

L 1883 Sep 15 J

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My very bad Friend,

(Who does not deserve that I should care where he goes, or what becomes of him?)

Are you coming to Newport? One day I hear that you are, the next that you are not. I saw your dear little boy at the Casino the other evening - he was talking to the ladies in front of me for quite a while - but he did not say anything on the subject. By the way he did not seem silly & dude, fied at all - in spite of what you & some other men say about him. But are you coming?

It seems a very long time since I saw you last summer. I feel about ten years older - I have had so much care & sorrow.

I thought then that I had suffered all I could suffer — but I was mistaken. Now I believe we do not reach that point until we are dead. I came near reaching it, though — in the spring I was very, very ill. But somehow I pulled through & at present I am stronger than I have been for years. Yet I don't feel it — because so many sad things happen in my life & wear me out. Sometimes — does this strike you as very comical? — when I feel exceedingly gloomy, I have an idea I would like you to come & talk to me. It is absurd, I know — but I can't help it. I like the sound of your voice — even if you are such an awful old sinner! — & I would like you to tell me about your trip out West. I enjoy hearing

about places I have never visited & interesting things I expect never to see. Will you come?

Of course, if you are an old bundle of worldliness & have no heart at all, you needn't. But you know best whether you are that, or not. If you can remember a time when you were very unhappy, & I tried to say things to comfort you, & you did care for my sympathy, then do come. It is very hard for me to take hold of life again — & I am very grateful to those who help me at all to be cheerful.

At present I am staying at Mrs. Ives' — a quiet little house, in a quiet little street. Of course it is not the same as being in my own home — but how can I help that? And we so seldom are near. Do come, if you can.

22 Brinley St.  
Newport R.I. Yours Sincerely,  
Sept 15<sup>th</sup>, 1883. [Julia S. Sand] J. S. S.

J. A. O.

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