

1894

Saturday, May 5

My darling Helen:

Despite the mosquitoes, I must write you tonight
a line for your birthday &
tomorrow; for we are to leave here
in the afternoon and I fear
the morning will be too occu-
pied otherwise. I am most
heartily glad I got away. We
have now been here one month
weeks, weeks of disaster and

discomfort without a single re-
living feature except the sound
good health with which God has
blessed us. We w^d & Cousin &
hope to reach there late Tuesday
afternoon. So you are twenty
one. Twenty one years since
that separating with brothers
could be by Mrs. Olive,
Carolina, Peppa et alias.
Well, as I am by way of
being complimentary tonight,
I will say you might have

been worse! I had this morning Miley's letter of the
27th July, and one from mamma of the same date.
Whether I see much news but then I know there is
not much going. We also have very little. I hope
that in Antwerp we have touched bottom for dullness,
and, what I much more can for, that I have turned
the corner of my long absence. It is an inexpressible
rejoice to be away so much, and also I have
such a break in my writing. I had a letter from
Mr. Scudder today, hoping I had not forgotten the
papers I was to write for the Atlantic; but in truth
I am so much discouraged on my ship up for the North
American that I have little hope of accomplishing anything.
It is impossible to expect anything amid such interruptions
and mental fatigue. Goodbye dear child; many
happy returns! but remember that to have them in
happiness you must not overwork while you are young.
Dearest love I mamma, Willie & Lyle
Your loving father
A. T. Mahan

May - 5 - 1894

W

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