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I was not feeding the hens when I heard it -  
 I'd been having a vicus with ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~one~~  
 my-headed black leggers that wanted  
 to eat in the ~~bread~~ <sup>fat</sup> ~~box~~ <sup>box</sup> & I'd <sup>my</sup> ~~was~~  
 just got her sent in a basket & ~~they~~  
~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> ~~quitting~~ <sup>quitting</sup> down & I was feeding the  
~~hen~~ <sup>hen</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ma came out with  
 as a ching chile & I remember it  
 all clear as day. Ma she looked  
 so weak she could not hardly speak  
 I hopped down the run and I  
 I say Ma what's the matter  
 I she said "pa sh. pa" & then  
 she patted her up her upon & covered  
 her face & I began to cry &  
 I was alone & ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ma kept a  
 woman to my for mother  
 and I went up & patted her on the  
 shoulder & say ma what is it: & then  
 she just burst like as if her  
 heart would break. Pa sh pa

they're about Mr Lincoln."

There was a big gulp in his throat  
and he choked & was silent a minute.  
Then he went on slowly.

"I felt so bad that I didn't go  
down town all day."

He could hardly have said any  
thing which gave me a more  
perfect idea of his sorrow. ~~It was~~  
probably not a half dozen minutes  
in all his life that it happened that  
he didn't go down town nothing  
but an outbreak of his whole ~~whole~~  
of life could keep him at  
home.