

your pen my book or paper, and
lying down with a contented mind
as much as I say "there now".
There is a great little - nice a knowing
one too. When I commenced
this letter it was snowing now
it is raining - then it was zero
weather now it is mild. Quite
a change in 3 days. Ma and
Mrs Groesbeck were here to tea and
spent the evening the last Wednesday.
They enquired about you and
sent kind regards, all most every
body asks about you.
Will has just brought me the
name and address of the Oil City
Editor, P. C. Doyle Toledo Ohio
or Oil City - Either will reach him
there no letter from Sara & send
me this but she was about the same
the best we heard from her.
Miss Wright is better; they think now
she will recover - Mrs Bronson is
going to close her house next week
and spend the rest of the winter
with Mrs Crawford (Leahy) - The Pamelas
are all convalescent, and the friends
generally are well. About the only
thing that bothers the Mullers is the
sleigh riders - 4 horse teams and big

loads of either old folks or children
with an occasional coasting party
embarked ~~with~~ a turn over or a break
down. Will spilled a big load over
our Wood's hill a few nights ago
and threw into a big shore boat
to save their necks and came near
breaking his own - but "all is well
that ends well" They all came out
safe, some bruised and lumps, some
noses and cracked heads. Your
father told them to go on the south
roof of Will's house and slide off
and see if they could break their
necks - They don't mind a shaking
up if they have the fun. And fun
it is for them. A bump or an up-
set don't count.

Well, I've been to shut up the chicks
for the night. They have laid me
here 6 eggs to day, and one foolish
Biddie wants to set. Instead, I have
shut her up until she get the notion
out of her silly head.

It is decidedly lonely here, only
"Father" and I in this house - just
think of it. I have read Dickens all
over and nearly all of Scott's novels
Some of The Cherry - and a good deal
of other books and magazines

besides all the papers and knit and unbordered
and Aving drawn work now and still there
is such a stillness all around me. I get nervous
and fly around and upset a chair. Then a
door or jinks the cat - any thing for a noise.
Occasionally the fortress is stormed and a noise
is made with a vengeance. Friday the four young
lads came all at once, with a shout and a big
bang - Grand ma was wakened immediately - then
away like a tornado, and all was still but the
echo - now and then your father goes whirling
around the house at nothing and nothing but moodily
he is so absorbed in reading the old war articles
in the back numbers of the Century that I hear nothing
of him. He does burst out now and again in an
enthusiastic declamation on some thing, but I
have but little interest in that line. I prefer
peace to war - especially when it consists in fight

over old battle grounds? I prefer a new fight to
an old one - now taking -
I must close this, but will leave a space so
that if I hear from Sara before I get some
stamps (will not know that I was out of 5 ct. stamps
till last night) I will tell the news.

Monday 15th Ella got a letter from Sara this
morning - The is about as usual. The best of this week
is her side pain, and she hopes for something
easier than the last I hope so too but can't tell
Ella's friend is very sick with inflammation of the
lungs and womb - a serious case. Dr Henderson is the
senior charge - She is a very delicate little body -
this will severely stop our reception which Ella and I
were going on with. It is too bad.
Much love from everybody -
Mother