-
eral character and personal appearance. And
now Corrie Sue, as I have about finished and
my little sermon, suppose we close for the e-

being by singing in concert, me soprano, and
you alto.

"Together let us sweetly live."

Goodnight, my dearest one, with my love

Every yours faithfully.

10:20 P.M. Monday.

Edward C.

I thought surely I would have got my letter off
to you today, and I am disappointed that I did not,
for I wanted you to get a letter from me two days
in succession. But it seemed unavoidable. I thought
I would finish it before noon today, but I had so
much to do that when I got home it was already
train time and it was useless to mail it. I mean
to write you another one tomorrow; so my sweet one
you may look for another one the day after you
receive this.

This evening John Kennedy called
in to see us and I went round to the hotel with
him where I spent an hour or more. I
found a November railroad guide which upset
my plans a little. I see the schedule has
changed on the Grenada and Memphis road. There
are but two trains that we could take. One of these
leaves at 4 a.m. and reaches Memphis at 8 a.m.
The other leaves at 7:30 a.m. and reaches Mem-
phis at 4 P.M. Neither of these would do at all.

We may have to give up our Memphis trip and
come by way of Meridian or Good Junction. The
latter would not answer, and so the best route
would seem to be by Meridian. Now tell me

frankly, dear, your³ opinion. If we come by way of Meridian we might accept George's proposal and have the bridal party come with us to Jackson and let them return at 10 P.M. This would necessitate our remaining over in Jackson until the following day, an arrangement that I should like. I want you to have some rest - and whatever you may insist upon let me have my way in this, dearest. The girls have been abusing me for declining George's offer and insist that it is the very thing. Everybody except you seems to be opposed to my plan. Which reminds me of an old story: of a man who said that at first the old man was opposed to his marrying his daughter; then the old woman opposed it; then she ~~was~~ broken and finally the girl herself opposed it and he quit going to see her. I think we will leave the matter undecided for the present; but you can say to George that our plans are not matured yet and that we may still accept his kindness. We can arrange all these matters after I come.

That was a dear good letter you wrote me this morning. How I loved you as I read it. I appreciated what you said about our consideration for each other. It was very nice in you to write in order that I might not have to wait a day longer to hear from you. The time between your letters seems long at best and when they are delayed I get impatient. A little more than two weeks now

and we will never be separated long again.
Every day I realize more clearly how pre-
cious you have become to me. I do not
know that you ever thoroughly understood the
change in my feelings from doubt to confidence.
It was not until I saw you that you seemed
to love me with the overflowing affection that
I longed for. You won't - give me cause
to question your love again, will you dearest?
We seem to understand each other so well now.
Each knows the other's heart and each knows that
there is no longer need of concealment. Each of
us needs the other's love, and think what a wealth
of it each of us has to give. When we want
sympathy and affection, each of us can go to the
other and know that all the love we can ask is ours.
We want soon grow tired telling the old story, will we,
my precious. God bless you over and over.
With my heart's best love I am
Ever yours, my dearest.

Edward C.

To: Mrs. Linn

Sept 1894

Dear Mother

Your letter of the 10th is received

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

and I am glad to hear from you

and that you are well

and the weather is very nice

of many acquaintances. I mean
my circle of friends is small com-
paratively. I have always wanted
a few good friends and have never
had much chance to know them
yet.

The girls are talking so that I can-
not write connectedly. I think I
will have to give it up until they
get off to bed. It is after 7 o'clock
anyway and I am invited out to
take tea? - No, to meet with the
City fathers and talk over a proposed
plan of securing a fresh supply
of water for the town. So I will
reluctantly say good bye to them.

9:18. I left the Board after the
matters in which I was concerned
had been settled and came home
to write to you. I have been ap-
pointed a commissioner to go three
miles into the country on tomorrow
to see a man named Rush in regard
to selling his land and the water rights

CAIRG LN. O.
DEC
9
1834. O.
R. P. O.

Mr E. C. Huffaker,
Bristol
Tenn

Sunday
4 P. M.

Hay Chest, Miss.
Dec. 9 - 1894

My Dear,

I was disappoint-
-ed this afternoon when
no letter came from
you, and also on yes-
terday. What is the
matter with you? Have
you grown tired writing
so often and hearing so
often from your Carrie
and are you, like
she is sometimes, too
lazy to write? I shall
think it is the latter,
for I am sure dear
the other is not the
correct solution. That
does not put any

great change in my
feeling of disappointment,
however, for I surely
do miss your dear
letters sadly when they
do not come as regu-
larly as I expect them.

Of course you have
a great deal to occupy
your mind & time
now, winding up your
business affairs
preparatory to leaving
for Washington say the
1st Jan. Hardly know
how I am to let you
go & leave me even
for a short while, but
if you think you will be
better, I have nothing
to say except, that you

must make ² the time
just as short as
possible - I think
it will be perfectly good
to live in Washington
to spend our first year
if no longer there,
and I shall be perfectly
willing to do ^{it} as ^{any} way
you think best in
regard to our mode
of living - keep house
or board - as you
will, I shall be satisfied
so long as you are
with me. It seems
to me though as a
measure of economy,
the better plan would
be to board at first,
and then after we had

kind there long enough
to grow tired of boarding
and you thought you
could stay in Washington
long enough to justify
it, or could go to
housekeeping & have
the girls come up
& stay with us.

There is "method" in
my madness, you
might say, and there
is my dear. You see
if you decide to leave
house at first, it
will take you a much
longer time to make
arrangements for my
coming, while if you
are to board, you can
my some kind a

3

place for me, & if
I do not get on with you
I can come in a
very few days - & that
only clear to that soft-
cabbage head of yours?

As you know, I feel
a little disappointed
about leaving Bristol.
I had thought of
living there, visiting
your friends, taking
little trips with you
in the mountains, in
our "ex train", and
a number of strings
connected with the
life there, of living
in the house with Peda,
& Alice & perhaps Elfrid &
Jo, but now I shall

catch only a glimpse
of that life - But my
dear, while that is (all
true, I am glad to go
to Washington with you,
and no doubt shall like
as much if not more
than in Bristol - You
know I am very fond
of city life, the advan-
tages and lux etc. even
in a limited way - I
agree with you, that
we must live as we
can have something
thereafter, or not live
up to our means.
Should never had an
opportunity to live
very extravagantly -
shall not care to very

4.
much in the future
I guess. I wish you
were here this afternoon.
It is a dark rainy
day and we could
hold our afternoon
"session" undisturbed.
I went to church this
morning the last
time. Carrie Pedding
will soon go except
on the 19th and then
what a change there
will be in about 5
minutes time. - By
the way, how you written
Mr Bailey yet! He
leaves for Conference
tomorrow or Tuesday, but
you write him here &
it will be forwarded.

Tomorrow I teach my
last day at school, &
tomorrow night, if the
weather permits, I
will give my last
Musical Recital, by
my pupils. - I expect
to spend the balance
of the time here, at
home resting. - Shall
retire early & go nowhere.

I am sorry dear
you can not come
next Saturday to spend
Sunday with me, but
I will give way gracefully
when I know it is
to your interest to wait
a day or two. - but please
try to get here Monday aft.
or Tuesday night, or even

5-

Sunday night would not be objectionable - I think if you come by Grand Junction you will pretty apt to reach H. on the early morning train, instead of the afternoon. I care not what route you take just as long as you get here on time.

Your Bristol friends will be reading our invitation however as I sent them out yesterday. Hope I have not omitted any you wished sent. I sent Louis Loois to W.C. care of Mayer & Co. In a letter from Guy

recind two days ago, he
gave me the addresses
of a good many friends
who had left Jackson,
& Louis's was among
the number - I asked
him for them - He
sent very nice yesterday,
I will send him to him
tomorrow - Guy wrote
a very nice letter & spoke
very highly of you - Will
give you this letter to
read when you come
if you should care to
read it - The Jackson
people will receive their
cards yesterday tomorrow.

I must stop to mail this
before too late - Many sent her love to you -
10 days!! With my best love
from our Carrie Sue -

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD.



B. W. WRENN,
GEN'L PASSE'G & TICKET AGENT.

C. A. DESAUSSURE,
ASS'T GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

Memphis-Tenn-Dec-17th-94.

Mr ED. Huffaker,
Bristol, Tenn.

Dear Sir:--

arrived to
We are in receipt of yours of the 15th and regret the continued absence from the office of the Gen. Pass. Agt no action can be taken as to issuing you free transportation. I take pleasure in advising you that the rate from Hazlehurst via Jackson, Grenada and Grand Junction to Chattanooga is the same as via Jackson and Meridian, the fare from Jackson being \$11.75, and from Hazlehurst to Jackson \$1.02, making total of \$12.77. The schedule is as follows which you will find will suit the occasion.

Leave Hazlehurst 11.30.p.m. and arrive Grand Junction 8:40.a.m. leave there 12.15. arriving Chattanooga 9:40.p.m.

Very truly,

B. W. Wrenn

G. P. & T. A.
2

CEROX

Jackson Miss
12/17/94

My dear Miss Carrie

Is it possible that in two short days we are going to bid fare well to Carrie Redding for all time? I would not have it other wise, for though your life so far has been bright and happy, it will be fuller and happier as a wife, and it would be selfish for us to even want you to be Miss Carrie just so we could have you with us when we want you —

2. I don't see Prof. Huf-
faker, extend my con-
gratulations and say to
him for me, that
never has so lovely and
sweet a woman stood
at the altar and given
her life and happiness
into the keeping of the
man of her choice - as
soon as he will so
soon can his own.
We will miss you but
I hope Mrs Huffer will
be the same good friend
that Miss Carver has ever
been and rest assured she
will always have a hearty
welcome at our home
and we will keep the
12^{sq} inches ready for her

To occupy without a minutes
notice.

May God in His mercy
shower His richest blessings
on you both, is the
prayer of

Your loving friend
Fannie Luther

P.S. We send you by
today's express a little
and that we hope will
do you of us when
you are in your far off
home.

Dr. & Mrs. C. K. Caruthers
invite you to be
present at the marriage of their daughter

Pattie Caruthers

to

John Magruder Sullivan,
Tuesday Evening, December eighteenth,

6:15 o'clock,

at the Methodist Church,

Como, Mississippi.

1894.

At Home
After January third,
Jackson, La.

Waymerville, O.
Dec, 29th 1894

Mr. & Mrs. Huffaker:

With the wish that
Heaven's blessing may rest upon
you through a long and
happy wedded life; please
accept congratulations of

Your friends,

S. J. Way.
Francis Way.