My dear Folks:

I have just read through for the third time today Mother's and Will's letters received this morning. I looked for them yesterday, Thursday, but I didn't get them. Two others came then, one from Dot with word that the Dr. was victorious but no particulars. I began to fear he had paralyzed you as well as beaten. Then this morning the con-ciergie came in with both of them. It is such a delight to get them. You can't imagine how I read them over and over. The campaign must have been awfully exciting, but with you I expected he would be nominated. Election is another thing. Will must be careful not to let the personal side get a start. He at least must keep out of that for my sake, but on the grounds of decency, honesty etc. he surely can have all the material he'll have time to use. Work quietly, but keep it up.

I don't care if he does go to Congress, he'll keep his neck as sure as there are moral laws governing things, sooner or later, and he might as well do it in Congress as anywhere. He is one of those men who don't need to be helped to destruction. He's bound to kill himself unless, indeed, he sees the "evils of his ways." Mother referred me to a most appropriate passage in Psalms as she thought, describing the Dr's unholy condition. I got down my Bible and looked it up and really I don't see the difference between swearing a little at him and using this chapter as describing him. It's a pious way of calling names, but its effective and gave me a good laugh. Ah well, I don't care if he's president if he
only lets me alone. One thing I expect, however, is that he will begin soon to try to coddle Will. If he does, let things go on and see what he'll do. I'd like to know.

The family news was wonderfully interesting. Congratulate Kitty Gray on her "two pair of twine." I do hope with Lizzie that there is a pair of boys among them and that she'll get them trained nicely by '93. I am getting very fond of cats for there are more in Paris than in all Pennsylvania, I believe. You see them everywhere.

My old coffee woman has six in her shop. She complains all the time about being poor, but she chops meat and potatoes enough every day for her whole family and feeds her cats. This morning when I went for my Café au lait she had a big pot of some green herbs which the cats were eating. There are a great many blooded cats sold here too. Only this week I saw a pair of beautiful Persians for sale in a shop.

Monday night, April 25.

I know that if I don't write tonight I shall not get a letter of any length off tomorrow. I am in the midst of copying my next syndicate and want to send it by tomorrow's mail. So I have taken up this letter now, though it is after 11 o'clock and I ought to go to bed. I'm rather excited tonight so many things have happened today. In the first place Scribner's came today and I found my story in it. I suppose you have it by this time. I hope so and that you don't think it "rot." Please fix Claude up—maybe he won't like my writing him up and killing him off in this way. I would like to send some copies of it away, but don't feel as if I could afford to.

This afternoon I left my work to go to a funeral. I think I wrote you that Miss Weaver had some naval friends here—the wife
of one of them had her mother here, Mrs. Camren. She died Saturday. They do not allow a corpse to lie in the house here and she was taken to the chapel of our church immediately. This afternoon the services were held. It was the most forlorn and desolate thing I ever saw, not even a dozen people beside the family. They send the body this week to America and move at once from their present apartment. I pity Mrs. Snow so for she has always been without care until now and the bitter loneliness of a death in this awful city is something which appalls me.

Tonight when Mary and I were through with our dinner and working quietly the bell rang and in came the Emery's back from their 7 weeks in Italy. By but we were glad to see them. We actually kissed Mr. Emery. (She said we might and he is so nice). They are the jolliest, most sensible of people and our little crowd has missed them woefully. Their going away has helped us get acquainted with the Vincents however and I shall always rejoice over that. Last week we spent 3 nights running with them. On Friday week ago I finished up my work and announced I was going to have a vacation for 3 days. The next day we had planned to go to Versailles for a picnic but it was cold so I staid home and worked until 4 p.m. then Mrs. V. and I walked. We went together to restaurant and home with them and spent the evening. Next day was Easter and I skipped my church and with the crowd went to Notre Dame, the big cathedral, for High Mass. The music was glorious and Archbishop Richard led. In the evening the crowd tried to go to see the Gingerbread Fair which is only in full blast on Sunday but it rained and we staid with the V's. Monday I thought I would certainly get one day of vacation and was going
picnicing with the Gibson's but it rained again and I worked all the forenoon and in the afternoon Mrs. V. and I went to see the Black and White Exhibition and the Pastels. The first had the greatest lot of trash in it I ever saw. Actually there were lots of things which looked for all the world like a Pennsylvania Co. Fair. Of course there were good things but you had to look over so much stuff to find them that it was discouraging. I did not dream such an exhibition would be tolerated here by the Government. From there we went to the Pastels. I had never seen any good ones before and I was more than charmed. There were some exquisite things. I immediately went home and read the article in the Dec. Century on the Golden Age of Pastels and then went to the Louvre to see the pictures it cites. That little picture of a child with cherries by Russel is hung there and is so pretty, so are the portraits of the Dauphin. After we finished the pastels we went home to dinner with our tearful friend who has the gray hair and secret sorrow and had a very nice time. There the V's sent for us to come for the evening. It was the last night for 2 young gentlemen who had been in the crowd -- Johns Hopkins boys -- and we had lots of fun. Tuesday I concluded my vacation and went to work again. Next time I hope I'll have better weather for my vacation.

We have all been to the Gingerbread Fair when it was in full swing. It is immense, scores of Merry-go-rounds in every shape -- not horses and bicycles alone -- but ships which roll and pitch until actually it makes you sick to look at them. Then there are balloons which go up and over, instead of around. Dr. V. and I went up. You sit in a basket and go about to the 3rd story windows then down, then up again. It gives a lovely view of the
fair which is perfectly radiant with lights. There are all sorts of cheap stereos shows about like our dime museums. We didn't go into any. There was lots of confetti thrown and I was showered a half dozen times. I'm going to send a gingerbread man and a cornucopia of confetti to the children if Jo can find a place for them.

The girls have decided about their going. It will be on the 25th of May from Liverpool. They leave here the 20th and stay 3 or 4 days in London. Jo remains at Geneva until a few days before they go. You can imagine it makes me feel "teary" to think of it, but you must not imagine that I shall be alone or deserted. I have a host of friends here and might have 5 times as many if I did not fear the time and expense of it. I shall stay with Mme. Bonnet until July and then go away as where my work seems to draw me. If Jo wasn't going to Titusville it wouldn't seem so hard.

Tuesday Morning. The dynamiters are after us again. The house of the man where Ravachoe the archfiend of the gang was arrested, blown up, and they say and 2 wounded. The prefect of the police is said to have resigned, and I should think he would. The other place nobody could have suspected to be in danger but this place has been threatened daily since the arrest. I'm expecting heaps of fun the 1st of May but probably nothing will happen or if it does it will be so far from me that I won't see even a splinter fly.

I am so sorry Ella is so miserable. Tell her for me that she must keep still. It is good that her mother is there. Nobody else could take the care from her so well. I hope Sara won't come home until she is sure that she ought to and until the Dr. approves.

Ask her to give Mrs. Chamberlain a copy of the Scribner story or,
if she hasn't the to gently call her attention to it.

Dot wrote me that she was in Chicago recently and called at Harry Flood's office to see how he looked. The boy said he was out and has been for 3 days and that his wife had been there the day before to see where he was. So poor Fanny is reaping a cruel reward for her devotion.

Tell Esther her letter was very delightful and that I shall answer it soon. Give my love to everybody. Write me all the news, take good care of yourselves and don't worry about me.

Remember me to Miss Wagner. Is she getting well?

Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell.