

**SOME
CORRESPONDENCE AND
SIX CONVERSATIONS**

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Some Correspondence and Six Conversations by Clyde Fitch

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CLYDE FITCH

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CORRESPONDENCE AND
SIX CONVERSATIONS**

Some Correspondence
and
Six Conversations

BY
Clyde Fitch



NEW YORK
STONE & KIMBALL
MDCCCXCVI

TO
MISS MINSEY

HER NAME IS COMFORT, HER NAME IS TRUE;
HER FRIENDS ADORE HER, AND I DO TOO.

224235

Some Correspondence

Some Correspondence

A DUOLOGUE

IN THE SHAPE OF TWO LETTERS; THE FIRST WRITTEN BY A HANDSOME, ATTRACTIVE MAN OF THE WORLD, BORN IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, IN 1859, BUT FROM CHILDHOOD A RESIDENT OF NEW YORK; THE SECOND LETTER WRITTEN IN REPLY TO THE FIRST BY A NEW YORK WOMAN, BORN *somewhere about* 1864, CHARMING, LOVELY, AND MARRIED —BUT UNHAPPILY.

NEW YORK, FEB. 25th, 1894.

O My Dear, Dear Mrs. Peggy:—

Have n't you realized why you have n't seen me these last three days? It is because I have seen no one and nothing but *you!* There, it is out! And unless your woman's instinct

TO YOU
SOME CORRESPONDENCE

has been very much "a-maying" (I could n't say "wool gathering" apropos of it) you must have seen and known days, weeks ago.

I've tried to go away. I've chosen ever so many routes, gone several times to the station, and twice even bought a ticket; but while what we poor fools call our better judgment dragged my very mortal body away from town, my heart full of love, and heavy because I feel you will say for you to receive—or any rate to return that love, would be wrong,—my heart (and God bless it!) held me back fast, in the place where *you* see the sun shine, and the moon rise. Can you make head or tail of me, my darling Mrs. Peggy? which of course I mustn't call you unless you grant me permission to; will you?

But to go back not further than yes-

SOME CORRESPONDENCE

terday, I had been only two days away from you, yet having sworn to myself the night before that I would n't go to see you in the morning, I found I could n't go to sleep at all, because I had nothing to wake up for. And then what a day! As if it were n't enough to have you in my heart, I had you "on the brain," too. Everywhere I went I saw only Mrs. Peggy, and myriads of her! Think of myriads of Mrs. Peggys, when there is really only one in the whole wide world, only could be one, and she besides is more than two-thirds heavenly. When I boarded a street-car it seemed to me that Mrs. Peggy rang the bell and inside there were rows and rows of her, and every strap had another man than me hanging on it all down the aisle. Even at lunch, she was with me, the *Carte du Jour* was à

SOME CORRESPONDENCE

la Peggy. And all my business letters were signed with her name big and vanishing. Every store I passed on Broadway belonged to you, and Sarony had no one else pictured in his windows. The violets the men sold on 23d street smiled like your eyes, and lily-of-the-valley tears hung sympathetically for me beside them. I could n't stand it any longer! I glanced up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel clock, — it was Mrs. Peggy minutes past Mrs. Peggy! and I came on here to my Club to make a fool or a beast or what? — of myself. I have n't even been able apparently to make my declaration seriously! That is because of two reasons; first, I did n't want to frighten you, or anger you, or have you laugh at me, either, I thought it was safer to invite you to laugh *with* me; and second, I was afraid you