

Exhibit 187, Feb. 26, 1903.

“New York May 6th/70.

Dear Sister Ellen

On Sunday Morning last, two telegrams, one 2850
from Jimmy Z & one a little later from Mr. H. D.
Newcomb, announced to me the sad event of your
great affliction. Mr. Hildreth immediately tele-
graphed, you for me. I wished to write you at
once, but could not. To me your deep sorrow is
truly & sincerely felt, as it is a mourner who can
sympathise with stricken hearts.—Your desire to
be “first called” before husband or children has
not been granted you for some wise purpose; and
in your Christian faith, you will all feel “He 2851
knows best who doeth all things well.”—Deaths
dark mantle closes your *best friend* from view,—
the summons to close his earthly career was sud-
den & prompt, but so gently administered that it
cannot be supposed, that he felt the pangs or
pain of dying;—he sank too quickly to have suf-
fered much & was spared a protracted painful
death;—while the shock to you & your dear child-
ren, must be felt to be known his was a calm &
peaceful rest. All that is left for us all,—is to 2852
dwell upon his Noble qualities, his virtues, & the
recollections of his goodness; his general popular-
ity is his best enconium. I had just made a change
in Sophie’s dress & thought if you did not see
her, how glad you would all be to hear it. Now
all is to be laid away. She really looked on May
morning, as one of her gentle’m friends told her,
like one of the sweet flowers of the day, in her