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<th>Letters from Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson to Dora Norton Williams (In Series I)</th>
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My dear Mrs. Wells, dear, a kind of hope
in his hand. I always
best in his hand. Can it
I think he is very wise and

As yet your letters because they are so
long and interesting, I have been trying
that you might get well enough to
write to you both that you might
have something in return, but of course
had such extremely wet weather in
the Smith that he is quite crushed
by it. His time is almost fully occupied
in heavy carelessness, varied if he can,
and gets over them again. Still with
it all you would not know him for the
called grumts of San Francisco, he is
as thanks in the face, and seems to
that I always feel curious about the relation between the head and the body. I have read a book on the human brain and it seems to me that the brain alone can explain many things. I have always been interested in the connection between the brain and the body. I have read a book on the human brain and it seems to me that the brain alone can explain many things.

I have been seeing a lady who is very smart. She has a very good understanding of the human brain and it seems to me that she is very smart.

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mentioned in appearance. Do you know anything of Stoddard? I mentally dream of him, lately, and when I laid my hand upon a book carelessly, it turned out to be Stoddard with his name in it. I cannot say that my thoughts entered about Stoddard very much, so it surprises me that he should be so continually coming up in my dreams. As far as I could see, there is nothing the matter with him. I once had a dream about John Addington Symonds; Sir, in writing to him, mentioning incredibly and unceremoniously expected answer asking for dates, as a sort of curious lot of dreams had been flying about. When Symonds opened Sir's letter, he had already in his hand two others about dreams, dreams are such curious things.
[Spring 1884, p. 4]
I am not sure if you want to make a little money, perhaps it is necessary that she should. I don't suppose she has as much. Remember Ziggy as I do, I cannot concern it necessary that her sister should be hemmed about if a lovely friend of hers.

I should like Fanny, too, to see Cheeb. Soby if you think I meant, and could give one her address. Of course I may not go this Spring. Soby thinks of going to Paris & sit for his bust. It is to be done in bronze. I a great French sculptor whom name I forgot. If he is very well enough to eat I will send you a photograph of it. A photograph will be all, I get shall get myself. I end with this a
[Spring 1884, p. 6]

I am, so you perceive, quite myself. The doctor still goes on giving me something or other, and I believe he does it for amusement. This is, indeed, true; it sounds very funny, but we have to take it as it comes: it pulls one's nerve together in such a sort of way. I hear that Bell has prepared the world with another little story. He says, in that respect, doesn't feel one with elation. I am hardly sure about my poor little sister at Monterey who is expecting a baby any soon. You know about Alice Campbell. I have met her once at a party in Paris, and once at a party in London. I don't know anything about her, she seemed very pleasant, and, if I remember correctly, she was pretty and not stupid, seems to sing, surely. I have seen her once, and she was a clear imitation of Court, perhaps a bit cold. I don't know if she lives in the city, and I should think that Rendall knew her much better than I do. I am hardly acquainted with her, don't suppose I should know her sight. I am under ends a dear of gratitude to the Judge, that for his many long and intimate letters that I discharged her duties, and I am able to send him an answer, a copy of my love.
Sandem
Chelsea,

My dear Mrs. Williams,

I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but have not had the opportunity until now. Son's father has been out of health for some time. He was in Bath for a month, but refused to stay there unless I stayed with him, as if course I had to do as he wished, as he is a dear old man, and I am no kind of him indeed. Since then to the Swiss, and I have been about from place to place trying to interest and amuse him until we had a strange call at home. My boy is ten this eights. He was in the middle of his bachelor of science examination, and so far, passed with second class honors.
[1886 April]

[Text not legible or translatable]
The man called himself, "Mr. Shelley." Clearly, there was some sort of confusion or surprise among the figures of the family. Dr. Shelley was a friend and confidant of the family. He had lived with them for many years, and his presence was always welcome. The family trusted him, and he knew the secrets of the household, as if he were a member of the family himself. He was a man of great wisdom and experience, and everyone respected him. His advice was sought by all, and his influence was felt by everyone. The family was grateful to have him on their side, and they knew that they could always rely on him for guidance and support. The man called himself, "Mr. Shelley," and his presence was always welcome. He was a friend and confidant of the family, and his influence was felt by everyone. The family trusted him, and they knew that they could always rely on him for guidance and support.
[1886 April]