



1887-01-01

Letter from Alice W. Rollins to [Louie] Muir, [ca. 1887].

Alice W. Rollins

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170 West 59th Street,
New York.

Occidental Hotel.
San Francisco.
Sunday.

Dear Mrs. Muir -

We gave the boxes
of grapes for Miss Sidmore in
charge of the express, but they
were not delivered last night,
and the clerk thinks they
will not be till tomorrow. We
found, however, to our great
regret, that Miss Sidmore
had already left for Los
Angeles. We leave ourselves
tonight for Salt Lake, & I
have taken the liberty to ask

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P. S.

Wish to advise how much called, & suggest
that I have the grapes sent to the Sidmore St.
Kendall's, where the children can have a
party with them; I feel sure you will approve.
A. W. R.

(4)

the clerk at the hotel to have the boxes, if delivered tomorrow, sent to Kate Higgins mother & sister, as it seemed too bad for them to be lost utterly. I cannot begin to tell you all the pleasant memories of yesterday that will have an abiding place in our hearts. We shall never forget drinking Linfordel from its own purple bulb as well as from larger glasses, & the entire recollection will be one of sunshine only, not too dazzling because

reminded by so much happy talk. I recollecting
of Yosemite points & Alameda plains. We enjoyed greatly the little call upon your father & mother; the wonderful glass picture, the cool attractive room, that calm most marvellous & priceless which looked as like snow & ice streaked with sunshine that we wondered whether it would not melt away if fire were ever lighted in it, & more than all, as the fitting spirit of the scene, your mother's sweet & peaceful face as fittingly framed in all that bright confusion, will be kept in our hearts. Recently as the large mirror on the beautiful myrt hotel the room & the picture in its own heart & hands. Lovingly yours Alice W. Hutton.