

Nov.

Friday ~~Monday~~, 20<sup>th</sup>

1896

Yesterday was dear Mary's birthday. God grant her many. A gloomy day, this 10<sup>th</sup> at times rain but clearing up. Day since moonlight away. The nights are very dark. I am never out after dark that is no distance. So the P. O. Papa home all day and feeling poorly. I have been reading Blackstone once more for the last two weeks, about on an average twenty or thirty pages a day. As usual it is dry, dry work, and I dislike it. Notwithstanding I have commenced Sir William's very profound Commentaries some five or six times, and often, I never get to the end of the second book. I hope to this time. Great national feverishness about the elections hidden ahead but no surety for either yet. The Republicans are shy & bold dog and there is no telling.

Saturday 11<sup>th</sup>

Papa to the city, home in very poor spirits. I saw Louisa Waters. For the one hundredth or one thousandth thought of getting work, and tried to earn out a path for myself. I wrote seeking position as office clerk in answer to advertisement in N. Y. Herald. Papa dreadfully down and low spirited. No wonder. I feel meanly but then what am I to do? He won't try to get me a place worth anything and I do not know where to look. I had a spot with Aunt Mary. She is a laughably absurd woman.

Sunday, ~~Tuesday~~, 23, 12<sup>th</sup>

Expected Sam Kelly, who came not. Papa and Sam both with bad colds. I have taken up phonograph, & hope to do something. I read Blackstone every day. I wrote two long letters to Aunt Jim & will inclose them in this one envelope.

Monday 13<sup>th</sup>

Mrs. O'Haulin and myself <sup>displeased with</sup> poor friends. We do not manage well together. She offers me to do so little I get <sup>displeased with</sup> at her. Do not think she could make me angry.

Tuesday, 14<sup>th</sup>

Sent a letter to Belle Sullivan and a paper to Uncle John. Heard from Little Sue. Papa to City. About this time wrote to George. Had a good game of ball. Day disagreeable. Good chance at & missed.

Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup>

<sup>Carnival time.</sup> Aunt Mary once more on the go. This time New York. Posted letters to dear Little Sue & Rural Gazette. Rain all day. Came near hurting self with sun. Papa worse. Read & wrote most of day.

Thursday 16<sup>th</sup>

<sup>Carnival, dinner!</sup> Home all day. Did not visit Wright's. First day I stayed away in weeks. Wrote a long letter to Mazie. Trying to kill ducks. Papa to the City. He is no better. Pleasant day.

Friday 17<sup>th</sup>

Aunt Mary back from New York in evening. She drank tea on Wednesday, 15 at Mrs. Williams. I believe I tried to play ball but could get no one to play with. About this time Heyeman & I commenced to study Phonography. Papa poorly.

Sat. WEDNESDAY, 24, 18<sup>th</sup>

Recd. letter from George. Played ball. High tides and indications of a storm. Papa to the city I think. Aunt Mary continues drinking tea. I have not smoked yet although our trial is through looking over Phonograph, and Blackstone. Rather very dry.

Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>

Rain & wind & high waves. No Sam Kelly to day. George Benin buried to day. None of us was present at the funeral. Aunt Mary & I chatted and quarreled and repeated. The bank injured. The water very high indeed. Has been so for days. To bed at an early hour.

Monday 20<sup>th</sup>

Great storm still continues. Papa worried & out in the rain spite of bad cold. Heard from Mary, Rob. Rain all day, long. High wind at night. Papa very low in spirits, morose, and quite down hearted. Slight cough myself. Studying a little. Gloomy prospects.

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup>

Wrote to George & Mary. Commenced letter to Aunt Jim. Weather clearing off. Big Willow tree has fallen a stable gate. Bank injured by waves not very much but bad enough. Up early & to bed some. Papa home & very low in spirits. My mysterious trouble gone long ago. Aunt Mary & I had friends.

Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Aunt Mary & I had our usual quarrel. We give it to each other. Up about 7. I keep right good hours now. Read Phonog. & Black. To Wright in morning. Sent manuscript to Rural Gazette. Mailed letter to Mary & George care of brother. To bed about 10<sup>30</sup>. Papa still coughing away. Along the beach yesterday.